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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $2; in foreign countries, $2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (2 or 1 cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us.

Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both the old and the new address.

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Western, and New England Advertising Representative:
Pullen, Bryant & Fredricks Co., Chicago and Boston.

New York Office (Adv. Dep't only): Fifth Avenue Building, 23d Street and Broadway.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

After reading these stories, ask your theater manager to show you the films on the screen!

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

LILLIAN WALKER
(Vitagraph)

GWENDOLINE PATES (Pathé Frères)

WHITNEY RAYMOND (Essanay)

JACKIE SAUNDERS
(Universal)

ORMI HAWLEY (Lubin)

ALICE JOYCE (Kalem)

CLEO RIDGELY

WILLIAM EHFE
(Méliès)

GERTRUDE McCOY
(Edison)

ANNA M. STEWART

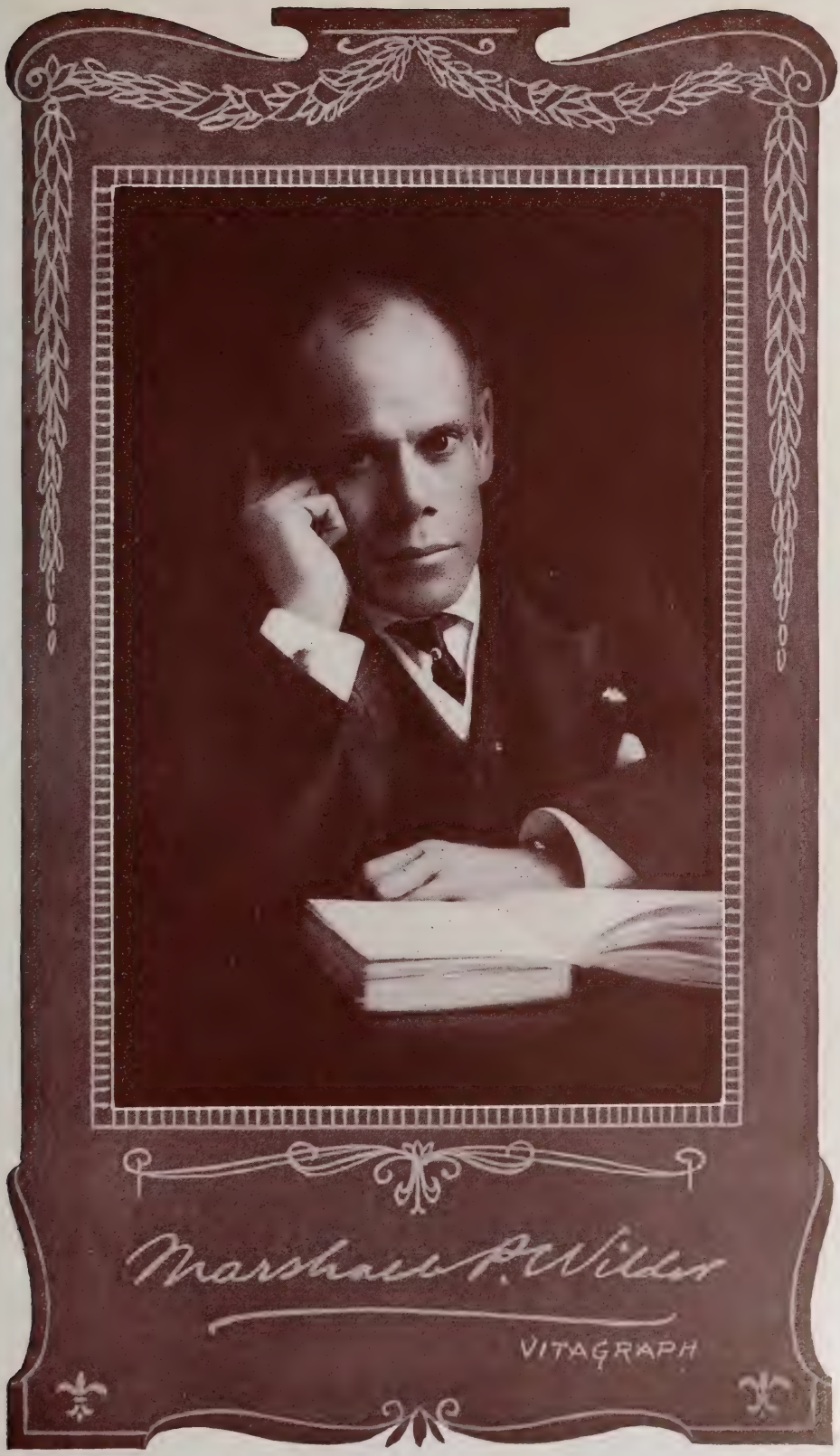
(Vitagraph)

EDWARD O'CONNOR
(Edison)

IRVING CUMMINGS (Reliance)

ANNA Q. NILSSON (Kalem)

(American)


Marshall P. Wilder
VITAGRAPH

MARIN SAIS (Kalem)

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

FEB., 1913

Vol. V No. 1

Three Friends

(Biograph)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

SLATTERY'S is the ordinary type of cheap saloon in a small factory town. I forbear describing it, because if you've ever been in one of them you know what they're like; if you haven't, no amount of printed description can give you the atmosphere—and what's a story without atmosphere, in these days of rioting realism?

Well, saloons are saloons, the world over, and Slattery's, of Singerville, differs little, in essentials, from the "gilded palaces of sin" to which the country evangelist refers when he graphically describes the life in the great city—that he has read about. Scrape the gilding off one of these palaces, shrink its size a bit, set it down in a town like Singerville, and it will adapt itself and fit into its surroundings as quickly as the telephone girl who marries a millionaire. For the essentials are cheer, good fellowship, and plenty to drink: given these, the business will flourish, with or without gilding.

Slattery's has the essentials, which is the reason why our story begins in Slattery's place; for, being the cheerful resort that it is, it was the natural meeting-place of the three friends who used to sit around the farthest table on the left-hand side, near the window, every night, drinking their beer, telling stories of the day's work, or discussing the labor problem. Observe that I say they used to sit around that table, for they sit there no more. If they did, I should have no story to tell.

They were sitting rather later than usual one night last spring, when a jingling hurdy-gurdy outside the window launched out on a series of merry tunes that were Broadway favorites a few seasons ago. Here and there, groups of men beat time with their feet, or whistled the refrains. A slim, half-tipsy youth rose to his feet, swayed a bit, righted himself, and, waving a thick glass aloft, began singing, in a clear, high tenor voice:

> Wine, women and song,
> How often they make us go wrong!

A burst of applause, led by the three friends, rewarded his effort, but he refused to sing again.

"Don' know 'nother song," he protested; "learnt that one 'cause it jush spresses way I feel 'bout things."

"The kid's a fool," said the older of the three friends, familiarly known as Jim, as the youngster subsided into silence, "but he hit the nail on the head that time! Wine and song do

well enough, but mix in women and there's trouble, right off!"

"Aw, come off, Jim," laughed Ned Billings, the youngest of the trio; "just 'cause some woman let you down hard 's no reason for bein' sore on 'em all."

"No woman ever did!" flared Jim, "but there's just one reason—they never got no chance. I seen enough o' that kind o' thing to last me forever, when my poor old dad married his second wife—and he aint the only

A BACHELORS' PROTECTIVE LEAGUE

livin' example I could tell you about! What's a man got to gain by marryin'?"

"Home comforts?" suggested Bill, rather timidly. All of Bill's remarks bordered on the timid or the deprecating. He was what might be called the neutral third of the little party.

"Sure thing!" sneered Jim. "Look around at your married friends—run over the list—call 'em comfortable? Tied down in some little two-by-four flat, helpin' tend the kids and hearin' the woman's everlastin' clack about the new hat she cant have, aint they? And we sit here, comfortable as you please, free to stay as long as we're a min' ter, and go home when we git ready, and put our little, yellow envelopes in our own pockets on Saturday night. That's what I call comfort!"

"Guess you're level-headed, Jim," laughed Ned, shaking back the black hair that waved over his boyish face, and ordering another round of drinks before he went on talking. "I'd hate to think of divvyin' up my little twelve per with anybody—I have to stretch it till it squawks now to make it see me thru the week."

"Well," cried Jim, suddenly bringing his great hand down on the table with a thump, "I hope you'll have sense enough to stick to that there idee—I'm older'n you be, and I'd hate to see you makin' a fool of yourself."

"Jim 'd make a good president for an anti-marryin' club," laughed Bill.

"Now you've struck it!" declared Jim, instantly. "We'll form one—the three of us. Right here's where we agree to be the three jolly bachelors, and to stick together as long as we live. Shake on it!"

"Agreed!" cried the three.

They shook, and pledged long life to the new club in a final round of beers. Jim was in deadly earnest; Bill was good-naturedly acquiescent, from force of habit, and to Ned, young and heart-whole, the affair seemed only a pledge of loyalty to his two friends, a contract to continue his present care-free existence, which suited him very well.

If Ned hadn't been obliged to work an hour overtime the next day, and so taken a short cut that led across a foot-bridge that spanned the canal, in order not to keep Jim and Bill waiting at the little, round table in the corner, everything might have been different. But the little, blind god—who, somehow, manages to keep track of every one, in spite of his infirmity—had been on the trail of handsome Ned for some time, and, now, grasping his opportunity, he perched himself on the rail of the bridge and fell to sharpening a dart.

NED IS THE FIRST OFFENDER

Ned did not recognize the dart when it hit him—no man ever does, the first time—he felt simply a strange, new sensation and found himself looking straight into the blue eyes of a young girl whose arm he had rudely brushed with his dinner-pail, as she had attempted to pass him on the narrow bridge.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, confusedly; "I was rushin' along so, I didn't notice that you was comin'."

"That's all right," she replied, shyly; "I wasn't paying much attention, either; I was thinking how pretty the sun looks on the water."

Straightway, a miracle took place within Ned's soul. From a light-minded, prosaic factory lad, he was transformed to an earnest, absorbed student of nature's beauties. He stepped to the side of the bridge—her side—and gazed down at the water, reflecting the golden sheen of the sunset.

"'Tis pretty, aint it?" he said. Then his gaze turned from the water to meet her fluttering glance. For a moment his eyes held hers, then her long lashes drooped to touch the cheeks which were swiftly turning a deeper pink, and the little, blind god, chuckling, poised himself for flight; his work there was finished.

At the little, round table Bill and Jim waited, wonderingly, draining their schooners, while the froth on Ned's bubbled itself away in sheer impatience at his lateness. They ordered more, and drank again and again, but still the third beer remained untouched, still the third chair remained unoccupied.

Ned explained, next day, that he had to work late, and was so tired that he went straight to bed when he got home. He did not deem it necessary to state that he had been delayed, for two blissful hours, on the old canal bridge, or that he had gone home with his brain so full of whirling thoughts about a pair of blue eyes and a curling mass of yellow hair that he had entirely forgotten his accustomed chair in Slattery's place. The explanation was accepted, readily enough; it was not unusual for a man to work late and be tired. But when

Ned failed to show up the next night, and the next, and the next, Jim began to look glum.

"Miss the kid, dont you?" Bill suggested; "too bad he has to work like this."

"He aint workin'," snapped Jim. "Saw his boss today; he says Ned aint worked a night after seven o'clock!"

"But—but—then why aint he here?" gasped Bill, his mind utterly unable to cope with this strange problem.

THE THIRD CHAIR VACANT, THEY WAITED

"That's jest exactly what we're a-goin' to find out; a feller told me today that he seen Ned walkin' 'longside the canal last night, 'bout eight o'clock, with a girl. Now, I figger we'll stroll down that way ourselves and see what's doin'. I aint one to condemn a feller on hearsay—we'll see for ourselves!"

"After all, Jim, it aint really a sin fer a young feller like Ned to have a sweetheart," Bill ventured, timidly, as they walked down Canal Street.

"It aint, hey? Didn't we make a solemn pledge to leave the women alone? Dont a man's word amount to nothin', any more?"

"That's so," said Bill, hastily; "I forgot—but it aint no ways likely that the kid's a-thinkin' of marryin'."

"A man's apt to do any blame fool thing a woman wants him to, once she gits hold of him," Jim declared. "There's jest one safe rule—keep away from 'em!"

They were passing a little, white cottage, set back from the street a bit, which had long stood vacant. Now there were signs of life about the place: the window-shades were up, there were a couple of pieces of furniture on the narrow porch, and smoke issued from the chimney.

"Some fool goin' to housekeepin', I s'pose," Jim commented, sourly.

And, at this inopportune moment, the door swung open, and Ned stepped out, ready to drag in the new furniture. He saw his friends, and his boyish face lit up with pleasure.

"Hello!" he yelled, "come on in; I was goin' to hunt you up tonight, and tell you all about it. Here, Hazel"—turning to the door—"here's my friends I've told you so much about. Come out and see 'em."

He led the blushing girl toward his two friends, his face beaming with pride. He was so happy and absorbed in her that he did not notice Jim's glowering face until, as Hazel shyly held out her hand, Jim roughly refused it, and turned to the astonished Ned with a black, accusing face.

"So this is the way you keep your word, is it?" he demanded.

"Why — why — what ——" began Ned, bewildered; then he remembered the pledge, forgotten since that first moment on the old bridge. "Why, Jim," he said, anxiously, "you surely wont lay that up ag'in me? I never took it serious; I didn't know what I was doin'; I hadn't seen Hazel then, you know. It was love at first sight with us, all right, all right! We're goin' to be married tomorrow night—I was comin' tonight to get you fellers to be our witnesses. You'll come, wont you?"

"No!" thundered Jim, "I'll have nothin' to do with a lyin' fool. You kin go your own way, and Bill and me 'll go ourn; come on, Bill."

He strode away, and poor Bill stood for an instant, irresolute; then he thrust out a shaking hand.

"Shake hands, Ned," he said; "I wish you joy, anyhow. Jim's a little riled—he'll git over it. Dont cry, miss. Jim set a heap of store by Ned, and he's takin' it hard; dont mind it. I got to go, or he'll be madder. Good-luck to you."

"BUT—WHY AINT HE HERE?"

For a moment, Ned stared wrathfully after his friends, then he took Hazel in his arms, kissing away her tears.

"Dont you care," he comforted; "he's nothin' but a cranky, old bachelor—he cant hurt us any. It dont matter at all—nothin' matters, now I've got you!"

For a few weeks, Jim and Bill con-

tinued the nightly visits to Slattery's, then, suddenly, the little table in the far corner was left vacant. "Where's the three friends?" one old-timer inquired, and the waiter replied: "The young one got married, and the other two have left town; said they was goin' to Utica to work."

Two years slipped by. The little, white cottage looked prosperous. There were vines running over the porch, and roses blossomed beside the steps. Pretty muslin curtains adorned the tiny windows, and all day Hazel flitted about the dainty rooms, keeping everything neat and shining, cooking the most wonderful dishes for Ned, Senior, and keeping a sharp eye on Ned, Junior, who was just beginning to walk, and had developed a strange fondness for such playthings as the coal-hod and the water-pail.

"There's daddy!" she cried joyfully, one night, as the gate clicked. She caught up Ned, Junior, and hastened to the door, joyously, but her face fell as she saw the anxious look in Ned's eyes.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh, nothin' much," he answered, trying to speak cheerfully; "I've lost my job, but I reckon I can find another one, somewhere—dont worry."

NED LOSES HIS JOB

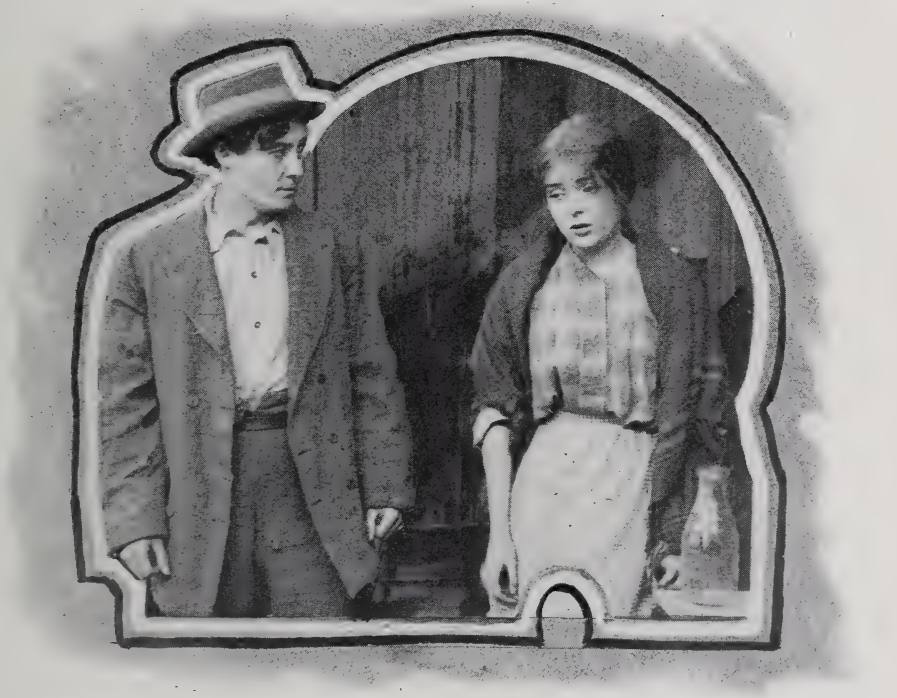
"But how did that happen? Work isn't slack in the mill, is it?"

"No. It's just a case of spite. I never told you, 'cause I thought you'd worry, but that Jim Jennings —the one that was so mad 'cause I got married—came back to the mill a few weeks ago, and he's foreman of our room. I tried to be decent at first, but he wouldn't shake hands—acted

crankier than ever. I tried to get along with him—honest, I did! But he kept naggin' at me, and today I couldn't stand it no longer. He said somethin', and we had a scrap—that's all!"

"Never mind," comforted Hazel; "we've got some money ahead, you know, and you'll soon get another place."

But another place was not so easily procured, even tho every mill was



REDUCED TO DIRE POVERTY

running full time, for the vengeful Jim returned an unfavorable answer to all inquiries about Ned's character. The little store of savings was soon exhausted; then, one by one, their most cherished possessions were pawned or sold outright. The roses in Hazel's cheeks faded; Ned's face grew hard and sullen; even the baby wilted under the blighting influence of poverty, and forgot his cunning ways and pretty prattle.

There came a day when Ned, standing in the middle of the little room, that had been so shining and homelike a few months before, and looking at Hazel's pretty, pathetic face, as she tried to hush the fretful, hungry child, formed a desperate, half-crazed resolve. He had tried every plan he could think of, had exhausted every effort, to make a living for his wife and babe. For days he had scarcely tasted food, and his body was exhausted, his brain reeling, as he called Hazel, gently. She came, looking, with piteous wonder, into his wild, desperate eyes.

"We've got to do it!" he declared, violently; "I tell you, there's no other way!"

"Got to do what?" she asked, fearfully.

"We've got to steal, or die!" he muttered, determinedly.

"Why, Ned!" cried the wife. "Steal? No, no, we cannot do that—anything but that."

"Then listen, Hazel! I've done all a man could do to make a livin' for you

and the boy; I've failed—Jim's spite is too much for me! There's only one thing we can do for the baby now''—his voice sank to a husky whisper, and he drew her closer—''we cant do a thing for him, livin', but we can die for him!''

''Ned!'' she cried, shuddering away from him, but he drew her back again, speaking rapidly.

''If they come here and find us dead, there'll be plenty of folks that will be wantin' to adopt him. He'll get a good home—and wont we be better off than we are now? What we got to live for? Wouldn't death be better than this?''

He continued to urge his plan, with wild, half-coherent sentences, while the baby slept restlessly in its tiny bed, and Hazel's eyes gradually took on a look of acquiescence and resignation.

''All right, Ned,'' she said, at last, throwing her thin arms around his neck; ''I believe you're right; we'll find peace and rest—together!''

''And we'll do it right now,'' said Ned.

While Hazel and Ned were having this fateful conversation, Jim and Bill were sitting at the little, round table in Slattery's place, and a most unusual thing was happening, for Jim was sitting silent, and Bill was talking vehemently. Some miracle had been wrought within the timid Bill's soul. For the first time, in all their long friendship, he had burst into independent, vigorous speech, and Jim was voiceless, thru sheer amazement.

''I tell you, you're wrong, Jim—dead wrong!'' Bill declared; ''persecutin' that poor boy the way you've done! The idee of a full-grown, sensible man like you holdin' onto a crazy grudge and bringin' a poor boy to ruin. They're starvin', I tell you! I seen her, not two hours ago, tryin' to beg a bottle of milk fer the baby—nice business for a big brute like you—takin' the milk out of a baby's mouth! You hadn't ought to fired him, and you hadn't ought to give him a bad name everywhere he tried to git work! If their baby dies, its little ghost will haunt you—you'll never see another peaceable minute. I'm ashamed to think what you've done; and if you was decent, you'd crawl thru some knothole and never be seen again—a knothole 'd be big enough fer two of your size!''

Bill stopped, breathless, and Jim's surprised, angry glare gradually melted into an amused good-nature. ''I didn't think you had it in you, Bill,'' he said; ''what you want me to do?''

''Come on down to their house, and tell Ned he can go to work tomorrow mornin','' answered Bill, eagerly.

''Come along,'' said Jim, rising; ''I'd hate to discourage that free and independent spirit you're developin'!''

As they came up the narrow walk to the cottage door, Bill chuckled: ''I guess they'll be surprised, all right—wont it be fun?'' His eyes sought the little window. ''Let's jest peek in,'' he suggested, and they tiptoed softly across the porch, bending their tall bodies to peer into the little sitting-room. Then, ''My God!'' cried Jim, sharply, with a desperate rush for the door. An instant later, a pistol shot rang out—but the bullet rested in the ceiling. Jim had struck Ned's arm upward, not a heart's-beat too soon.

The little table in the far corner of Slattery's place is occupied by strangers now; the three friends have a new meeting-place. Every night they sit around the kitchen-table in the cottage, which is neat and shining again, and Jim—cynical, hard-hearted Jim—holds Ned, Junior, on his knee.

''Slattery's aint in it with this,'' says Jim.

"SHIVERIN' lizards!" said Calamity Anne, with force and conviction, "what else is there to this here world, anyhow? We bounce into it, an' then we spend fifty or sixty years dodgin' this way an' dodgin' that, a-tryin' to keep vittals in our stummicks an' shoes on our feet, an' then—blim! Up comes th' fool-killer an' swats us under th' offside ear, an' then they're walkin' slow behind us, an' gushin' a lot o' stuff about how nice we was an' all, while we're a-layin' up in a pine box, no better off 'n when we started. Tell *me* about this here life! Aint I seen forty-five years o' it? No, sirree, they aint nothin' in it. I know!"

Whereupon Calamity, having relieved herself of her morning burden of pessimism, flattened herself a bit more against her little slant-board shack, gazed soulfully ahead, into the faces of her two girl listeners, and sighed. She waited a second for a reply, and, receiving none, she dolefully scratched a match and lit the stubby clay pipe which was her constant companion. Then she allowed her eyes to travel far over the rough, tumbled country and up to where the dumpy shed and aspiring shaft of the White Eagle Mine showed on the distant hill.

Calamity Anne wasn't much on style. She wasn't much on anything that pertained to the big world "back yonder," for Calamity had been a character of some mysticism and much interest for more years than even old miners of Circle Ridge cared to count. Pessimistic, yet filled with a grim humor; gruff, yet kindly, with a motherly something which seemed out of place in her rough being; shrewd, yet childish in her likes; essentially masculine in her dress and her habits, Calamity had occupied her little shack alone ever since Circle Ridge was Circle Ridge. Strong as the strongest man, she often took her place with the other miners who worked the White Eagle—and as she worked, she lived. They smoked, so did she. They wore slouch hats, she did likewise. They encased their feet in boots—Calamity was not behind. They played their games of draw and faro, and once Calamity had taken the left ear off a tinhorn from Denver with a forty-four bullet, and, since that day, respect for her had increased wonderfully. And thus it had come about that her place in Circle Ridge was just as great and just as important as that of anybody. She chose her friends from among whom she desired—and it had happened that her motherly instinct was working at its keenest the day she had met Lola Barton and Jane Baxter. Girls they were, it was true, young girls of the camp, pretty with the prettiness which life in the outdoor gives one, congenial—and, best of all, they seemed to respect Calamity Anne's views, no matter how pessimistic they might be. And, knowing this, the elderly one gave her slouch hat a forward twitch, dragged hard

at her pipe a second or so, and then waved an emphatic hand.

"Dont know what I'm a-sayin'?" she asked, as tho she had been contradicted. "Aint I a livin' relic o' what this here world does to a person? You dont see me ridin' around in no gold chariots, an' me a-workin' my fool head off these forty-five years. You dont see me—"

She stopped short and gripped her pipe hard in her mouth. She stared. She rubbed her hands, uneasily, up and down the sides of her riding-skirt. A man was before her, young, smiling and handsome. He was proffering a document of some kind, replete in seals and stamps.

"I guess you know who I am," he said, with a little laugh. "No? My name's Williams. I'm with the White Eagle. I wish you'd read that."

Calamity grinned uneasily. Schooling had not been her greatest work in youth. But, doggedly, she took the paper and, one by one, spelt out the words:

CALAMITY—You was good to me once. I'm croakin', and here's my will. I give and bequeath the Black Hole Mine to you. Goodby and good luck,

WALL-EYED JAKE.

A sudden whirling of boots, skirts and pipe. A hat went into the air. Calamity Anne, pessimist, was doing a double pigeonwing and a combination flip-flop, all at the same time. She sent one hand sweeping thru the air.

"Ye-e-e-e-e-e—u-u-u-u-u-u-up-p-p-p-p-p-p!" she yelled, then settled herself all in a lump. Her eyes squinted.

"This aint no foolishness?" she asked, quickly.

"No," Williams replied; "Wall-eyed Jake is dead, and you are the owner of his mine. I have been authorized by the company to give you a check for fifty thousand dollars for it. Will you take the money?"

Calamity opened her mouth to speak, and held it there, voiceless. The plumping forms of two girls had descended upon her and grasped her tightly.

"Calamity! Fifty thousand dollars—goodness!"

There was a moment of breathless hugging, even of kisses, something Calamity could not remember ever having experienced before. The world seemed to have tipped up on edge and gracefully turned over. At last, gasping, trying to laugh, cry and talk at the same time, Calamity jumped high in the air, cracked her feet and once more waved her arms.

"Ol' Calamity's rich!" she shouted. "Hear me? Ol' Calamity Anne's rich! Rich aint no name for it. I'm a-rollin' in wealth. I'm a-wallowin' in it. I'm a pesky jool-box, I am. I'm a walkin' dollar-sign. Yes, I am!" Suddenly she turned and looked hard at young Mr. Williams, of the White Eagle. "You're one o' them money-sharks," she said, shortly. "I aint goin' to take nothin' from you but this here will. That's enough. Go on back with your old pieces of paper. Like's not taint no good, anyhow. Me 'n' th' girls is goin' to handle that mine ourselves. Savvy?"

Whereupon, dragging the girls with her, talking, laughing, gripping the piece of paper tight in her hand, Calamity Anne hurried toward the little shed and saddled her one possession of locomotion—Rosie.

"Now, come on, th' whole pack an' kittle of you," she ordered, as she climbed on the burro's back. The girls hung back.

"We cant all ride Rosie," Lola said, half-anxiously. "I dont know whether——"

"What's the matter you cant?" Calamity Anne asked, excitedly. "Rosie aint no pampered pet; climb on. I guess if she can make a meal offen pine-cones, she can carry us to the Black Hole. Seen her do it yestiddy. Come 'long, you. Giddap!"

And Roger Williams, mining-agent, laughed to himself as he watched a much overburdened burro start awkwardly over the trail toward the mine that had made Wall-eyed Jake rich. Then he pocketed his open check-book and laughed again.

"Poor old Calamity! Good fortune's gone to her head. However"—his face grew more serious—"I think that, perhaps, after a while she'll—maybe I'd better follow," he mused, at last.

However, Williams' resolve was not as speedily carried out as he desired. There was work to be done at the White Eagle. There was a delay over an injured miner. There was a dog-hole to fell his horse and break its leg. And so, before he had fairly started on his journey to overtake Calamity Anne and her companions, those persons were viewing the side of life which Calamity had always seen—tough luck.

It was in the gray of evening that they had arrived at the Black Hole Mine, Calamity singing, the little burro wobbling, and the girls tired and sleepy. It was evening, and here and there about the place forms could be seen—the miners who had worked for Wall-eyed Jake. Calamity strode forward.

"Hey!" she called to a black moustached individual, "I'm the new boss of this here cut-up; who're you?"

"The new boss?" Cal Edwards, two-gun man, scowled a bit. "Whatta yuh think yuh're gointa boss?"

"What do I think I'm goin' to boss?" Calamity asked. "Say——"

She stopped short in her speech and motioned for the girls to get behind her. There was reason, for she was looking into the barrel of a revolver. The man of the black moustache was speaking.

CALAMITY REFUSES FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HER MINE

"I kinda think yuh're barkin' up th' wrong tree," he said, shortly; "they aint gointa be no woman bossin' things around here. Know why? 'Cause I'm gointa do the bossin'. I guess yuh got a will or suthin' like that, huh? Well, it dont count, see? Now there's th' trail back—hit it!"

The face of Calamity Anne went hard. Slowly her eyes went to the right and to the left. Suddenly her teeth gritted, then she smiled. She had noticed the door of the mining-

shack stood open, and that it could be reached easily from the trail. She spread her hands.

"Just whatever you say," she answered, and turned.

"Git!" came the command of the man with the gun.

Calamity Anne started. Slowly she walked at first, then quicker, as she came abreast of the girls. She leaned forward.

"When I give the word, follow me —and run like a coyote!" she ordered, tersely.

"All right," came softly from Jane. Lola, her face white from fear, said nothing.

Fifty feet passed—a hundred. Calamity Anne cast a glance over her shoulder and noticed that the man with the revolver still stood guard. She eyed the distance between the trail and the shack. Another fifty feet.

"Now!" came the terse order. A rush. A spitting flare of flame from the distance, and a bullet sang high overhead. Calamity bent low and hurried for the shack. She felt the girl at her side stumble. With one great sweep she reached out and dragged her to her feet. Two great leaps. They were inside the shack, and Calamity was rushing for a rifle that stood in a corner. Suddenly she stopped.

"Where's Lola?" she gasped.

"Gone," came the answer of Jane. "She went straight down the trail."

"Good enough," Calamity answered, shortly. "All the better. That only makes two of us to kill. Well," she said, half to herself, as she rolled up her sleeves and swung the rifle, "they'll have to start killin' plumb soon, 'cause I'm gettin' riled. I'm feelin' my pizen, I am!" She stepped to the door, and sent a bullet into the air. "Out o' these diggin's!" she yelled. "Out!—hear me? Calamity Anne's gettin' ready to start fire, flood and pestilence. She's a-gettin' ready to raise tornadoes! Git!" she aimed the rifle at the form of Cal Edwards, who had pursued. "Hear me? Git!"

And Cal Edwards, bloodthirsty two-gun man, looked once, then "got," and the siege had begun.

"There it is," mused Calamity Anne, as she watched his fading form, "nothin' but trouble. Trouble for breakfast, trouble for supper, trouble when you aint got nothin', an' trouble when you're chock full. Now I've got to sit up an' waste a whole good night's sleep to keep that varmint from comin' in an' slicin' my neck. Aint life vexin'? Go on to sleep, you," she ordered of Jane, " 'cause you'll have to be doin' what I'm doin', tomorrow, if those galoots still hang around."

But the next morning brought no evidences of the men. The mine was safe. Calamity Anne grinned as she looked about the little shack and on to the shaft. Then she turned.

"Jane Baxter," she said, "go git a bucket of water. Them galoots has vamoosed. I dont guess they hurt Lola none. They wasn't after nobody but me, nohow."

"I guess not," the girl answered. "I hope not, anyway. I guess that creek we passed is the nearest place for water, isn't it?"

"Guess so," answered Calamity Anne.

Jane left the shack and started down the trail. A hundred yards, and she heard some one behind her. She whirled and looked into the face of Cal Edwards.

"You!" she gasped.

"Dont git skeered," the man said, hastily. "I'm not gointa hurt yuh. I just wanta talk to yuh, that's all. What's Calamity doin'?"

"Waiting for you with the rifle, that's what," the girl answered. Then she swung the bucket, idly, and looked off thru the trees. Assured that Cal Edwards did not mean harm, she was noticing things, particularly that he was good-looking—perhaps, after all, the scene of last night had its mistaken part. Cal was speaking again.

"I made an awful mistake last night," he said. "We've been lookin' for somebody to turn up here

with a fake will—they's one in existence. I thought Calamity had it. I've found out different. I want to talk to her now—if I could just——"

"Well, why dont you?" Jane inquired. There seemed an honest light about the eyes as Cal laughed.

"Why dont I? An' her a-waitin' to plug me with a pound o' lead? Listen here, little girl," he moved closer. "We do things quick out here. I seen yuh last night and liked yuh. Whether Calamity's got that fake will or not, 'taint a bit of difference to me, now that I've seen yuh. I like yuh a lot; will yuh help me?"

Jane frowned a second, then smiled. Jane, born in the West, had all the vanity of the East.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Sneak them bullets away from Calamity, so I kin git up there to the shack to talk to her 'thout her pluggin' me. Will yuh do it?"

A moment later, he again asked the question. Again—again—again—at last the assent.

An hour later, Jane Baxter walked to the window of the little shack and waved a handkerchief. Calamity sniffed.

"What you doin'?" she queried.

"Nothing——"

There was no time for a second question. A hurtling form had come from one of the sheds and was hurrying toward the shack. It was that of Cal Edwards. On he came. Within fifty feet of the shack, Calamity's eyes had caught him. She gave a cry and leaped for the rifle. She ran to the window. She aimed—and pulled the trigger. Only a dull snap answered her. The bullets had been removed. A crash at the door. The form of Cal Edwards had entered and torn the rifle from her.

"Run me out, will yuh?" he shouted. "Now it's time for yuh to vamoose! I've got the whip-hand, see?"

He gave the elderly woman a shove and grasped at the will, which had been tucked in the pocket of her old blue shirt. Roughly he threw

THEY ARRIVE AT THE MINE

Calamity forward and out the door. He drew his revolver and watched her down the trail. Then, with a laugh, he stuck the will in his hip-pocket, calmly lit a cigarette and smiled as he looked at the face of Jane Baxter, white with anger.

"Sorry I had to fool yuh, little girl," he said, "but I had to get that there will. Well, so long." An ejaculation as he turned. He had bumped into the solid form of Rosie, the will in the hip-pocket of Cal Edwards and had fancied it for a meal. Jane leaped forward. With straining hands she pried open the burro's mouth. Anxiously she pulled forth the will. It hardly had been damaged.

"At least, I've done this!" she exclaimed. "I've——"

"Done what?" came a voice at her side. Jane looked into the face of Calamity Anne.

"Saved the will," the girl answered, with a gasp. "Rosie was eating it. Now, I'm going to show that bunch of cowards what a real angry woman is like when she means business!"

HUNGRY ROSIE HAD SAVED THE PRECIOUS DOCUMENT

burro, which had come up behind him. "Derned fool!" he exclaimed, and hurried across the open space toward the sheds. Jane Baxter watched him, with tears in her eyes, her hands clenched.

"Tricked!" she exclaimed, angrily. "Tricked! I let him fool me into—"

A catch of the voice stopped her words as she rushed forward. A something in Rosie's mouth had caught her eye—the glint of a seal and the white of paper. Rosie, always hungry Rosie, had seen the

Then, while Calamity Anne, the danger of the loss of the will coming to her in its full force, collapsed against the side of the ever placid Rosie, Jane Baxter seized the woman's revolver from its holster, ran to the hiding-place of the bullets, and started, on a run, for the sheds. A moment later, an angry bit of lead

ploughed its way thru a table where five men were playing cards. Cal Edwards and his cohorts looked up, into the face of Jane Baxter. "Up with those hands while I take your shooting-irons!" she ordered. "Now" —as she assembled the weapons— "dust it—and do it quick!"

She pulled trigger after trigger. The last man faded over the range, and she turned, once more, to the shack. Two other persons were there, talking to Calamity Anne. One was Lola Barton; the other Williams, of the White Eagle.

"It's a good thing I followed," the young man was saying. "I was just in time to pick up this girl when she needed somebody. If you hadn't cleaned out that gang, I would have," he added, turning to Jane. Then he directed his eyes once more toward Calamity Anne. "Not thinking of selling out, are you?" he asked. Calamity spread her hands.

"Yes," she answered, "go on an' gimme th' check. Shiverin' lizards! I'd ruther have th' money than this here hole in th' ground. This aint no country for a peaceable woman, nohow. Nothin' but trouble, trouble all th' time. I'm goin' back East an' live in a house an' wear them dresses like I seen in a picture once. Slickerin' snakes, but you're slow with that there pencil!"

Another Puzzle to Interest the Curious

Following are twenty sentences, and each sentence contains the last name of a popular player, properly and completely spelled. To the first reader who correctly solves the puzzle we will present a leather-bound volume of the portraits of over a hundred popular players. We shall answer no questions regarding this contest.

1. Oh, Mrs. Pecos, tell our friend to sing.
2. He will sing, "O Joy Celestial!"
3. The water is now hot, Elyza.
4. The buckle you gave me is broken.
5. You can have your pick for doing me the favor.
6. Did Mr. Dorpat establish this business?
7. Amy Erstfeld is quite pretty.
8. I am a son of his uncle.
9. "Gemman, der Son of God am shorely gwine ter kum once moah."
10. Upon each bush many berries can be found.
11. You meet Tyro Bins on almost every occasion.
12. Men in such garb lack well-breeding.
13. The Malker rig and harness will have to do.
14. Newal Keriman is no relative of Warren.
15. I like the way nearest the river.
16. The dog belonging to Hines bit the little girl.
17. Susan or Mandy will sing.
18. Through this shawl eyes cannot see.
19. The whale on Ardmore beach drew many visitors.
20. Talk about baseball, George Mayhew hit every ball pitched him.

THERE was a tinge of scarlet in the very air of the place that one could not merely see, thru the haze of smoke, but that one inhaled, as well, in the vivid blend of perfumes; that one heard in the wild lilt of the orchestra, drenched in the voices of beautiful women; that one *felt* passing into his or her veins thru the fiery liqueurs and volatile, sparkling wines that gave zest to every rich repast. Here was the last word of sensuous gayety, and the Temple of Feeling. Wine, women and song—and the kind of men who made them their gods.

This was "Maxime's."

The only discordant note in the garrulous scene was rendered by the occupants of a little table, who seemed to be crowded close against the wall by the very reason of the blaring contrast. Neither seemed to be interested in the scene. The man was excited, in a suppressed manner. His keen eyes sought the door, or scanned every face moving thru the gray pall that hung above the chatting, laughing, singing audience. Occasionally, they returned to the face of his young and exquisitely beautiful companion, who seemed strangely frightened over the influence of the place. At length, the man drew his hands together very tightly beneath the table-cloth, and his legs went taut against his chair, as tho bracing himself for an ordeal.

"Beatrice," he said, just loud enough to be heard across the table, "do you know why I have brought you here?"

The girl gave a quick, almost frightened, look about her, and shook her head.

"Do you recall what happened twelve years ago today?"

"Perfectly"—the girl shuddered, and a glint of vengeance came into her eyes that was reflected a hundredfold in those of her companion—"my mother—died."

"Was killed," corrected the man. "I remember that your little hand touched the fresh wound above her heart."

"But, father, why speak of it—now—here?"

"Because, daughter, tonight begins the sequel." He leaned over the table and laid his hand, almost pleadingly, on her fair arm. "You remember all—*all?*"

In the excitement of the moment, Beatrice had not noticed the party of three men who had come and taken their seats at the table in the center of the room, which, evidently, had been reserved for them as a mark of distinction.

On the contrary, the man's eyes had covertly observed their entrance, and had kindled anew. "A man had poisoned my life's happiness," he continued; "a man had come between me and my love for your mother, and, at length, the same man destroyed her. That man is free today—*tonight.*"

The girl's eyes, too, had, at length, rested on the group of men at the near-by table. At her father's last words, she swung around. "Free? Strange; I had always thought him dead, as he deserved. Why did you not——?" she looked at her father almost accusingly.

"In instantaneous death there is no suffering to speak of. I have planned for twelve long years that this man shall taste some of the cruel, writhing tortures of the heart and soul that have been visited upon me. I have been waiting for you to help me."

The girl met his gaze instantly, and there was in her eyes the same intense hatred against the common enemy. "Father," she said, with quiet determination, "I would give all I have to wreak vengeance upon the creature!"

"My prayers for twelve years have not been in vain. Now listen. I have come to this place tonight that you might see this fiend. That he, too, might gaze on your beautiful face, and, mayhap, learn to worship it, as a score more have done. I mean to

DURAND HAD INSULTED CARL

leave the room at once. Have no fear. I have a dozen strong fellows within a few feet of you, who are your paid protectors. I shall await below in our car. Join me in a half-hour. The moment you are alone, you will become the most conspicuous woman in the room. *He* will see you. Dont look yet—but he is the handsome fellow who has just entered. The others are all kow-towing to him. Good-by, dear. We do it in the name of your mother, remember." The next moment he had passed unnoticed from the room. Beatrice turned her gaze upon the group of men at the near-by table. The face of the man she sought was averted. One of the men caught her eye, and immediately began to try to attract the attention of his popular companion.

Two men sat in the great studio of Carl Franklin, each seemingly intent on nothing more engrossing than the smoke rings from a narghyl, at which they both puffed, now and then.

"Carl," broke in the elder of the two men, with evident hesitancy, "I have never before seen you in quite the mood that seemed to obsess you last night at Maxime's."

"Did you find out who the girl was?" was the other's only reply.

"No; her identity seems strangely guarded. You still desire to know who she is?"

"I *must* know."

"Carl—you are in love with her—yet——"

"Yet what?"

"I can swear that I never saw such a look of grief, almost terror, come into your face as when you looked, for the first time, at that beautiful creature last night."

"I did not know you twelve years ago, did I, Theophile?"

"No; you had but just come from America."

"I had just killed the woman I loved above all things on earth."

The other recoiled. "Carl, you!—*mon Dieu!*"

"Listen. I did not murder her, as was supposed by many. Few knew that her husband and I were clandestinely fighting a duel that morning. She sprang between us. I fled. The coroner's jury dubbed it an 'accident.' This I swear to you: no other person, least of all that poor woman, had ever been told that I loved her. The husband suspected it and baited a trap of insult for me, by abusing and beating her in my presence. Would to God I had killed him on the spot!"

There was a long silence, and then Theophile moved to the other's side and laid his hand gently and reassuringly on his shoulder. "And the girl of last evening?"

"There was something—*something* of Marion about her."

"Perhaps it came from suggestion, because of the anniversary? But, my dear Carl, why, if it has any suggestion of that terrible affair, do you not abandon it? As a friend, I implore you to do this."

"I have."

"Thank God!" murmured Theophile, with a sigh of relief.

I hear the voice of your sitter—a very lovely voice, too."

"She comes well recommended, but incognito; I neither know her, nor her face."

There was a soft rustle of silk in the doorway, and the maid's voice called: "Madame, to see monsieur."

The two men rose, but stepped back in alarm at the sight of the woman in the doorway. She was the same they

DURAND HAD DESTROYED HIS WIFE'S PORTRAIT

They had relapsed into another deep silence, when the bell in the high-ceiled hall without pealed a jangling announcement.

"Some one to keep me busy, and to get me away from my grim tormentor. My old enemy, her husband, sought his revenge in having me paint her picture, I may remark. He used to hide behind the portière and observe us."

"I have heard more than one of our colleagues say that to paint the woman he likes often results in the picture of the woman he loves. Ah,

had seen in Maxime's the night before. "Pardon, madame," said Carl, with an effort; "I am Monsieur Franklin."

The artist could not fathom the look she gave him. It seemed filled with a hundred meanings, the final impression being one of alluring friendliness and fascinating beauty. His heart leaped to meet an indefinable something in the girl that seemed as old as the hills to him. Her presence seemed fraught with both good and evil significance.

Unconsciously, almost, he proceeded with his work in precisely the

same way that he had painted that fatal picture years before. The present subject was of the same type—there was a little of ever-present sameness in everything about her.

The fascination grew daily upon him—the way she had of casting down her eyelids, and of flashing quick glances at him, pointed with flame that melted into soft smiles instantly. And then, one afternoon, when he was a little late in returning to the studio, he found her at the piano, playing softly, and her eyes with all the discomforting fires of

MARION HAD BEEN ACCIDENTALLY SHOT AT THE DUEL

hatred gone from them. At length, she threw her head upon her arm with a sigh that stole thru the crevices of his heart like a knife-blade.

Carl had come to love the woman madly. The message was in his voice as he spoke. "Mademoiselle!"

The girl drew her head up quickly. Into her eyes sprang a look of half-wild defiance, as tho the man were forcing her into some compact against her will.

"Monsieur—I have been waiting for you"—now the soft half-promises came into her expression that had been leading him by the heart-strings day by day—"to begin your work. But I am feeling a little out of sorts just now, and think, after all, I shall not sit today."

At the suggestion of her feeling badly, Carl's mad desire to confess his passion resolved itself into a wave of profound sympathy.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that mademoiselle is feeling badly," he condoled, in a voice so tender that she gave him a quick, enigmatical look that again struck fire in his breast.

"But tomorrow I shall come and be your perfect subject—yours to command at will." She passed to the doorway, where she paused and turned. Their eyes met. She slowly came toward him where, in another moment, he seemed about to clasp her in his arms. But she stopped, almost with a jerk, when within a pace of him and coolly extended her beautiful hand. Before he could press it to his lips, she had taken it away again and rushed to the doorway once more. "Adieu—until tomorrow!" There was challenge, promise and——

Carl stood where she had left him, his mind in a whirl, until he heard the hall-door close softly.

"*Tomorrow,*" he repeated, again and again, taking his stand before her half-finished picture, and studying the expression he had there limned on her face. At length, he sprang back with a glad cry. "Her soul cannot lie—and here I have caught her soul—her soul *loves!*"

The girl was swiftly motored to a suburb of Paris, and then driven thru the grilled gates of a foliage-hid château. She hastily alighted before the footman could assist her, and ran quickly up a grand stairway, and thence to a little room whose interior was a showery mass of pink silk and chintz. Without pausing to remove her wraps, she quietly turned the key in the door, threw herself on a dainty couch, and began sobbing, softly.

It might have been twenty minutes later that she became aware of some one tapping on the door. She rose, listlessly, and opened the door without ado.

Her father drew back in amazement. "Beatrice, what is the matter?"

"I am ill, that is all," she replied, tonelessly.

"The blackguard has not been——" He paused, an angry glitter in his eyes.

"He has done nothing," interrupted Beatrice, wearily.

"You mean that there has been no —no progress whatever?" He was excitedly crestfallen.

"He loves me," returned Beatrice, simply. He did not notice the sigh. "Thank God—now we have him, and —resume. Father, will you have no thought of my health in this matter?"

"Beatrice," he asked, solemnly, "have we thought of anything—but the death of your dear mother? We have both taken a solemn oath; yours was even more relentless than mine. We are to make this man suffer to the point of death. Then, and then only, shall the torture let up—for me to kill him." It was apparent, for the first time, to the girl's changed view-

THE DEATH OF MARION

we will spend years, if necessary, in crushing him!" The man was pacing up and down in the excess of his savage joy.

"But, father, this has worn me out." She was protesting now. "We have sown the seeds. Cant we go away—at least for a while?"

"Revenge as sweet as this fattens and nourishes me. I cannot understand you, Beatrice." He looked into her eyes sharply. But they told only a tale of great weariness.

"But we might return later—and point, that her father was suffering from a mania of revenge.

"As I have sworn, then so shall I act, father. What next am I to do?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Has your wonderful cunning failed you? If we can best accomplish our end thru marriage, then you shall marry him!"

"Yes, father."

Beatrice found flowers placed in several vases about the studio. Carl met her, and there was a soft and

luminous light in his eyes that faded before the coldness of her greeting. During the entire two hours of her sitting her eyes were upon him. And there had returned to them contrition and the old, sweet promise, by the time the maid announced tea.

"You will surely stay today?" he asked, eagerly.

For a mere instant she hesitated. Then she shook her head, again the frigid stranger to him.

she entered the house. She went directly to her father's room. "He will be here tonight. I shall carry out my part of the compact under one condition."

He looked at her a moment. "You impose conditions?" His satisfaction was lost, somewhat, in the harshness of his tone. "Any condition shall be yours, so long as you turn him over to me alive." He opened a secret drawer and raised a pistol of German

BEATRICE CONTINUES TO TANTALIZE CARL

"No—but——" He watched her face as it seemed to change with many moods, while she paused, irresolute. Then she laid her hand on his sleeve, almost caressingly.

"Instead, wont you come and take tea with me at seven—and spend the evening—please?"

"Why add 'please'? You have said 'come'—nothing on earth could stop me!"

Beatrice's face was very pale as

manufacture. "Now what is it you demand, Beatrice?"

"That you leave him to me until I shall summon you."

"Very well," he consented, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders.

Carl found Beatrice in the tiny music-chamber just off the conservatory that had supplied the hundreds of clusters of rare flowers that embowered the room. She pretended not to hear him as he entered, tho the

maid's announcement rose above the low rhythm of the music she played. She did not look up until he had reached her side, and then it was to lean back, the soft masses of her deep brown hair quivering against his sleeve, and her eyes looking straight into his heart. He stepped back, with a supreme effort of restraint.

"Mademoiselle, you are even more lovely tonight."

"No," she assured him, with a little laugh, as she placed the tips of her fingers in his palm; "I assure you that I am at my very worst tonight."

Carl gazed at her now with undisguised affection. "Mademoiselle, what is your name?" he pleaded, gently.

"Beatrice," she murmured, and seeing that he was about to make some sort of declaration, she turned quickly to the piano again. "Listen, I shall play—for you." The last two words gripped Carl like a vise. Suffering sweet agonies, he stood afraid of what the least movement on his part would result in.

Then Beatrice sang. It was one of the old songs that her mother had taught her. It flowed into Carl's ear and affected his heart like new wine. He stood panting from the terrible emotion that inundated his soul. The song drifted off into the gloaming shadows of the salon—

. . . Dear heart, to mine be true!

The soul of the song swayed her as she turned and lifted her eyes, which unmistakably bore the burden of it. But Carl needed no further portents of promise. He had sprung to her side, and had her in his strong arms, the words: "Beatrice, I love you!" repeatedly on his lips.

Beatrice's arms had stolen about his neck, and she clung to him, forgetting and forgiving all things in that sublime moment, her eyes half-closed in ecstasy. Then their lips met, and the complete avowal of love was his.

A minute, or an hour, might have passed. They might not have granted the passage of any time at all had not there come a mighty crash of glass that startled them both into the world of reality again.

The girl sprang rigidly to her feet, pulling herself forcibly away from him. Carl was gazing, with something akin to terror, at the man who stood near a great mirror that he had just shattered in his passion at the sight before him. In one hand, the man clasped, nervously, the German machine-gun.

"There, Beatrice, that is he," he shrieked; "your mother's slayer! Ask him to deny it!"

Carl turned to the girl, appealingly. Beatrice surveyed his countenance, and seemed to wait for some explanation. Suddenly her face changed. It became the reflection of her father's in its intense hatred. She threw back her head and laughed long and loud, moving slowly over to her father's side.

"Well, were you not satisfied to rob me of my wife, that you must return like a beast to carry off my only child?" taunted the man. He had carefully locked the outer door, and stood with his back against it.

Carl's face had assumed a terrible expression at the realization of his horrible predicament, and the perfidy of the man who was responsible for it. Perhaps the deception of the woman he would love with his last breath, had frozen his soul, and set his brain on fire. For a full minute he heard, he saw nothing, yet felt all the tortures man is capable of. He shuddered like a reed. Then he slowly folded his arms and turned his now gray face toward his tormentors.

"Beatrice, you've done splendid work!" cackled the girl's father. "Look at his face! I can see the reflection of your mother's wounds in his eyes!"

Beatrice's laugh still curdled the air with all the harshness of hysteria. Still Carl said nothing, tho each taunt kindled a fresh fire in his eye and drove reason farther and farther afield.

"She loved you, woman-killer, just

as her mother before her did, only to lure you nearer destruction. She would kill you herself, if I relinquished that privilege—she whose kisses were so sweet on your lips but a moment ago. Her love is as fickle as her mother's, but her hatred is as steadfast as her father's. Look, Beatrice, see the lines grow in his face!"

Carl had gone mad now, but the restraint, that had grown deeper and deeper for twelve years, still held him, like a lion bound with threads. His

THE TWO MEN CLINCHED

eyes never left the girl, while each dart of her father, barbed with the poison of hatred, plunged straight into his heart and there quivered.

Beatrice was half-sobbing now, and stood leaning against the door, shaking her clenched hands wildly.

"See what a coward he is, Beatrice. I could tweak his nose, and he would be afraid to lift his hand." Carl suddenly braced himself, as tho to rush upon the man. "Ah, the gay lover of other men's women awakes! Now, Beatrice, to show you that all my practice has not been in vain, I shall maim and mangle this ravisher until he crawls in a trail of his own blood at my feet! Now for his right hand—shredded—so that he can do little damage. This for the love my wife gave you!" He raised the gun, steadily, and looked down the glittering sight, a demoniacal grin convulsing his face.

But Carl was at last loosing all the pent-up fury that the lost love of woman can raise in the sinews of a powerful man. The last taunt broke down all barriers, and he threw himself forward, with the roar of a wild beast, just as his enemy raised the heavy gun.

Three rapid shots rang clear, and a crimson jet rippled thru the jagged gash that had been ripped along the fine face of Carl Franklin. But his life had been saved, for the time being at least, by the unexpected action of Beatrice. With a cry of horror, she had sprung toward her father's arm, and knocked it a few inches aside.

Before Carl could reach her side, her father had knocked her down with an angry sweep of the weapon.

The two men clinched, with the hungry grip of long hatred. Back and forth they swayed, crushing everything in their pathway; fighting only to kill. That they knocked over two great lamps and, thereafter, fought in semi-darkness, did not affect their struggle in the least. But soon the room brightened from a desultory glare that brought a heavy smoke with it. But darkness would have sufficed just as well for a man's five fingers to have sought out his enemy's windpipe.

Carl was the stronger and heavier, but that accursed wound was bleeding like a geyser, some part of his strength going with every drop of it. Long since it had blinded him; it now aided his enemy in choking him. He was conscious of a burning heat, too, and it took all of his strength to keep his

senses from snuffing out. With an effort, he tried to peep out thru the crimson flood. There he thought he saw Beatrice standing over her father with the gun, which had fallen in the fray, raised above his head. Carl laughed, and then sank back, with a final shoot of pain, like that of a live flame licking his hand.

Carl's next sensation was of the same hot streak scorching his hand and arm. He tried to look down, but something held his face in the grip of a vise. Now he remembered. He was in the clutches of his fierce enemy. He struggled. Then there flowed thru his consciousness the sweetest music he had ever heard. It was a woman's voice.

"There, dearest, you are only to keep quiet for just a wee bit of a while yet." He closed his eyes instantly. The voice had suddenly become torture, at the recollection of it all. He sighed and lay back, patiently awaiting the blow that he expected would surely follow.

"Darling, open your eyes. It is I, Beatrice. Your friend, Theophile, is here, too."

DURAND PERISHES AMID THE WRECKAGE

He was yet afraid. "Where is—is *he?*" he was ungracious enough to ask.

"My father was burned to death in the fire," said the girl, in a subdued voice. "You, dear Carl, are in the hospital. Theophile has told me *all.*"

"Except that it was mademoiselle that saved you. I'll tell you about it later—when I return!"

"Now who's that, coming up the river?" John Pierce, Virginia colonist, put the question to himself as he leaned forward, scanning the river that ebbed lazily past his clearing on the way to Jamestown. He had been sitting in the doorway of his cabin, puffing a long-stemmed pipe and watching the flame of the sunset on the placid waters. A canoe, carrying four men, had shot into sight, rounding a curve in the river, and heading straight toward the gate of his palisade.

"Ah, 'tis Rolfe and his mates," he said, now, with a smile of satisfaction, hastening toward the river bank, and beginning to unbar the heavy gate. "You're right welcome, men," he called, heartily, "for i' faith, it seems to me that every boat on the river and every rider on the trail has been headed down the river today, instead of up."

"And good reason there is for that, as you very well know," laughed the leader of the visitors—a roistering, black-eyed fellow, to whom laughter came easily. "Get yourself ready now; we've come to take you along with us, to join the rest of the madmen who are flocking down after the damsels."

They were walking up the path by this time, toward the rude cabin that was pleasantly set on a slope of turf, surrounded by the spreading green of the tobacco plant. Pierce paused, at his friend's words, throwing back his head with a peal of laughter that set the forest ringing.

"So the dames have really come!" he cried; "and that's why every man in the settlements has been heading for Jamestown! I'll warrant you there'll be a mighty clamor when the maids are all led out tomorrow, but I'll not be there, thank you. Come on in, and have a hand at cards, and forget the petticoats that have fluttered all the way from England in search of a husband."

"Now look ye, John Pierce," Rolfe cried, throwing out a hand to include the whole interior of the cabin in one sweeping gesture, "will you tell me where there's a man who has more need of a woman's hand than you? Think of the comfort she would add to this forlorn place—think, man!"

Pierce's eyes traveled slowly over the disorder of the room. Ashes and embers scattered the hearth where the fire was long dead; fragments of the last meal lay upon the table; bones, gnawed by the dogs, littered the greasy floor; everywhere, there were dirt and confusion. For a moment, he eyed it with a sick distaste, then he shook his head.

"It's bad enough, the Lord knows," he declared, "but you know the old saying about the frying-pan and the fire. Better an untidy house than a vixenish wife. I dont fancy taking a partner with no more acquaintance than this hasty mating in the meadows will afford. Who knows what these women are?"

"They are good and chaste maids, every one with a certificate of character from the governor," declared Rolfe, with some heat. "Come, Pierce, think of the thing from the right angle. Here we are, settled in this wild land, fighting our way against fearful odds. Beggars must not be choosers. This land must be peopled; we have put our hands to the plough—why not establish real homes here, instead of continually looking back to the shores from which we came? 'Tis wife and children that make the home, man, and, a few generations hence, who is going to ask just where we picked the wives, so long as they be honest women and fit to cope with the life of the wilderness? Be reasonable, man."

There was something in Rolfe's seriousness that silenced jokes, and Pierce looked long into his friend's eyes before he replied. Then, pushing forward some seats, and relighting the long-stemmed pipe, he spoke, slowly, as one who enters reluctantly upon a long-buried subject.

"We've been comrades here in the wilderness for fourteen years, men," he said, gravely, "and many's the hard skirmish that Rolfe here and I have fought thru, shoulder to shoulder. Since he seems to be in earnest about this matter, I'll tell you a bit of my past life; then, I think, you'll understand why I'm not look-

PIERCE PROCEEDS TO TELL HIS STORY

ing for a wife, tho I grant that Rolfe's argument is a good one, for the man who wants to found a home."

"You all know that I came over with you on the first ship that touched at Jamestown," he continued, while the men gathered around, listening eagerly; "and you know that I was only an Irish lad of two-and-twenty then, with a cheek as smooth as a girl's; but you didn't know that instead of John Pierce, as I told you, my name was Bryan O'Sullivan. I hadn't fled from any crime, that I should have changed my name like that; it was only a lad's wild desire to cast away all his past, and start over again, with everything new, even a name—as if that would make me forget what I had left behind. It was a woman that sent me across the seas—a lady, with a face like a flower, and eyes like two stars—a high-bred lady, with manners that became her lofty station."

He paused for a moment, living over the past, with brooding eyes, and his listeners sat very silent, waiting.

"I was from decent, middle-class folks," he went on, "and they had a farm near to the castle where the Lady Geraldine, the last one of a famous line, lived alone with her faithful old servants. One day I was working down near the river, when I heard a woman's screams floating up from the water. I tore thru the bushes, down the bank, and there was a woman, clinging to an overturned boat. Of course, I plunged in and brought her to shore, as any decent lad would have done, and, after her fright had quieted down a bit, I saw it was the Lady Geraldine. I

COLONIAL SCENES

helped her home, and never thought that anything would come of it, but, next day, she sent for me to come to the castle. As I entered the room, where she sat waiting for me, she stretched out a little, white hand, and, as I knelt to kiss it, something in her eyes kindled the flame in my heart that a man can feel for just one woman in a lifetime. She drew her hand away, gently, and a flush crept over her face—I can see her now, with

LADY GERALDINE LOVED MUSIC

her glorious eyes glowing above the rose of her cheeks. She began to murmur little, half-confused sentences, holding out a bag of gold for me, but I could not take her gold, and when I managed to stammer that I wished no reward for the little service I had done, she took from her neck a slender golden chain, with a shining locket. I knelt there before her, while she fastened it around my neck; then I bowed myself from her presence, but the vision of her smile, and her shining eyes, went with me, and I could think of nothing else. Day after day I haunted the paths where she was wont to walk, and she always greeted me with a smile and gentle words, holding herself aloof, as a lady should, yet seeming, somehow, glad to see me. Gradually, she grew friendlier—stopped to talk with me—accepted the flowers I gathered for her —at last, she would sit upon the grass and listen, while I played on my flute. She loved all the bonny, Irish airs, and often I stole up to the castle at night, to play beneath her window.

"One day she sat upon the river bank, near the place where I had saved her life, and I played all her favorite songs. As I lifted my eyes, she met them with a look so strange, that my flute dropped upon the grass, and I drew nearer to her. There was doubt in her eyes, and wonder, and dread, and—love! Yes, in spite of all that happened, now, after the long years, I still swear that there was love in those eyes! For a moment, her gaze held mine, then, suddenly, I caught her in my arms, drawing her close, feeling her heart beat against my own. For a moment, she clung to me, her

LADY GERALDINE THANKED HIM

face uplifted, her eyes misty, her lips seeking mine; then, with a quick cry, she shrank away.

"'Go!' she sobbed, 'go quickly! What have I done?'

"I went, without a protest. My heart was singing: 'She loves me; she loves me!' I understood her fright, her shocked realization of what she had done, but, like a fool, I thought it would all come right; that, since she loved me, she would let me come back. So I went, with a bursting song upon my lips, that were warm with her heart-given kisses.

THE GREAT O'ROURKE WENT A-COURTING

"A few hours later, as I sat at the family table, I came out of a delicious waking dream of her, to hear my mother saying: 'Did you know that the fair Lady Geraldine is to be wed at last? The great O'Rourke has come a-courting. Five days he has been a guest at the castle, and the servants say that it is plain that his suit is favored.'

"Half-blind with rage and terror, I raced across the fields to the castle garden. The sun was setting—I can see now how it shone on the roses that bordered the walk, and how it glinted in her fair hair, as she came toward

LADY GERALDINE SEEMED UNDECIDED

me, so absorbed in The O'Rourke, who walked beside her, that she did not see me at all. He was talking earnestly, and, as they came near, I drew back into the roses and stood still. I heard him exclaim: 'My lovely Geraldine!' saw him bend, as if to kiss her—my control snapped, and I sprang forward, throwing him, violently, away from her. He recovered himself in an instant, and drew his sword, but, in my madness, I snatched it from him and flung it into the bushes. Then, ere either of us could stir, the Lady Geraldine stepped forward, her eyes flaming with an anger

I had never dreamed they could show. 'Go!' she said, pointing a slim finger at me, 'you have disgraced yourself, and me; you are a mad, presumptuous fool! Leave this place at once.'

"All the fierceness of my rage was replaced by bitter, black despair, as I obeyed her and went stumbling down the rose-bordered path, back toward my home. And, as I went, a plan to leave Ireland, forever, was born, full ripe, in my whirling brain. When the moon shone high above the castle, I went back, and, beneath her windows, played the old songs. Long I lingered, hoping against hope that she would repent and give me some sign of her love—for I swear it was love that I had seen in her eyes! But her windows were dark, there was no sign, tho one of them stood open. At last hope died, and I tore her locket from my neck, flung it upward, thru the open window, and turned my back on my homeland, forever. I took passage with the rest of you for America—the rest of my life you know. But now you understand why I will take none of these maids for my wife. I have loved a lady, as high above these adventurous dames as the stars are above the earth, and no other woman shall share my heart with her. I will go to my grave unwedded, knowing, in my heart, that she loved me—it was love in her eyes, I swear it!"

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

For a time, after the story was done, the men smoked silently. Then Rolfe lifted his head, with gay defiance.

"After all," he cried, "the past is dead, and the present is here. As you say, Pierce, you came to Virginia to begin life anew, and you did it. Then, why look backward into the past, when all your friends are going forward? Once married to a comely young woman, you'll forget all this

pretty story, and thank me for coaxing you along with us to the marriage field. At any rate, you might as well take a chance, as the rest of us!"

"You've said it!" cried Pierce, to their surprise. "Fate seems to have given me a poor deal so far, but I'll take another chance—just one! Here, watch this knife I throw. If the blade turns upward, I'll go to Jamestown with the rest of you! Now, ready!"

There was a flash of steel, a rush to the further side of the room, then a great shout:

"It's up—it's up! Get ready! To Jamestown you go with the rest of us!"

For an instant, Pierce's brow was black. Then, with a forced laugh, he slapped his hand upon the untidy table, crying: "So be it! If I, John Pierce, Virginia colonist, onetime known as Bryan O'Sullivan, of County Kerry, do not come back with a wife from the marriage field, it will be because the impudent hussies pass by me, looking for a more dandified suitor. Come, let's be on our way!"

The market-place of the Jamestown Colony was all a-flutter with excitement. Hundreds of hardy colonists, decked in the choicest raiment that their wardrobes afforded, pushed and jostled each other in their attempts to secure favorable positions to view the maidens when they marched down toward the marriage field.

" 'Twas a fine thought of the governor's, to send for these young women," said one; "and, if they *are* adventurous damsels, they are as pretty and well-behaved a lot as a man could ask for. I saw them as they left the ship, and they are no bold hussies; their eyes were all cast down, and it was a sight to please a man's heart, after all these years in the wilderness. When we have homes here, and families, life will be worth living, and the colony will grow and prosper."

"Right you are," returned his neighbor, "but I wish the price were not so high. A hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco is a mighty pile. I had to borrow a bit, but I have it all here. Look, by all the powers, there is John Pierce, with Rolfe and his mates. It cant be that the grim John Pierce means to take a wife!"

"Never mind John Pierce," was the rough advice, "keep your eyes open for the maidens. Dont you see they are putting the crimson carpet down the steps from the governor's house? See, the door is opening—he will march first, and the girls will follow to the field."

All eyes were turned toward the governor's house, and there was a silence that broke into shouts and cheers as the steps blossomed with the gay colors of the uniforms worn by the governor and his councilors. Down the steps and across the greensward they marched, with deputies clearing the way, and after them trailed a rainbow of marching girls, in bright attire, some with blushing faces and downcast eyes, others throwing coquettish glances at the crowding, staring men. On they went, attended by shouts of applause and beat of drums, toward the marriage field, where four pulpits of turf, each manned by an expectant minister, awaited them beneath the spreading trees.

John Pierce stood with Rolfe at the very edge of the path, an advantageous position to which chance, rather than desire, had led him. The reckless mood of the night before had passed, and his eyes, scanning the faces of the passing girls, were half-indifferent, half-hostile. The dainty line swung on, ribbons fluttering, plumes nodding; forty of them had passed—fifty—sixty—there were only a few more. Suddenly Pierce clutched his friend's arm in a grip like a vise, and leaned forward, his bronzed face turning very pale, his eyes wide and staring.

"What does it mean?" he gasped, "what does it mean? Can it be—how can it be?"

The girl, at whom he stared, was dressed very plainly, and moved with a haughty grace, in striking contrast to the stride of the red-cheeked, be-

ribboned companion who marched beside her. Her eyes were downcast, and their long lashes, which touched colorless cheeks, were not once lifted as the line swept by.

"What's the matter, man?" Rolfe was asking; "is it ghosts you see?"

"It is she," Pierce murmured, bewildered; "yet how can it be? How could the Lady Geraldine be here, with these common maids, offering herself for sale? Yet I cant be mistaken—I know that face too well—what shall I do?"

"Do?" roared Rolfe, keenly alive to the possibilities of the situation, "why, after her, of course. You can buy her, as well as any other one; come, after her, before 'tis too late!"

"Buy her! Buy the Lady Geraldine?" Pierce began, angrily, but Rolfe cut him short.

"You're daft!" he declared; "it's only a resemblance, of course. But you might as well have her as any—if she looks like your lost love, so much the better. Come, bestir yourself, before some one gets ahead of you!"

"I'll kill any man that dares to touch her!" cried Pierce, breaking into a run.

"Bravo! The man's awake, at last!" Rolfe cried, following.

On the field, the maidens shyly clung together at first, then separated, drifting apart like the petals of a breeze-tossed poppy, fluttering over the meadow. Here some pretty maid coquetted and dallied with a dozen eager followers; there a demure one, after a sweeping glance over her suitors, calmly held out a hand to the one she fancied, and they hastened toward one of the turf pulpits, where, already, one couple trod upon the heels of another.

THE COLONISTS SELECT THEIR WIVES

But John Pierce, running frantically up and down the field, saw no trace of the maiden he sought. Here and there he hurried, scanning each merry group, hoping and fearing at the same time. At last, nearing a point where the meadow sloped down to the edge of the forest, he heard a woman's scream coming from a fringe of the woods, and parted the branches, just in time to see a smartly attired young blade struggling for a kiss from a girl, who was defending herself as best she could from his bold advances. It was the work of an instant to send the impudent youngster sprawling into the bushes, where he lay, blub-

bering angrily, as Pierce turned, to look down into the eyes of the Lady Geraldine.

Yes, it was she! He was ready to swear to it. But there was no hint of recognition in the pallid face. The dark eyes, upturned to his, held nothing but dread and terror in their depths.

"May I serve you, madam?" he queried, bowing low and striving to hide his agitation.

For a moment her eyes searched his; then, with sudden, proud passion, she stamped her foot, imperiously.

"If you seek a wife, take me!" she cried. "You look like a decent gentleman. Quick! Let it be over, and take me away from this shameful scene. Will you have me?"

"You do me honor," was the grave response, as he held out a strong hand, helping the trembling girl over the rough places, across the meadow, to one of the turf pulpits.

Like a man in a dream, John Pierce went thru the hasty ceremony, the boisterous congratulations of his friends, the walk from the meadow to the river, where his canoe waited. As his bride settled herself in the slender bark, which shot far out upon the river with his strong strokes, he realized, with a thrill of joy, that they were alone now—that she was his own—that he might tell her who he was, and listen to the explanation of her strange appearance here. But, a glance at her wan, white face deterred him. There were unmistakable anguish and fear in the eyes, even while they met his, proudly.

"Why is she so frightened?" he thought; and, aloud, he said, gently: "Here, make yourself comfortable with these blankets, and try to sleep. It is a long ride."

She obeyed his suggestion, gratefully, and all thru the ride up the river the long lashes lay on her pallid cheeks, and her eyes never opened until he drove the canoe, softly, onto the narrow beach. She arose, then, and followed him up the path, and into the cabin, pretending no interest in her surroundings, only watching him with those anguished, fear-stricken eyes, while he made the table ready for their supper.

"Come," he invited, presently, "the supper is ready. It is a poor wedding feast, but I trust you will not find our homely fare unpalatable."

"A wedding feast!" she cried, shudderingly, springing to her feet, and eyeing him so wildly that he shrank back in amazement. "A wedding feast! Oh, the mockery of it—the bitterness—and I have wronged you, sorely! Why did you take me? What shall I do?"

"Wronged me? How?" he queried, speaking very gently, as she began to sob, passionately.

For answer, she flung herself upon her knees before him, stretching up her white hands in piteous appeal.

"I beg you, I implore you," she cried, "as you are an honest, chivalrous gentleman, forgive me, and suffer me, for a time, to stay as a guest in your house. Forget that I am your true and lawful wife—forget that I sank so low as to sell myself, like any wanton woman. Judge me not too harshly, for I was in such sore trouble—I knew not what to do, nor how to escape. I took this way; I thought I could go thru with it, but I cannot—I cannot. I beg of you to pity me."

There was a long silence, broken only by the woman's choking sobs. Then Pierce bent, and lifted her to her feet, supporting her gently, as she stood, half-fainting before him.

"Look at me," he commanded, at last, and, as she raised her lovely, tear-drenched eyes to his, he waited, quietly. In his heart was a wild hope that, in spite of his bearded face and all the changes that the years in the wilderness had made, she might know him. But there was no recognition in her eyes, only a troubled appeal that wrung his heart, as he gazed.

"Now tell me," he said, when her sobs were controlled, "why did you leave England and come to this wild country to be the wife of any colonist who chose to offer his tobacco for you? If you were unwilling to wed, why

are you here? This explanation I ask as my right, having married you in good faith."

"I will tell you," she answered, steadily, meeting his gaze now with some of her old pride. "I was nobly born, and all thru my happy girlhood I knew no trouble or care. Twenty years I lived in my castle in Ireland —twenty golden, happy years. Then, one came to woo me—a noble, high-born man—but I refused him; I did not wish to marry, and he went away. Soon after, came the Cromwellian

PIERCE PADDLES HOMEWARD WITH HIS WIFE

sieges, and my castle was taken, sacked, burned, and they carried me captive to England. It is a long story, and I have no strength to tell it all, but I escaped one night, with my serving-woman. She told me of this ship, just about to sail; I disguised myself in plain attire, and came, flying from the ills I had, to others I knew not of. It was wrong—it was shameful—but what could I do? I had no home, no friends, no one to protect me from the evils that would come to me in my forlorn condition! Oh, if you ever loved a woman, if you ever had mother or sister or sweetheart whom you cherished, think of them now, and have mercy on my sad plight!"

"If I ever loved?" he queried, softly. "Why does that form of appeal come to you? Did you ever love?"

Swiftly a crimson flush stained the pallor of her face, and her eyes dropped, remaining downcast for many moments, while he waited, silently.

"Tell me," he urged at last, very gently, "tell me the truth. Did you ever love—did you love the noble lord who wished to wed you?"

"No!" she cried, instantly, lifting her eyes to his again; "I never loved him—I sent him away because I could not marry without love."

"Then you loved another?" he insisted.

"Yes," she declared, with sad defiance; "I will, at least, be honest with you. There was another, in those golden, youthful days; a merry, smooth-faced Irish lad, who had a noble heart and a knightly nature. He saved my life once; then we became friends, and I loved him. He

used to play the flute beneath my window—ah, how many times in my dreams I hear it! But my pride and folly sent him away; I never knew where he went; he is dead, perhaps, but my heart is his, and no other man shall share it!"

She broke into passionate weeping again, shrinking from him in terror, as he would have comforted her, until he crossed the room and opened the door of a rude bed-chamber.

"See," he said, standing with quiet dignity to let her pass inside, "there is your apartment. Go in; there are bolts on the inside of the door. You shall have your own will, and no one shall molest you. When you choose to come out, you are welcome, and no harm shall come to you beneath this roof."

With a look of passionate gratitude, she passed him and entered the room, but, as she went, she snatched a dagger from the wall, concealing it in her gown.

"THEN YOU LOVE ANOTHER?"

The door closed, and John Pierce heard the bolt slide into its place. He smiled, then, but his hands shook as he went to a corner and pulled out an old chest, raising its cover and fumbling thru its contents. Presently he took out a little mirror and a small, slender box. He placed the mirror upright on a shelf, and worked at his rough beard, until he made his face smooth, like a boy's. Smiling at the transformation that the mirror reflected, he fumbled again in the chest and produced a long cloak, such as rustic Irish lads wear. When he had donned this, he took from the slender box a flute, and, standing before the bolted door, he began to play, softly, the old tunes of his native land.

Within the bolted room, the woman knelt on the bare floor, her face upturned in fervent prayer.

And then—what was this? Green fields of rye, streaked with blue flax; thatched cots, with the vivid wild-rose vines a-scramble; a castle; young love, piteous, lyric in the tuneful dusk. *What* was this, this shrill, sweet sound that trembled across her heart-strings like the flute of her Irish lover calling to her, pleading for him long ago? She staggered to her feet and across the uneven flooring, toward the music, her breath faint, her hands fluttering, ineffectually, to her throat.

"The flute—I must be going mad, I think—but 'tis very like—oh, lad, lad, with the honest, Irish eyes——"

She sought the bolt, fumbling for it with blind fingers, then hesitated. Without the door, the music soared higher, sweeter. It was pleading, like a lover's lips; it was reminiscent, prattling of the dear, lost days. A wild sob caught her breath, stifled her. The hand on the bolt grew tense, until the blood left the straining finger-tips.

"I dare not open—'tis some dream I'm dreaming—only a dream——" she whispered to herself, hopelessly, in the midst of her sudden hope.

On the other side of the door, the man, hearing the bolt's withdrawal, smiled to himself, and played steadily on, telling her, thru the music, how he

had grieved for her long, wanted her sorely, loved her beyond words. It was his great moment, when the long, barren years had blossomed for him, but still he played steadily, his eyes upon the closed door. The latch lifted, the hinges creaked open, reluctantly, and she stood there, wide-eyed, incredulous, looking at the very figure and face of the lover who had left her so long ago. Under the dawning glory in her eyes, his own grew wet, and his fingers blundered on the flute-stops, but still he played on, with a mere breath of sound, softer, almost, than silence.

"Bryan!" she cried, at last, all the love and longing of years in her voice. "Bryan, is't you, indeed, my dear—my own, or do I dream?"

The flute rang upon the floor, as he held out hungry arms.

"Mavourneen, 'tis your lover of the years agone—heart's treasure—*wife!*"

A sudden warmth flooded her white face. But still she did not move to him.

"Art sure you want me—Bryan? Look, see the wrinkles—the gray in my hair——"

Her voice struggled, piteously, with the words. He laughed aloud, joyously, like a boy.

"Want you, Rose of Erin, want you——?"

Lady Geraldine hesitated no longer, but went straight to the arms of her Irish lover that had been waiting for her so long. And his kiss, on her tremulous lips, erased the gray, and the wrinkles, and the bitter unfulfillment of the years that they had lost and found.

Motion Pictures

By BOB STANLEY

Me an' Jim come in last evenin',
From the "Bar C's" t'other side,
Circled clean 'roun' the mountain,
Twenty miles we had to ride.

Jest dropped in to see them pictur's,
Like we seen here once before;
Guess we kind o' got the habit,
'Less we wouldn't come no more.

Now, there's somethin' awful 'tractive,
'Bout a Motion Pictur' show,
An' when once we get the habit,
We jest go, an' go, an' go.

See the Motion Pictur' people
Doin' things as makes us cry;
Then, ag'n, they quit the tragic,
An' we laugh till tears is dry.

Kind o' like them Irish pictur's,
Seems if they is most like home;
But the pictur's all is pleasin',
Even them 'bout ancient Rome.

'Course them thrillin' cowboy stories
Is a little overdrawn,
Fer us punchers all aint heroes—
Neither gentle like a fawn.

Then them Injuns' big war-bunnets
Look right odd in times o' peace;
But that dont cut any figger
When the pictur's showed in Greece.

Well, this Motion Pictur' habit
Needn't cause no wild alarm,
Fer the pictur's kind o' soothe us,
So we dont do no one harm.

The Gallery Gods

By HARLAN P. BRIGGS

Where are the gods, who high above,
With dirty face and tattered hat,
Once on a time in judgment sat,
The objects of our fear and love?

Where are the gods whose grimy hands
Would cheer the hero in his cause,
Whose hearty laughter and applause
Would make us love the one-night stands?

Where are the gods? Why, dont you know
The gallery god is of the past?
He was too good a thing to last;
He's at the Moving Picture show.

The Elusive Kiss

(Pathé Frères)

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

"At last!" breathed Jim Barnes, catching his bride's hand, and gently drawing her from a group of her girl friends. "I have been trying to get to you for an hour. Confound these receptions, anyway! Why cant they let a man be alone with his wife for at least the first fifteen minutes after they are married?"

"Oh, Jim," whispered Jane Barnes, who had so recently been Jane Orr, "I wish we could slip away from this crush of people." She raised her pretty, pouting lips to his.

Jim clasped her close, and was just about to seal their marriage-bond with a kiss, when Mrs. Orr, Jane's mother, stepped, laughingly, between them.

"Here they are," she cried. "Trying to slip away from us already." She turned to a dozen smiling guests following her. "I caught them just in time to prevent their kissing. Such spoons!"

Jim glanced down, nervously, at his shining, patent-leather pumps, and Jane blushed to the roots of her charming coiffure.

"Jane"—Mrs. Orr spoke in a quick, low tone to her daughter—"you mustn't let Jim kiss you before all this crowd. It isn't refined for a girl who has just been married. Be considerate of your guests, and try to forget Jim until train-time."

Jane's pouting lips quivered; evidently her mother's advice was not welcome. She stood alone, flushing with embarrassment, while her mother returned to her guests, and led them all to the great, glittering punch-bowl in the corner, to drink the health of the bride and groom.

Jim slipped eagerly to Jane's side, and caught her hand, passionately, turning up her sweet face, and gazing deep into her tender eyes as he brought his lips close to her and breathed: "Now, dearest, at last we——"

A hearty slap on Jim's shoulder caused him to turn around, distractedly, and prevented the kiss.

"Greetings, Jimmie!" cried the fellow who had caused the interruption. "I'm sorry to bother you folks, but I've got to congratulate you both, and kiss the bride."

Jim stood at one side, trying to force a smile, as his friend exercised the privilege of wedding guests. It seemed to Jim that everybody but he was allowed to kiss Jane. He stepped forward, to assert his right, laughingly demanding that he, too, must kiss the bride, when an eddy of friends whirled his way, and one fat, beaming fellow pushed Jim away, with a laugh: "Old friends first, Jimmie. You'll have plenty of time to kiss the bride after we're gone."

Jim doubled his fists and stood, with angry eyes, watching, as the good-natured fellow kist Jane on the cheek.

"Come, Jane," whispered Jim, when the last party of guests had turned their attention to the punch-bowl, "let's sneak away, quietly, to some place where we can be by ourselves. All this fuss and feathers is disgusting. I want to be alone with you."

"But mother wouldn't like it," said Jane, slowly.

"Never mind; what mother likes doesn't matter to you, now that you're my wife."

The pair slipped away from the reception like guilty children, finding an empty room in the rear of the house, and dropping down together on a comfortable sofa. The noise of

some one passing caused Jim to jump to his feet and to close the door, just as he was about to kiss his bride. He hurried back to the sofa, leaning toward Jane, who put her clinging arms around his neck and drew his face close to hers, their lips seeking one another.

The door burst open. Jim sprang back defiantly and glared at a crowd of merrymakers, who trooped in, exclaiming: "Ah, here you are! Congratulations, Jimmie," and "You'll be alone long enough after the honeymoon; you've got to share yourselves with your friends now."

"This is abominable!" cried Jim, softly closing the door as the people filed out, having delivered their congratulations. He knelt, quickly, at Jane's side and gathered her hands in his, raising his lips to hers, when, with a loud bang, the door flew open, and a flock of bridesmaids fluttered in, exclaiming: "Oh, here you are, Jane. Your mother said to hunt you up and bring you back."

Jim sprang to his feet and stood at one side, glowering.

"Come on, now, back to the front of the house," laughed one of the girls, taking Jane's arm, and leading her thru the door.

Jim stepped to Jane's side and whispered: "Get away from them—into the garden. I'll meet you."

His little wife dutifully and eagerly obeyed his suggestion, managing to get away from the girls, by a ruse, and to slip thru a little-used door into the quiet garden behind the house. Jim joined her at the door. Without waste of time, they embraced, and Jim, clasping his bride tight, was just about to imprint the delayed caress on her lips, when two children bumped into their knees, and caused them to jump quickly apart.

THE GROOM WAS ABOUT TO KISS HIS BRIDE, WHEN——

The children were Jane's young brother and sister, playing horse in the garden. In a flash, their child-minds took in the situation.

"Trying to get off alone, were you, so you could kiss and hug?" exclaimed Johnny, the elder of the children, impudently.

"No, Johnny. Look here!" cried Jim, reaching into his pocket and

trying to cover the disgusted look on his face with a smile. "Your mother sent us out to look for you. Here"—he gave the boy a quarter—"your mother wants you to run to the nearest candy-store and buy all the candy you want with this, and eat it up before you come back. She said to take your little sister along, too," added Jim, as Johnny started to run off with the money.

"There! Thank heavens!" exploded Jim, when the children's heels disappeared around the edge of the garden. "We are alone, at last."

Not to take any chances on another interruption, Jim eagerly embraced Jane, and drew her toward him, to press a kiss on her loving mouth, when the sound of some one clearing his throat came distinctly to his ears.

Utterly discouraged, Jim drew back and turned around, sharply, to see the old gardener, dressed in his holiday clothes, in honor of the wedding.

"Excuse me, Miss Janey," said the old pensioner, taking off his hat and bowing humbly, "but I couldn't let you go away without giving you an old man's blessing, and telling you how much the birds and the flowers in the old garden will miss you when you're gone; not to mention me, Miss Janey."

"Lord!" murmured Jim. "That old fellow will talk an arm off you, Jane."

"But I must say good-by to him, dear," whispered Jane, stepping toward the old gardener and giving him her hand, which he kist, fervently, with tears in his weak, old, blue eyes.

"Just a minute, Miss Janey, please," pleaded the old man, drawing Jane toward a rustic bench. "It was here in this garden that I saw your father and mother, just after they were married. Let me tell you a word about how it was in those days. You are the picture of your mother, Miss Janey, and Mr. Barnes is just like what Mr. Orr used to be."

Jim glanced imploringly at Jane, but she dropped down on the bench beside the old fellow who had been a nurse to her in her childhood, and whose tender heart she could not injure.

Jim impatiently excused himself and rushed to his bedroom. There he hastily wrote the following note to Jane:

> DEAREST — In order to escape our friends and avoid the usual annoyances and tricks which are played on folks starting on their honeymoon, let us slip away separately to the station and meet each other on the train. Pack your things, and I will have an automobile for you on the side street.
>
> Your husband,
> JIM.

Calling his valet, Jim ordered him to pack his suit-case and told him his plans. Then Jim slipped downstairs, found his wife still in the garden with the garrulous old man, and put the note in her hand. Jane promptly excused herself, and left Jim sitting with the old gardener.

She raced to her room, with madly beating heart, and read her husband's note. The plan just suited her; she had had enough annoyance already. Calling her maid, Jane told her the secret, and asked her to pack her suit-cases.

Dressed at last in her trim, black "going-away" suit, Jane stood before her French mirror and carefully fastened her big, black picture-hat with a number of beautiful hat-pins, some of them wedding presents. As she was surveying herself in the glass, Jim slipped into the room and startled her.

"You got my note, dearest?" he whispered, drawing near to her and throwing his arms about her. "Oh, you look just like a picture. How did I ever deserve such a beautiful darling? I must have a kiss, right now."

Just then, Jane's maid flounced into the room, with her packed grips. Jim, going red, grasped the suit-cases and started for the door, calling back over his shoulder: "Go out the garden door, dear. The auto will be waiting there. Hurry!"

He had no sooner reached the garden with the grips than Jane followed with her maid, ready for the trip.

"There's the machine." Jim pointed thru the garden to the road. "You hurry and get in. I'll keep the people back; they wont be able to bother you any more. Here's your ticket. I'll meet you at the station. And now, dear, just one kiss and—"

In the presence of the maid, Jim passionately clasped his little bride in his arms and was about to kiss her, when he uttered a startled cry and put his hand to his cheek.

One of Jane's many hat-pins had pricked him.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry," cried the bride, in quick sympathy.

A house-door opened, and Jim, smiling, to show that he was only scratched, hurried Jane down the graveled walk, to the auto. He turned, just in time to meet a crowd of guests, hurrying into the garden to intercept the bride and groom.

"Where is Jane?" they cried.

"Up in her room—dressing to go away," said Jim, as he heard the auto start toward the station with his bride, and smiled to himself over the success of his ruse.

A few minutes later, he managed to gain his bedroom, unnoticed, secure his suit-case, and slip out thru a side door. He ran along the street with his heavy grip, looking back, as tho fearing that some of the bridal party had missed him and were already in pursuit.

He looked about, anxiously, for a cab, but none was in sight. In the flurry of excitement, he had forgotten to order one. He looked at his watch, realized that he had little time, and broke into a run, headed for the railroad station.

He lost his way, and, finally, reached the station just in time to see a train pulling out. It must be his train. In one of the rear Pullman windows he suddenly recognized Jane's tearful face peering out at him. She was waving to him, frantically, to hurry.

He raced up the railroad track after the disappearing train, when he was suddenly stopped by a guard, who assured him it was useless to try to catch it.

Jim returned to the railroad station, learnt that there was another train in twenty minutes, and sent the following telegram:

Mrs. J. A. Barnes, Hicksville Junction,
Train No. 16:
It broke my heart to be separated from you in this ridiculous way. Wait for me at Hicksville Junction. Will arrive on train twenty minutes after you.
Your own Jim.

Meantime, Jane, in a frenzy of excitement, ordered the conductor to stop the train. He refused, and tried to console her, but Jane, beside herself with despair, jumped to her feet and pulled the cord, signaling for a stop.

The train came to a standstill, and the conductor helped Jane off. She stood, crying hysterically, alone in a wilderness, beside the railroad track. The train sped on its way.

Picking up her grips, Jane struggled along the ties, back to the railroad station, where Jim awaited her.

Suddenly she saw a train coming and stepped into the tall grass at the side of the track, to wait for the train to pass.

As she watched the long line of car-windows flying past, she suddenly caught sight of Jim's face at a window. He was staring out, and she saw that, in the instant of passing, his eyes had recognized hers.

She waved to him and shouted for help. The train passed on, and Jane dropped down among the brush at the track-side, utterly despondent. Her husband had gone on without her, on the next train.

Jim, having caught sight of Jane, ordered the conductor to stop the train and let him off, but that official refused, and Jim was forced to ride on a mile farther, to Hicksville Junction, where the train stopped, and he alighted. Racing back down the track to join Jane, he suddenly

came upon a gang of railroad repairmen, with a hand-car. In a flash, Jim saw a chance, and, thrusting a twenty-dollar bill into the hands of the section boss, he ordered two men to jump on the hand-car, and carry him down the track, to Jane.

After a mad ride of ten minutes, Jim came upon Jane, sitting at the side of the track. Her hat was off, her hair partly down, and she looked very sad and disheveled.

Jim jumped off the hand-car and ran to the forlorn figure of his wife, raised her to her feet, and was about to kiss her tears away, when the two workmen, who had brought him to the rescue of Jane, shouted at them that there was a train coming, and that they must get farther from the track.

The train whizzed past. The railroad men piled Jane's grips on their hand-car, and, as they turned to see if there was any more luggage, Jim whispered, excitedly, in Jane's ear:

"Now is our chance, dearest. We'll be alone, at last." He helped her onto the hand-car. One of the laborers, surmising Jim's intention, leaped for the car, but Jim, with a straight-arm push, sent him tumbling back against his companion. The two fell sprawling on the tracks, as Jim and Jane, together, pumped the handle-bar up and down, speeding away along the track before the frantic eyes of the workmen, who could not scramble to their feet in time to take up the pursuit.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes worked energetically at the handle-bar until the

BARRIERS PUSHED AWAY

car reached a slope. Then Jim, with a beatific smile, cried: "Come, dearest, the car will run down hill by itself. Sit down here with me, and let's enjoy our honeymoon ride."

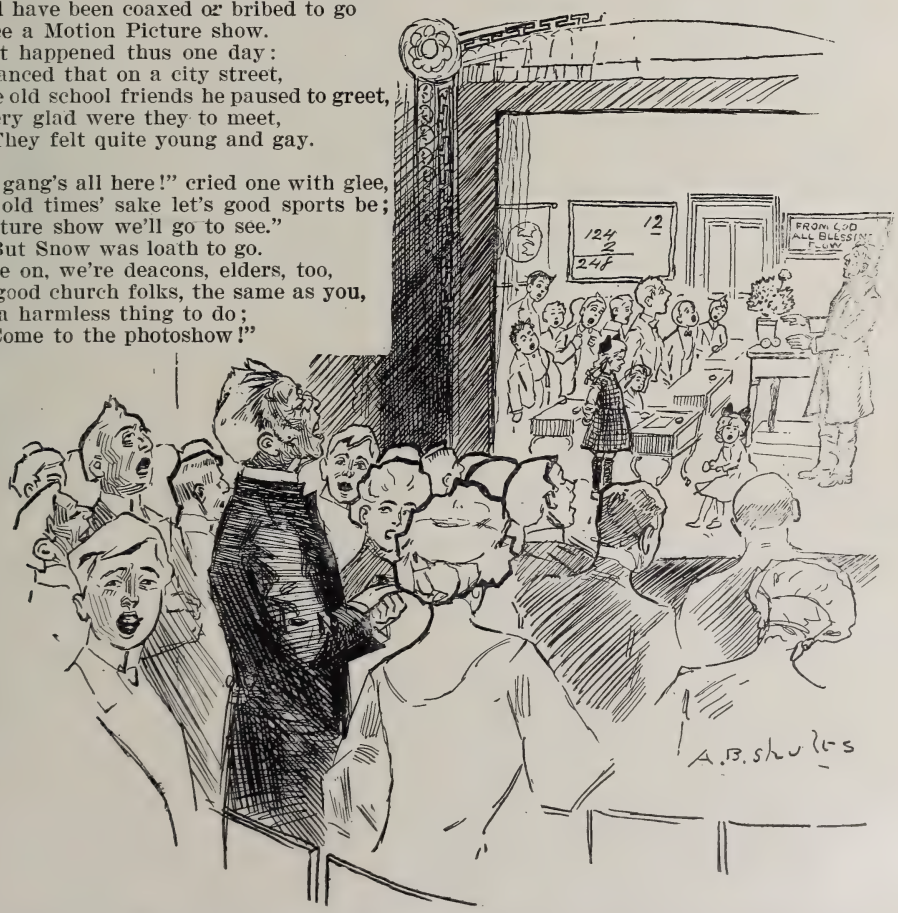
He helped her gain a place at his side, and, the car speeding along smoothly down the grade, they sat snugly up in front, hugging each other close, and exchanging, at last, the sweet kiss that had eluded them so long.

A Photoshow Doxology

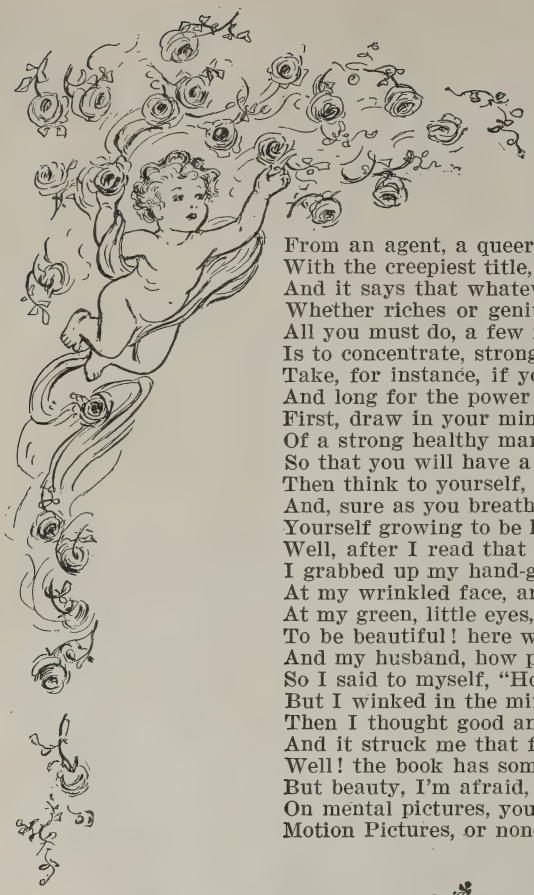
By LILLIAN MAY

None would have thought that Parson Snow
Could have been coaxed or bribed to go
To see a Motion Picture show.
It happened thus one day:
It chanced that on a city street,
Three old school friends he paused to greet,
So very glad were they to meet,
They felt quite young and gay.

"The gang's all here!" cried one with glee,
"For old times' sake let's good sports be;
A picture show we'll go to see."
But Snow was loath to go.
"Come on, we're deacons, elders, too,
And good church folks, the same as you,
It is a harmless thing to do;
Come to the photoshow!"



The pictures showed a school-room scene;
The teacher stood with brow serene;
These words appeared upon the screen:
"School opens with a hymn."
Soft music stole upon the ear,
It brought old recollections dear.
The parson rose—no thought of fear—
And sang, with fervent vim:
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise God, all creatures here below!"
Remembering 'twas a picture show,
He suddenly sat down.
Outside, he bade his friends good-day.
"Thank you," he said. "I hope we may
Meet here and while an hour away
Next time we come to town."



My Choice

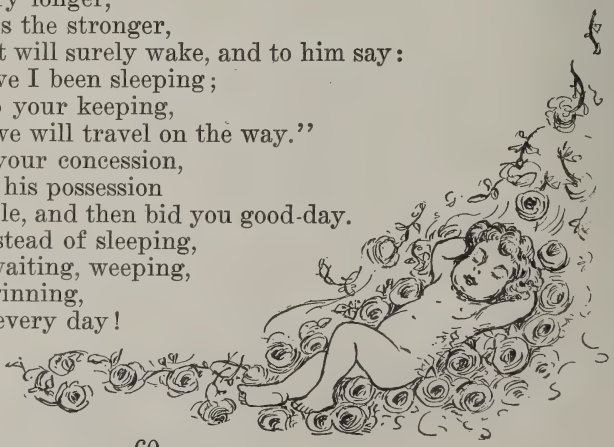
By MARIE E. LEFFERTS

From an agent, a queer little book I bought,
With the creepiest title, called "Power of Thought";
And it says that whatever you wish to attain,
Whether riches or genius, beauty or fame,
All you must do, a few minutes each day,
Is to concentrate, strongly, your mind in this way.
Take, for instance, if you are a weak little man,
And long for the power and strength to command;
First, draw in your mind a mental picture
Of a strong healthy man; let it become a fixture,
So that you will have a model to follow.
Then think to yourself, "I'm a regular Apollo,"
And, sure as you breathe, each day you will find
Yourself growing to be like the one in your mind.
Well, after I read that most wonderful book,
I grabbed up my hand-glass and had a look
At my wrinkled face, and my nose with a hump;
At my green, little eyes, and my heart gave a jump.
To be beautiful! here was the chance of my life.
And my husband, how proud he would be of his wife.
So I said to myself, "How smooth is my skin,"
But I winked in the mirror, and tried not to grin;
Then I thought good and hard, "Oh, my eyes are so bright,"
And it struck me that funny I laughed outright.
Well! the book has some virtue, I haven't a doubt,
But beauty, I'm afraid, I've been too long without.
On mental pictures, you bet, I waste no more time;
Motion Pictures, or none, hereafter, for mine.

A Moving Picture

By MACY D. KISSAM

Maiden, should your heart be sleeping,
When artful Master Love comes seeking,
    Bid him hasten far away.
Bid him not to tarry longer,
For you'll find he is the stronger,
    And your heart will surely wake, and to him say:
"Love, too long have I been sleeping;
Take my heart into your keeping,
    And together we will travel on the way."
Love will smile at your concession,
And will make you his possession
    For a little while, and then bid you good-day.
And your heart, instead of sleeping,
Will be watching, waiting, weeping,
As it was in the beginning,
    As it happens every day!



THE sound of decorous music swelled within the slab schoolhouse on the Concho, and trickled thru the windows, far out across the prairie. In the open, a score or more of stock ponies chewed the sun-scorched grass, or raised their heads to listen to the hymns. A cowhand's only provocation for sacred music is to still a herd that shows signs of restlessness at night. And then, with an effort, he recalls the words and a semblance of the airs of childhood. But to chorus to a portable organ, in a schoolhouse with shut windows, on a summer Sunday—that is strange and foreign to his nature.

For a brief minute, a single horseman, a handsome, clear-skinned chap, thought so, too, as he pulled up short on the wagon-rutted trail, and listened to the voices of praise.

"The outfit from Bar T Nine," he cogitated; "gone plumb loco with the heat."

Come, ye sinners, pore an' needy;
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

came the swelling invitation from within.

The rider shook his head, troublously.

Let not conshunce make y'u linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dre-eam——

The thud of hoofs on the trail answered, and listener and pony flashed by the schoolhouse, across the flat, dull yellow earth, toward the skyline of faint blue divide beyond. Four miles away, man and horse still rocked on the level like a toy boat on the sea.

With his disappearance, a hush settled about the schoolhouse, become as quiet again as the winter sleep of the mountains. Inside, a small, white-bearded man was talking with the earnestness of Isaiah come to heathen places, but his hearers harkened, and heard not. The expression of the "captured alive man" in the circus side-show fixed their faces—something between ferocity, and meekness and suffering.

Seated at a nicked, portable organ, a plump, pretty girl, also unhearing, thumbed the hymn-book in search of further delectable tunes. She was only the evangelist's daughter, and her business was merely that of coax-

ing combinations of sound from the box with stops, but the reputation of her good looks and friendly nature had preceded her thru the land, from Red Gap even unto San Angelo. Therefore, the turn-out of the boys from the nearest ranch, and their volume of song. The sons of nature must call for a mate, even as you and I.

Molly was unconscious of the tragic appeal in the notes, and the comic effort to bring them forth. Her sphere was to sing and play for her father's converts, and to ride out, with open stops, the tempest of terrible sound.

One voice rose, high and thin, over the others. The possessor of this predominant barber-shop tenor was known thruout all of Texas cattle-land as the owner of a guitar and a voice. He was stunted, freckled and

AFTER THE SERVICES

fair, with legs bowed enough for a pole-cat to slip thru without damage to his sheepskin chaps.

So much for the embellishments of "Shorty" Evans; they had made him indispensable in the bunk-house, around the camp-fire, and a sure winner in the dance-halls of Abilene.

"Windy" Bill Tolliver was twice as big, and four times as wise with the steers, but when the little frontier service had come to an end, and Shorty gathered up the hymn-books, to stow them under Molly's feet in the buckboard, Bill and the rest of the congregation looked on dumbly. The ways of women was a closed corral to them.

Mr. Colson, the evangelist, and Molly were due to take the stage for Abilene the next day, and Molly leaned out of the buckboard, smiling, and asked them all to come see them off—"they had been so *sincere* and so *earnest.*"

She had said this many times before to transient congregations, but it had never failed to bring a response, like the good old lines in melodrama, where Annie spurns the rich villain's hand, in spite of the three mortgages on her father's farm.

So the gathering waited until the buckboard was lost in its own dust, and mounted slowly, and ambled over the cracked and thirsty prairie to the ranch-house, which now, somehow, did not look quite the same to them. Maybe, that star-spangled night, there were misty thoughts of home and a girl in a fresh, white frock; but all such were banished and blighted by the bringing forth of Shorty's guitar, and the new note in his voice.

Things were slack on the ranch, the steers ranging mostly in plain sight, or hanging around the water-holes, and the "converts" were excused, to ride into San Angelo the following morning. The up-stage from Abilene was due about eleven o'clock, to swing back again at three, and, with it, the sweet singer of the prairie. She never wanted to leave a new batch of converts: with her away there was danger of backsliding, but the ways of the evangelist are harsh and fugitive.

Molly humored herself, tho, by buying, at the general store, a brand-

new, white Stetson and a buckskin riding-skirt. The butt, too, of a little, nickel-plated .320 stuck out of its holster, grimly, on her hip. She had long wanted to take such an outfit back to Chicago, and could have had Mexican saddles, quirts, spurs and suchlike prizes thrown in with prodigality, and a heart or two to spare, if she had taken anything but a soul-interest in the plainsmen.

And, now, the boys from Bar T Nine rode up just as she stepped out on the porch, as glowing as the peony-colored handkerchief knotted loosely around her throat. It was a picture worth coming across a county to see, and, no doubt, Shorty would have said something to her worth remembering, if the rattle of the incoming stage and the shuffle of its horses' feet had not drawn all eyes to it.

INSPECTING THE SPOILS

Peasy, the driver, climbed down, without throwing the usual heavy mail-sacks to the ground, looking pleasantly agitated. "Stuck up," he announced, "jest t'other side o' th' Colorado—heavy feller on a little, lame roan."

"It's Little Sandy!" yelled Windy, with a giant pull on his cinches. "Th' boss pony of th' ranch—lame, huh?"

"Yep, an' puffed aroun' th' eyes," said Peasy.

"I'd ruther he'd ridden *me* out—honest," broke out Shorty.

"Time to be goin', boys," said Windy, and, with a swing and a gathering of hoofs, the outfit started down the road. It was a grim and flying cavalcade, then, neck against neck, and stirrup-hoods knocking together thru the scudding dust. The vision of a sweet woman was become a mockery where a stolen and abused pony was concerned.

The fellow, whoever he was, had counted on making an easy getaway, for, to the north of the Colorado, his pony's tracks were plain. Where a feeble, summer creek worked down from a wooded hill, they stopped altogether, and the cow-hands cut into the brush, sure of trapping their man.

The man-hunt came to an end almost as suddenly as it had flared up. They found him—the unpersuaded chap who had stopped to listen to their singing — squatting on an outcrop of rock, in a little clearing, with the lame roan by his side.

Little Sandy pricked up his ears, and whinnied, half in joy, as Windy's thrown rope settled over the thief's shoulders. It was a tame capture—the man did not struggle; seemed to take it as coming to him, and, in a trice, he was trussed up with the rope, and jerked to his feet.

"Here's one for Little Sandy, you skunk," said Shorty, and the man's head rocked back from the blow.

"I'm not a horse-thief," he said, choking; "I meant to send the money back from San Antone——"

"Who are you, anyway?" Windy broke in.

"Until a month ago, I was lookout at the Royal Palace, Gallagher's place in Sweetwater. The game is dead there—I was clean broke—so I started to hoof it to an uncle of mine in——"

"Shet up," said Windy; "we dont wanter sabe your uncle's name, or yourn—might mean trouble a'terwards."

The Bar T Nine boys had decided to take the law into their own hands —that much was due them, and a fitting place to string up the self-confessed horse-thief was discussed. Shorty suggested the little draw, back of their own ranch: there was a fitness about it; besides, it was lonely and off the road far enough.

It was along toward sundown, with the shadows quite deep in the draw, when they reached the spot selected, an old oak that stood out, crabbed and alone, on the floor of the valley. The stranger had ridden the return journey back of Windy, on his pony's rump, silent enough, and for this they had given him credit. Little Sandy, tied to him, had hitched along on three none too good feet, with a wistful look in his eyes at the proceedings. It was the sort of punishment meted out to the fabled Ancient Mariner with the dead albatross hung about his neck, but, of course, they never had heard of him.

THE THIEF IS CAPTURED

The stealer of Little Sandy was placed beneath the oak, his hands

freed, and Windy threw the noose of a brand-new rawhide riata over his neck, and its length over a limb. It came twisting down like a snake.

The eyes of the ex-gambler measured the height of the limb, ran down the dangling rope, then seemed to soften and to turn inward, as it were. He raised his head, and his lips moved just a little and rapidly—silent words.

As they waited to pull, he stopped suddenly, and seemed to listen to the distant call of a puma. Was it a puma, or a woman's voice in song?

They all heard it now, solemn and high and sweet, coming nearer. The air was Methodist and restrained, but the mystery and uncanniness of the thing, there on the edge of the prairie, held them stiff.

Pretty soon the mesquite brush parted, and the minister's daughter came out before them—a grewsome sight, these hangmen—with the song still on her lips.

She came toward them quietly, now, seeming not to understand. Then, all at once, the meaning of the thing—the man and the slender rope—broke on her, and she came on swiftly, stumbling, and clutching at her throat.

"Stop"—the words came free—"dont take his life—dont pull——"

Her big, frightened eyes pierced them, as the words refused to come.

MOLLY PLEADS FOR THE VICTIM

Shorty had never been so uncomfortable in his life before. Then an inspiration flashed upon him.

"It seems," he said, taking off his slouch, "that this here horse-thief is goin' to quit the range, sorter sudden-like, miss, and we-all aint fitted to ease the trail any. If y'u could do suthin' for him like his mother, mebbe, his mother——"

Shorty broke down—the effort at sentiment was too much. The rest of the outfit were all bareheaded, and waiting for him to go on.

Molly saved the situation instantly, and in a startling manner. The blush of the morning flooded her cheeks as she stepped up to the stranger, drew his head down, and planted a kiss on his forehead.

The boys turned their faces away during the ceremony, but the stranger smiled down as she brushed his brow with her lips, and his arm stole around her. Not a caress, for his hand sought, and found, the weapon at her side, jerked it out, and leveled it over her shoulder.

"Hands up—faces turned away," came the clear, almost tired, voice of the ex-gambler.

They could feel the thing in his hand, and his silent backing away from them—a sort of intangible slipping-off, like blindman's buff. Then the creak of a saddle, as weight was thrown into it; the first bounding jump of a pony, as rowels sank into him, and their former prisoner was fast becoming a memory in the valley—a shadowy thing that paid no heed to the shots that rang out behind him, but just kept his mount humping until a turn in the valley, between high crags, blotted him out.

THE KISS OF SALVATION

Of course, the infuriated outfit followed him, riding and cursing, as if they were riding out a cattle stampede, but it did no good. The fugitive was careful, this time, to avoid the trail, and the bigness of the rolling, dusky prairie at nightfall had opened and swallowed him in.

About a year after this, Molly and her father came back to dwell, permanently, in San Angelo—when it raised its first church. The State had

opened up a lot of school-land sections, and a rush of new settlers had struck into Tom Green County. Some of them said it was a shame the settlement hadn't any regular church, and then the old settlers opined it had been a shame for years, and that they had always meant to have one. So, in the end, Molly's little, fire-eating father was sent for, and installed as a regular shepherd, with a very irregular flock.

The boys from Bar T Nine considered themselves special subjects of piety, sort of patriarchs of the church, and rode over every spare Sunday. Sometimes, they mosied over of nights, generally singly, and sat bolt upright opposite Molly, with a hand gripping each knee, and convulsive swallowing of Adam's apples. And Shorty was once spotted sitting in the trail, combing his hair, and making sweet faces at himself before a hand-mirror. But these things might have all happened in spite of her motherly kiss under the oak; the consequences of which were now working themselves out, as consequences will do, over in San Saba.

When Handsome Dick, the ex-gambler of Sweetwater, shot out on the prairie on the swiftest cow-pony of the string, that night that had been set to be his last, he made up his mind, right then and there, that the girl's kiss was going to mean much more to him than a mother's kiss of absolution —it was going to mean a straighter life, perhaps a harder one, with no noose to tighten round his neck at the end.

THE PRISONER TURNS THE TABLES

So it came about that, at the county line, the fugitive dismounted, turned the pony round, gave him a friendly slap, and continued trudging on into the night. Unauthorized branded stock did not enter into his new code.

A week or so afterwards a somewhat thinner, and much less buoyant, traveler staggered up to the ranch-house of the big O X, and begged for water and a place to lie down and die. The poor cuss had started his penitence by hoofing it

across a hundred miles of scorching, sun-cracked prairie, without knowing the lay of a single water-hole. Every day he had seen a mirage, and, not knowing what it was, this image of a limpid lake lapping against sandy banks, had followed it. Sometimes he came across water-holes filled with carcasses of decaying cattle, which did not deter him at all. Once he fell, swooning, and awoke to find a vulture already on his chest. But now he had come to the house of a thirty-thousand-acre ranch, and was taken in, to slowly recover.

A serious cowhand they made of him, with no taste for whiskey, and an aversion for even the sight of cards. On payday he hung around the bunkhouse, reading books, while the outfit had ridden into San Saba for a three-days' whiz and a do-ce-do with the dance-hall girls.

At the end of a year he owned his own pony and a little money. "The shet-jawed son-of-a-gun, he hives every cent of his tin," one of the boys had said, and that about expressed it.

A SUCCESSFUL ATTORNEY

Another month found him in Fort Worth, that bustling, new city, and, thru the influence of a friendly cattle buyer, he had hung out a lawyer's shingle. It was easy in those days: just "Jedge, here's a promisin' young feller thet wants to be a shyster," and "Have y'u read yore Blackstone, son, an' got yore stake foah a month's rent?" Which double-barreled question Dick answered, and was straightway sworn in.

Then came a shingle over the door, and a month of waiting in an empty, briefless office. His friend, the cattle-buyer, brought him his first case—some business connected with the all-powerful Cattlemen's Association—and paid him a fee, spot cash. It was time: the vulture—a mental one this time—had again begun to camp on Dick's chest.

The first move he made to earn his salt was by diligently neglecting it, for he sent the amount of money he had taken from Peasy's mail-bag to the sheriff of Tom Green County, and hung around the post-office till an answer came back. It was all right: Tom Green would forget his offenses, and, further, Little Sandy was as spry as ever, and the other pony had reached home.

That afternoon saw the ex-gambler, now thoroly "Ex," take the train to Abilene, to make connections with the up-stage in the morning.

Peasy recognized his passenger, and insisted on taking both his little .320 nickel-plated side-arm from him and the sheriff's letter of forgiveness, but Dick allowed that Peasy was entitled to some show of revenge for back treatment.

When they came in sight of San Angelo, Peasy gave him back his two treasures, and claimed credit for his joke, but he always had been rated as cautious and gun-shy since Sherman's March to the Sea.

Dick climbed down from the stage on the outskirts, and walked a roundabout way to where he was told the new parsonage was.

It wasn't much of a building—just one story, with its two rooms fronting

on the road, and a garden in the back full of larkspur and other old-fashioned things. But Dick wasn't thinking of the dignity of a parsonage, didn't even stop to think what a formidable place it was—his whole infidel soul was bent on catching a glimpse of the girl he had heard was its inmate.

Presently she came out and started down the road toward the clump of cottonwoods, where he stood. Dick took out the little revolver and prepared to level it.

He did; and she screamed and drew back, with that same dark look in her eyes that he had hoarded.

He instantly lowered the weapon and held it out toward her, with butt reversed in his hand.

"I came to see you once more," he said, "and to bring back this little thing—my cross—that belongs to you."

Her eyes shaded lighter as she took it, altho he could see that she did not quite understand—yet.

"Three things kept me from going plumb to hell," he continued, his voice growing more tender: "first, it was your kiss; and then, this; and then, the thought of you."

"Gracious!" she said, smiling timidly. "Are you the man I kist under the tree?"

"Miss," he said, after the manner of an attorney, "I have made the journey all the way from Fort Worth to prove to you that he was an entirely different fellow."

Picture Play Characters

By HARVEY PEAKE

A king and a princess, a peasant, a clown,
An austere archbishop, with sinister frown,
Two ladies-in-waiting, a knight of a day:
These make up the cast of a picture play.

A cowboy, an Indian, a land-agent shark,
A ranchman whose daughter is slender and dark,
An artist whose footsteps had been turned that way:
These make up the cast of a picture play.

A musical genius, poor as can be,
A wife who is ill, and a baby of three,
A very rich patron, a manager gray:
These make up the cast of a picture play.

A magician, a prince, and an ogre or two,
A golden-haired maid, whom the prince comes to woo,
A wonderful fairy in gorgeous array:
These make up the cast of a picture play.

A sweet mission worker, quaint, tender and mild,
A drunkard, a gambler, a miserable child,
A silver-haired mother, many long miles away:
These make up the cast of a picture play.

Ah, actors who pass thru the mimic scene,
Depicting emotions upon the white screen;
What pleasure you give us, what art you display,
While unfolding the plot of the picture play!

THE MOTION PICTURE PHOTO PLAY
SENSATIONAL CLAMOR
OBSOLETE IDEAS
PREJUDICE
SUN
WORLD
TELEGRAM
THE PRESS
PROGRESS
THE MOTION PICTURE GOODESS
PROGRESS
THE ELIMINATION OF THE SENSATIONAL
PATHWAY OF PROGRESS
PHOTO PLAY
THE
A.B. Shute

From the photoplay of R. V. Janette

BEAR TRACK GULCH was a-tingle with unwonted stir. The pulse of preparation beat thruout the straggling length of Bonanza Street, the elaborate title of the single, dusty trail, oozing down from the foothills and dwindling away, vaguely, among the few low board shanties that made up the town. The mules, staked in the sparse shade of the corral, surveyed the proceedings over the fence with unwinking cynicism in their comic-supplement faces. Such brushing of long-unbrushed coats, such washing of nearly-as-long-unwashed faces! Old Pete Griffin, town barber, as well as sheriff and postmaster, complained bitterly at the wearisome number of professional demands made upon him.

"I hev clean spiled one razor, a'ready, clawin' th' underbresh off ov Whiskey Dick 'n' Big Slim," he grumbled, from the corner of the Blazing Star Saloon, where he was operating. "Dern my skin, ef I ever see sich a-cavoortin' 'n' a-kerflummuxin' aroun' this yere camp, 'n' all along ov a *gal!*" Pete punctuated his disgust with an original sweep of the razor that missed, by an eighth of an inch, removing the lobe of his latest victim's ear. The six-foot-three of dark, young good-looks in the chair laughed good-naturedly thru the film of lather.

"Looky yere, Pete," he mumbled. "Gals is ez shy aroun' here ez elks in summer. Bear Track Gulch haint never had a sassiety event like this yere. It'll liven up the town right peart, I reckon."

"Lordy, s'much washin' haint healthy!" Pete's voice held firm conviction. "It's agin nater. Ever sens' Doc Whitney wrote fr'm th' East he wuz sendin' on a consumptive fren' o' his'n an' his darter, th' whole kit 'n' caboodle of th' boys—yes, an' you, too, Jack Turner—hev gone clean looney—shucks!" and Pete effectually ended the argument by steering a brushful of soap skillfully into the conversationally open mouth.

In view of these freely expressed opinions, Pete's appearance that afternoon in the crowd of Gulchers gathered to await the arrival of the stage-coach was, naturally, a matter for cheers, jeers and whoops of admiration. He was positively pale with cleanliness, fragrant with bay-

rum, and generous as to bear's-grease in his hair. Bulgy buckskin gloves topped off his arms elegantly, and a sickly-superior smile gashed his blushing countenance.

"'Pipe th' derned dude, boys!"

"'Aint he got th' sweetest smile?"

"'Smell him—whew!"

"'Quit yer jawin', yeh blamed sons-of-guns, yeh!" Pete's proud smile grew wider, until it was checked only by his ears. "'Th' honor of Californy is at stake, an' I reckon we haint no slouches when it comes to duds, if we haint no Eastern beauty show!"

He surveyed the assembled company with satisfaction. Subdued by soap, all identity erased by the razor, the pioneers of Bear Track Gulch stood in a pitiable embarrassment of propriety, looking, furtively, up the trail, as tho expecting the imminent arrival of sheriff and posse, and joking, with assumed hilarity, to keep their courage up to their costumes.

"'Sh'd I tote my six-shooter in my left hand, 'r leave it be in th' belt?" asked one.

"'Leave it be, yeh blankety-blank, A Number 1, fust-class fool," amiably reproved his bosom friend. "'Haint yeh had *no sorter* bringin' up?"

"'Well," sighed a tall miner who resembled a round-shouldered exclamation point, "'it's been five cursed years sens' I see a gal, except a Mexican greaser's woman, or a Pah-Ute squaw."

"'Say, dog my skin!" Old Pete turned a horror-stricken face upon the company. "'Whar in thunderation's thar a place fitten to put up a lady in this yere doggone town?"

Ensued a silence so deep that the individual rackings of each man's brain were audible. Then Jack Turner pushed his way to the front.

BEAR TRACK GULCH WELCOMES ITS FIRST VISITORS

"My cabin's th' biggest—let her 'n' her dad steer up thar," he volunteered. "I reckon I k'n jine in with yeh, Pete, till we see how things pan out."

Old Pete looked doubtful. "'Pore but proud,' Doc's letter said," he repeated, slowly. "Pr'a'ps she wont take it."

"We'll tell 'em Doc Whitney gave it to her dad," said Jack. "Hi, boys, thar's th' stage-coach now, on th' slide."

Across the red-scarred mountain-side, down the red streak of trail, rattled the stage-coach, in a mist of red dust. The crowd of men watched it with varied emotions. Visitors to this out-of-the-way niche of the Sierras were infrequent enough, anyway: a prospector or two, a few "lungers," but never before a woman. There was hardly a man among them who had not the memory of some woman in his life; none there with the intimate reality of a home.

Jack Turner, standing a little apart from the rest, watched the coach rattle to an important stop before the Blazing Star, with a lively feeling of curiosity akin to that of a small boy taken to the circus for the first time. The wild twenty-five years that he had lived so far had all been man-years, filled with the reek and roar of cattle-drives across the plains, the salt sweat of back-breaking pick and shovel wielding in the mines, the fierce excitement of the dice, now and then the white heat of liquor, but all ungentled by the sound of a woman's voice, the touch of a woman's fingertips. Then, suddenly, as he watched, a strange thing happened. A Something that he had never before noticed gave a queer, hurtful jerk and began to pound madly in the region of his ribs, flooding his tanned face with hot color, as his gray eyes met the direct gaze of a pair of big, brown ones beneath a travel-tangled mass of warm, dark hair.

VARIOUS CABINS ARE OFFERED TO THE VISITORS

Rough, friendly hands helped the consumptive father to alight from the coach, and afterwards wiped themselves upon numerous pairs of trousers, and gingerly shook the dainty glove that Alice extended to them.

Pete was spokesman of the occasion.

"Me'n th' boys is proud t' welcome yeh t' Bear Track Gulch an' hopes as how yer'll find it right peart an' pleasant, an' if to th' contrary yeh'll let on so accordin'," roared Old Pete, in a long, honest, unpunctuated yell of welcome. Alice looked around the circle of friendly faces, crinkles of pleasure and amusement coming, star-wise, around her eyes.

"I'm sure we shall be very happy here, father and I," she cried. "Thank you, oh, thank you. And now —my father is a little tired—if you will direct us to the hotel——"

Jack was pushed and punted thru the crowd, until he felt again the shy gaze of the brown eyes upon him. He regarded the brim of his sombrero with passionate interest as he stammered: "Yeh see, miss, thar's rightly no hotel in Bear Track Gulch. An' so Doc Whitney wrote t' hev yeh fetched up t' his old cabin yander, on th' hill"—he paused, gulped, and burst on, desperately—" 'f yeh like, I'll meander along ov yeh, an' tote yer grips——"

Bear Track Gulch discussed the matter, profanely, later over whiskeys.

"Th' derned cuss clipped in an' put his brand on th' gal ez peart ez yeh like!" growled Big Slim.

"But aint she th' stavin', pretty little thing, tho," admired Old Pete, softly. "Ez light an' up-an'-away ez smoke blowed across th' chimisal—"

"But th' ole man's goin' to cash in his checks afore long," said Whiskey Dick, with a wise roll of his head. At least, that is what he thought he said. His remark, as nearly as it can be spelled, was something like this:

"B'r ow mansh go clash shecks, f'r lon'." However, the others were acquainted with the slight eccentricities in Dick's speech, and nodded solemnly.

Several weeks later, on one of the blazing sequences of a cold, dewless California night, Alice sat in the doorway of the cabin, trying to talk to her father, to embroider a satin rosebud, and to watch, out of the sly corner of one eye, the rock-strewn trail that wound down into the town thru palm-like ferns, chaparral and chimisal. Not that Alice was watching for any one in particular—no, no, indeed. She was merely admiring the beauty of the yellow gravel ditches, the withered fields and the red dust over everything. The fact that Jack Turner's hideously mapped pinto pony was picking her vicious way up the treacherous trail, or that Jack himself bestrode the pony, carolling a pleasing ditty of ninety-odd verses, ending with the refrain, "On bo-oo-oo-rd th' Arethusa," made no difference to Alice, of course —none at all.

Neither did Jack notice her. He had taken to riding up the hill on his way to the Streak o' Luck Mine, three miles in the opposite direction, from a mere boyish whim, and certainly not because he knew that a very pretty girl might be sitting in the doorway of the cabin beneath the giant redwood tree.

But before Alice had time to look surprised to see *him*, of all people, *there*, of all places, there came the sound of a strange, gasping moan from the dim interior of the cabin—then, immediately, a heavy fall. Jack flung the reins over his pony's head, and followed Alice into the cabin, his long strides outdistancing her staggering steps, so that he, mercifully, reached the crumpled form on the floor before she did. One glance at the rigid face, laced with the life-blood of a last hemorrhage, was enough. He turned to the girl, taking her piteously fluttering little hands in his great clasp, and drawing her away. Her eyes searched his face.

"Not—not *dead?*"

He nodded gently, wordless with sympathy, and the strong wave of something that was not sympathy

that bid him take her in his arms and comfort her.

"Oh, father—father—father!" She broke into wild weeping, burying her face in Jack's rough coat-sleeve. It brought her dark, fragrant hair very near, her slender, storm-shaken figure close to him. But he set his teeth, and drove back the impulse to crush her to him, to kiss her hands, her hair, her tear-drowned eyes. Instead, he bent over her, speaking very slowly to keep his voice man-steady, and patting her hands as a brother might have done.

"Dont yeh be mopin', Miss Alice," he said. "Yeh aint lef' all alone ez long ez I'm aroun'. Looky yere, girl, I know I aint hed much schoolin', in course, but, sech ez I am, I'm yore friend, an' yeh k'n go yore whole pile on me!"

And, under the rough words and the warm, strong clasp of his hands, Alice felt a queer sense of safety that was comforting.

In the bitter weeks that followed, when she wandered in dry-eyed grief too grievous for tears, thru the damp, pine forests that fringe the black masses of the Sierras, Jack was nearly always with her—big, silent, a strangely soothing presence. He was with her on the day when the final blow came to crown the girl's misfortune. It came in the guise of a harmless-looking letter, but the news inside the envelope was stunning. In short, crisp, brutal words the writer

DRASTIC MEASURES TO KEEP ORDER

was very sorry to inform Miss Alice Lorraine that her home bank had failed and left her without a cent in the world. Alice read it thru twice, smiled about her, vaguely, and then fainted apologetically away. While Big Slim and Old Pete carried her up the hill to the cabin, Jack spelled out the contents of the crumpled letter, laboriously, and tried to reason out all that it would mean to her—and to him.

Later, Bear Track Gulch held an informal committee-of-the-whole meeting in the Blazing Star. Whiskey

Dick made the first suggestion. As Pete had once said, "When Whiskey gits one er two drinks slung inter him, he kin give a doggoned lively imitation ov a man thinkin'." He placed his world-weary sombrero in the center of the floor, and, magnificently, tho with wavering aim, tossed a battered silver watch and a plugged Mexican dollar into it.

"Wassir ma-r-rer taksh up clection?" he inquired brightly. "Sasshay ri' up, boys——"

But Pete stopped the impending rain of coin with a contemptuous kick of the hat into a far corner. "Yeh haint got th' sens' yeh wuz born with," he complained. "This yere gal's too proud to take money. We gotter be keerful, 'n' skirmish aroun'." He slapped his knee with a startling resonance that nearly upset several whiskeys. "I've hit th' trail, dern my skin 'f I hevn't. Looky yere——" his voice dropped mysteriously. Silently they gathered around him to listen to his scheme.

As a result of the caucus, Alice received another letter the next morning, weirdly original as to spelling and penmanship, but clear as to contents:

DEAR MISS LORRAINE—This kamp neads a skool. Will you be our teacher
(Sined) PETE GRIFFIN,
Chairman comity.

And, as a result of the letter, the Bear Track Gulch Primary, Intermediate, Grammar and High School was started in the ever-useful barroom of the Blazing Star, with Miss Alice Lorraine as principal, and the entire *dramatis personæ* of the camp, including Daddy Sawyer, tottering on the feeble verge of seventy, and Nigger Joe, the hash-slinger at the eating-house, as pupils.

It was not the easiest school in the world to keep. Slight differences of opinion in the geography class as to the exact location of Kalamazoo were promptly settled by the application of fists. The spelling class rigidly enforced the rule that he who fell to the foot should set up drinks. Once Big Slim held up the entire school at the point of his persuasive six-shooter because they jeered when he wrote "Percival" as his real name on the board. The primer class punctuated the reading-lessons with six-foot tall squirmings and writhings over "e-le-phant" and "kan-ga-roo," and recess-time always meant a wild scramble of fatigued scholars for the tonic aid of the bar.

Indeed, if it had not been for Jack, Alice would have been uncertain whether to laugh or to cry. But Jack was a model pupil. He brought her clumsy boquets of larkspur and wild poppies, the stems tightly tied with twine. After school he saw her home, on the crimson edge of the dusk, up thru the cañon, where the sycamores made great blots of gloom in the sunset glamor and the storm-scarred caps of the Sierras stood out nakedly against the evening sky. Sometimes, when he helped her to cross the rushing torrent of a flume, she felt his big, friendly hands trembling around her own, but he had schooled his voice, face, eyes, to such patient concealment that she could not guess the sick longing of him to take her in his arms and love her, strongly, as befits a man, gently, as is a woman's due.

Yet his love for her was steadily growing harder of concealment. All day, as he labored over his pick at the mines, he saw her vivid face, felt the shivering thrill of her fingers, dreamed of her, hopelessly, yet with the dreams that men have about their sweethearts, too sacred to put into words, perilously sweet and desirous.

"I got t' quit thinkin'," he told himself, fiercely. "She's a lady—she dont think ov me. This is a lone hand, Jack, my boy—see yeh keep it so."

But, one day, his longing to make his love articulate overcame his prudence. He flung down his pick and strode to his tiny cabin to array himself in his poor best clothes. Then, his jaw set grimly, as one who knows too well that he is going to meet defeat, he turned his face to the cabin under the redwood tree.

It was very still on the hillside. Far over the foothills a flock of crows whirled and chattered in distance-sweetened discord. The painted blossoms of the mariposas by the cabin door swayed, languidly, in the hot breeze. There was no sign of Alice anywhere, and Jack was on the point of turning away, when a faint, stifled sob caught his ear. Tiptoeing, with clumsy caution, over to the alder clump by the edge of the clearing, he

HATS OFF IN THE PRESENCE OF LADIES

came on Alice, outflung on the ground, weeping, heart-brokenly, over a photograph in her hand. Jack turned sharply and hurried away down the trail, his face whitened beneath the film of tan, his great hands crushing the leaves and branches of the bushes, thru which he plunged blindly. Over and over he muttered, half-aloud: " 'Twas a young man's picter she hed—she's mopin' f'r a feller back East—I aint got no chanct—I aint got no—chanct——"

Suddenly he paused in the midst of the desolation of red dust and red sand, a quivering smile struggling on his lips. The selfless pity of Love gripped him. "Pore little gal," he muttered; "grieving her heart out f'r th' feller back home—an' she cant git to him—pore little gal——"

He sat down on a heap of rock by the side of the trail, hands hanging laxly, eyes staring away into the blue sky, as tho saying good-by to his daydreams. "Yeh hev hed yer knockout blow—now take it like a man, 'f yeh *kin,*" he said, slowly. "But she—th' pretty, chirpin' little gal up yender—she's gotter go home to her happiness; an', Jack Turner, 'f yeh *love* her—*my Gawd! 'f yeh love her*—yeh'll help her find th' way."

Out of his travail of spirit was born his great idea, and, rising with alacrity from the rock-heap, he made his hasty way to Big Slim, Old Pete and the boys, to take them into his confidence.

Late that night a most reprehensible affair took place in the clearing before Alice's cabin—an affair tech-

nically known as "salting" a mine with a few gold nuggets, artfully arranged here and there. The operation was carried on in silence, by lantern-light, aided by the large, luminous disk of the midsummer moon. At the completion, as the men stole guiltily away down the hillside, Jack issued his final directions: "Tomorrow yeh'll go up to see Miss Alice on school business, yeh'll strike pay-dirt, 'n' then yeh'll tell her that th' mine belongs to her an' offer to sell it at auction—d' yeh folly me?"

The marvelous discovery of gold at the very door of Alice's cabin the next morning stirred Bear Track Gulch into a frenzy of excitement. The auction, that tripped over the heels of the discovery, was well attended, and the bidding was brisk. But, finally, all claims to the Alice Mine were knocked down to Jack Turner for three thousand dollars.

As Jack had foreseen, Alice's first joyous cry, when the money was put into her hands, was: "Oh, now I can go home—I'll start tomorrow." She called him back, as he was following the others down the hill. "Oh, Jack, will you take this and reserve a seat for me on the coach to Rowan's Creek tomorrow?"

He took the money from her hands dumbly, in fumbling fingers. He did not dare to glance up into her face, nor to look back as he strode away. If he had, he might have seen her looking after him, a strange expression in her eyes that was half a frown, half a smile, all womanly and sweet.

A few hours later, when the world was a-dream, in the faint, white splendor of the rising moon, Alice came out of the cabin, where she had finished her packing, and sank down on the door-stone, head tilted back to watch the solemn beauty of the Sierras massed in jagged grandeur, piled high, high until their mighty profiles stood out against the farthest stars. The night was a thing of peace—a benediction—the morrow held the dear promise of home, and yet Alice felt dimly discontented. A face kept intruding into her musings of home—a strong, tanned face, with honest eyes and grim jaws. Why, in this glorious night, must the thought of Jack Turner haunt her with this vague discomfort of loss, of loneliness? She fell to musing on the walks that they had had together thru the pines, along the foothills; the madroño tree, where he had cut their initials; the ceanollius, in its brave lilac livery, that they had come upon in a far field; the plumes of the buckeye; and always among them the tall, supple figure, in its uncouth clothes. Alice gave a sudden cry, like a frightened animal that has fallen into an unexpected snare. She gazed before her a long while, searching her soul, questioning herself, ruthlessly; then, with a little sob, she hid her flushing face in her hands.

It was this way that he found her—sitting so small and still and frightened in the cool, white glow. At his step, she looked up, startled, then arose, swiftly forcing herself to speak naturally, friendly-wise.

"It's a glorious evening, isn't it? Really, you know, I believe I am going to be homesick for this place—and you all."

Jack's hands fumbled with his hat-brim.

"I come up t' tell yeh good-by."

"Thank you; that was very good of you."

It is wonderful how well they train women! Alice's voice was as coolly impersonal as tho she were asking in school: "How much are twelve and four and seven?" Only her brown eyes, wistful, tender, were telltale, and, Jack, looking on the ground, did not see her eyes.

There was a pause, broken only by the whinnying of a mare far below in the corral. In Jack's brain the words that he had meant to say were whirling in wild confusion among those that he had not meant to say. He struggled for his stilted farewell speech, but it would not come. And then he looked up, suddenly, to see her standing in the gracious moonlight, fair as his dreams of her had

been, and, with a wordless cry, he sprang to her and seized her in his arms, crushing her to him, drawing her face down on his shoulder, with the fierce, primitive man-joy of conquest, whispering meaningless, broken words against her cheeks.

"I love yeh—yeh little, white thing—I love yeh," he told her hoarsely. "Oh, I know, in course, that yeh're ez fer above me ez thet thar star over th' hill; but this aint Jack Turner, miner, talkin' to Alice Lorraine, lady, at me, Jack Turner." She lifted her face to his dull gaze, bravely, the soul of her shining in her eyes. He started forward, put his hand beneath her chin, and looked down into her eyes with a long, incredulous, hungry gaze.

"Do — do — yeh — mean —— My Gawd! it aint possible that yeh kin care—f'r *me?*"

She nodded slowly, her eyes never leaving his. "Yes—Jack."

Still he could not believe.

THE MINE IS "KNOCKED DOWN" TO JACK TURNER

now—this is *me* talkin' to *you,* 'n' I love yeh—I love yeh——"

He said it over and over, looking hungrily down at her white, uptilted face, her closed eyes, the scarlet temptation of her lips, the tiny pulse beating in her temples. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the tenseness of his grasp relaxed, and he turned his head away, with a hoarse sob.

"I was forgettin'—I reckon I hev spiled yer thought ov me—I'm sorry." His arms fell at his sides, wearily, and the girl staggered and opened her eyes.

"Wait!" she commanded. "Look

"But th' picter—I saw yeh grievin' over a man's picter, yesterday—I reckoned——"

She laughed out, suddenly, softly. "That was an old picture of my father when he was a young man," she cried. "Boy, dear, I'll not need that seat in the stage tomorrow, after all."

He bent his head slowly—slowly, until his lips found hers. And then, for a long moment, or moments, the evening wind a-scramble thru the mariposa blossoms was the only sound on the hillside. At last Jack lifted his head, with a long, broken breath.

The boy's eyes of him were ablaze with the wonder of it. "It's better 'n I dreamed, girl—better 'n any dream could be," he cried. He did not realize that his words were lyric, but it was so. For wherever Love comes, there are Poetry and Beauty also—even in Bear Track Gulch.

Mother Goose Down to Date

By Frank W. Sterns

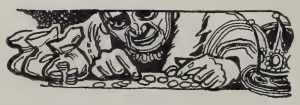
Old Mother Hubbard, inspecting the
cupboard,
Wasn't hunting a bone for Tray;
She was poking around
For a dime, which, if found,
For a seat at the "movies" would pay!

Jack and Jill, sent up the hill
To fetch some water down,
Were awful slow—a picture show
That day had come to town.

When her children were naughty she knew what to do,
That little old lady who lived in a shoe.
She washed 'em and dressed 'em, then, in a long row,
She sent 'em all off to a nice picture show.

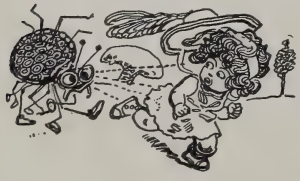
Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!
"I will," quoth he, "from early morn,
Till dewy eve, if you'll let me go
Whenever I please to a picture show."

Said Simple Simon to the Pieman:
"Sir, I've pennies five,
With which I'll go to a picture show,
As sure as you're alive!"



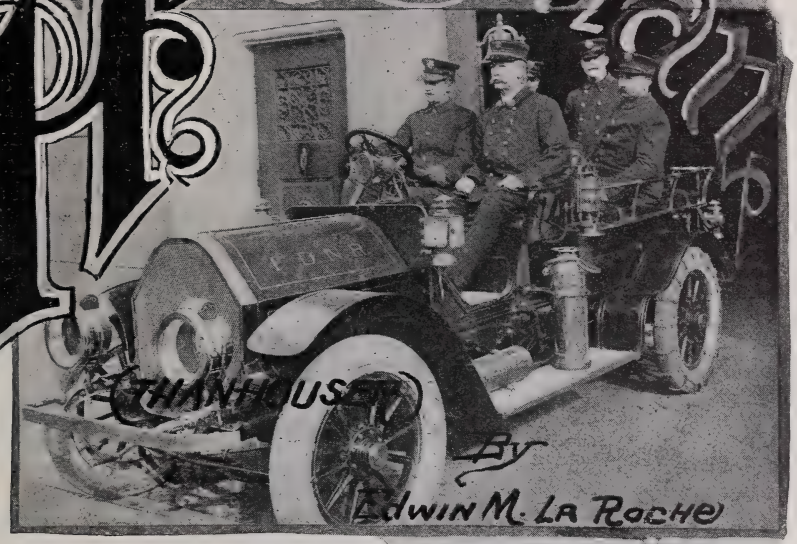
The king sat in the counting-room, counting out his
dough;
The queen sat in the parlor "taking in" a photoshow!

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Watching a picture play.
"Xmas pies fine may be, but I'd rather," said he,
"See a photoshow any old day!"



Chased from the tuffet, poor little Miss
Muffet
Felt dreadfully nervous and blue,
Till her ma said: "We'll go
To the new picture show,
And forget how that spider scared you!"

Her Fireman



By Edwin M. La Roche

It was along toward the end of August—dog-days and dogged nights, when grease-paint took to running, and pearl-powder showed furrows of righteous perspiration. The Summer Daisies had sung, and danced, and "ragged" their shapely selves all thru the months of "ice-cooled air," which was mostly theory, and never blew its breezes back to the superheated stage. But this made no difference to the girls; most of their costumes couldn't have stood the falling temperature of even a theory, anyway.

A half-hour after the show, Kitty Phelan—Rassova, the fascinating Bulgarian toe-dancer, on the program—tripped down the dressing-room stairs and joined the group of talent on the bare stage.

"Say, Kitty," said the comedy man, with a dejected, unlit cigaret between his lips, "can yuh put us wise? Are th' Daisies goin' tuh take tuh th' clover?"

"Search me," said Kitty. "I aint heard nothin'."

"Well, take it from me, boys an' goils," went on the comedian, "the sopranner was canned tonight. I piped her throwin' a sob in th' wings, after singin' 'Happyland.' Funny how she gets a hand on that, aint it?"

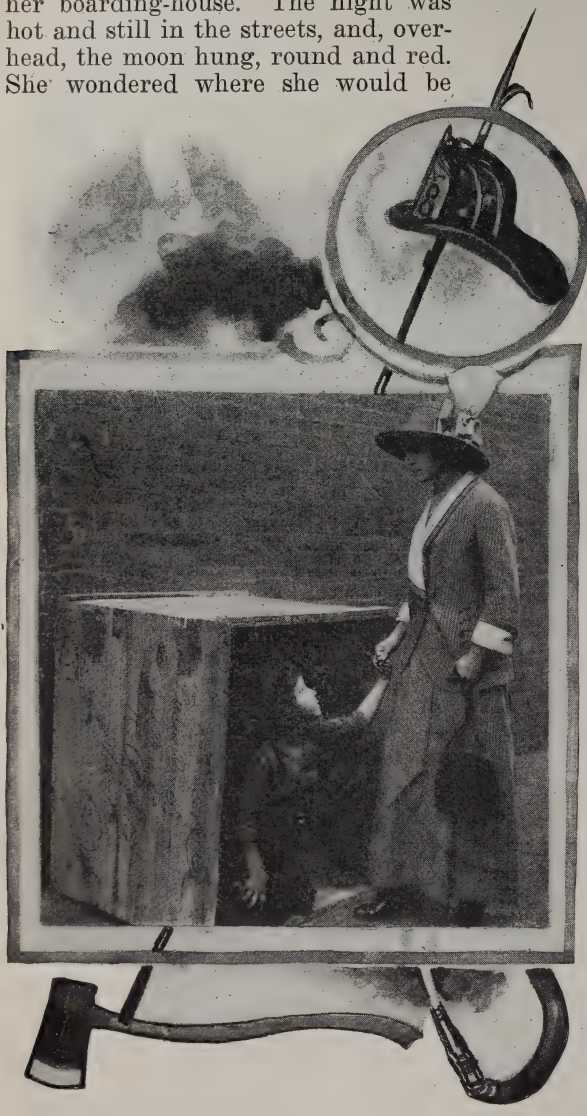
Kitty threw her gum into a box of sawdust. "Honest, Al, you aint got no heart, stringin' a goil when she loses her job."

"Sure, I gotter heart," protested the humbled Al.

The all-absorbing conversation went on as to whether the Daisies were going on the road. Kitty had once been seen eating ice-cream with the press-agent, but if she had any inside information, she didn't give it away. As she started for the passage-way to the stage-door, the comedian followed her out of the corner of his eye.

"Gettin' too stuck up fer this business," he murmured. "Wonder if they'll can her?"

Kitty came out on the dark alley, back of the Gaiety, and started for her boarding-house. The night was hot and still in the streets, and, overhead, the moon hung, round and red. She wondered where she would be



"CANT YER LET A FELLER SLEEP?"

looking at the moon a month from then, and if the boarding-house would be good. Countless theatrical lodgings on the road had made her skeptical on this point, and had endowed her with the digestion of an ostrich. Still, some were cleaner than others.

In front of a row of shabby brownstones, Kitty stopped, yawned, and sat down on her stoop. The street was deserted, and a ghost of a breeze from the East River patted her cheeks.

Kitty sat and thought of various things—of how stifling her room would be; and of Al, the comedian, who, the girls said, was stuck on her; and of the tears of the too shapely, peroxide soprano, when she got her discharge. She leaned her head against the iron stoop-railing and stared, vacantly, at an empty packing-case in the next yard. Something in it stirred, restlessly, now and then, and broke in upon her thoughts, with visions of vagrant cats turned loose for the summer, and, mostly, never seen again.

An unmistakable treble yawn came out of the blackness of the case, and Kitty decided to investigate it. By leaning over the railing, she could just manage to flourish her arm about inside of it.

Presently something grabbed at her hand, and a sleepy voice said: "Scat! lemme alone."

Kitty only gripped the little hand all the tighter and waited. There was a resounding flapping in the improvised bedroom, and pretty soon an urchin followed his clasped hand out into the yard.

"Cant yer let a feller sleep?" he demanded.

Kitty looked at the scant three feet of disturbed manhood, with a mat of black hair over solemn eyes, and smiled at the challenge.

"Wot's yer name, kid?"

"Tony."

"And yer pop's?"

"Dunno—he's in th' jug."

"And yer mom?"

"She croaked, I tink; dey took her off, coughin' an' spittin' up blood."

"Wotcher had tuh eat?" asked the girl.

"Jest nuthin'—honest," he smiled. "Nuthin'."

The mother in Kitty rose up from some abysmal place. "Come along, kid," she said, "up to my room. I gotter banana an' some milk up there."

The small boy squeezed thru the railing and followed Kitty up the stoop. The thought of the banana made him nudge, nervously, against her skirts, as they pressed up the three flights of stairs.

"Want it all now, kid?" she asked, after lighting the gas.

The nondescript figure looked up, earnestly.

"Yep."

"Nothin' fer me?"

The banana stopped in front of the boy's teeth, white as a wolf's. He thought a moment, then, big with renunciation, pushed it toward her.

"Eat it, kid—I was only foolin'."

The sharp, young jaws came together with a snap, and he gulped, eagerly, at the milk.

"Some hungry, huh?"

The guest nodded.

"Wanter sleep here, too?"

Another nod, followed by the expansive "you cant fool me" smile.

Kitty took his hand, again, and led him toward the little, white, iron bed. "Mebbe youse dont wanter undress before a goil," she said, grinning.

The guest didn't take time even to grin back, just curled up on the bed, and blinked his eyes, and yawned, like a played-out puppy.

Kitty turned out the gas, and tried to make herself comfortable in a rocking-chair. If the house would only rock and pitch a little, it would be just like those back-breaking snoozes on the trains, she thought. But the house lay still, and Kitty dreamed, troublously, again of packing-cases, and stout, lacrimose blondes, and of the days to come, when she would lose her own trim figure.

Morning came—always gray, reflected light in the rear of the house—and, with it, the native sounds of the city—the empty rattle of wagons on the street, the banging of shutters, and the clatter of sauce-pans and dishes for some early breakfaster.

Kitty stretched herself, opened one eye, and looked, uncomprehendingly, at her bed, with its round lump under the sheet. Then she remembered, and jumped up, quite stiff, and rubbed her legs, vigorously, with her instep, until they were less tottery and glowed pink.

The guest of overnight slept on, undisturbed, while she washed and daintied herself and started the cocoa to boiling, on an insignificant gas-stove.

When it was ready, she shook the bundle, and it kicked out, spitefully, and drew in its arms and legs, turtle-wise, again.

But Kitty knew the nature of the beast, and sat down on the bed, making throaty, delicious noises, as she sipped her morning drink.

The guest opened his eyes and took in the process, which appealed to him so much that he sat upright and gulped, appreciatively, each time that she swallowed.

"Think youse could wash yerself?" Kitty asked, when they had finished.

He nodded a willingness to try.

"I'm goin' to th' theayter," she admonished, "an' wont be back till late tonight—th' Daisies is goin' on th' road."

Tony tucked his feet under his haunches in the rocking-chair, in token of anchoring himself. She smiled at his assertiveness.

"Home's soitenly good, aint it, kid?"

"Sure!"

With no signs of her guest leaving, Kitty manufactured a final tress or two with the curling-irons, powdered out the freckles on her tilted nose, stuck a dazzling, bargain-counter barette in her coiffure, and hurried over to the Gaiety.

Sure enough, a route-card was posted in the passageway, advising

the company of its start on the road the coming Monday. Kitty stopped to read its long list of dates and towns.

"Fer Gawd's sake, Rassova, slip inter yer clothes," pleaded the purple-faced stage-manager; "th' Oriental chorus 's got gum on its feet this mornin'."

Kitty hustled to her dressing-room, while the thump of feet on the stage below, and the whine of a single violin, warned her of the tribulations of the chorus. "There aint a healthy kick in th' whole knock-kneed mess," the stage-manager had shouted, by way of good-morning to his protégées.

Three days of bustle and confusion followed: rehearsals, breaking in new girls, and the regular daily matinées and evening performances.

When Kitty came home that second night and found her adopted offspring asleep on the stoop, but wary and very much alive to her soft approach, she took him into her life as a matter of course, and, as long as the steel in her toes responded to its daily task at the Gaiety, she took to the rocking-chair bed, philosophically, like a Plymouth Rock to door-knobs, when the mothering season catches it.

Monday was coming fast, tho, and she meditated, with puckered forehead, what she was to do with Tony, in the long months on the road. There was her widowed Aunt Agnes, who lived down on the Bay front of Brooklyn, and who did the washing for most of the boat-clubs there, besides being a pillar of the church. So, on Sunday, Kitty took a chance, and, with Tony scrubbed, cleaned and combed within an inch of his life, and wearing a Russian blouse-suit, with its low-hanging belt, that "got his goat" with every step, started out for Aunt Agnes and the undiscovered suburb.

Big, garrulous Aunt Agnes couldn't understand the relationship, at first, and accused Kitty of having a shifty husband, somewhere, who would come to quarter on her, too. But the matter was finally arranged, and Kitty, after having proved her maidenliness and substituted a home for Tony, departed for the boarding-house, to pack her trunk, and to sleep once more in the little, iron bed.

Monday, the glorified Rassova danced twice before a satisfied audience in Bridgeport, and dreamed that she slept on top of a car—the trains kept tugging and clanking so, directly under her window. Tuesday, the Daisies opened in New Haven, and, immediately, became a necessary adjunct to things collegiate and Yalesian. The advance-guard of students already were wending back to Alma Mater, and they danced in the aisles, and warbled the swelling choruses with the Daisies.

Rassova was called out four times—they could not get enough of her—and, finally, bobbing and blushing, made her acknowledgments in a little speech of mutilated French. It was a great send-off, and the police had to escort out a bevy of overcome freshmen.

All the while, the mottled-faced manager stood in the wings, with a telegram in his fingers.

"Zees plaisir is wat you call eet magnifique," Rassova was parroting to her admirers. Then, with a pirouette and a saucy whirl, she was beside him. "Gee! them colledge guys fall for a spiel, huh?" she panted.

"Good goil!" felicitated the manager. "Say, here's a 'yeller' fer yuh."

Kitty plucked the telegram open and read it, rapidly. "I gotter go home," she announced; "my kid 's broke his leg."

"Kid!" the fat-shouldered man shrieked. "Yuh mean t' say——"

She turned, and walked quickly to her dressing-room. The manager followed. "Have yuh gone dippy?" he wanted to know, pushing his way in. "Yuh cant jump a contrac' this way, an' not get in Dutch in th' show business."

"Dutch, or Irish—or Bulgarian, I'm goin' tuh beat it," Kitty reassured him, and started to sling things into her trunk.

An hour afterward, she caught the

"Owl" to New York, and then, for what seemed hours of staring out from a trolley-window, at the procession of street-lamps in the flat outskirts of Brooklyn, she was a solitary "fare" in the small hours of the morning. Thus passed the glory of Rassova.

Aunt Agnes, at the door in a balloon-shaped nightcap, told her everything about the urchin's accident: how, his very first day in the open, he had fallen off a yacht-way, and been carried back to her, with a useless leg dangling under him. It would mend all right, the doctor said, but slowly, and the child had better be sent to the hospital. Then a fever set in, and he kept calling, incessantly, for "Kitty—Kitty, th' loidy wot giv' him her bed," till Aunt Agnes was terribly upset, and sent off the telegram, as the best way out.

AT WORK FOR MR. SWARTZHEIMER

Travel-worn, Kitty went in, and up to the sleeping child's bed. As she took in the sharp lines of his face, those lines that she had been so careful to smooth out with food and sleep, she laid her hand, impulsively, on his head. A shudder of pain passed thru him, as he tried to thrash off the old, lurking dangers; but she kept her hand in place, and he burrowed his head deep in the pillow again, sighing softly.

Then Aunt Agnes left her alone with him, to watch out the rest of the night, and Kitty, leaning her head against the bed-post, sat and thought as she never had done before.

Tony was passed on to her by unseen hands in the open, that much was certain; and she felt that the little stray had come into her life to stay. How to support him and herself, and help Aunt Agnes, was the prosaic problem that held her unwinking until the sun shot a shining silver film across the leaden crescent of the Bay.

Having come down flat-footed, as it were, from the dizzy realms of Rassova, she fell back upon the next best thing, her hands; and, by dint of threats over the telephone, and the promise to pay a dollar a week, a beautiful, new typewriter was installed in Aunt Agnes' cottage that afternoon.

Kitty looked it over, sharply, planted it on a table, and sat down, hammer-and-tongs, to master the unfeeling key-board.

For a full week, no sounds arose from the parlor, save the uneven, nervous clatter of unpracticed fingers on the metal keys. Then, gradually, some kind of order came out of chaos, and the letters jerked out with a sort of even rhythm.

There was a providence in Kitty's industry, for Mr. Swartzheimer, of the big cloak and suit house of Swartzheimer, Blatt & Co., was summering in the boarding-house next door, and the ceaseless metallic voice of the typewriter blasted the sweetness of his idle hours. "Ach! Got! that girl she drives me looney," he had said; but, after he had seen Kitty's flushed, pretty face in the window, he had decided that here was a prize for the office force.

Once he snored himself awake in the middle of the night, and the merry click of the machine wafted into his window. "That girl is a brize—take

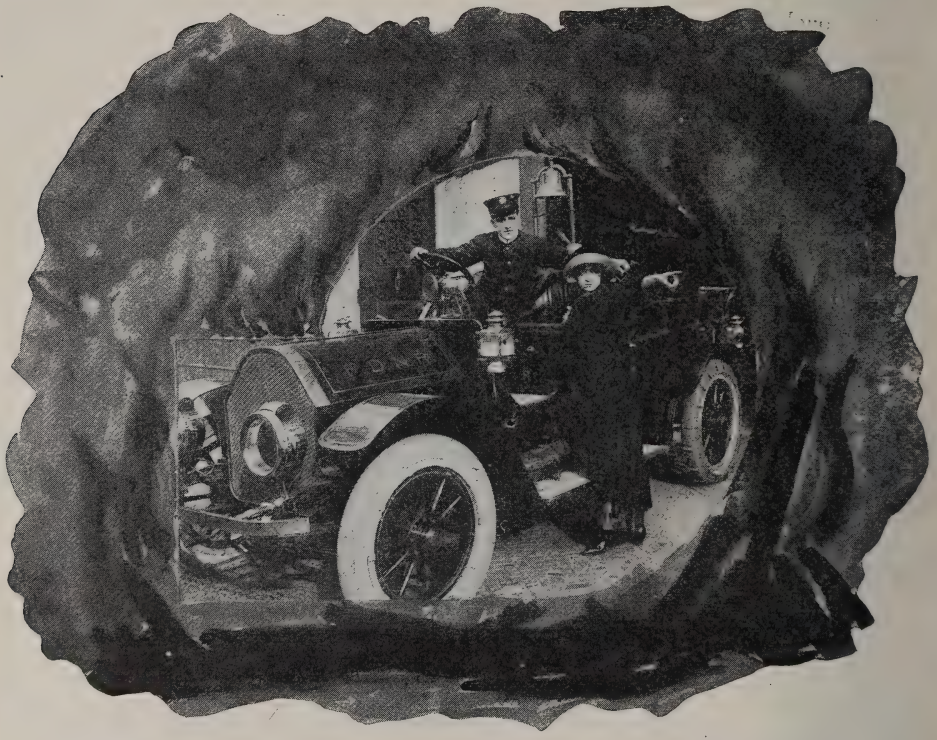
it from me," he kept repeating, till he lulled himself to sleep again. And, the following day, he waddled over to Aunt Agnes, and engaged the persistent amateur to adorn his office.

Kitty liked the work: it was new to her, startlingly so, where troops of girls came, giggling and squirming, into the tall loft building, punched a time-clock, and were instantly frozen into models, fitters, or machine workers. As for herself, she was installed in Mr. Swartzheimer's private office, where he sat very close, sometimes, fat and smiling, and dictated numerous letters. But she was used to the large and gracious kind, and took familiarity as a matter of office pleasantry, just like the stage.

One day, as Mr. Swartzheimer fitted himself into a chair, and, with a sugary smile, was about to pronounce: "My dear girl," or "My Dear Sir," as the humor struck him, a big, bronze bell clanged in the hallway, and the girls all rose from their seats and started, in a ragged line, for the stairs. At the same time, the answering shriek of a fire-engine whistle, and the call of its high-pitched bell, came up from the street.

Mr. Swartzheimer fought himself into his coat, and, shouting directions, rushed out into the hall.

It was all new to Kitty—this fire-drill routine, and she took it to heart, grabbing her coat and speeding to the elevators. They had stopped running!



HER IMAGINATION WAS FILLED WITH VISIONS OF A DREADFUL FIRE

Then real terror seized upon her, and she sped down the long flights of stairs as only a former toe-dancer could—not stopping to see if any one followed, just gone crazy for the street-level and the open again. At the turns of the stairs, she could see the fire-laddies running their ladders up the building, and, as she pictured the fainting girls being carried down, fighting each other back, it added spurs to her wings.

Out upon the street she ran, out and out thru the noon-day crowd, until

her panicky flight was abruptly terminated against the body of a big-framed, young fireman.

He threw out his arms and caught her, as she carromed off from him.

"H—ll and blazes!" he exclaimed, wrathfully. "Wacher doin', huh?"

"F-fire—up there!" she could scarcely utter the words.

"Dont be scared, leddy. See," he encouraged, pointing, "th' boys is already savin' em."

Kitty glanced up the long length of ladders, to where a fireman was making his way down, with a dummy cloak-model.

The crowd set up a roar of laughter, and Kitty flushed scarlet. "Huh, you're stringin' me, I guess—s'long." She turned about and joined the crowd of workers filing back into the building. "A bum joke, I think nit," she grumbled to herself. "Perhaps old Swartzheimer is stuck on fires, anyway."

But she didn't forget her terror in a hurry, and that night, half-crying, half-laughing, she told the graphic story to Aunt Agnes and little Tony, sitting up in bed, until they, too, became white with fire-sickness, and couldn't grasp the joker at the end.

October came, cool and sweet, with the rare air shaping the distant Highlands up like a black silhouette on the coast. Of nights and on Sundays, now, Kitty and Tony were inseparable, and she was giving him of her crumbs of knowledge as fast as he could take them.

One Sunday, as she pulled the invalid, in a toy wagon, toward the beach, he asked her: "Wot makes fire, Kitty?"

"Gawd knows, kid," she said, not irreverently, and then added: "I guess t' give fresh firemen a job," which was a bit unjust.

They passed by the Bath Beach firehouse, and a big chap, sitting in his shirt-sleeves in the doorway, got up, tipped his hat, and looked foolish.

Kitty hurried on, but, not long afterward, he joined them on the beach.

"I've been transferred to th' bushes," he volunteered. "Dont yuh remember me up in N' York?"

"Sure," Kitty said, defiantly; "you're th' guy that saves dummies an' gives goils th' laugh. Sure, I know."

The little rasp in her voice only tickled his good-nature.

"It's swell down here, aint it?" he asserted, pleasantly.

"Rully? I aint had no time fer society—muh kid's broke his leg."

"Yourn?" He eyed the trim, young girl unbelievingly.

"Sure. Wot's th' matter with 'im? He dont bite," said Kitty.

And so on, in good-humored overtures and icy rejoinders, until Kitty had to confess to herself that he was a bit nicer than Al was, anyway.

Another time, she met him at Aunt Agnes' gate, and he took a calm note of where she lived, as he raised his cap.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs.——"

"Rassova," suggested Kitty.

"Passover," he corrected, not unmindful of the cloak-and-suit trade.

"Cut it out, fresh," snapped Kitty. "I'm a Bulgarian, if yuh wanter know."

Then she passed in, flushing, and only half-pleased to be rid of him.

But Kitty couldn't keep up her incognito much longer, for, one day, she came home from the office and found the fresh, young fireman seated in the parlor, with Aunt Agnes. Something told her that talkative aunty had given her away, and that Kitty Phelan had been discussed from her bare-legged and pigtail stage up to the present haughty stature of five feet one. His bright, laughterful eyes confirmed it, but he knew enough to go quickly.

"Let's swap names," he said, at the door; "mine's Tim Clancy—gee! how you took me in!"

Kitty couldn't help grinning at the remembrance of his chapfallen face and the Bulgarian widow episode. "Come again," she said, before she knew it.

Tim did come, lots of times, and

his bigness and honest look, and the trustfulness that she felt that he could give her, opened up a new kind of manhood that she had never seen, nor met with, on the stage.

Little Tony, generally, was wheeled with them, on their walks, and his barrier was more than physical be-

TIM PICKED THE BOY UP AND DASHED DOWN THE STEPS

tween them. Kitty's careless heart had been touched, for the first time, by this youngster, and, as the Sunday outings grew shorter, she strove to give him more and more of her time. Nothing should ever, ever come between them!

On the early Sunday morning that this resolve was registered, Tim called, and was invited to stay to dinner by Aunt Agnes. She had long ago thought that he was a "gran' gentl'-mun" and wondered why Kitty could be so heartless with him.

Tim accepted, with the proviso that Kitty would go for a row on the bay with him, to help work up his appetite. "Mrs. Brophy was soitenly elegant with th' feeds."

Little Tony was still asleep, and Aunt Agnes promised to dress him when he awoke, and to look after him "like th' parent he was entitled to have."

So Kitty put her dainty feet in the stern of the boat, and Tim rowed across the bay, toward the sands of Coney Island, which was hardly awake yet.

When he got her away out there, he meant to ask her a question that was perpetually burning in his throat, and sat on his chest, or hummed in his brain at sleep-time.

He would have gotten it before her, out there alone, and Kitty, big with her resolve, would have told him it could never be, if she hadn't happened to glance back, and seen an unusual lot of smoke coming from Aunt Agnes' chimney.

She steadied herself on the thwart, and watched, narrowing her eyes to blue glints.

"Tim—Mr. Clancy," she yelled, suddenly, "aint that smoke comin' out of our windows?"

Tim's trained eyes saw things all at once, the nasty puffs that told of the licking flames back of them. He swung the boat around with giant arms.

"Row—row—row!" she screamed, gripping the rocking gunwale, and his oars dug whirling trenches for her words.

"There's Aunt Agnes, now," she warned, "runnin' to the beach!"

Then a terrible thought struck her. "Faster, for Gawd's sake, faster, cant you? Tony's in there, alone!"

The stout, ash oars creaked and crackled under Tim's arms. The boat's nose made a creaming furrow in the water.

"Darlin', she's humpin' like a motor-boat," he gasped, encouragingly. But she did not even hear him—the best part of her heart was already searching thru the fire-ridden cottage.

Aunt Agnes shrieked disconnected words from the beach at them: "Kerosene—stove exploded—Tony's in his room——"

"Run like blazes an' turn the fire-alarm, you blitherin' fool," bawled the excited Tim, "an' tell us afterwards."

But Aunt Agnes shrieked only patches of words and kept wringing her hands, childishly.

Tim beached the boat and ran toward the cottage, now jetting flames from around the second-story window-combings. He had never yet saved a life, and the little stray's had never seemed particularly precious to him, but now, with Kitty's bloodless face and staring eyes graven on him, he fairly hungered for the possession of the boy, somewhere up there in the roaring mass.

Somehow, he got his coat off, and, hooding his face, groped into the open door, and worked his way up the stairs. Lapping at his feet, and up the sidewalls, was the steady, mounting flash and song of the flames from below, licking up and up, and he felt that the cottage was a veritable funnel to the hungry element that, now, no power could check.

"Tony!"

"I'm in here!" choked the child.

Tim dashed against the bedroom door and fairly bore it off its hinges. A small, thin hand gripped his, in the blinding smoke, and he picked the boy up and leaped down the steps of red-veined stairs. They crumbled and tottered, as his weight came against them, with a roaring pit threatening to engulf him, an inch beneath, clean thru to the cellar.

The smoke-wreathed fireman and his clinging burden reached the beach just as the fire-apparatus clattered up, to squirt an obituary over Aunt Agnes' former cosy home.

Kitty flew at Tim and his burden, and pecked and clawed until he had turned the boy over to her. And when, later, he opened his eyes, in her lap, she sobbed, and gave just one sigh, as Tim's arm stiffened across her back.

"Gawd made firemen," she instructed Tony, blushing, "an' He soitenly done a good job."

Child Labor

BY Henry Albert Phillips

BILLIE, the office-boy, was only nine years, three weeks, and four days old, and still wore short pants.

But some of Billie's ideas were grown-up and could have worn long pants, and demanded bigger wages, and, maybe, had a "girl"—you cant tell—if it hadn't been that they went with Billie. And Billie was so small for his age, that people sometimes came into the office, and talked to themselves, and said things about the boss that they didn't dare say to his face, all before Billie could cough, politely, and rise from behind his high desk, and make them look foolish.

Sometimes the boss himself would talk out loud, and say things in a way that Billie never heard him say to other people. The boss spoke only one way to other people, down there in the factory office, and that way was the same as the policeman spoke to fellows when they tried to build an election-night fire. My! but he was rougher than two policemen put together—when he spoke to people in the office or factory.

But when Billie overheard him talk to himself—and this is a great secret, because Billie was sure he would lose his job if he ever told any one—the boss was *different*. He talked in a low tone, and kept sighing right along, and making funny faces, and shaking his head. Sometimes Billie almost thought he was at a show. Then Billie would make some noise or other, and the boss would change like lightning, and look around at him like a mad Dago.

"Darn that boy!" he would growl, and leave the office, slamming the door behind him. Somebody better look out, then, if they knew what was best for them!

So Billie learnt ever so many things that he really shouldn't have known, because he was so small.

For instance: The boss, when he forgot himself, was always exclaiming: "My sweet little pet!" or "My precious little Grace!" or something just about as foolish as that. It got on Billie's nerves a little. But it set him thinking, anyhow. Being somewhat up in the detective profession, from the fact that he had read the entire series of "Dick Dashaway, the Daring Boy Sleuth," Billie had little difficulty in applying the rules of the game to the boss, and working up a pretty good case.

At length, Billie came to the conclusion that Grace was a beautiful, young wife. For in all his nine years' varied experience, he had never yet heard a kid spoken of in the language the boss used. Besides, he had learnt the boss was married. The next thing to find out was why the boss treated Grace as tho she were an angel, and the poor people in his factory like dogs. The only way to find out was to see what Grace looked and acted like.

But, just about that time, things began to happen kind of rotten in the factory, and Billie gave up sleuthing for awhile to watch the fun. It began when the boss sent Jim Monahan, his foreman, out to tell the assistant foremen to come in and to hear what he had to say to the hands.

They all came in, looking like a first-class funeral. The boss turned around in his swivel-chair, and glared at them a minute.

"Business is rotten," he began, just as tho he were saying: "I hate the sight of you!" "Competition is crowding me out. There's only one way to keep things going. That's to do the same as every sweat-shop in the city is doing. Hire children to do the work, and pay them kids' wages. I'll keep you foremen, on the condition that you see that I have enough children in one week to keep my factory running. Otherwise, you are fired—with all the rest of them."

"Fired?" asked Jim Monahan, in a way that made you think he had got something in his mouth that had an awful taste to it.

"I said it once," snapped the boss.

"Well, you wont have to say it again to me," Monahan cried, clinching his fists and taking a step toward the boss, as tho he meant to hurt somebody. "But you needn't think I'll stay to do any of your dirty work in breakin' the backs, an' the lives, an' the hearts of a lot of little kids!"

The other foremen looked sheepish, but they were thinking of the families that would suffer, if they gave up their jobs. When the boss said: "You understand?" they shook their heads in silence, and then took the piles of pay envelopes from the bookkeeper and walked out.

The boss had set to chewing his moustache and to looking out of the window, as tho he saw something very interesting in the approaching dark clouds above the high city roofs.

And it *was* lots of fun for Billie that following Monday morning, when the kids began to swarm in, in answer to the boss' advertisement in the Sunday newspapers. There were lots of Billie's friends among them, and Billie looked at them all as tho it were at least half a mile from his stool to the railing outside—at which each paused and gave her name—instead of only five feet. Billie noted that there were several *very* pretty little girls among the number.

But Billie noticed, too, that the new foreman turned away every little girl who was a cripple, with "How the—do you expect to do a fair day's work? If you want to come in an' try it, at a quarter a day, instead of fifty, come on—otherwise, git!" Some of them stayed. They did not know what it meant, making silk and velvet flowers for swell ladies' hats—not yet.

It took about a week for the fun to all leak out of it for Billie. Chiefly because that bunch of little girls soon became so lifeless that they ceased to notice him. In less than a month, he could not, for the life of him, tell which the pretty ones had been. My! but they had changed.

At length, one day, when they called Billie upstairs, to the wire-winding room, to throw some water on a poor little Italian kid, who had keeled over, he began to get disgusted. It needed only another circumstance to start Billie's mind working out some way to change things. And that came soon enough.

It was about a month after the kids had taken the men's places in the silk-flower work, that Billie looked up, one day, from a pile of tags the boss had given him to sort out. He was surprised to see "Silent" Pete Bangs, one of the old men who had been employed in the wrapping-room, standing before him. Billie's first impulse was to show his authority and to order the man out. But he caught the look in Pete's eye that went clean into his young heart.

"Pete," he asked, as tho he were speaking to his mother, "what did you want, Pete?"

Pete looked at him for a minute, as tho the room were full of smoke. 'Want?" he cried, and Billie couldn't tell whether he was laughing or crying. "I want to work."

"Better go 'way, Pete," whispered Billie, with a warning look toward the inner door, "or the boss 'll have you fired out—he's in an awful grouch today."

Just then a shadow fell across the dingy place. The boss stood there, chewing his moustache.

Pete extended a shaking hand. "Mr. Morgan—I've come to you—not so much because *I'm* starvin'—but because my delicate wife—aint got enough to eat."

"Bangs, I've a good mind to have you fired out on your head. And I'm just going to tell you once—*get out!*"

"No, no," continued Pete, raising a pleading hand, tremblingly, "you *dont* understand. It aint me I'm thinkin' about. Listen! I had to take my two kids out o' school and send 'em to you here. Now you're killin' 'em!"

Billie's boss seemed on the point of

Billie thought, for a moment, that Pete was going to tumble over, he swayed so, back and forth, like a drunken man.

"Mr. Morgan, hear me just a minute—you dont understand—I aint been able to get any work since you fired me——"

"Will you get out of here? I wont tell you again. This is no charitable institution!"

knocking the man down at first, but at the word "kill" he drew back as if somebody had struck him. Pete went right on, leaning forward, as tho he were telling the boss a secret.

"You see, what I want to do is this: I'll work for the same pay you give the two kids!" His eyes shone like a big glass alley, over the idea. "But I'll work double time—then we kin send the kids to school again, an' we

GRACE VISITS THE FACTORY

kin all have enough to eat, maybe, and the medicine the wife needs can be got. Now you see, Mr. Morgan, I can save you money!"

Billie was watching the boss' face. Only once had he seen so much agony on anybody's face, and that was when a man had been run over, and Billie had waited, with the crowd, for the ambulance to come. The man died before it arrived.

Suddenly the boss broke out, and, for all the world, he seemed to be pleading with old Pete: "My God, man, *you* talk about money! You need a few cents—I need, must have, fifty thousand dollars within three months! I go thru hell every day. You talk about starving. I'd starve, too, a dozen times, if that would remedy it!"

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Morgan." Billie wondered what made Pete's voice shake like an old shutter, until he saw tears rolling down his face. From that moment he loved old Pete and resolved to help him. "But, you see, it's them—my little, sick wife, an' them two kids o' mine—not me! If you had wife and kids workin' an' starvin' themselves to death, what would you do——"

Billie had been watching the boss closely, and, all of a sudden, like a runaway horse, he had seized a heavy inkwell, and would have brained Pete with it in another moment. Then Billie shouted—just why he never knew—"Poor little Grace!"

The boss dropped the inkwell and stared around, looking half-scared to death; then he went into the inner office like a tired runner. Pete stood looking after him in a dazed way.

Billie had taken a newspaper-wrapped parcel, thru which grease shone, from his desk. "Pete," he said, "I'm sick as a dog. I'll give you a quarter if you'll take this stuff me mother put up for me lunch. Now you run along and wait for news."

When Pete had gone like a fellow in a pipe-dream, Billie stole into the inner office. The boss sat with his head on his arm, looking as if he had lost everything in the world.

For a half-hour Billie racked his brains for the few words he had learnt to write in school, and, finally, had scrawled out the following letter:

DERE MRS GRAICE MORGAN—You orter no about it so ime riten. We gotter a hunderd kids workin to deth in the factry here and i want yu to come an see um. Take a broadway car to Kanal strete. Our number is 234.

GRACE ORDERS A REFORM

When he had come back from mailing it to the boss' house, he was scared by the boss speaking directly to him, for the first time in his life.

"Have you got a mother, boy?" Billie nodded guiltily. "Does she love you?" Billie could not help but think that the questions were getting more and more absurd. "Next to God," he answered. "Does *your* father wear out his heart and soul to keep her dressed like a princess?" There was something to make Billie almost laugh and almost cry in this foolish question. "Why, my pop's dead. Ma worked, herself, for five years while he was layin' sick in the house."

The boss looked out of the window, for a moment, and Billie thought his eyes got pretty wet. Then he took out his pocket-book, and, for the first time, Billie saw *two* real ten-dollar bills at once. The boss reached for a couple of envelopes, and placed a bill in each. "Get me Pete's address," he said.

Billie looked it up in the old time-book, and the boss scrawled it on one envelope. "Get on your hat and coat and take these two envelopes; one to Pete's wife and the other to your mother."

Billie obeyed, with a deep feeling of regret for having sent that letter to "Grace."

"And if you tell either of these people where the money came from—you lose your job!" snapped the boss, as he left the office.

Billie was kind of disappointed to see the boss get more and more like an old bear. He swore at everybody who came in his way, and went thru the shop making the workers' burdens more difficult to bear. Billie was afraid every day to see old Pete return, to give thanks. He knew it would mean Pete's being thrown out on his head, and himself losing his job.

The boss had gone out one Friday afternoon, without saying a word. So, when a big, husky man, with a kindly face and a voice like a steamboat whistle, came in and asked for him, Billie was frightened.

"A fine way to try to get the biggest contract for flowers ever awarded!" growled the man. "I'll wait a few minutes, and if he doesn't come, he loses the chance, that's all there is to it."

Billie was worrying about this, when a little girl stole in the doorway. He thought it was one of the working girls, of course, until he saw the fine way she was dressed. Where on earth did she come from, and what did she want? He was just about to demand this information, when the swell little girl ran right up to the big, cross fellow, and seized him, familiarly, by the arm.

"Why, little Grace! What are you doing here? Mother with you?"

"No, mother went to a reception—and I came down here—alone. I want to see the little girls who work here."

"What!" roared the big man. "Does John Morgan keep a sweat-shop? I thought he employed only men! What about that, boy?" he demanded of Billie.

"He used to have men—but now we got two hundred girls," confessed Billie, never taking his eyes off the beautiful little girl.

"I'll wait for him, and give him my opinion of this detestable thing."

"I want to see the little girls," cried little Grace, in disappointment.

Billie went, hesitatingly, to her side, and whispered in her ear: "I wrote you that letter, Miss Grace, so if you'll hurry, before your pop gets back, I'll show you all the kids—workin'."

It was fully twenty minutes before they returned to the office, where the big man still sat, madder than a tom-cat.

"We've had a fine time!" cried little Grace.

"You must have," growled the big man.

"Yes," Grace went on, "I'm going to give a party next week, and have invited all the little girls to come!"

"What!" cried the big man, taking Grace in his arms, his whole manner changing. "And do you think that your papa will consent to that?"

"Oh, papa does anything that mamma or I ask him to do—*anything.*"

Only Billie had seen some one slip thru the doorway and behind the coat-closet.

"Well, I'll tell you this, little girl," said the big man, kissing Grace's forehead—"if you get your father to let the little girls come to your party, I'll see that he gets the biggest plum he has ever known. Only dont tell him what I've said. Now, when he has answered the little girl, boy," he said to Billie, "you will tell him that I am waiting for him at my office. Good-by, Grace!" and he hurried out.

Grace turned to Billie. "Oh, I'm so glad you wrote me that letter!"

But, the next moment, her father had rushed from behind the coat-closet and seized her in his arms, and was dragging Billie by the hand into his private office.

For a minute or two he did nothing but wipe his eyes with his handkerchief, which was awfully embarrassing in the presence of a young lady of his own age, for Billie.

"You kids have made a man of me! And we are going to have a big party, and it is going to celebrate, for one thing, the abolishment of child labor, forever, from out of my factory! And you are to manage the party, Billie; so run along and tell them all about it!"

GRACE PRAYS FOR THE ABOLITION OF CHILD LABOR

An accident nearly spoiled Billie and Grace's party. Little Grace broke her ankle on her way home that very night. She was removed to the hospital. Her mother learnt of the accident when she returned home after the grand party.

And here is the strangest part of all—little Grace's mother felt, in that news, the first pangs of a mother's

THE FACTORY CHILDREN PRAY WITH GRACE

love. She hurried to the hospital and knelt, for an hour, by the bedside of her child, with her husband's arm wrapped tightly about her, one hand in his, the other holding her child's.

And when the party did come off, it was celebrated in a great room of the hospital, Billie himself acting as escort to the great crowd of little girls, and Mrs. Morgan giving each of them a gift that was to make them glad all their life long, and remove the scarring memory of their terrible work in the flower-making shop.

Billie's future was assured, altho, much to his disgust, little Grace, her mamma, and the boss all agreed that, for a few years, the best thing for him was to be sent to a little school they knew of.

Billie went reluctantly, and doubtful of the success of the muddy-faced boy who took his job, but he smuggled a copy of "Dick Dashaway, the Daring Boy Sleuth" weekly, and already dreamed of an even greater case to work up, as soon as he was released from his school-prison.

The Calendar

By LALIA MITCHELL

JANUARY, drifting snow,
February, let us go
March-ing to a picture show.
April, fairest blossoms blow;
May the films be good, you know—
June's the month to have them so.
July skies the bluer grow;
August sets our cheeks aglow,
And, with cooler nights, September,
Gay October and November,
Bid us praise, as in December,
Those delights the whole year knows,
Called the Motion Picture Shows.

The Insurance Agent

(Lubin)

By
JOHN OLDEN

From the Photoplay
of
Lawrence S. McCloskey

THE hands on the big, wooden-faced clock of the Daly Furniture Company factory hesitated on the verge of lapping together at noon, as the up-train from Philadelphia toiled up to Woodmyrtle Manor. They rested a minute, lazily, clasped in the lap of the clock, as a solitary passenger got off, and a news-company boy climbed aboard with a basket of small, sour oranges and the popular novels and cigarets of the hour. This was the extent of noon-hour traffic in Woodmyrtle. In fact, the tall, box-chinned up-passenger was an exceptional overplus. Woodmyrtle was a commuter's paradise, and discountenanced invasion at irregular hours.

The excess passenger straddled his suit-case and waited for the train to pull out. Until an hour ago, he had never hoped to see the halves of the approach to Woodmyrtle, and, now, the local shut off the goodlier part of his view.

Little straws show which way the wind blows, and little newspapers help to keep it blowing. It was by the merest chance that Lycurgus Johnson had picked up a copy of the *Woodmyrtle Mirror* that morning in his boarding-house, and had read of the acute, not to say painful, social status in that suburb. To the ordinary observer, nothing was amiss in the half-column announcement that the J. Maurice Dalys would hold forth a reception that evening, nor in the four-line stick mentioning the fact that the Harrison Brandts, also, would entertain a select gathering. But to Lycurgus Johnson—three weeks out of college, and just taking up the difficult vocation of life insurance agent—the items were heavy with occult meaning: Firstly, they showed, clearly, that Woodmyrtle Manor was a town of considerable social importance; secondly, that society appeared to be divided against itself there; and, thirdly, a consultation of his agents' register showed him that Woodmyrtle was unrepresented by a single company. The long list of invitees to the Dalys' was a creamy selection of prospects, besides.

The young man wondered if any of the several thousand seasoned solici-

tors had come to the same conclusion as himself: that Woodmyrtle was the one bright virginal field left. His book of instructions laid emphasis on following up the fallow possibilities of engagement announcements, marriage licenses and birth notices—but here was something containing the germs of all these.

To reach a conclusion was to act, with Lycurgus. It mattered not, in his philosophy, if he was unknown to Woodmyrtle, and still emerging from the damp process of graduation from a freshwater college. The ecstasy of holding a trembling pen for his first applicant to sign a policy had not as yet been given to him. It was rather in the spirit, then, of a stern crusader than of a social philanderer, that Lycurgus straddled his suit-case on the station-platform of Woodmyrtle Manor on the stroke of twelve.

The departure of the local revealed to him the other half of the square of stores that fed and clothed the town. Across the square, too, was a livery stable, and Lycurgus picked up his grip, to stroll over to it.

Its genial proprietor, a stout man of wide, blue eyes and a memory of hay-colored hair, was whistling over the process of oiling a set of double harness.

"Nothin' doin' in the rig line," he announced to Lycurgus' inquiry. "Everything hooked up for tonight."

"Whose wedding?" asked the innocent invader.

LOTTIE INSISTS ON GOING TO THE DALYS'

"Shucks! Dont you know? Old Man Daly is opening up his new house on Terrace Hill tonight."

"I was going to the Brandts' first," said Lycurgus.

The liveryman paused, to eye him with respect. "Newspaper reporter, hey? I guess you're the only person makin' the circuit."

Lycurgus nodded. He was gaining dignity, anyway. "Are the Brandts going over to the Dalys', later on?" he asked, casually.

"Say, I guess you dont know old Brandt. He was cock o' the walk here in Schraalenburg until Daly came along, built the furniture factory, opened up a residence park, and had us tonied up to 'Myrtlewood Manor.' His swell friends came up from the city, and leaned out of touring-cars and swapped jokes with him. The Brandts and their son, Howard, took the meanest kind of a back seat—even left off going to the Reformed Church when Daly put in a stained-glass window and sat under a purple light on Sunday."

Lycurgus displayed listless interest. "I understood they were invited," he said.

"Who? The Brandts? Of course, they're invited, and Howard's wife is clean crazy to go. That's just why old Brandt is running off an opposition side-show tonight."

"It beats all," commented Lycurgus, leaving his suit-case and a fat cigar in charge of the voluminous newsmonger. His mind was made up as he pressed the button at the entrance to the newly painted Brandt mansion.

The overheated maid informed him that Mrs. Howard was at home, and ushered him into a gold-and-white reception-room. Soon after, he heard a heavy, ceremonious voice issuing orders, thru the closed folding-doors —evidently the ex-deacon clearing decks for his hospitality of the night.

Lycurgus waited, in an easy attitude. A rustle of silk on the stairs informed him that a woman was descending toward him. He was not prepared, however, for the vision of beauty that entered and advanced toward him, smiling. She was young—very young, with candid blue eyes that had a trick of dropping and raising thick lashes.

The tall visitor bowed as deeply as an ambassador, which caused her, unconsciously, to put out her hand. He seized it, warmly.

HOWARD IS INFORMED OF LOTTIE'S DISAPPEARANCE

"I am a fugitive in Woodmyrtle," he announced—"this affair at the Dalys'—but I could not forbear making the Brandt family a call on the score of enlightenment."

"I suppose you are going to write us up for the newspapers," she said. "It's wonderful how they hear of these things."

"Half the first-class vaudeville in town is going out to the Dalys' tonight," said Lycurgus. "It's only natural."

"I should so love to go," she confessed.

"Why dont you?" asked Lycurgus.

She looked at him again, almost sharply, to see how far he could be trusted. His expression was next to noble in its kindliness.

"There!" she said, with the relief of a woman who has waited weeks to divulge a confidence. "Mr. Brandt is angry at Mr. Daly, and, of course, Howard sided with him. All the young people I know will be there tonight—and this reception of ours—" She pantomimed its dismalness by making a toothachy face.

Lycurgus rose to the occasion. "I'm sure your friends will miss you. Why dont you run over for a little while?"

She struggled with the startling idea. "Why, who'd take me?" she demanded. "Howard would rather shatter the Ten Commandments, and——"

Lycurgus came strictly to the point. "I would be more than honored to place myself at your service," he said, staking the outcome of his adventure on her answer.

"You?" She started back, frowned, winked her eyelashes rapidly, then looked to see if he had really said it. Lycurgus sat calmly and easily.

"Nothing simpler," he said, noting the temptation sink home in her. "I will be your escort as far as the door, only. A footman directs you to one room; me to another. After that I simply disappear, as far as you are concerned, until we come home. As for getting there, my old friend and adviser, Ed Stalker, the liveryman, will, no doubt, put his best carriage at my disposal."

The thought that the tempter knew some one intimately in Woodmyrtle reassured her. "Very well," she said, almost impulsively; "be here at eight, sharp." She considered a moment. "Drive up to the back of the house, and dont ring, please; I'll be ready."

Lycurgus rose to go. It does not pay to give a conspirator time to reconsider, and he had always estimated a woman's word as water, should reason begin to lean upon it. "It is agreed, then—eight," he said, bowing low again, and, looking as composed as possible, he left the house.

A street below the Brandts' was a drug-store, and he entered a telephone-booth there. "Mr. Stalker," he announced, into the transmitter, "this is Mr. Shipman. Say, I wont need that coach for tonight—sickness—sorry—good-by."

Lycurgus hung up. "Lucky I remembered the name of one of Mr. Stalker's customers. Gabby old jockey! Sorry it puts Shipman out of the running, but business takes precedence of pleasure, every time."

Five minutes later, he called up again. "Mr. Stalker, this is Lycurgus Johnson, the gentleman you so considerately entertained this afternoon. Have you figured it out how you can get me a rig? Good! Excellent! A coach, you say?" Lycurgus' face expressed unqualified happiness, just as if Mr. Stalker were present. "I'll be down at seven to dress in your office."

He snapped the transmitter on the hook quickly. Mr. Stalker's office had probably never been used as a lodging before, and he judged that explanation would weaken his case.

Lycurgus strolled down near the station to a trainmen's restaurant and filled up, copiously, on ham and beans. He was long and rangy, a good eater, and there was no knowing how far he might get toward refreshments in his adventure of the evening.

Seven o'clock came, and he sauntered to the stable, prepared to over-

come a frigid, if not hostile, reception. Mr. Stalker, however, received him quite cordially, and, as Lycurgus dressed, informed him, among other things, that he was to drive one of his own rigs that evening.

"Thoughtful!" mused Lycurgus. "He'll be out of the way when the Shipman storm strikes."

At the stroke of eight, the ex-Shipman coach, containing Lycurgus, drove up back of the Brandt house, and came to a stop. At the same instant, the back door opened, and

on account of the length of the program and the exactitude of cityward trains, and, so, Lycurgus' coach slowed up, to join a long line working up the entrance.

Things were as he predicted. A liveried functionary stood by the open door and tirelessly directed the stream of entering guests. Once inside, Mrs. Brandt threw back the hood of her cape, and her escort promptly separated from her and ascended to the realms above. Even as he did so, a piano overture started,

THE MAGICIAN HOLDS FORTH—AND LYCURGUS PROCEEDS TO DO LIKEWISE

Howard Brandt's wife came hurriedly down the path. Lycurgus stepped out of the coach and held the door for her. She entered, and the vehicle rolled away. At the selfsame instant, also, a very red-faced parlor-maid, who was mysteriously mooning over the fence-palings, gave a startled look at the proceedings, stifled a gasp, leaned over the fence, so that she was almost impaled thru the middle, wiggled down again, then, gathering up her skirts, scuttled for the house.

It was an early affair at the Dalys' and compelling soprano notes floated up the stairs.

Lycurgus realized that he had made a successful beginning, if kidnapping another man's wife and invading a strange house could be called so, and that his minutes, thereafter, were tremendously precious, perhaps precarious. The men's smoking-room was his goal: he felt sure that most of the older and more substantial men of the town would be gathered there.

He entered, and was delighted to

find a close circle of smokers beneath the blue haze of the leather-walled room.

Lycurgus drew up a chair and "pleasant-eveninged" those on either side of him. The conversation was desultory and quite flat, far from the "high finance and fair women" key that Lycurgus had expected. A mortuary statement caused him to pick up his ears: "Lam Quackenbush died this morning."

"You dont say! Sudden, wasn't it?"

"Very. Came home, sat on the porch with Henrietta, smoked his pipe, went to the druggist for mosquito-bite cure, went to bed early—and passed away without gettin' up."

Lycurgus thought that this was quite decent of him. "Mortality tables show," he announced, "that ninety-four per cent. die in bed, and six standing up, or otherwise."

His hearers were visibly impressed.

"It does seem, tho," one commented, "that nearly every day some one is run over by the cars."

"That's because it's the unusual that makes you remember it," said Lycurgus. "As a matter of fact, casualty insurance is the cheapest in the world—dirt cheap. And, like everything else, it's worth about as much as you pay for it. Protect yourself in your ordinary pursuits: sitting on the porch, chasing mosquitoes, getting into bed. If you'd stop to think, there is actually more insurance risk in bed than standing in front of a train."

Lycurgus was warming up. Nobody denied the truth of his statement; but one little man, with merry eyes and a clear, outdoor complexion, quietly forsook his seat and left the room. "What the deuce, and who the deuce is he?" he murmured, going down the stairs. By the oddest luck, he came across the resplendent Mrs. Daly, during a lull in the program, as she beamed over Mrs. Howard Brandt. "Why, Lottie! this is so good of you, and did Howard come?"

"No—er—he couldn't get away. I came with——"

It will never be known to the Woodmyrtle inner circle just how she would have identified her escort, for a distinguished, foreign-looking man took the center of the little temporary stage and rapped smartly for an audience. He was recognized as the world-famous Morini, the peerless magician and necromantic wizard of two continents, and the guests settled back to attention.

"Never mind," chuckled the bird-like little man to himself, as a shower of cards flew magically into the air, to nestle methodically in Morini's hands. "I'm beginning to suspect something."

When the magician had finished the first part of his program, amid prolonged hand-clapping, the little man ascended the stairs again and poked his head gently into the smoking-room. Lycurgus was still speaking: "Here is a twenty-to-one shot for you. An absolutely responsible party will bet you one thousand dollars against fifty dollars that you will not die within a year, and will make you the same bet every year for nineteen years. Then, at the end of twenty years, this party will return to you all the money you have lost, with interest added. Moreover, he will loan you money, if you run short, to keep up your end of the bet. Do you know of any proposition where you lose money on a wager and get it handed back again with interest added?"

His listeners nodded approval. The eavesdropper closed the door softly. "Jehoram, son of Jehosaphat!" he exclaimed, "that tall talking-machine is doing business right here in my house."

He chuckled and went below again, to where Lottie stood surrounded by a group of young people.

"Oh, Mr. Daly!" she said, running to him. "I wouldn't have missed this for worlds."

"Lottie," he said, lowering his voice, "will you excuse my infernal curiosity and tell me who cavaliered you here tonight?"

She glanced quickly at him, with the eyes of a cornered mouse. "To be

honest, Mr. Daly," she said, with an effort, "I dont know——" and hung her pretty head, unable to go on.

"Come in here, Lottie," said Mr. Daly, starting toward the conservatory. "I want to talk and be talked to like a long-lost parent."

She obeyed. In ten minutes they came out, smiling at each other. Morini still held the guests spellbound in the parlors. "I wonder," said Mr. Daly, slipping softly upstairs again and snapping his fingers in ungovernable merriment, "I wonder how he had the nerve."

He was alluding to Lycurgus' unshatterable one. It was as he expected. The tall, young guest still talked, without effort, to the circle of townsmen. If anything, they had drawn up closer to him. Mr. Daly slipped in, unnoticed, and took a vacant chair. "I agree with everything you say," he interrupted. "It is certainly a wonderful viewpoint that you have permitted us to see. We're all blind to everyday opportunity, anyway." He paused for dramatic emphasis. "Have you got any application blanks with you?" he questioned, suddenly.

Lycurgus dove into an inner pocket and, much like Morini, brought forth magical contents. An assortment of varied blanks lay spread out on the table.

"I'll take this one," said the little man, quickly, seizing upon one without even glancing at its contents.

Lycurgus appeared intensely alert and superhumanly earnest. Truth shone from his eyes, where formerly it had trembled on his lips, as he held his fountain-pen for his first risk to sign.

"Never mind the details," said the brusque convert; "see me in the morning."

One by one, but with more discrimination, the others followed suit, until Lycurgus finally rose from the magic circle the possessor of more insurance applications than unlucky solicitors accumulate in a thrifty year.

DALY SIGNS UP, AND ALL FOLLOW SUIT

The bright-eyed little man stood grasping his hand in thankfulness.

"Will you have the kindness," he said, evenly and quietly, "to escort Mrs. Brandt home at once?"

The hour was late. Lycurgus stood not on ceremony, nor mystification, but stood, instead, in the parlor doorway, with arms folded across his chest, until the firefly Lottie judged that her time was come.

She left, all aglow, like rare Chinese porcelain, from dancing, and he followed discreetly to the coach.

It rolled past darkened houses toward the Brandts'. "It was like fairy-land—and the beast," Lottie thought, glancing up at him; then said: "We have forgotten one thing. How am I to get in?"

"Get in?" he repeated, stupidly she thought.

"Yes, without a scene."

"I will disappear again, and you had better 'fess up."

"That seems a heartless ending!" she cried with spirit.

"No doubt; it seems so, but in the long run it will be the beginning of the end of the breach between the two houses."

His prophecy put her in good humor again. He watched the play of color in her cheeks.

"Tell me," he said, "who was the little, bright-eyed, inconsequential man?"

"Mr. Daly."

"Oh!" Unaccountably, he was stricken silent.

The coach rolled up to the Brandts'. Before Lycurgus had time to disappear, Howard Brandt, at least he judged it was he, stepped out from the shrubbery and strode tragically to the coach. In an ordinary frame of mind, he was round-cheeked and slow-moving, like his father. As Lottie stepped from the coach, he appeared quite the reverse, however—quite gaunt and electric.

He did not peer into the depths of the coach at the corrupting horror that the parlormaid had graphically described holding its door for Mrs. Brandt to enter. Instead, he shut his eyes, turned, and paced her up the walk.

She was holding her head high as Lycurgus peered out. And he imagined that she half-turned to look back. But that was a final mirage of his vanity.

Lycurgus rolled toward the station, the fruits of his victory crackling in his pocket. His thoughts were not of women and their ways.

"I guess Daly 'll cancel his application in the morning," he cogitated. "Such a booster, and deep jokesmith! Who'd have thought it, hey? As for Ed Stalker, and Shipman, and Brandt, I may as well cross them off my gunning list."

Lines from a Fan

By M. R. J.

When I covet mild amusement, I nearly always go,
In company with a nickel, to a Moving Picture show,
And I sit in sweet contentment, feasting eyes on scene and view,
As mountains, land and ocean, pass before me in review.
But the slide that pleases greatly, gives a tickle to my "slats,"
Is the one they throw on nightly, "Ladies, please remove your hats."
If the slide, to be effective, 'stead of "ladies," had it "girls,"
I will warrant every skypiece on the top of puffs and curls
Would quickly be removed, as soon as madam sat,
And I wouldn't have to twist and turn behind a great, big hat.
Now if what I've just suggested doesn't reach the ladies fair,
The managers of picture shows should use a little care.
Just have it thrown upon the screen, and let it go at that,
"If you are under thirty-five, please remove your hat."

THERE are some people who could blow open a safe with composure and matter-of-factness; there are others who cannot put on their gloves, except with an air of stealth and mystery. Of this latter class was Count Alix Plintoff, late of Russia, now a guest of the German Empire, as he paced up and down the hideously ornate apartment in the Hotel Kaiserhof. He might have been waiting, impatiently, for news of the assassination of the Crown Prince, or for a woman to put her hat on. His expression told nothing—hinted at anything. From the low forehead, crouching over its secret thoughts, to the narrow feet, in their varnished boots, that stepped as noiselessly as the pads of an animal, the Count was the epitome of secrecy. Even his voice had a guarded note as he called in answer to a knock:

"Herein!"

The porter, cap on the back of his head, blue stuff apron tied about waist, feather-duster under arm, inserted a shock head thru the door, glanced cautiously around, and then hissed, in a hoarse whisper: "Telegram but now arrive for the gracious Herr!"

There was no reason why he should not have shouted his message to the four winds of heaven, except the natural effect of the Count himself, in whose presence the simplest act became intrigue, the most ordinary remark freighted with mystery. The chambermaid, an honest, red-faced Gretchen, came and went on guilty tiptoe; the guileless youth at the lift slid the door to, craftily; the suave proprietor spread his hands significantly, as he breathed into the Count's ear, with a sly, insinuating smile: "A gut day, mein Herr."

The Count crossed to the painted mountain of porcelain stove and deposited the cover of the telegram within before he glanced down at the message. Then his eyebrows met in a frown. Cypher! He fumbled in the inner recesses of his evening-clothes and produced a small book, by the aid of which he proceeded to puzzle out the meaningless scrawl. He was nodding over the result, when a swift, sibilant whisper of silk and hiss of skirts heralded a pink and white and yellow vision in an expensively scanty gown. Russian women wear atrocious gowns charmingly; charming gowns to perfection. The Count permitted himself the indulgence of a gratified smile before handing the telegram to the girl.

"Olga, thou art truly a beautiful woman. No signs of wear and tear—by evening light, at least," he said, with the smile; then, with the telegram: "This will be of interest."

She read the translation of the cypher aloud thru soft, cautious lips:

PLINTOFF, Hotel Kaiserhof, Braunschweig—Use your hypnotic influence to get papers from Hermann, Minister of War.

PETROVSKY, War Dept., Russia.

In silence, the eyes of the pair met, hers questioning, his reassuring. In silence, he handed her another telegram:

PLINTOFF—We offer one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs for the Russian fortification plans.

Tokio War Dept., Japan.

As she read this, the color drained from Olga's lips, leaving the splotches of artful rouge crudely sketched against her fear-paled face. She glanced about the room—at the hideous, stained, glass window-panes, with their dogs'-heads and conventionalized cabbage, at the plaster plaques on the wall, the plump, red, quilted satin hangings, to be sure that there was no one besides themselves in the room. He watched her, with an impatient amusement that brought a trembling smile of apology to her lips as she handed back the telegrams.

"Burn them, Alix," she begged. "They are vipers. Best draw their stings!"

"Pfoo! Nonsense, little one." He folded the two telegrams carefully together and thrust them into a wallet. Then he placed the wallet carefully in the inner pocket of his coat, and laughed gaily as he dropped eager hands on her bare shoulders.

"Why, we shall be rich, Olga—rich," he said. He gave the effect of shouting in an undertone as his hands tightened on her flesh. "Silly creature, I never thought to see thee so weak of will."

She shivered, and gathered her scarf closer. "But—if it were found that thou—wert playing a double game——" Her hands went to her round, white throat, in a gruesome gesture. Count Plintoff laughed again, with a laugh that did not curve the muscles of his mouth. He took his hat and gloves from the table.

"The stakes are high," he said, coolly. "If I lose I hang, but if I win we are wealthy, and I never play a losing game, Olga. Come, it is late, and the Embassy ball awaits us."

But, in the carriage, Olga's fears crowded, reptile-like, into her reflections, and she clutched the arm beside her, nervously.

"Alix—I wish that this were over, and we were safe in Paris—the Russian Government has a long memory, and cruel tentacles that reach out and coil around—and strangle." He felt her shudder.

"Why shouldst thou care?" he asked curiously.

"God—He knows!" she cried out, in a passion of bitterness. "I know thee to be a schemer—a betrayer of women—a spy. Oh, yes, and thou hast made me a twin creature to thyself. Not by thy hypnotism, I swear that. I am the only person in the world thou canst not influence in that way!" Her breath came hot and hurried. "It is because, base as thou art, *thou art my man*—thou, Alix—" Unconsciously, her words lingered on the tender *thou*. Then the stopping of the carriage jerked raggedly across the words. Count Plintoff hastily prest her hand, as he helped her to descend.

"Well, 'twill soon be over—if Paul Brett is here tonight—he is Hermann's secretary—I may be able—tho I can manage a woman better—"

A mist of music, glare and movement settled about them as they entered the hall. Attachés in swaggering uniforms, a-glitter with tinsel lace, whirled their bright women across the ice-smooth floor, to a sensuous Strauss waltz; rigid German officers, like newly varnished wooden figures, strolled by, the satin arms of their blonde partners resting on their gold-starred sleeves like caresses. The air was awash with the scent and sound and sights. Olga's chilly Slavic blood rebelled, after a languid dance or two.

"Let us go out into the air," she said to the Count. "Faugh! this heavy atmosphere sickens one."

Dodging among the dancers, they made their way to an anteroom, at whose farther end a diamond-paned casement looked out across a moon-white stretch of lawn. As they stepped thru the casement to the balcony outside, the Count's fingers tightened on Olga's wrist, in a signal for silence. Beneath them, on a carved bench, in the shade of the thuyas, that looked like hooded monks in the dimness, sat a man and a woman in earnest conversation.

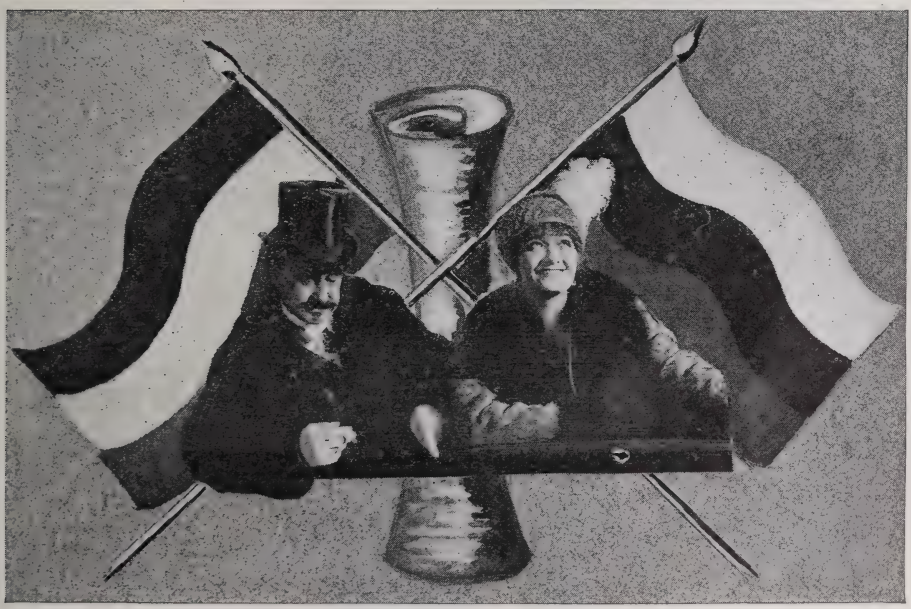
"There is Paul, now," whispered the Count, eagerly, "and the woman is Fredrica, daughter of Hermann, of the War Department. Listen——"

There are few women who can resist hearing love told, even if it be at second-hand, and the pair on the bench below certainly suggested such a telling. The girl's brown head was bent down, hiding from her lover all but one little, pink ear. But the man's face was clearly visible, haggard with the hazard of the moment, drawn with doubt.

"Ach! heart's desire—it is so that I must tell you all that is in my heart for you," he was saying. "So long I have waited, telling myself: 'She is a gracious lady, you are but a poor soldier—do not presume'; but, to-night, the moon, she is so hopeful—and you are so *wonderschön*—I must tell you all: *Ich liebe dich,* Liebschen—heart's treasure, I love you——"

The girl seemed to tremble toward him, as tho her heart swayed to his. Then, with a little cry, she drew back: "No, no; it is impossible——" He had to bend low to hear the words.

"It is because I am so beneath you in rank?"



"THERE'S PAUL, NOW," WHISPERED THE COUNT

The girl nodded. "That is an unkind way to put it, but my father would not consent; believe me—I grieve—for you——"

Paul bowed his head silently. With a swift mother-gesture, the girl's fingers fluttered over the bent head; then, as if afraid to trust herself farther, she arose to her feet. "And—and—I grieve for myself——" She stooped an instant above him, with the shadow of a caress, and was gone, thru the fair, faint glow. Slowly Paul got to his feet and followed her.

The Count turned to Olga, with a soundless whistle of satisfaction.

"The gods are gracious to us," he said. "The girl doubtless knows the hiding-place of the papers. She is a spineless, weakly creature and a perfect subject for me. Now, little one, Paul is thy part—occupy his attention, and leave the rest to me."

For a moment it was curt refusal that hesitated on Olga's lips. There is a potentially good woman in every bad one, a pure sweetheart in every mistress, a gentle, sympathetic mother in every hardened adventuress. And the most sin-scarred woman-heart thrills with a painful echo of might-have-been at the sight of two who love each other sacredly. Then she shrank from the sneer that was twisting Plintoff's face into evil lines.

FREDRICA SUCCUMBS TO THE COUNT'S HYPNOTIC POWERS

"Very well," she said, coldly; "introduce me to the boy. I'll answer that he does not interrupt you."

"*Otchen bedui,* I'll stake my oath on that," laughed Plintoff, as they turned back to the ballroom. "The cleverest little witch in the world, Olga! By the saints, but I'm half in love with thee myself, yet, sometimes."

It was some time later, by the moon, when two figures again emerged on the balcony. Far away, like a very dream of sound, came the heart-compelling wail of 'cellos and violins in the "Moonlight Sonata," and the lisp of dancing feet.

Fredrica sank wearily into a chair, with a sigh distinctly unflattering to Count Plintoff, who was bending, gallantly, over her, arranging her scarf around her slender shoulders.

"Is the gracious Fraulein weary?" he inquired. "The rooms are very warm and crowded tonight."

"No; it is a mere mood," smiled Fredrica, in half-apology. "I fear I am but a poor talker tonight."

"But certainly not—never," he declared.

The girl's eyes, unattentive, wandered over the moon-touched world, slipping from the pink convolvulus by the cedar hedge, past the acacias, then, suddenly, lightening into life. She leaned forward, her cheeks shamed with blushes. There, among the glimmering tree-trunks, strolled Paul and Olga in earnest conversation, the beautiful Russian's hand warmly on his arm, her bright, blonde head close, close to his. Even as she looked, Olga seemed to sway toward her escort, and he took her in his arms. With a little, heart-sick gesture, Fredrica turned her back squarely on the numbing sight and smiled up into Plintoff's face, with the brave parody of a smile that women use when their pride has suffered a sting. It is a ghastly, sick

caricature of a smile that deceives no one but the wearer. In it Plintoff read his opportunity. He straightened, growing strangely thinner, taller. His eyes grew swollen, holding hers fixed. His hands, oddly talon-like, in spite of the dazzling rings and more dazzling finger-nails, snapped and jerked before her face. Her terrified eyes struggled in the web of his gaze, then became glazed. Still looking at her fixedly, he bent over her, speaking distinctly.

"You will do as I say. Go at once to your father's office—get the yellow envelope. I wait for you here."

Fredrica got slowly, feebly to her feet. In the far background of her sleeping mind, a faint voice of self was saying to her: "Do not listen—do not go!" but his words had eaten into her consciousness like acid. The invisible hands of his will pushed her on. With the slow, uncanny step of a sleep-walker, she passed thru the casement, into the anteroom, followed by Plintoff.

A swift rustle of garments, and there was Olga, breathless with success and excitement. At the sight of the other girl, she started back, but Plintoff nodded her on.

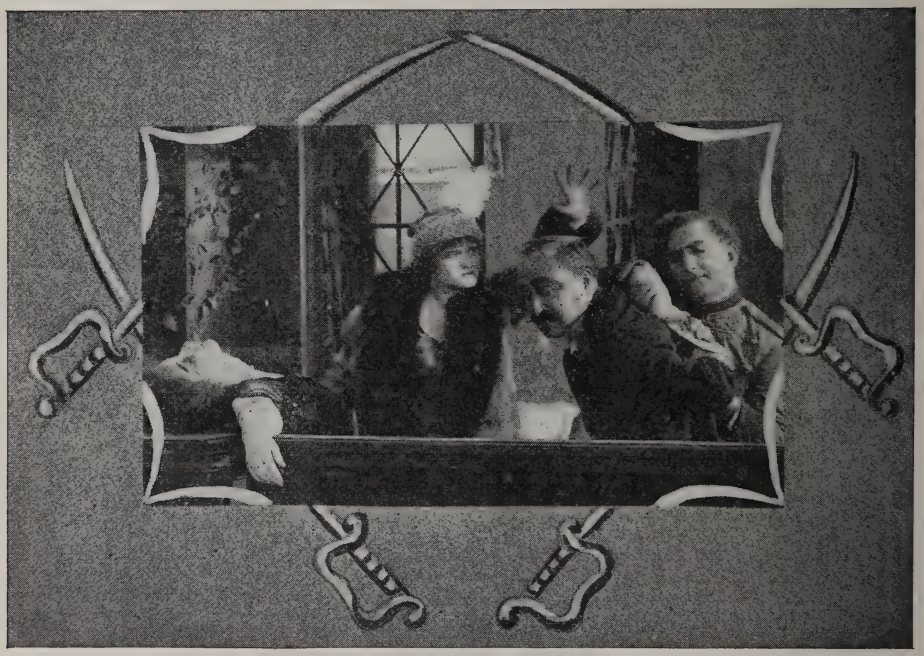
"She is safely under the influence," he whispered. "She will do as I have told her. Now, all we can do is to wait." He caught Olga to him in a careless embrace. "Thou art a clever actress, little one," he approved. "Let us go out onto the balcony, and thou shalt tell me how thou managed to fall into the young man's arms so well."

A man who has just been refused by the One Woman in the World may be pardoned for disliking to dance with any other feeble, feminine imitation of her, and for preferring the moon and his mood to music and mirth. Paul spent a cynical two hours with himself in the acacia garden, repeating time-frayed, worm-eaten platitudes about womankind in general, and smoking more cigars than were good for him. Spurred military boots strode by beyond the portico, with a brisk assuredness that told of plump and blushing Gretchens and Mitas waiting, expectant of their coming; couples from the dance slipped by, like wooing shadows cast by that arch-flirt, the moon; and, once, the sound of an honest kiss, given and returned, crashed into poor Paul's philosophical reflections, and sent them whirling into grievous bits. He was hesitating, miserably,

FREDRICA GOES FOR THE DOCUMENT

between home and bed, and the raths-keller and revelry, when he rounded a turn in the path, and nearly ran into the Only Woman herself—but *was* it herself? Eyes fixed in a glassy stare, movements painful and jerky, Fredrica passed him, unrecognizing, into the Embassy. Paul drew in his breath, in an inhalation of amazement—in one hand, the girl had carried a long, yellow envelope that looked like the one that he himself had placed in her father's desk the night before. A vague, dank suspicion, like unhealthy vapor, choked Paul. He turned sharply and plunged after the girl, following her up the stairs, thru the anteroom, and out

onto the balcony, where Count Plintoff and his mistress were waiting. Paul, standing in the shadow, saw Plintoff take the envelope from Fredrica, wave his hands before her unseeing eyes, and snap his fingers in her face. With a long shudder of returning mind, Fredrica's body relaxed and quivered. Her eyelids fluttered. She tried to speak and fell back, fainting, her head and shoulders hanging across the balcony-rail.



THE STRUGGLE ON THE BALCONY

With the inarticulate, bestial fury of a beast that has seen his mate injured, Paul flung himself from the shadows, full upon the triumphant Russian, his fingers darting for a strangle-hold on the lean, bony neck. The attack was as unexpected as tho the window-ledge itself had suddenly exploded into murderous life. Plintoff rallied quickly to the defensive, but not before Paul had gained the upper hand. Silently the two men swayed on the balcony, in a struggle as unreal as that of hired actors on a painted stage. Olga, one hand stilling her noisy heart, watched them with wide, fascinated eyes. Then, coming to her senses, she stepped into the thick of the fray, and tripped Paul, just as his fingers had gained the other's throat. With a crash of bone and muscle, the German fell heavily to the floor, where he lay stunned, while Olga, half-supporting and half-leading her companion, got him thru the window and away.

When Paul came back to painful life, his dazed eyes questioned his surroundings for coherence. Fredrica was leaning weakly against the railing, her eyes vague but alive. On the floor, beside him, lay a large Russian leather wallet. As his fingers fumbled with this, two telegrams fell out. One glance was enough. He sprang to his feet, forgetting his weakness, and stooped over the girl.

"Do not worry or try, yet, to think, Fraulein," he directed. "See—it is I, Paul. I will take you home—after that I have work to do."

He lifted her to her feet and put his arm about her to steady her. The warmth of her body dizzied him, but

he said no word. As they passed thru the window, Fredrica gave a little, contented sigh, and laid her head on his shoulder. He crushed her to him, stammering hot words.

"If I succeed tomorrow, I shall come back, dear one. I shall come back to claim you, Liebschen, Liebschen," he cried, brokenly, against her fragrant hair.

The sentry at the Russo-German border was used to strange people coming and going in strange ways. Sometimes it was a frantic band of refugees, fleeing, with wives and children, the wrath of the Czar's soldiers; sometimes shy, eloping couples; sometimes bored tourists, noses plunged into Baedeker; once a wild-eyed man fleeing from the avenger of his wife's honor; once a heretic priest, who stopped to shriek such shriveling blasphemy that the sentry must needs bend his head and say: "God keep me" before he could feel safe.

Today it was a carriage bearing a pale, painted beauty and a man with the devil's own eyes. But what did it matter, thought the sentry, wisely, as long as their passports were all right? If the Old One himself should come by, swinging his forked tail, and present a proper passport, he would cry, cheerily, "Pass, friend."

And then the poor lady had been so beautiful and so pale, and had begged him so prettily to direct them to an inn for the night, with a coin or two slipped into his hands as thanks —assuredly, it was no concern of his who they were, where they went, or why.

But it was in the nature of amazing that, a couple of hours later, the raggedly dressed, old peasant, with the wild, red whiskers and the pilgrim's staff, should have inquired so earnestly whether a carriage had passed, bearing a pale, beautiful lady and a man with the devil's own eyes. And still more amazing was it that gold coin should have spouted so lavishly from beneath that dusty, brown coat, to help jog his memory. But the passport was all correct, and, pfoo! what did it matter? However, the memory-jogging was effectual. Late that night, the simple peasant, who applied, humbly, for a room at the Inn of the Two Empires, noticed, with satisfaction, the pair of narrow, varnished shoes standing before one of the closed doors, flanked by a tiny pair of slippers. As he shuffled feebly down the hall beside the landlord, on the way to his room, a tall, military man, bearded with Russian lavishness, passed them.

"That is General Ivanoff," boasted the garrulous landlord. "He is a great friend of the recently arrived Frau and Herr."

"Um-m-m! um-m-m!" mumbled the old peasant, dully; "um-m-m-m!"

But, inside his room, the door safely closed on the landlord, a subtle change seemed to come over the old man. He opened the door softly, and surveyed the hall, with keen eyes over his wild beard. In his face was an expression much like that of a ferret waiting for its prey.

At last he was rewarded. At the interesting door General Ivanoff appeared, smiling and bowing to some one inside, and came down the hall, smiling to himself with the satisfaction of one who has just fed on good news.

Abreast of the door, the peasant was upon him, with dreadful suddenness, and before he could shout or struggle, he found himself lying on his back in a bedroom, hands and feet bound and a gag in his mouth, while a young man, dressed like an old one, with false beard and cloak, bent over him. A few moments later, the same young man, arrayed in the General's military uniform, his beard trimmed to correspond to the General's, emerged from the room, strode down the hall, and rapped loudly on the interesting door.

"Enter!"

The General's counterpart drew a long breath, as tho storing it away for future use, and flung open the door. Plintoff sat at the table, writing. He glanced up, nodded pleasantly, and laid down his pen. "You have re-

turned, General? What can I do for you, my dear friend——?" The words trailed off into a gibber of terror, as he found himself looking down the uncompromising maw of an army pistol, behind which a pair of merciless eyes, gray and hard as the steel, glared down at him with ill-leashed fury. Those eyes—surely not Russian—where had he seen them,

THE "GENERALS" EXCHANGE UNIFORMS

with that same chill of threat in them, glaring down at him? The hallucination of music, the "Moonlight Sonata," electric lights blurred into bloody smutches—the Embassy ball! Plintoff cowered into his chair, shrunken with fear.

"I will tell you what you can do for me"—the stranger's voice pricked the air like a thin blade; he spoke in stilted Russian, haltingly—"you can give me the yellow envelope you stole last night. You had better not refuse. I have with me three arguments: this pistol and two telegrams that you carelessly left behind you at the Embassy—you appear to remember. *Donnerwetter!* I thought as much——"

The Count's lean talons went to his throat, with a gesture of loosening something that strangled him. Olga had warned him—merciful saints!

"You will pardon me for these precautions," continued the sarcastic voice. The stranger was tying Plintoff into his chair as he spoke. In complete fright-paralysis, the figure in the chair swayed and drooped ludicrously. "So—and so—and *so.* Now, a bit of a handkerchief—I hope I dont disturb you. Not so tight that you cannot tell me where the papers are—there! I hope you are quite comfortable—*you cur!*" His fury broke thru his voice, hoarsely.

"Olga! Olga!" cried the Count, desperately, "Olga! the papers——" He felt that he screamed the words, but, in reality, his stricken voice mumbled them in a smothered whisper thru the handkerchief. At the door into the inner room appeared the girl, clutching the desired envelope in one hand. Her eyes widened as she surveyed the scene; then darkened, as her hand was seized in a vise-like grip. The stranger's eyes looked down into the white disdain of her face with grim amusement.

"I fear I shall have to recall myself to madame?" the voice was sarcastically ceremonious. "To be sure, it was only last evening that you graciously flung yourself into my honored arms, but, alas! beauty is too fickle. Ah, you remember? Now, one little favor to add to my indebt-

(*Concluded on page* 170.)

Great Mystery Play

An Afterword to Readers and Contestants

WITH the January issue, the solution of the baffling mystery contained in The Diamond Mystery photoplay came to an end. Without divulging the confidences of the contest judges, the editor can safely announce that several thousand manuscripts have been received—probably the largest number ever received in a contest so difficult, and one where intelligence is the supreme test. It has been gratifying in the extreme, too, to have so many readers compete, and many of them compose works of real literary merit, without the hope of definite reward or appreciation; yet such has been the case. Many, thereby, will have gotten the incentive to write complete photoplay scripts, and we wish them success—many times—in their endeavors.

The work now passes on to the judges, a committee of gentlemen who have offered their services freely for this none-too-light task. Most of them are authorities in the line of their endeavor—Messrs. J. Stuart Blackton and Epes Winthrop Sargent probably having passed upon more photoplay scripts than any two living men. Messrs. Wright, Hall, Johnston, Brewster and La Roche are all literary men of good standing, and well-known as editors—Emmet Campbell Hall, in particular, being probably one of the most prolific and successful photoplaywrights that we have. For Edwin Markham, Will Carleton and Hudson Maxim no introduction is necessary—they are something bigger than famous literati: household words that are familiar the world over. It is impossible to give a higher compliment than that—the unlocking of every door, high or low, where their works have penetrated. It is a moot question, which of the three is biggest-hearted. The unqualified giving of their time to decide this contest only emphasizes it for all three. But, in consequence, some unknown writer may be lifted weary years along the road to success, and they know it, and for this reason alone would help us.

A decision will probably be arrived at in time to publish in the March number; in the meantime, we are so informed, the studio plans for producing the play will be well under way. For the convenience of those readers who have not read the original scenario, which first appeared in the November issue, we are herewith giving a synopsis thereof:

(SYNOPSIS.—Jonathan Moore, inventor and chemist, is down to his last dollar, but, assisted by his daughter, Violet, and against the wishes of his wife, he persists in fitting up their living-room as a laboratory and in continuing his researches. Olin, in love with Violet, enters, and shows his jealousy of Phelps, the son of Moore's best friend. After repeated experiments with his formula and crucible, Moore succeeds in making a large, perfect diamond, which is seen by all.

Phelps slips out to his father's diamond shop, and, with consternation, tells him of the discovery. Olin, too, is troubled, as its results may place Violet beyond his reach. Meanwhile, Firestone, the diamond merchant, calls on Moore, and is shown the beautiful stone. He leaves, dazed, believing the process will ruin his business.

The inventor cautiously hides his diamond and formula, cables the result to the International Diamond Syndicate, London, and asks for an offer. Bloodgood, the English manager, receives cablegram, and notifies his N. Y. agent, Rollins, not to make a move till he comes.

Meanwhile, Phelps receives a sure tip on the races thru his reckless friend, Bill. They both are broke, and Firestone refuses to advance money. In desperation, Phelps goes to Olin, who loans him money and takes a receipt. Their horse is a bad loser, and Phelps, disheartened, calls on Violet. Believing him half sick, she tenderly cares for him, but Olin overlooks the scene and summons Phelps into the hall. Olin, in a jealous

rage, demands his money. Phelps is destitute and puts him off, to return to Violet. Thru artful questions, he finds out from her the secret of the invention, and suddenly leaves to tell Bill the cheerful news, claiming that he himself is the inventor.

Bill is convinced and takes Phelps to the room of some counterfeiters. Phelps draws plans of his supposed invention, and, finally, sells it to them for a considerable sum. The next day he pays his debt to Olin.

In Bill's presence, the counterfeiters construct the diamond-making machine, and find it inadequate. Bill promises to find Phelps and to fetch him there. He goes to Firestone's shop, and is directed by him to the Moores' house. He enters the laboratory, sees the invention, denounces Phelps, and leaves as Phelps tries to explain things to Violet. The success of the invention looks blue, as no word has come from England. Mrs. Moore is sarcastic and miserable, but Moore and Violet still hope against hope. In the meantime, the swindled counterfeiters hold Bill responsible for the trickery of Phelps.

The unexpected day comes when Rollins, the syndicate agent, calls on Moore, to do business. Phelps, Violet, Olin and Rollins watch Moore make a diamond. They show great interest and, finally, consternation as Moore refuses an offer of $1,000,000 for his process. Rollins leaves, with a sneer.

Mrs. Moore tells of her husband's obstinacy, to her lady friends, who start by sympathizing and end by plotting with her. Violet enthuses over their prospect to Phelps, who puts his arm about her. Olin leaves the house in a blind rage. He has barely gone when Bill enters and, asking to see Phelps alone, accuses him of knavery. Phelps breaks down, and Violet rushes to his relief. She listens to his confession. As she and Bill plan to save him, Firestone enters and realizes his son's guilt. He denounces him and sends him away, finally seizing on Bill to help him plan a scheme to save Phelps' reputation.

Meanwhile, in Rollins' office, Bloodgood states that something must be done at once—if the invention comes out their diamond fields are worthless. They leave for a drinking-place to plan further—at the same time the baffled counterfeiters, in their room, twist and turn about the useless plans of Phelps.

In the drinking-place Rollins sees the broken-spirited Phelps. Rollins thinks he may be of use, and introduces Bloodgood to him.

On the evening of the same day, the inventor cautiously closes his laboratory, puts out light, and retires on cot in corner. (What happens next is to be supplied by the contestant—scenes 46, 47 and 48.)

Thru open window an indistinguishable figure or figures climb in and flit about room. There is an explosion where the diamond machine was. Violet enters with light, sees wrecked machine, and discovers that the diamond, formula and inventor are all missing. Telephones police.

The police captain sends an officer, who, after taking notes, reports it a baffling case. The captain decides to call Lambert Chase, the famous detective, into the case, and telephones him particulars.

Chase almost immediately appears at the Moores' and makes an inspection. The following day, having ordered every one concerned to be present, he seats them all—Olin, Phelps, Bill, counterfeiters, Firestone, Rollins, Bloodgood, Violet and her mother—at a table in the laboratory, and places an instrument, connected by wires to numbered charts, on their wrists. It is the pulseograph, or pulse-writer. Suddenly he places, successively, a miniature machine like the inventor's, a formula and an imitation of the diamond, on the table. Suddenly there is an explosion of the machine, and the diamond and formula are made to disappear. The detective then inspects the charts, and dramatically raises his hand to name the guilty one—— The rest of the play is omitted, and the contestant is required to fill in the missing part of scene 57 and all of 58 and 59.)

As announced, we are publishing herewith a few of the many clever solutions received:

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

Cut out scenes 46, 47 and 48.

Leader (before Scene 49) "LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT."

Continue Scene 57 as follows: All in suspense. His hand finally indicates Phelps. Olin rejoiced. Bill and counterfeiters relieved. Firestone overwhelmed. Rollins and Bloodgood mortified and alarmed. Violet amazed, anguished. Mother astonished, sarcastic. Phelps quiet, dignified, admits guilt, but refuses explanation. Detective looks at him searchingly, thinks, reaches conclusion as door opens and Moore enters. All astonished to see him. Moore astonished at what he sees. Explanations. Detective, watching Moore and Phelps, intently catches furtive and knowing glance between them, suddenly speaks to Phelps:

Cut in leader: "YOU CAN TELL NOW. MR. MOORE HAS PUT THE FORMULA AND DIAMONDS IN A SAFE HIDING-PLACE."

Back to scene. All astonished. Detective speaks to Moore, who tells Phelps to go ahead and tell. Phelps tells how he entered by window, hunted for and found formula and diamonds, caused explosion by accidentally knocking over some chemicals, is caught and followed out of window by Moore, to whom he gave the formula, etc. Olin sneering. Bill and counterfeiters wonder. Mother disdainful. Violet begins to get idea of the truth. As Phelps proceeds with his story, Rollins and Bloodgood get more and more alarmed, watch Phelps fearfully. Detective sees, watches them narrowly, reaches satisfactory conclusion. Phelps finishes. Violet starts toward him, about to speak eagerly. Detective stops her, speaks to Phelps himself:

Cut in leader: "YOU KNEW SOME ONE WOULD TRY TO STEAL THEM, AND YOU WISHED TO MAKE AMENDS BY SAVING THEM?"

Back to scene. Detective, regarding Phelps knowingly: "Isn't that so?" Phelps assents. Moore produces formula and diamonds from his pocket, or shows receipt for safety deposit-box, where he has put them. Olin, Bill and counterfeiters exit. Violet and Firestone with Phelps. Mrs. Moore with Moore. Detective watching Rollins and Bloodgood, who are consulting hurriedly. They note his espionage, reach quick conclusion, join Moore. Mrs. Moore moves away from husband. Detective joins her, speaks seriously and convincingly to her, pointing to Moore and the invention. Rollins makes Moore another offer, which he accepts. Violet and Phelps happy. As Moore concludes agreement with Rollins, detective convinces Mrs. Moore, who joins husband. Tableau.

167 N. Parkway, East Orange, N. J. REV. E. BOUDINOT STOCKTON.

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

SCENE 46—PHELPS BECOMES TOOL OF DIAMOND MAGNATES. Same as Scene 44. Phelps, very drunk, accepts roll of bills. Others rise; business of final agreement over plot to destroy invention. Business of magnates' leave-taking. Phelps remains, drinking. Head falls forward on table in drunken stupor.

SCENE 47. Same as Scene 19.

Firestone and Bill at the counterfeiters'. A bargain is struck; the counterfeiters agree to destroy both the original invention and their copy of it for large sum.

SCENE 48. Same as Scene 32.

The mother of Violet, rising to end her visit, explosively registers that she intends to accept friends' advice and put an end to husband's inventing once and for all; declares:

"I WILL DESTROY THIS WORTHLESS INVENTION; THEN HE WILL STOP WASTING TIME AND GO TO WORK!"

SCENE 57. (Continued.)

Moment of suspense. All present feel apprehension and secret guilt, *for all have plotted same crime*—all except Violet, who fears Phelps is guilty, and the detective, *who knows.* At crucial moment, interruption of inventor's return occurs. Latter greatly agitated. Shakes fist in face of Rollins and Bloodgood. Registers exclamation:

"I DID NOT CATCH YOUR TOOL; BUT I'VE PROVED YOUR GUILT. YOU'LL PAY WHAT I ASK, NOW!"

SCENE 58. Same.

The two conspirators signify readiness to come to any terms. Detective interposes:

"MR. MOORE, THERE IS THE MAN WHO WRONGED YOU."

Business of saying above words, points to Olin. Olin confesses that, crazed with jealousy, he destroyed the invention. Anguished, he begs for mercy. Simultaneously, wife of inventor bursts into tears and confesses her own guilt of conscience. Epidemic of confessions follows bewilderingly, while detective makes business of examining pulsographs in amused, but nonplussed manner, and counterfeiters keep discreetly in the background. Moore, bewildered, finally decides to be magnanimous. Business of saying:

"I CAN DUPLICATE MY MACHINE AND FORMULA; I WILL NOW GET MY PRICE; I CAN AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS."

Business of forgiving everybody.

SCENE 59. Same.

The spirit of forgiveness becomes epidemic, also. Firestone embraces son; latter registers determination henceforth to play the man. Violet forgives both Olin and Phelps, and former shakes hands with his rival and relinquishes her to him. Business of leave-taking. Young lovers and parents, drawn closer by recent events, are left alone.

217 N. Seventeenth Street, New Castle, Ind. M. L. COMPTON.

THE GREAT MYSTERY PLAY.

SCENE 46. Continuation of Last Scene.

Hearing a tap on the door, Professor arises and turns on light, opens door to messenger boy. Business of signing for message and dismissing boy. Professor reads (SCREEN MESSAGE):

"PROF. MOORE, NEW YORK, N. Y.:
"HEAR YOU HAVE INVENTION TO SELL. CATCH 11.20 TRAIN AND COME AT ONCE. "P. J. MORGANBILT."

Professor glances at watch, and prepares for departure, connects electric wires and bomb with machine. "TO TOUCH IS TO DESTROY." Saying thus, he pockets solution and departs.

SCENE 47. Exterior View Moore Home. Dark.

Phelps appears in scene with mask and flashlight, suspicious. Some one coming, he hides. Firestone appears, also has mask and flashlight. Some one else coming, he hides. Appear Bloodgood and Rollins with masks and flashlight; they conceal themselves on appearance of counterfeiters equipped as burglars.

SCENE 48. Same as Scene 7. Dark. On Steps Leading Up.

Mrs. Moore descending steps cautiously; she carries a bag plainly marked "JUNK," evidently determined to get rid of invention; hearing a noise, she becomes frightened and darts quickly upstairs.

SCENE 57. Same as Scene 1.

Sudden explosion of model of invention. Business of detective collecting charts, scanning them. (Might show charts with their jagged lines.) Detective then dramatically raises his hand to name the guilty one—when the Professor joyously enters. He is surprised at gathering, but, when meaning is explained, he laughs and asks to see charts, of which all but Olin's and Violet's signify guilt; he looks at charts, then produces telegram and check for $2,000,000. (SCREEN CHECK AND TELEGRAM.) Olin first to congratulate him. The others then try, but are shown charts, repulsed. Exit all but Professor, Violet, mother, Olin, detective and Phelps. Business of Phelps pleading with Violet and Professor to no avail. Exit Phelps. Exit detective. Exit Olin and Violet. Business of Mrs. Moore begging forgiveness, which is granted.

SCENE 58. Same as Scene 7.

Tender scene between Olin and Violet. Exit Olin.

SCENE 59. Interior of Moore's New Home. Grandeur.

Violet and mother willingly assist Professor on new invention. Enter Olin; hearty welcome by all. While Professor and wife are engrossed, Olin and Violet become betrothed. Happy ending.

3500 Cortland Street, Chicago, Ill. ALLEN H. TILLOTSON.

THE MYSTERY PLAY.

SCENE 46. Same as Scene 13.

Business of Olin entering, just returned from Scene 33, still determining revenge on Phelps. A thought! Registers that he has a plan. Exit Olin.

SCENE 47. Same as Scene 44.

Enter Olin unseen by Phelps, Bloodgood and Rollins. Business of ordering drink, suddenly spies Phelps, Bloodgood and Rollins. Business of listening to their conversation. Overhears Rollins telling scheme to Phelps. Registers that he will warn Moore of their intentions. Business of sipping his drink. Enter Firestone and Bill, still discussing their budding scheme; they see Phelps, Rollins and Bloodgood, catch a few words of their conversation, enough to know what they are scheming, and unnoticed before, they now see Olin eagerly listening, and see fear and anger in his eyes. Firestone, knowing his hatred for Phelps, sees intention to give Phelps away. Business of Firestone and Bill walking toward Olin with friendly smiles. Business of Olin declining to drink with Firestone and Bill, but Bill gives him a friendly slap on the shoulder and insists. Business of Firestone ordering drinks. Olin listens to the scheme at other table. Business of Firestone dropping a tiny tablet in Olin's drink while his head is turned, winks his eye at Bill.

SCENE 48. Same as Scene 19.

Enter Bill and Firestone carrying the drugged Olin. Business of their tying his hands and leaving him near machinery. Exit Bill and Firestone. Lights fade. It is midnight. Business of Olin arousing from drug, takes in surroundings, sees his hands tied, twists himself closer to machinery, and, by twisting and turning, sees he can cut the ties on a piece of the machinery. Business of cutting it loose, smiles and stretches his benumbed limbs, suddenly realizes by his watch that he is too late to warn Moore,

tries to let himself out, but door is locked, he raps loudly on the door, is heard by a passing policeman, who comes to his rescue. Business of Olin explaining his predicament. Business of policeman shaking his head doubtfully and tapping his head with finger as tho to say: "Drunk!" and smiling at this extraordinary tale; looks at him, is doubtful, then recognizes him as Olin, registers he is wanted at the Moores' residence.

Continuation of Scene 57. Same as Scene 1.

Pulseograph signifies Olin. Every one turns to Olin. He has fainted. Business of detective noting that his agitation was from an intoxicant or drug, and *not* from fear, lifts him, and lays him on cot. Business of Violet disturbed over his illness. SCREEN:

IN THE CONFUSION, PHELPS, BLOODGOOD AND ROLLINS ESCAPE.

Business of Phelps, Bloodgood and Rollins sneaking out of room. Business of detective and all persons in room suddenly turning and realizing the escape of the criminals.

Scene 58—SCREEN LETTER.

"DEAR VIOLET: I LOVED YOU, BUT I KNOW I COULD NEVER REGAIN YOUR LOVE AFTER MY BRUTAL CRIME. ROLLINS AND BLOODGOOD HAVE PROMISED ME A SHARE IN THE MONEY THAT THEY WILL MAKE OFF OF THE INVENTION, AS THEY HAVE THE FORMULA.

"ENCLOSED HEREWITH IS ROLLINS' CHECK FOR $1,000,000, WHICH HE OFFERED YOUR FATHER. YOU WILL FIND YOUR FATHER GAGGED AND TIED IN BARN.

"WE ARE SAILING TONIGHT FOR LIVERPOOL. I WILL TRY TO DO BETTER IN THE FUTURE, AS I REALIZE I HAVE MADE A MISERABLE FAILURE AS A MAN.

"FORGIVE ME, FORGET ME, AND BE A TRUE WIFE TO OLIN. "PHELPS."

Scene 59. Same as Scene 1. Machine Mutilated as in Latter Part of Scene 49. Violet and Mother Bending Over Olin on Cot.

Enter counterfeiters helping Moore. Business of Violet embracing and kissing her father. Mother kisses him. Business of Violet showing her father Phelps' letter. He grasps check gladly, goes to cot where Olin lies. Business of Olin awakening, feels better, but is ill. Business of Olin taking in surroundings, registers he remembers all now, tells Moore all he knows, of his efforts to warn him. Moore shakes his hand. Violet kneels and puts her arms around his neck. He clasps her to him and kisses her passionately. Mother and father exit with arms clasped, and father proudly showing her check. Business of Olin showing Violet ring. She nods her head. He slips ring on her finger, and they embrace. Fade to darkness.

1375 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, Va. Mrs. F. H. Troeger.

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

Scene 46. Same as Scene 3.

Firestone and Bill earnestly planning scheme. Firestone evidently well pleased with plan that Bill suggests.

Scene 47. Same as Scene 45.

Inventor arises from cot and lights lamp, goes to drawer, and takes formula and diamond, puts out light, and exits.

Scene 48. Same as Scene 44.

Rollins, Bloodgood and Phelps busy plotting as before.

Scene 57.

. . . points to Bill. All look at him astonished. Bill ashamed. Phelps uneasy over fact that Bill has done it to protect his (Phelps') reputation. Counterfeiters appear angry at Phelps and Bill, and scold among themselves.

Subtitle—THE COUNTERFEITERS ACCUSE PHELPS OF SELLING THEM THE INVENTION.

They accuse him, and every one is shocked. Great anxiety on part of Firestone. Phelps gives himself up.

Subtitle—THE INVENTOR, HAVING DECIDED TO SELL, BUT UNABLE TO FIND ROLLINS AND BLOODGOOD, RETURNS HOME.

Inventor enters and is surprised. All are surprised at seeing him. Explanations. Inventor takes formula and diamond from pocket and expresses desire of selling to Rollins and Bloodgood.

Scene 59—Subtitle—SELLING THE FORMULA. Same as Scene 1.

Rollins, Bloodgood and inventor discovered seated at table and making sale of formula. Mother and Violet eagerly watching. Enter Olin. Violet goes to meet him, pleasantly, and they chat. Bloodgood writes check and hands it to inventor. Inventor hands him formula and diamond. Mother happy. Rollins and Bloodgood arise, take hats and exit. Mother goes to inventor and puts arm around him; they are happy. Violet and Olin embrace.

Williston, N. D. Carl Gauthier.

WALTER H. STULL AND GEORGE REEHM, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

LIKE all other Motion Picture fans, I have been greatly entertained by the "Gay Times" series which the Lubin Company has been putting out. If Mr. Arthur Hotaling, the clever director who originated and worked out this Gay series, could know just how eagerly we all watch for each new film, he would be amply repaid for the effort. Hans and Fritz, the Dutch twins, had their last bunch of adventures in Quebec, and the delighted public is wondering where they will go next. I dont know the answer to that question, but I do know that at present they are in Philadelphia. For, happening to be in the Lubin Company's big plant the other day, I started to cross the yard in a hurry, when I heard somebody whistling, "It Was the Dutch." I looked around, and paused, promptly; I wasn't in a hurry any more, for there were Hans and Fritz, arm-in-arm, politely leaving their tune in the middle, and making me a most profound bow. For the next half-hour I had what might be called "A Gay Time at Lubin's," for, while neither of these clever actors cares much for talking about himself, each one is perfectly willing to talk about the other, and the medley of facts and jokes which flew around my head, as I tried to write, was as funny as it was perplexing.

"Now keep still, Mr. Stull, while I find out where Mr. Reehm was born and educated," I finally commanded.

"I'm a Philadelphian, born in that part of the city known as Richmond," Mr. Reehm began, as his twin subsided, temporarily, "and I was educated——"

But that was just as long as Mr. Stull could keep still. "You know Richmond," he cut in; "that's where everybody sleeps the soundest of any place in Philadelphia, and that's going some! The only way we can wake him up is to say FISH; he'll get up at two o'clock in the morning to go fishing, and the fish stories he can tell are the limit!"

I tactfully guided the conversation back to Mr. Reehm's work, and learnt that the heavy-villainous parts are his heart's delight. He has been with the Lubin Company steadily now for six and a half years—the longest term that any actor has served them continuously. Before coming to Lubinville, he was very popular in stock companies, and for several seasons was a matinée idol—— "That was before he got so fat," broke in the irrepressible Stull. He came to the Lubin Company for a summer engagement.

"I liked the work, and decided to stay awhile," he began. "And now the only way to put him out of pictures would be to kill him," finished Mr. Stull.

Mr. Stull was born and educated in Philadelphia, too, altho he spent so little of his time there after leaving high school that, when he wanted to join the Elks, he was obliged to do it in Morristown, N. J. He had many years ("dont tell how many," cautioned Mr. Reehm) of popularity on the regular stage to his credit when he came to the Lubin Company for a short engagement, and liked it so well that he stayed.

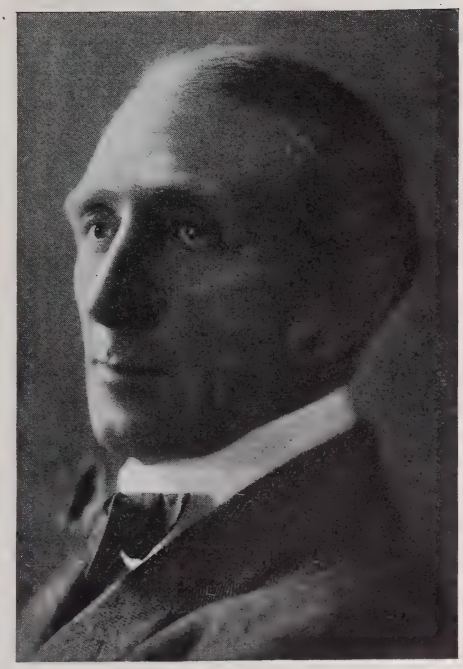
"We work hard," he said, "but we have good times, and no work is drudgery when you like it, and are treated as well as we are here."

Mr. Stull is a baseball fan, tho he does not play on the celebrated Lubin team, and has to content himself with being an enthusiastic "rooter." Also, he is fond of athletics. "I used to do the dash in ten-two," he sighed. "He cant run, now, in twenty-two, because he's too slim and graceful," broke in Mr. Reehm, with a note of sarcasm.

They refused to discuss vacations. "We can have fun enough, right here," they declared with one voice, and I think it is true. To all appearances, neither of them has a care in the world. If Mr. Reehm is married, he does not confess it, and Mr. Stull frankly implored me to tell all the girls that he is single and just loves to get letters.

Both these "twins" are young, girls, and both, we must admit, are handsome. Both have fine, expressive eyes, and use them as effectively off the stage as on it. Both are serious about their work, as we, who have watched their intelligent, convincing acting, know, and both are full of the spirit of gay, frank good fellowship which helps to make the world a better place to live in. Long life to the Lubin Twins! M. P.

ALEC BUDD-FRANCIS, OF THE ÉCLAIR COMPANY



Alec Budd-Francis lacks half an inch of being six feet of clean-cut, erect, positive Englishmanhood, and that half-inch has been added to his accent. He is English from the hyphen in his name to the cut of his trousers, and proud of it, too, bless you. In addition, he can shake hands —I dont remember *when* I have been shaken hands with so thoroly. Possibly he had mistaken my errand? "I've come to interview you," I warned.

"All right," he replied heartily, and shook the more.

In addition to height, Mr. Budd-Francis carries about 155 pounds of flesh, English-blond hair that has slipped back a trifle from a fine forehead, brownish-blue eyes—if you know what I mean, and a stock of brisk, short, snappy opinions on every subject worth having an opinion about.

Any fads? "Most certainly not." How about athletics? "Keen about everything but baseball—really cawnt stand for that silly game, y'know. Tennis is jolly good sport, tho." Where born and educated? "England, 1867—educated? Well, maybe, at Uppingham College, England." Married? "Yes, and proud of it." Theories of life? "By Jove, old man, there are too many of 'em for a chap to consider any of 'em."

Mr. Budd-Francis is not extremely chatty, except on one subject, but mention Motion Pictures and watch him! The brownish-blue eyes snap, the pleasant English voice warms into almost American enthusiasm. "I played for years on the regular stage in English and South African companies, but I prefer Motion Picture work—more variety," he says. "I've been photoplaying for two years now, and I believe Motion Pictures are destined to run the 'legit' a dead heat.

"My best work? Well, I fancy it was as the father in Vitagraph's 'Auld Lang Syne,' or the sheriff in 'Robin Hood.' Eccentric comedy is my line, y'know. Yes, I write photoplays myself, occasionally."

The spotlight being turned upon his own achievements, Mr. Budd-Francis ran down abruptly here, and stopped with a click.

The keynote to this popular picture man may be found in his own words.

"What is your favorite hobby?" I asked him.

"Anything with a motor attached," was the characteristic reply.

He is a strenuous, up-to-date product of the twentieth century; keen about good sport, hard work, and the brisk motor side of life. The Globe-Trotter.

AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

In the theatrical world, Brooklyn has never been considered a good town—it's the City of Churches. Maybe, too, it's because it's so near the "Great White Way" of Gotham, to which Brooklynites can shoot under the river, now, ever so quickly, and "chest" themselves just like more favored ones. Whatever the reason is, Brooklyn is "on the road." Captivating, real-thing show-girls are left behind; some of the high-priced principals are missed from the cast; poor old Brooklyn gets an expurgated, homely edition.

Not so with stock companies, however. They blossom and thrive there—good ones, too. The successes of last season are seized, scarcely cold, and served again smoking hot thru the stock companies. Often their delineation compares very favorably with the original companies. All this to the edification of Brooklyn.

To have been a principal in one of these theatrical mills for any length of time, and retain popularity and health, requires almost superhuman persistency—yet Augustus Phillips, the gentleman that I was delegated to interview, had been, until very recently, the leading man for the Spooner Stock Company, Brooklyn's pet stock, for over seven years. It's a record to be proud of—seven years! Mr. Phillips' persistency held out, his popularity held out, nay, increased, but his health finally gave out. After a short period of rest in the West, he came East again and joined the Edison Company. When the photoplays featuring him are shown in Brooklyn, it's like an old and trusted friend come back—and the girl that gives you your change can tell you the result better than I can.

Mr. Phillips is a bachelor, has not deserted Brooklyn in the flesh, either, and lives at the famous Elks Club on Schermerhorn Street. Thither, one evening recently, I wended to meet him.

He doesn't make-up much on the stage, less for pictures, and, as he joined me in the big grill-room, I had no trouble in recognizing him. The nicest thing about him, I should say, is his absolute freedom from stage manner or accent. He doesn't "cawnt" nor "shawnt," nor shake hands unnaturally. He neither wears silk monogrammed hosiery, nor smokes his cigarets that way. Too bad, girls, but he's natural enough to be one of the family.

While he sat me down, and made me at home in the organization where many famous Brooklynites gather, I studied his physical being quite closely. I should say he weighs about 160, perhaps slightly more, stands a little over 5 feet 10 inches, and has a chest, legs and shoulders in excellent proportion. His attitudes and carriage are easy, graceful, almost restful to the observer, and I am positive that he does not "study his pose" when not in professional harness. His eyes are a clear, dark blue, with thick, crisp, black hair as a contrast. One could guess that he had grown up out-of-doors—an Iowa farm, by the way—for his gestures are typically American, and his skin has never lost quite all of its thousand coats of tan.

In answer to my questions, Mr. Phillips was loath to express himself at length on certain phases of photoplay; said he had been in the business too short a time, but he considered "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Sunset Gun" two of the finer kind. As for the ones he had taken part in he mentioned "The Insurgent Senator," "Lost: Three Hours" and "Love and Duty" as his favorites.

When not out for a stroll, or a horseback ride, Mr. Phillips enjoys reading or loafing

in the club. "Pretty tame, isn't it?" he admitted, with a smile, "but I'm what you might call a domestic bachelor, if there is such a thing."

He had to think a long while before acknowledging any personal characteristics, altho most professional men either have them on tap, or could have invented an appealing one. Finally he said: "At times, I like strongly to be alone. It gives me a chance to catch up with myself, so to speak, and I find it very restful, very curative, and——"

"Very good society?" I suggested.

"No," he said, without smiling, "but a little thinking of the past and of today adds a lot to one's life. You can live over a lot, you know, and anticipation of the things of today gives tang to even the commonplace."

"Do you read much?"

"Yes, mostly for relaxation: Gilbert Parker, Richard Harding Davis and other red-corpuscled writers."

"And the photoplay, what does it need?"

"I wont set up to be a critic," he said, "tho all my life has been in stage work, but improvements in lighting would add greatly to the art of picture make-up. At present, character work loses a good bit of its effect by the failure of the camera properly to reproduce make-up, the lines of represented age often appearing flat and unreal. This applies, too, to all sorts of character work and its endless variety of make-up."

It was only at this late stage of our conversation that Mr. Phillips, in illustrating his points, apprised me of the variety of his stage career, for I gleaned that he had been, among others, with the Fifth Avenue and Lincoln Square Stock companies of New York, the Alcazar of San Francisco, and in the original companies of "The Wolf," "Miss Ananias" and "The Fair Rebel." Such is modesty.

But, in justice to one's self, it shouldn't be carried too far. Mr. Phillips believes in even a more strict censorship of films, or else separate the sheep from the goats, and have only good photoplays in high-class houses, and vice versa. He told me, at parting, that he was very timid as to the result of his own first work—the technique is so different from the stage—and that if he could have had his way, he would have done it all over again.

Now I think I saw almost his first release, in which he acted the part of a divinity student with sparring tendencies, and used his knuckles with happy and adroit results on the cad son of his father's fiancée.

"So much for modesty," I meant to have reminded him; "you put your first success over the lights with a punch, and now that you have arrived—a full-fledged star—in picturedom, you call in old maid modesty to turn off the lights." P. W.

JULIA STUART, OF THE ÉCLAIR COMPANY

THEY say that women have no sense of humor! Miss Julia Stuart, of the Éclair Company, proves the rule by being the exception to it, in spite of her canny Scottish bringing up. A most vivid little person is Miss Stuart, five feet four in her French heels, weight about 122 pounds, hazel of eyes, reddish brown of hair, and delightfully feminine withal.

"Do you want the vote?" said I—this was after twenty thousand ladies had paraded down Fifth Avenue at midnight, and I thought the question timely.

"No!" cried Miss Julia, with an exclamation point in her voice, "I am too busy to play with politics. All day, every day, I am working. We Scotch are a busy folk. When I'm not playing for the camera, I am painting pictures, or writing, or reading. Sometimes I even think a little about shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings—no, no! no theories for publication. They're just my working schedule to live by, and as interesting to the public as a time-table."

Miss Julia really *lives*, not boards, in an attractive private home on Madison Avenue. Bits of her personality were scattered about the bright little sitting-room where we talked: books—hosts of old friends: Hugo, Dickens, Scott, Milton, Shakespeare—pictures from the little lady's versatile brush, and a desk that showed real use; for, hoot, mon! Miss Julia is an authoress!

But, as I was saying, she is a really-truly woman, just the same.

"Where were you born, and when?" cross-examined I.

The hazel eyes twinkled. "And why?" she laughed. "Place, Edinburgh; date, a very long time ago." And that's all that she would say.

The Motion Picture part of Miss Julia's career has covered only one year and nine months, during which time she has played about ninety parts. Farther back in that indefinite past of hers, she was on the stage for many years—number lacking—with many companies, number also missing.

"Motion Pictures wont outshine the stage, but they're an important adjunct to it," she says. "The tendency now is certainly toward healthful, wholesome pictures that cannot help bettering the world. And as for the actors—why, the influence of the studio is far better than that of the real stage. Yes, I love the work. My greatest

ambition, you say?"—Miss Julia hesitated—"promise not to laugh? Well, then, it isn't to be the greatest film actress in the world, nor to make money, nor to own an automobile, tho I adore autos. It's to wear a pink-and-white-checked sunbonnet and a blue-and-white-checked-apron, and feed buff chickens and white pigs on a bright green farm in the country! Lovely color scheme, isn't it?"

As I said, Miss Julia Stuart is delightfully feminine. "Dot."

MIGNON ANDERSON, OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY

If you should rise early on some summer morning and paddle up the Hudson in a canoe, you might meet another canoe propelled by a very slender, very graceful, very blonde young lady—especially if it was Sunday morning, for that is her favorite time to enjoy her favorite sport. And, if you were fortunate enough to find some one to introduce you, you would learn that the fair canoeist was Mignon Anderson, of the Thanhouser Company.

Miss Anderson lives in New York, but she wasn't born there. She was born in Baltimore—which forever dispels the idea that all Southern girls are dark, with big, languishing eyes. But she lives now with her parents, 'way up town, and enjoys it. Her favorite summering place is the Thousand Islands, but she doesn't get much time to go there now, as, like most of the photoplayers, she takes no regular vacations.

She was very busy embroidering a gorgeous pink-and-cream sofa pillow when I called on her, but she was very good-natured about being interrupted, altho I could see that she was dying to be at work again.

"I've such lots of Christmas presents to make," she sighed. "This is a new kind of work—they teach it over at Wanamaker's, where I bought the pillow. Isn't it pretty?"

"It's beautiful," I declared, looking over the pillow at the charming face above it, but she didn't seem to notice where my glances strayed.

Brooklyn was the scene of this young lady's school-days. As a tiny child she was playing with Joseph Jefferson, then with Richard Mansfield, when the Gerry Society stepped in and decreed that she must leave her art and go to school. So she went to the Brooklyn Model School—which she declares to be the best school in the world—then to the Girls' High, and then to the field of art again. For some time she was an artist's model, but the photoplay soon claimed her, and she is very happy in her work for the Thanhousers.

"No, I dont write," she said, "at least only a very little; but I read everything, and like Marion Crawford the best of all writers. Amusements? Well, after reading, dancing and horseback riding."

"What plays have you done that you like?" I asked.

"Oh, there's always so much that I'd like to change and improve when I see myself on the screen that I hardly know," she sighed; "but I enjoyed 'When a Count Counted' and 'A Six-Cylinder Elopement' as well as anything I have done.

"I'm so glad to have met you—your magazine is fine," she said sweetly, as I rose to go. But her eyes strayed to her embroidery—I felt sure she was calculating how long it would take to make up for the lost time. I wonder who the fellow is that will get that pillow! The Inquisitor.

Note: All verses, letters, drawings, and other matter intended for this department should be addressed to "Editor Popular Plays and Players, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y." Since this department is for and by our readers, we do not pay for contributions. Those that are not published will be forwarded to the players or companies mentioned therein.

PERHAPS the most meritorious thing about this department is that its editor's salary keeps on advancing. He cant attribute this to his own cunning, because readers furnish him all his material and ideas, free, gratis, and with the fire of enthusiasm dripping from their pens. But it helps to keep him industrious—overtime and between meals; the mail keeps on increasing from everywhere—its heap every morning is a weighty goad to the sluggard—and one result is (this is strictly in the family) that the humble compiler of this department is now sober, industrious, and able to support his family. Therefore, this department has been a decided success.

But to be serious, we conjecture that its mission has been, and will be, definitely accomplished: applause for the player-friends that we may never see in the flesh; a family gathering of photoplay friends who needn't be ashamed nor afraid to say anything that is just; a get-together effort to show appreciation of the good in pictures, and, contrawise, to point out the poor or bad. Such criticism of plays and players as we have published has been helpful, tho sometimes the partizans of those criticised are up in arms at once. Even the leading players have mannerisms that are likable to some, and appear unusual and unreal to others; and as for the great majority of newer performers in the field, their own directors are constantly teaching them the technique of their new profession. A player in a subordinate part can make it "shine out" by clever and sympathetic business, and he or she is the one we are looking for.

Then, again, as far as the value of criticising photoplays is concerned, we propose to separate the sheep from the goats. Even "feature films" are sometimes non-human, too melodramatic, flat, trite, or poorly done. It's as sad a case as that of the sporty old chap who traveled several miles to see a picture exploited as "A Pair of Tights," only to find it an essay on the evils of rum.

When you see an excellent picture—and there are many—tell us the why and wherefore of it, that we may all enjoy the anticipation of it; and, too, when you see a good one, with a few minor discrepancies, dont lay it out cold—that

isn't honest criticism, and no jury would electrocute on your testimony. And, finally, if you see a thoroly bad play, please collar it and run it in for us, thus benefiting every one concerned. So kindly stop yawning, and be seated.

A. J. Ellerton, of Brooklyn, believes that she lives in the country when she praises her favorite, Arthur Johnson:

Of all the players, fat and lean,
Of those who move upon the screen,
The most attractive to be seen
Is handsome Arthur Johnson.

I'd hie me to the city gay;
I'd live there till my dying day,
If I could win my Arthur J.,
My prince of photoplayers.

Lillian Baughn, who lives in Lima, Ohio, states that Lima, taken as a whole, isn't such an enemy of Motion Pictures as might be believed from the article in this magazine about the Lima Pastors' Union. She says of "The Church Across the Way": "The work was perfect. The production was certainly costly, the light effect the best I have ever seen. Little Helen Costello was a priceless gem in a beautiful setting. Jean was a dear. Mrs. Maurice so sweet and motherly. The face of Earle Williams portrayed the broken heart, then the perfect peace."

Two little girls from Santa Paula have rhymed their praises of Maurice Costello:

Here's to Maurice Costello,
The best of all in my mind.
The hero of all my stories,
So manly, true and kind.
So hail to great Costello;
Your favorite actor, too?
He's never disappointed me,
And I'm sure he hasn't you.

Warren Kerrigan has an ardent champion in F. Ravenswood, of Chicago, who declares that his popularity is greater than that of any other leading man, and that Jessalyn Van Trump is the lady best adapted to play with him. By the way, we have had a lot of expressions of opinion on the latter subject, and opinions seem to be about equally divided between Miss Van Trump and Miss Bush. Personally, we are always glad to see either of them appear on the screen.

Baby Doll, from New Orleans, is in despair because she cant marry all her favorites. She even doubts if she can get one of them, but is resolved to keep on loving them:

Which is the best-looking—I really dont know,
But, oh, Harry Myers would make a nice beau.
Crane Wilbur might win me, without any doubt,
But would he dry dishes the maid's Sunday out?

Jack Clark, I must say you are quite attractive,
But too far away to trust, dont you see?
While Maurice Costello is not sufficiently active
To do more than to dress and drink five-o'clock tea!

Carlyle Blackwell, 'tis you I simply adore,
So sturdy, so strong in almost every way.
Happiness would be won; I could wish for no more;
You're the kind 'twould be easy to love and obey.

Here are a few jabs from "M. P. Fiend 99,999":

A few queer things I have observed, trivial perhaps, but they show that some director was a little careless:

1. An Indian girl wearing silk hosiery.
2. A Mexican peasant girl wearing high-heeled shoes.
3. An Indian with a beard.
4. A man, supposed to have been dead two hours, wink and smile at the girl who discovers him dead. (This brought the house down.)
5. An Indian girl with a barette in her hair.
6. A log cabin made of such weak cardboard that when the hero escaped by the window the whole wall shook, and he tore a piece off by getting his foot caught.

Nan Britton, of Marion, Ohio, voices her admiration of Arthur Johnson in no uncertain words:

MY PRINCE OF LUBINVILLE.

You may talk about good lookers,
And people on the stage,
But in our little city
Arthur Johnson is the rage.

His name you hear on every lip;
He's known to high and low,
And if you'll keep my secret,
I'll tell you what I know.

He plays in Lubin pictures.
The girls go wild, and say,
The very best thing to cure the blues
Is a Lubin photoplay.
Marion, Ohio.

We see our handsome Johnson,
With hair and eyes divine.
The thought just drives me crazy—
How I wish that he were mine.

But I must long and wait and crave
The time may sometime come.
So here's to Arthur Johnson,
The prince of picturedom.

Three cheers for Arthur Johnson
On the Moving Picture screen.
He surely is a Grecian god—
The best I've ever seen.

NAN BRITTON.

Celisle Whitlock, away out in Muskogee, Okla., had to sit down and write to us before she lost her senses, about the Vitagraph players in general, and Costello, Williams, Turner and Northrup in particular. We sincerely hope that the letter saved Miss Whitlock's reason, and we feel sure that her favorites join in our wish.

And now "Eve" is in love with Broncho Billy! If you doubt it, read these lines:

I'm going to 'fess a secret,
If you'll promise not to tell,
About a man I'm wild about—
Perhaps you are, as well.

He comes from out the golden West,
This honey-man of mine.
He can ride a horse with the best of them,
Or can make love divine.

I've seen him fold some girl away
Within his fond embrace,
With a look I think is quite ideal
Upon his manly face.

But the girl he folds within his arms,
Alas, it is not me!
He has no time for amateurs,
This dear Broncho Billee.

He does not know I love him,
But some day, if I dare,
I may have nerve to tell him,
And then, Billee—beware!

"A loving girl admirer" sees more than Alice Joyce's beauty when her favorite appears. "I not only admire the great beauty of dear, little Alice Joyce, but am so delighted to find a Motion Picture player who, when taking part in a love scene, seems to make it sacred, instead of foolish."

Here's another interesting criticism. We dont know who wrote it, but the signature looks like shorthand, so we think it must be a stenographer:

I have frequently observed that when scenes depicting horses in motion—trotting, or crossing a stream, for instance—are shown, noises are made by the orchestra which are evidently designed to add to the realism of the pictures. Even if these sounds are adequate—which they seldom are, to my mind—they detract from the effect of the beautiful photos. To one with any imagination at all, they are quite unnecessary, and would better be dispensed with.

Ed Wild, of the Nemo Theater, Broadway, N. Y., is loyal to Jack Standing:

Hurrah for Jack Standing, be he cowboy or hero,
Hurrah for that grand, stately man;
Hero or villain, we cant help adore him,
That handsome Adonis with fine face of tan.

A high-school teacher out in California made a funny mistake the other day, and one of her pupils "tells on her," as follows:

I want to tell you a little incident that happened at school the other day, and I thought it too good to let pass without writing about it. Each pupil was to write an essay on a different subject, and see which one did the best. Well, the "best" happened to be mine, and the teacher, in stating the fact to the class said: "Maurice Costello has written the best essay on the life of Lincoln." My name being Maurice Maret, she got us twisted a trifle. This goes to show that even a high-school teacher's thoughts are on Maurice Costello, when they should be somewhere else—for instance, on Maurice Maret.

A stray inquiry. "Vivian," Eau Claire, Wis., in answer to your query: "Does Mary Pickford or Florence Lawrence receive the highest salary?" I would say: "I dont know and dont care; but Mary is closer to owin' more. (Owen Moore)."

TO ALKALI IKE.

Of all the poems that come to my sight,
No one remembers Alkali Ike.
Forgotten him? I should say no!
This funny little fellow from the S. & A. Show.

He is so very funny, and he fills me with delight;
It's cheap, at ten cents, to see him every night.
He drives away the blues, and he's my doctor's foe,
This funny little fellow of the S. & A. Show.

Ridgefield Park, N. J. E. OSBORN.

Sidney Russell, of Boston, says that on several occasions recently he has gone to a photoplay theater to see some special play that was billed outside, only to have it omitted from the bill, to his great disappointment. He thinks the exhibitors should not take a person's money and then not give the full bill; and we quite agree with him. We hope that such exhibitors are few and far between, for the photoshow has a fine reputation for giving its patrons their money's worth.

A1041-10, Brooklyn, has a quick eye for the little errors and inconsistencies that mar a film. He writes:

The other evening I saw a picture entitled "The Government Test." The whole plot centered around a device for stopping runaway trains by operating the air-brake. Trains do not run away until the air-brake is utterly incapacitated; that is, until the air-pump, which supplies the pressure, breaks down. In another picture, entitled "For the Love of a Girl," one of the players went into a Western Union telegraph office and sent a telegram. When the telegram arrived it was on one of the Postal Telegraph Company's blanks. Of course, that's not a bad error, but it tends to detract from the reality of the photoplay.

(*Continued on page* 162.)

A Word About Celebrated Stars in Photoplays

By ROBERT GRAU

THERE is nothing at the present moment to indicate that the millions of amusement-lovers who flock to the photoplay house with regularity are attracted by the famous names. In other words, the idea that the stars of the stage will find a market for their services in the film industry solely because of their fame as stars, is not based on fact. The impression seems to prevail that the three-thousand-dollars-a-week salaries, that are now quite commonly paid in vaudeville, must also be offered to the celebrities of the speaking-stage to induce them to enter the film studio with more or less grace and dignity.

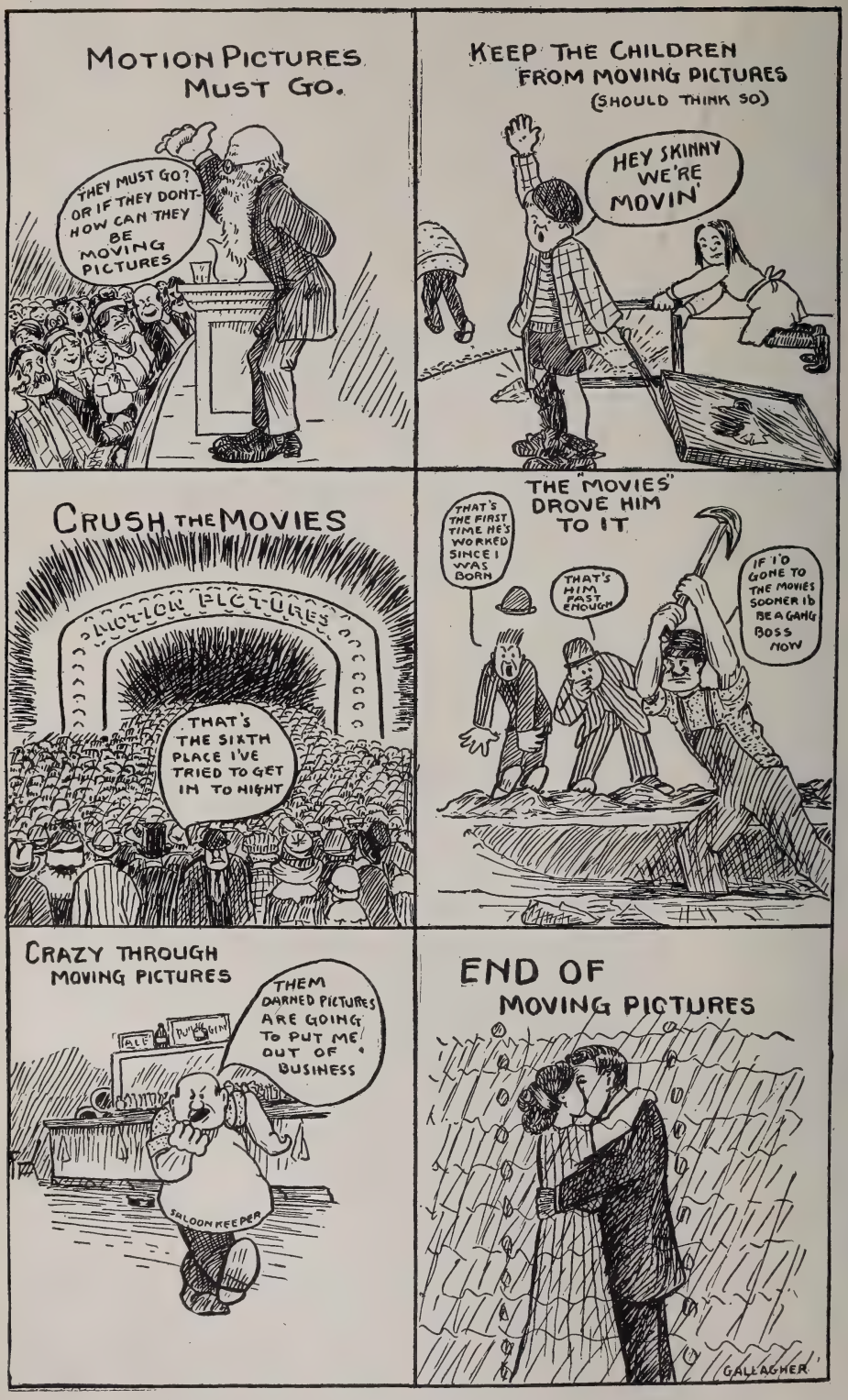
It is true that Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been in great demand. The French actress has also been paid a very large sum each time that she has passed before the camera, but I do not think that any one conversant with the facts will deny that, while in this instance the extraordinary fame of the star was a preventative of failure, the success that has been achieved by the Bernhardt releases has not been really due to the intrinsic merit of the productions themselves. If a canvass of the Bernhardt audiences were possible, it would be found that a majority of those who had seen these pictures on the screen would emphatically state that they did not wish to renew the experience, and that a still greater majority would express a preference for a similar production along the lines of ordinary releases. In fact, the fame of the "divine Sarah," greatest actress of two centuries, while it was potent enough to attract huge crowds, and to insure a successful financial outcome for the films, was *not* great enough to warrant the "repeats" that mean so much in the box-office records of the theater.

But there is a class of stars who do not sell their names solely for cash, and who would not be attracted to the studios on purely selfish grounds alone. Of course, Madame Bernhardt has insisted that her motive was the perpetuation of her art while it was still at its best. On the other hand, when Madame was interviewed on the day of her recent arrival in America, she gave as her reason for not including "Queen Elizabeth" in her present tour, the fact that she did not like the play, that she was not, in fact, a success in it. Then why did she allow it to be presented at all? Madame could not resist the temptation to add to her annual income; that is the only explanation.

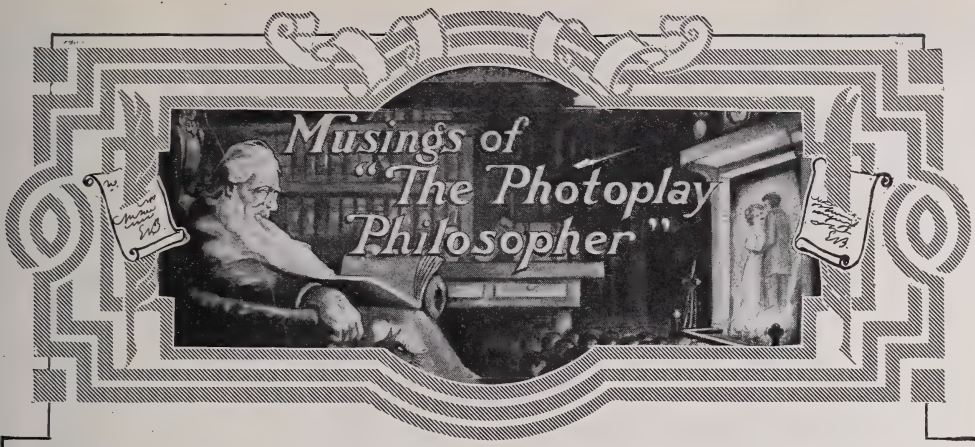
But—and I wish to be emphatic—there are certain players who would not permit their work to be portrayed on the screen for money alone. And it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Adolph Zuker that he has gained such well-known stars for his future film productions. I refer to Mrs. Fiske, to Sothern and Marlowe, and William Faversham. Here are players whose lofty ideals have never been open to question. When these true representatives of the American stage make their début on the screen, then, and then only, will it be revealed whether the tremendous public that patronizes the photoplay houses are attracted by the names that gave glamor to the Broadway playhouses for so many years.

It will be a great test! But I am of the opinion that, owing to the excellent judgment of Mr. Zuker, and the ideals that prompt this innovation, the permanent value of these great pictures will be even more striking than that of the Bernhardt productions.

Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern and William Faversham represent the highest ideals of the stage. They come into the film studios while at the zenith of their power, offering their very best portrayals. No greater appeal to the public could be made by Mr. Zuker than this.


MOTION PICTURES MUST GO.
THEY MUST GO? OR IF THEY DON'T- HOW CAN THEY BE MOVING PICTURES
KEEP THE CHILDREN FROM MOVING PICTURES
(SHOULD THINK SO)
HEY SKINNY WE'RE MOVIN'
CRUSH THE MOVIES
MOTION PICTURES
THAT'S THE SIXTH PLACE I'VE TRIED TO GET IM TO NIGHT
THE "MOVIES" DROVE HIM TO IT
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S WORKED SINCE I WAS BORN
THAT'S HIM FAST ENOUGH
IF I'D GONE TO THE MOVIES SOONER I'D BE A GANG BOSS NOW
CRAZY THROUGH MOVING PICTURES
THEM DARNED PICTURES ARE GOING TO PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS
ALE
PURE GIN
SALOON KEEPER
END OF MOVING PICTURES
GALLAGHER

SOME OF THE DIRE RESULTS OF MOTION PICTURES



Now that Motion Pictures have become a vital part of the social life everywhere, is it not about time that thoughtful people should turn their attention to the uplift rather than to the downfall of this wonderful power? A certain class of people are very quick to see the evils in a thing, and to start movements to suppress that thing. They call themselves reformers, but they do everything but reform—their object is to destroy. Given a thing with ninety-nine good parts and one bad part, these people see only the one bad part, and, because of that bad part, they seek to destroy the whole. Every manufacturer of Motion Pictures, every exhibitor, and every player, would doubtless welcome with open arms the reformer who came forward in a kindly and proper spirit. It is to their own interests. If these reformers will come in and help, rather than stand off and throw stones, wonders can be accomplished. But it is usually a case of Rule or Ruin. They see something bad, and they want to destroy it, and the good with it. Any way, everything has been said that can be said, and everything has been done that can be done, to suppress Motion Pictures, and still they survive, and they always will. But, the point is, instead of Societies for the Suppression of Moving Pictures, why not Societies for the Improvement of Motion Pictures?

It is becoming quite a fad in many towns to secure a "feature film," such as "The Mills of the Gods," and to advertise that every patron will be given a souvenir, in the shape of a copy of The Motion Picture Story Magazine containing the illustrated story of that play. It has been found an attractive proposition for those who are not regular patrons. This magazine tries to keep a few thousand extra copies of every number for such purposes.

One big advantage of Motion Pictures over the regular stage is the size of the figures on the screen. On the stage the figures must all be small and of the same size, and unless the spectator sits very close to the stage, which only a few can do, the expression of the countenance is lost; while, on the screen, we often see the figures enlarged to several times their real size, thus giving us a clear view of the facial expression of the players. Add this advantage to that of the quick action in Motion Pictures, by which we are able to see a whole play in a half or a quarter of an hour, and it must be admitted that Motion Pictures have an immense advantage over the stage.

Perhaps we should say more, and hear more about the directors that direct the pictures. We are prone to criticize the players for doing certain things in certain ways, whereas it may be entirely the fault of the directors. The director is king. He is monarch o'er all he surveys. If the play is not good, or the players do not play well, it is more often his fault than it is that of the play or of the players. A good director can spoil a good play, and he can make a bad play good, just as he can mar or enhance the efforts of the players. One thing is certain: most directors do not seem to realize that there is more than one way of depicting an emotion, and that every player has an individuality and a personality that is distinctly different from those of other players. Why, then, should a director insist that his players shall depict every emotion in the old, stereotyped way? Why should he make them weep as *he* would weep, laugh as *he* would laugh, and rage as *he* would rage? Yes, it is quite clear that either the directors should be given publicity, or that the players should be permitted to play as they like. If the players cannot play *well,* they should not play at all. Anyway, the public should know who is at fault.

Think twice before you speak, then dont say it. Silence is golden. Shallow brooks make much noise, and so does an empty wagon that goes clattering along the road. Blessed be he who has nothing to say and insists on not saying it.

I know of a theater wherein the proprietor was accustomed to show, between the picture plays, a variety of promiscuous advertising slides, and his patrons began to show their disapproval in noisy, boisterous fashion. Lately the proprietor decided that advertising signs on the screen must go, and they did. Now he shows colored, scenic views, instead, and everybody is happy. As we have said before, in these columns, the screen of a Motion Picture theater is no place for advertising of any kind, except that which pertains to the business, such as announcements of coming programs, of features, of the appearance of players in person, and of Motion Picture publications, such as THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. Experience has taught that other advertising not only does not pay, but that it actually means a loss in the end.

Money may be the root of all evil, but it seems to grow fastest by grafting. Yet, while dishonest money may come quickly, it goes quickly. Nothing that is evil can be permanently successful, nor useful. The best plan is to do the best we can, in an honest undertaking, in an honest way. Money earned in a dishonest way carries a curse with it. Let no person be tempted to do wrong simply because he was not successful in doing right. He who cant, but tries, deserves more than he who can, but wont.

Actions speak louder than words. The eyes can speak as well as the lips. The countenance is more eloquent than words. All the world loves a picture. The animated shadows on the screen are the poetry of motion, and the motion of poetry. The photodrama represents economy of both time and money. It is the book of the people. It is a godsend to the deaf, and a solace to all. Hence, in our graphic slang, it has come to stay, and long to charm, instruct and entertain.

Photoplay writers are inclined too easily to discouragement. A play may be excellent, but it may be refused by several companies, for one of the following reasons: 1. Not using comedies just now (or dramas, or costume plays, or Westerns); 2. Too improbable; 3. Too melodramatic or unpleasant; 4. Similar theme used before; 5. Too many other scripts on hand just now; 6. No synopsis with play; 7. Requires scenery or properties not at present available; 8. Would probably not pass the Censorship Board; 9. Not enough action to carry the story—too many subtitles; 10. Cast too small; 11. Lacks moral tone (or interest, or dramatic qualities); 12. Similar to a magazine story.

Assuming that the play is excellent, is legibly written, is original, is unique, and is in regular photoplay form, still it may be unavailable to one company for any one of the foregoing reasons, and, yet, most of these reasons would, perhaps, not apply to some other company. As I have said before, every company has to reject many plays before it accepts one, and the main reason is because the writers fail to hit upon a new theme.

Mr. Epes Winthrop Sargent, one of the able writers on *The Moving Picture World,* a trade publication, takes me to task for a paragraph that appeared in this column a couple of months ago, in which "Scenario Schools" were discussed. The mistake Mr. Sargent makes is in stating that I praise or defend any particular school. I do not know one school from another, nor do I know the officers or instructors of any particular school. I spoke of schools generally, and I particularly stated that there were doubtless good schools and bad schools, altho I am not sure that there are bad schools. I assume that the poorest of the many schools can, and do, teach their pupils the rudiments and technique of photoplay writing, and this is just what the pupils want. Mr. Sargent's book does this, it is true, but a book cannot come back and criticise the pupil's work, and show where that work could be improved. Any school ought to be able to do this, and if it can, that school ought to exist. There is no doubt in the world that these schools have added thousands of good writers to the world's staff of photoplay writers, and that the whole industry has thereby been benefited. Mr. Sargent's book is all right, but it is not enough. I know of no case where a pupil has not been benefited by his or her course in photoplay writing. Whether these pupils can make the fabulous sums per year that some schools assert, is another matter. Some writers make considerable money writing photoplays, while others have made failures of the art; and whether this is the fault of the pupil or of the school is a matter for the pupil to decide. I know persons who have been thru public school, and boarding school, and college, and who have been utter failures in life; but that does not prove that it is the fault of the schools. I doubt very much if any photoplay school was ever started that did not have sufficient knowledge to teach its pupils the rudiments and technique of photoplay writing. If I had a son, and he showed talent and a desire to write photoplays, I should not hesitate to give him, not only one, but two or three courses at the various photoplay schools, and I would also supply him with Mr. Sargent's book and all the other books on the subject. The whole thing would cost, perhaps, less than $100, and what is that, to learn a great profession? The art is yet in its infancy, and I expect these schools to improve and to grow, as the industry improves and grows, and to help these to grow.

A well-known writer, whose efforts for the last thirty-five years have been devoted to writing dime novels and exciting stories for small boys, recently applied to this magazine for a position as one of our staff of writers. When asked why he wished such a position, when he had an apparently much better one, he replied: "Do you know that you Moving Picture people have well-nigh put us fellows out of business? All the publishers have been complaining for the last few years that the small boys who used to read our lurid stories now spend their spare time at the picture shows."

Perhaps some of our California readers can help out *The Kinematograph and Lantern Weekly* (London) in whose columns I find the following: "'Can you tell me what are the possibilities for a picture pianist and teacher of music in California?' writes a correspondent. He says a friend has advised him that pots of money are to be made out there, but, as he is in a position with a salary of £2 10s., he is reluctant to throw it over. We are sorry we cannot help him to make up his mind in the matter; perhaps some reader can give the required information." Since gold was discovered in California, which was so long ago that I scarcely remember it, there has been much talk all over the world about "pots of money" in that beautiful, golden land, but whether a picture pianist can capture enough of those pots to warrant his giving up his two pounds ten, I must pass.

"Education and Entertainment by Motion Pictures" is the title of a neat pamphlet issued and circulated free to churches, societies and clubs who desire to give educational entertainments, by the General Film Company, 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City. The classified subjects are: General Works, Philosophy, Religion, Sociology, Philology, Natural Science, Useful Arts, Literature and History. The same company also supplies another booklet, in which are given the names and descriptions of hundreds of educational photoplays.

We all want to live a long life, but none wants to be old.

"The great secret of giving advice successfully is to mix up with it something that implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects, and, as much as possible, of an acknowledgment of the other party's merits. Most advisers sink both the one and the other, and hence the failure which they meet with, and deserve."—*Leigh Hunt.*

Is, then, humanity so frail that it must be cajoled into believing that the adviser knows not what he is talking about, and that the advisee must be flattered into the delusion that he is better qualified to give advice than to receive it? Perhaps so. Then we should go at it something like this: "John, my lad, listen. I know that you are an expert in explosives and firearms, and I am aware that I know nothing whatever of the subject; however, permit me to suggest that it is not considered healthy to look into the barrel of a loaded revolver when a nervous finger is on the trigger; and yet, you know best, and, if you think well of the proposition, I am sure that I have been misinformed." *Resultum*—John promptly blows his brains out. No, *mon cher,* John will accept your advice only when he is convinced of your superior intelligence. But when John is grown up, you must go at him a little more adroitly, just as Mr. Hunt says, and not set your perch too high above his.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. A list of all film makers will be supplied to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays. If subscribers give name and address and write "Subscriber" at top of letter, their queries will be given a preference.

JUDY, BROOKLYN.—You say Flossie gets your "goat." Everybody else is in love with her, even the girls. Regarding your Jack, we dont handle love affairs in this department.

L. S. B., MT. VERNON.—Arthur Johnson was Bill Jackson, and Howard Mitchell the thief in "The Missing Finger" (Lubin).

TOLEDO TANG.—You refer to William Duncan. Robyn Adair was Bob, Mary Ryan was Mary in "The Way of the Mountains" (Lubin). Alice Joyce's hair is a pretty, reddish brown.

HENRIETTA G.—Kenneth Casey did not play in "As in a Looking-Glass." Nor did Dolores Cassinelli play opposite Francis Bushman in "House of Pride;" Beverly Bayne was his wife. Edwin August was Junker in "'Twixt Love and Ambition." Yes, Mary Pickford played in "The Informer."

CHRISTY M.—Carlyle Blackwell and Mae Marsh had the leads in "The Parasite." Clara Williams and Edgar Jones had leads in "The Bank Cashier." Ormi Hawley had the lead in "'Twixt Love and Ambition."

EDGAR, CAL.—Marguerite Snow was the "Woman in White" (Thanhouser). Martha Russell was Rose in "The End of the Feud" (Essanay). Fred Mace is one of the "famous" detectives.

"ASTORIAETTE."—Thank you for the information. "Cleopatra" is not a Vitagraph. Arthur Johnson never told us how much he was making.

M. A. S., DALLAS.—Lillian Christy played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "Peril of the Cliffs." Guy Coombs was the hero in "His Mother's Picture." In "The Young Millionaire" Thomas Moore was the millionaire. Gwendoline Pates played in "The Burglar's Command." Pearl White had the lead in "Naughty Marietta" (Pathé). Mary Charleson was Una in "Una of the Sierras."

"BUCK" D. V.—"Queen Elizabeth" was made abroad, with Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle. "Flirt or Heroine" was taken in Brooklyn by Vitagraph.

GERTRUDE S., WASHINGTON.—No, thanks, the Answer Man declines to have his photograph published. He is not at all good-looking.

"A READER," CINCINNATI.—Thank you for telling us that Florence Lawrence played opposite Arthur Johnson in "Resurrection," which was a Biograph release.

"AN OBFULL DREAM."—We presume the following is intended for a joke and a satire on some of the foolish questions we receive:

"Was Ruthie Roland the Cute little Wild West Goil in the Kalem Picture Kalled, 'Who Shot the Bull Moose' on November 5, 1912? Is Mr. Jonnie Bunny the guy that put the Cost in Costello? Why is a Moving Picture? Who put the Bun in Bunny? Please put the ans to these in your next Magazine."

ESTHER H., ST. LOUIS.—Lottie Pickford has played with the Kalem Company; not sure about Mary—think not. Florence LaBadie and Gene Darnell were the orphans in "The Voice of Conscience" (Thanhouser). Address letter to Warren Kerrigan, care of American Co., Ashland Block, Chicago, and not to this magazine. Lottie Briscoe was the maid in "The Substitute Heiress" (Lubin). Yes, Florence LaBadie was Undine in the Thanhouser play by that name.

KITTY L. R., SALEM.—You refer to Edwin August. Alice Joyce will remain in the New York studio. Other questions answered before.

KATE, BROOKLYN.—We cant use a picture of Henry Walthall as long as he remains where he is now.

M. H., CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS.—Owen Moore is still with Victor.

M. P. FAN, ANTIGONISH.—Leona Radnor is no relation to Pearl White. Yes, there is some resemblance. Betty Gray was the girl in "The Country Boy" (Pathé Frères). There are Canadian Motion Picture companies. We wont tell Flossie C. P.'s address.

M. F., BROOKLYN.—Cines is a Licensed manufacturer. Ruth Roland was Nell, Edward Coxen was Pedro in "Death Valley Scottys."

LOTTIE E. K., N. Y.—Dont you get jealous of Flossie. No, G. M. Anderson is not going on the stage. Edwin August is with the Universal, and Jack Halliday is playing on the stage.

NANCY JANE, 16.—Jack J. Clark was Dan in "Kerry Gow" (Kalem). E. H. Calvert was Charles in "From the Submerged" (Essanay). Anna Stewart was one of the nieces in "Her Choice" (Vitagraph). And so you also are insane about Crane Wilbur —*et tu*, Nancy!

GERALDINE M. F.—Mary Fuller is one of the leading Edison players. We never knew Arthur Johnson had a wife. You better ask the paper you mention who she is. We wouldn't tell, anyway.

"THE TEMPLE KID."—Ethel Clayton is Harry Myers' leading lady. Send direct to the company for photos. We do not carry them for sale. Edwin August was Junker in "'Twixt Love and Ambition" (Lubin). Other questions answered.

HELEN M., NEW YORK.—The chat with Edwin August was secured before he left the Lubin, hence the reason for stating therein that he was with Lubin. The leading lady in "'Twixt Love and Ambition" was not Mary Fuller, but Ormi Hawley.

GERALDINE M. F.—Maurice Costello has started on his trip around the world. Yes, Helen Costello is about six, and Dolores is about twelve.

S. D. R., NASHVILLE.—Communicate directly with the Gem.

S. H., COLUMBUS.—Please do not ask questions about the forbidden company. We're trying hard to be patient.

FLOSSIE O. G.—We do not wish to confirm the information you received from *The Dramatic Mirror*. Dont you know we dont answer questions about marriage? Thomas Carrigan was with Selig, last we knew.

M. F., New York, wants to know if we think Arthur Johnson is lonesome without Miss Lawrence. No, my dear; we guess Arthur is just as happy as ever. Perhaps he has another Florence.

MOTHER, NEW YORK.—We dont think the manufacturers are more willing to engage an actress after having been graduated from the schools than they are to secure experienced players.

PLUNKETT.—There is no limit as to the number of plays Warren Kerrigan plays in. Yes, you mean Hughie Mack.

O. M. W., ROCHESTER.—G. M. Anderson is still at Niles, Cal.

THREE BACHELOR MAIDS.—G. M. Anderson is a universal favorite. You know "Universal" has two meanings. Mr. Anderson belongs to the bigger universal.

M. I., OAK PARK.—Sorry we cannot tell you about that scene. You know there is no way of answering that question.

L. M. S., PHILADELPHIA.—Ormi Hawley was Kitty in "When Father Had His Way." Chat with Clara Kimball Young very soon. Edison gives casts of characters on the screen.

BOO-BOO, UNIONTOWN.—It was a trick picture.

C. M., WOODSIDE.—Please do not ask questions about the stage.

SPEARMINT KIDDO.—Flossie is no actress. Cant give you the leading lady in "Gee, My Pants."

M. T., NEW YORK.—You have got them all placed correctly.

R. W., CHICAGO.—We do not use Selig pictures.

H. C. T., CHICAGO.—Bessie Sankey is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. George Melford does not play much, he is the Glendale director. We are not sure, as yet, about Florence Lawrence going back to Arthur Johnson. Jane Gale was Winkie Dan's mother in "'Twixt Love and Ambition."

A. B., PHILADELPHIA.—We are sure Leo Delaney is all you say he is. It would have been better if the "Jotter" had not told you he was married.

C. E. E., BELFAST.—Write direct to Kalem for pictures. Do you mean to travel with the company at your own expense? If so, you better write direct to the company; we cannot help you. Clara Kimball Young had the lead in "The Little Minister."

MISS HABADA.—Did you ever stop to think that a player leaves one company to join another for more salary? Such was this case.

MRS. T., NEW YORK CITY.—Your questions have all been answered.

L. M. J. advises us that Warren Kerrigan's eyes are blue.

CORRINA, ROCHESTER.—We do not use Selig stories.

RUTH LEE.—Thank you.

FLORENTINE HALL.—Please put your questions in order, and write only on one side of the paper. You must realize we have thousands of letters to wade thru every month, and the neater they are written, the quicker your questions will be answered. Edwin Carewe is still with Lubin.

GERTY, BROOKLYN.—You can see Biograph pictures in Licensed theaters, and Keystone pictures in Independent theaters. We hardly think that the reason that Maurice Costello always has his hand under his chin is because his teeth ache. However, since you saw him going into a dental parlor, it looks very suspicious.

LITTLE ADDIE, WATERVLIET.—John Bunny is still with Vitagraph. Dolores Cassinelli was Dolores in "From the Submerged." Thomas Moore is still Alice Joyce's leading man.

DEEP BREATHING.

By D. O. Harrell, M. D.

I BELIEVE we must all admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing,—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fibre of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength and Endurance are impossible without well oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught, and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anaemic, weak and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that intense mental concentration and nerve strain paralyzes the diaphragm, the great breathing muscle. This depressing condition can be entirely counteracted through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise," in reality means insufficient lung exercise. Since few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action, common sense dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently, through conscious breathing. Exercise that fails to excite vigorous lung action is of little real value.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. In fact, few physicians thoroughly understand the act. Ask a dozen different physical instructors to define deep breathing, and you will receive a dozen different answers. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on. In the end, one becomes thoroughly confused, and justly forms the opinion that most teachers of physical culture are incompetent to teach deep breathing.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled, "Deep Breathing," by Paul Von Boeckmann, R. S. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teachings on the subject of Deep Breathing, Exercise and Body Building. The author has had the courage to think for himself, and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested in a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be had upon payment of 10 cents in coin or stamps by addressing Dr. Von Boeckmann directly at 1510 Terminal Bldg., 103 Park Ave., New York. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded. ***

C. L. B., ANXIOUS.—We beg to say that Alice Joyce was Fantasca in "Fantasca, the Gypsy," and not Jane Wolfe. Ormi Hawley was chatted in April, 1912.

PLUNKETT.—Vitagraph releases one picture every day. Other questions answered. Alice Hollister was Nora in "The Kerry Gow" (Kalem).

GLADYS, 17.—Which Robert Burns do you refer to? There is one with Lubin and one with Vitagraph. We dont think "Olga, 16" will object.

MAXIE, No. 20.—Kathryne Williams was the girl in "The Girl with the Lantern." We never knew that Arthur Johnson never smiles. He does, indeed. John Bunny may have been unfortunate enough to have the smallpox, but we are not sure.

BERT A.—We do not happen to keep a card-index for the names of dogs. Dont know the name of the white dog in "Jack and Jingles." Ed Coxen was Jack in "I Saw Him First." Florence Lawrence has been acting ever since she was three years of age.

EDYTHE H.—Edna Payne was Alice, Edwin Carewe was Gentleman Joe, and Tom Gordon was Earl Metcalf in "Gentleman Joe" (Lubin). We cannot answer that Selig question.

"GYPSIA," TAUNTON.—Thomas Santschi was the priest in "The Indelible Stain." Why dont you write to Warren Kerrigan?

N. Y. FAN, No. 1.—Bryant Washburn was Harry Madden in "Chains" (Essanay). James Young was the Little Minister in the play by that title. Clara Kimball Young was Babbie.

"H. & B., OLD MAINE."—When we say "opposite," we mean playing a corresponding or similar part of the opposite sex, usually lovers. Roger Lytton was Lorenzo in "The Mills of the Gods." Frank Dayton was Jack's father in "The Warning Hand." Gene Gauntier was Mary, J. J. Clark was Joseph, and A. Henderson Bland was Christ in "From the Manger to the Cross" (Kalem).

LESLIE I. S.—Yes, William Dunn has left Vitagraph. Because Pathé is shorter than saying Pathé Frères. All players are not under contract. The Vitagraph employs about sixty players, none of whom is under contract. Players have their vacations. The actress wore a wig.

MARJORIE W.—Your questions have all been answered.

"FLOSSIE C. P." (?)—Please dont write love-letters to the Answer Man and sign Flossie's name. We have no time for love-letters.

MRS. TAISHNER.—Thank you for the information.

"SKYLARK," MASS.—Ruth Stonehouse was the poor girl in "From the Submerged" (Essanay). Keystone films are released by Mutual.

"HANDSOME CUTIE."—Pathé Frères, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

L. G., KEESEVILLE, N. Y.—Yes, John Bunny is as "dear as he looks." Write Pathé for Crane Wilbur's picture.

"FLOSSIE, OF BROOKLYN."—Just as you say, everybody will be calling themselves Flossie. We shall have to have the original Flossie copyrighted. Harry Morey was Wild Pat in the play by that name.

ANTHONY, NEW ORLEANS.—"Diamond Cut Diamond" was released May 24, 1912. And are you still looking for Mrs. Costello?

B. C., BROOKLYN.—Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers.

E. B., "CRITIC."—Yes, it is possible that the three players mentioned were with Vitagraph some time ago, but they all have gone to a different company. We thank you very much for your interesting letter, and must say that you are correct.

BETTY C. B.—Your questions are all against the rules.

MRS. O. L., BRONX.—Mrs. Costello was the nurse in "The Mills of the Gods." She also appeared in "Diamond Cut Diamond" as the telephone operator.

E. M. S., PATERSON, N. J.—We continue to say there is no hope for stage-struck girls without experience.

G. W., BROOKLYN.—Jane Gale was the "Leading Lady" in "The Players" (Lubin).

ALICE J., New York, wants Kalem to produce "Smoke Bellew," by Jack London.

E. C., BIRMINGHAM.—Brinsley Shaw was the villain in "The Ranch Girl's Trial."

M. D. U. B., ST. LOUIS.—The "Resurrection" was produced by the Masko Co., with Blanche Walsh as the lead. Cannot answer about the Biograph "Resurrection," except to say that Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence were both in it.

REGINA, N. Y. C.—Get your back numbers direct from this magazine.

DOROTHY SOUKUP, MILWAUKEE.—Please send us address, so we can send the list.

J. O. C., YOUNGSTOWN.—Thank you for your very interesting letter, in which you state that Beverly Bayne is the most graceful of the five Essanay girls.

FLOSSIE FOOTLIGHT.—Ruth Roland was Lizzie in "Belle of the Beach" (Kalem). Charles Brandt was Arthur Johnson's father in "The Amateur Iceman." Arthur Johnson was chatted in February, 1912.

SMITH, NEW JERSEY.—Elsie Stadiger was Mrs. Black, and Henrietta Brown was Henrietta O'Beck in "Buster and the Pirates." Miriam Nesbitt was the girl in "The Boss of the Lumber Camp."

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"The Substitute Heiress"	Lubin
"A Bunch of Wild Flowers"	Nestor
"House That Jack Built"	Kinemacolor
"A Good Catch"	Essanay
"The Amateur Ice Man"	Lubin
"The Redemption of Slivers"	Essanay
"The Sheriff of Stony Butte"	Bison
"The Awakening of Bianca"	Vitagraph
"The Stubbornness of Youth"	Lubin
"Love's Labor Lost"	Vitagraph
"Coronets and Hearts"	Vitagraph
"A Picture Idol"	Vitagraph
"A Wooden Indian"	Edison
"His Brother"	Selig
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
"The Mysterious Caller"	Vitagraph
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BETTY C. B.—Please do not ask questions about matrimony, age, and private addresses of the players. Gertrude Robinson is with Reliance.

"LITTLE MARY C."—Edwin August is with the Powers branch of the Universal. Yes, Steve Brodie took a chance; so did you.

MRS. L. A. G., ELKINS.—We are sorry we cant accommodate you by having your theater use the films you want, but that is out of our line. There is no one you can apply to. It is up to the exhibitor. Maurice Costello has relatives in Pittsburg.

DOROTHY, NEWARK.—Rose Tapley was Mrs. Harrison in "The Adventure of the Thumb Print" (Vitagraph). Eleanor Blanchard was Samathy Green in "The Thrifty Parson" (Essanay). Hazel Boardman was the girl in "The Tomboy of Bar Z." Lucille Young was Alice Joyce's mother in "The Strange Story of Elsie Mason."

LYLIAN, NEW ORLEANS.—The cast is too long to print here. Send stamped, addressed envelope for same.

MRS. M. K., NEWARK.—Please put the name of the company after the title. We do not locate the plays you mention.

E. B. C., GA.—You refer to Thomas Moore. Mrs. Maurice Costello plays under that name. While Earle Williams was visiting his home in the West, he was cast in several of the Western Vitagraphs.

NANCY JANE, 16.—If you want all those questions answered, please send a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will answer them. Too many to be printed.

BETTY C. B.—May Buckley and Jack Halliday have both left the pictures.

E. F. S., WORCESTER, MASS.—Please do not ask Biograph questions.

THREE C. H. S. M. P. FANS.—We dont know whether the dress you refer to is gray or blue; dont think Miss Lawrence would care to answer you. James Moore was the millionaire in "The Players" (Lubin).

LILLIAN R. F.—The "good-looking, dark fellow" was Whitney Raymond in "The Lemon" (Essanay). We will not answer questions about the stage.

F. E. U., WINNIPEG.—Fred Mace is not with Imp, but Keystone. We shall print Mabel Normand's picture soon.

P. S., PENN.—You did not enclose the stamp!

"THE THREE TWINS."—William Duncan was Billy in "The Brotherhood of Man."

H. D., ATTLEBOW.—Zena Keefe has had stage experience. Address her in care of the Vitagraph. Big Bill is still playing.

W. J. K.—No, the Answer Man is not Bernard Gallagher. T. J. Carrigan was with Selig last. We dont answer questions about height or width of players. Sometimes the interviewer gets a player's age. Yes, the negro in "Lucile" was a real one. James Cruze was the doctor in "Pa's Medicine." Warren Kerrigan signs himself J. W.

FLOSSIE S. O. S., BRIDGEPORT.—There is a Frank Lawler with Selig. Thank you for your information, but we have had that a long time. Other questions answered before.

DOROTHY, NEW ORLEANS.—Arthur Johnson did not play in "Parson James," it was Edgar Jones. Florence Lawrence will be chatted again soon.

SAM C., BROOKLYN.—We think your idea is all right, but we cant start a contest about Biograph players. Other questions answered.

C. E. W., N. Y.—James Ross was the showman, Earle Foxe the country boy in "The County Fair" (Kalem). We understand that Alice Joyce does not answer unknown correspondents. You are forgiven; but it would make it much easier for the Answer Man if you, and every one, would, when sending in their questions, place them one after another, leaving a space between them, so that we would not have to wade thru three or four pages before coming to the questions. We appreciate your long, interesting letters about the favorite plays and players, but they should be addressed to that department.

GENEVIEVE, NEW YORK.—Ralph Ince was Ben in "The Heart of Esmeralda." The American studio is located at Santa Barbara, Cal.

M. E. M.—"Why the wind blows in Moving Pictures" has been answered and answered and answered. Will tell you some other time.

B. F., Stapleton, claims that Ruth Stonehouse is the prettiest of the Essanay girls. We guess each one of them has her admirers.

D. R. T. W. GIRLS.—Carlyle Blackwell was the trapper in "Redskin Raiders."

P. W., TENNESSEE.—William West was the family tyrant in the play by that title. Pearl White was Marietta in "Naughty Marietta" (Pathé Frères). Maurice Costello was in "Night Before Christmas" and "It All Came Out in the Wash."

A. O. V. B.—Baby Audrey was the child in "The Outlaw's Sacrifice."

"MARGUERITE," NEW YORK CITY.—Dont send your questions to the Essanay Co. that are to be answered in this magazine. G. M. Anderson is very much alive, and is still producing and appearing in pictures, weekly, of the Essanay product.

ROSEBUD, BALTIMORE.—If your questions were not answered, they were either answered before, or you did not sign your name. You refer to Whitney Raymond. We dont answer any more questions as to why a player is not seen more frequently on the screen.

R. H., MONTREAL.—No Biograph questions.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

M. P. Logan.—Adelaide Lawrence was the child in "The Wanderer" (Kalem). What is the name of the company?

B. B. B., San Diego.—Watch ad. pages for Cleo Ridgely. J. J. Clark was Dan in "Kerry Gow" (Kalem).

E. W., Sacramento.—The only Bison 101 is located at Hollywood, Cal. It is one of the Universal branches.

"Dixie Lou," Tenn.—Florence LaBadie was Undine in "Undine" (Thanhouser). Ask your exhibitor to get the film. We are acquainted with a great many of the players.

Mrs. S. G. C., Coshocton.—You have Lillian Christy placed correctly. She is now with American Co.

Kalem Kid, St. Paul.—William Garwood and Marguerite Snow had the leads in "The Little Girl Next Door" (Thanhouser). Jane Wolfe and Neva Gerber were the girls in "Flower Girl's Romance" (Kalem). Florence LaBadie and Jean Darnell played in "Voice of Conscience" (Thanhouser). Ethel Clayton was the daughter in "Just Maine Folks" (Lubin). Edwin August and Ormi Hawley were the leads in "'Twixt Love and Ambition."

G. R. H., Bayfield.—Joseph Gebhart was the husband in "The Hand of Destiny" (Pathé Frères). Dont know who the wife was. Yes, there is a limit to everything—even to our patience.

Marjorie M.—Marin Sais and Ed Coxin were in "I Saw Him First." John Brennan was Ruth Roland's father in "Strong-Arm Nellie," and Robert Grey was her sweetheart. Robert Grey was the photographer in "The Landlubbers." Ed Coxen was the bachelor in "The Bachelor's Bride." Hobart Bosworth was Chactas, and Bessie Eyton was Atala in "Atala."

Hunter's Point, 3676.—You say "How about a chat with Francis X. Bushman, of the Essanay Co.? What company is Francis X. Bushman playing with?" Oh, no, there's nothing the matter with you.

Anthony, New Orleans.—Lillian Christy was Ann in "Red Wing and the Pale-Face" (Kalem). Bruce Macomber was the little fellow in "Bringing Home the Pup" (Edison).

Flossie C. P.—You cant fool us; we know Flossie's writing. Carlyle Blackwell played both parts in "The Parasite" (Kalem). You have Dolores Cassinelli placed correctly. We have not Lottie Pickford's present whereabouts. Brinsley Shaw was Texas in "A Story of Montana."

Marge, Chicago.—Always write direct to the company for pictures of players. We do not carry any for sale.

Gertrude K., Brooklyn.—Eleanor Blanchard was the maid in "Cupid's Quartette" (Essanay). You say Ruth Stonehouse is the prettiest Essanay player. Very well.

M. J.—We have not heard what company Cleo Ridgely will join when she returns. Yes, yes, yes; Mary Pickford has left Moving Pictures, and joined the regular stage, under the management of David Belasco. See elsewhere for Warren Kerrigan's address.

S. W.—As we have said before, if you dont sign your name, we will not answer your questions. Miss Taku Takagi was Taku in "Miss Taku of Tokio" (Thanhouser). E. K. Lincoln was Jack in "A Modern Atalanta."

Florentine Hall.—Earle Foxe was the private secretary in "The Combination of the Safe" (Kalem). Wallace Reid was the country boy in "Every Inch a Man" (Vitagraph). Hal Reid is the elder of the two. Wallace Reid is now with the American. Harry Myers is still with Lubin. We notice an improvement in the way in which you sent in these questions.

E. S., Phillipsburg.—You say "What company does Warren Kerrigan (American) play in?" Dont you know that the name in parenthesis means the name of the company in which the player played.

"Yvonne," Baton Rouge.—We understand! But your questions have all been answered before. We do not like to repeat in the magazine. If you send a stamped, addressed envelope, we will answer them.

"Rhodiska," "Homer M. C.," Marion, O.; "E. L. R.," Corry.—Questions have been answered before.

E. E. P., Brooklyn.—It is Joseph Gebhart. You have Carlyle Blackwell placed correctly in "Apache Renegade."

Dixie.—Lillian Christy was the daughter in "Mountain Dew." Glad you think Carlyle Blackwell is "a stunner." Other questions answered.

J. F. G., Cal.—Pathé Frères did not produce "The Will of Destiny." It was a Méliès picture. Alice Joyce has brown eyes.

M. H. Price, Brooklyn.—Yes, Mary Pickford is the young lady in the lower left-hand corner of our December cover. That's the limit on Biograph questions.

Lillian V. S.—Herbert Prior was the lead in "The Thorns of Success." Address Carlyle Blackwell, in care of Kalem Co.

Marry G., Washington.—Howard Missimer and Eleanor Blanchard were the man and wife, and Charles Hitchcock was the messenger in "The Adventure of a Button."

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"Dolly Dimples."—No, Dolly, we have not the address of the Texas Twins, but "care Pathé Frères" would catch them both, at the same desk. Nora in "Kerry Gow" (Kalem) was Alice Hollister. We answer all questions about Vitagraph players. You mean Biograph.

"Sappho."—As to "Why dont the actors carry umbrellas in rainy pictures?" is beyond our card-index. Carlyle Blackwell has had stage experience. Augustus Carney is always Alkali Ike in the Essanay pictures. Oh, yes, we think he is "cute."

W. A. C., Port Henry.—We thought everybody knew the answers to your questions. "Releases" means films, also the date on which a film is first given out to the exchanges. The director is a sort of stage-manager who directs the players. The Licensed companies are Vitagraph, Biograph, Kalem, Méliès, Edison, Pathé Frères, Lubin, Essanay, Selig, Eclipse and Cines. The others are called Independents, and the Independents are divided into several groups, each group having a name of its own, like "Universal" and "Mutual." As to branches, the Thanhouser Co. is a branch of the "Mutual," and Imp is a branch of "Universal." This word is also used in connection with a company, thus: "The Glendale branch of the Kalem Co." Marshall P. Wilder was the jester in "Mockery" (Vitagraph). Charles Kent was Dr. Manette in "A Tale of Two Cities."

W. S. C., Sheboygan.—The Victor Co. is located at 575 Eleventh Avenue, New York. We will have a chat with Harry Myers soon.

"Billy Girl."—Betty Grey was the girl in "Country Boy" (Pathé Frères). Jane Fearnley's picture has not been published yet.

L. D.—Yale Benner was Charles Reed, Walter Edwin was the manager in "Is He Eligible?" (Edison). Yale Benner also played in "Dumb Wooing."

Peggy, Bridgeport.—E. H. Calvert had the lead in "From the Submerged." Mary Ryan was Estrella in "Chief White Eagle." There is only one Romaine Fielding. Yes, he is tall.

M. K., New York City.—Robert Thornby was Buck McGee in "The Fatherhood of Buck McGee."

E. R. M., Spokane.—We dont know why all companies do not use the cast of characters on the film.

Judith C. F.—Write Florence Turner direct to the Vitagraph. Gladys Roosevelt, who chatted Crane Wilbur, is not the ex-President's daughter.

Helen A. H., Brooklyn.—You mean Ed Coxen in "The Belle of the Beach" (Kalem). Jane Wolfe was Sue in "Election Day in California" (Kalem). William West was Paul Briscoe. You mean Mabel Normand.

L. J. Kendall.—Mabel Normand was formerly of the Biograph and Vitagraph. The woman in "The Wife of the Hills" (Essanay) is unknown. Signorina Bertini is the girl on page 121 of the September, 1912, issue.

J. J. B., Mass.—We do not answer *anything* that pertains to Biograph.

"Kathleen."—Chat with Francis Bushman in February, 1912.

L. M. C., Miss.—We thank you for quoting the paragraph. The name of the hotel where Mary Pickford gave her farewell dinner was Bretton Hall, Broadway and Eighty-sixth Street, New York City. *The Moving Picture World* gave a full account of it, February, 1912.

"Curious," Waterbury.—Jane Mayo, Florence Foley and Helen and Dolores Costello were the children in "The Irony of Fate" (Vitagraph). May Buckley was the minister's sister in "The Derelict's Return" (Lubin). Lillian Christy was the girl in "The Peril of the Cliffs." Jack Halliday's picture was in July, 1912; May Buckley, March and June, 1912, issues.

L. E. G., Fort Plain.—Clara Kimball Young was Babbie in "The Little Minister" (Vitagraph). Belle Harris was the girl in "The Frenzy of Firewater."

Theta, New York.—"Exhilarating Uncle John" was Edwin August.

F. C. G., Hewitt.—Maurice Costello has not left Vitagraph. Neither has James Morrison. Ruth Stonehouse was the poor girl in "From the Submerged."

K. M., Brooklyn.—We are sorry, but we think it is useless to try to get the three-year-old boy in pictures; you might write to the companies direct.

E. B., Curious.—Your question is out of our line.

"Babe," Los Angeles.—Earle Williams will remain in Brooklyn. Francis X. Bushman was leading man in the Chicago Essanay plant. We dont know how much, or what part, of the Keystone Co. Fred Mace owns.

Maurice, Little Rock.—You refer to Charles Clarey. Henry Walthall has left the Reliance. There is only one Henry Walthall.

Gaby.—Florence Turner was Lucie in "A Tale of Two Cities." Robert Gaillord was Wearywold, the policeman in "The Little Minister."

Beth.—You refer to George Lessey. Other question against the rule.

Miss S., New York.—Anna M. Stewart is the girl in "The Wood Violet" (Vitagraph).

Mrs. C. B., Denver.—James Cruze was Albert in Part II of "Forest Rose" (Thanhouser).

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

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Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

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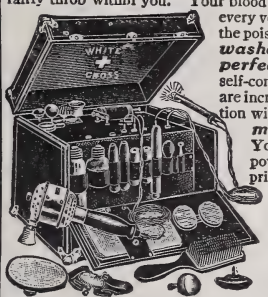

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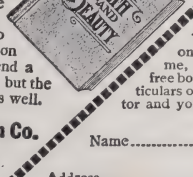

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WRITE PLAINLY

G. W. P., Rome.—If you ever met and talked with Flora Finch, as we have, you would be convinced that she is an entirely charming woman. The editor says he will have the children chatted.

P. V. C., Hastings.—Helen Gardner's films are released thru the United States Film Co. Martha Russell and Helen Dunbar were the girls in "A Voice of Conscience." Players are friendly in private life, just as they are in the pictures.

E. M. L., Brooklyn.—The perforating room is kept very dark while the perforating machines are in use. That's why.

Grace M., Columbus.—Just because you do not see Crane Wilbur playing, you think he is dead. Well, he isn't.

Bird's-Eye, M. J. V. W.—Florence Lawrence has not as yet made any plans.

B. H. S., Sherbrooke, Ont.—Alice Joyce and Rube Marquard appeared in only one film. First question against the rules.

F. D., Hackensack.—You will have to judge for yourself what the surprise was in the last scene of "The Misspelled Word." Rube Marquard is not a regular player. Ormi Hawley and Lottie Briscoe are both leading ladies of the Lubin Co. Arthur Johnson, of course, is leading man. Yes, they are the Hollister children.

"Bashful Fifteen," "G. H. Somerville," "Anna M. M," and "S. M. C.," London.—Your questions have been answered before.

Miss M. S., New York.—"The Professor's Ward" (Lubin) was never published in this magazine.

Plymouth Girls.—We cannot deliver your message to George Melford, that you do not like to see Carlyle Blackwell with a mustache, but he will see this, and, no doubt, have things fixed to suit you, right away.

M. M., Montreal.—We repeat, there is no hope. Only experienced actors now have a chance. We printed a full page on this some time ago. Octavia Handworth is still with Pathé Frères.

Prudence and Priscilla.—Why do you ask questions about marriage?

H. C., Broadway.—Mary Pickford did not join the Independents.

G. M. A., Jamaica Plain.—Bessie Sankey is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. He is still acting.

May I.—Ed Coxen and Ruth Roland are in the Santa Monica branch of the Kalem.

Mrs. T., New York.—We never printed the Biograph story you mention.

Anthony, New Orleans.—We are sorry you do not like King Baggot in Independent pictures, but we cannot make him join Licensed.

Maude Adams.—Thank you for your suggestion; we shall consider it.

A. M., Rochester.—Fritzi Brunette is leading lady for Victor. Essanay and American are not affiliated.

"Frances," Washington.—You say "Dear Spectator." He is not on our magazine; formerly of *The Dramatic Mirror*. The news in the Greenroom Jottings is secured direct from the manufacturers.

Marie A. F.—Laura Sawyer was Annie in "Ostler Joe" (Edison). Write direct to Thanhouser for photos. Marie sends the following, but she is wrong:

Flossie C. P.'s inquiries
Must be worse than daily diaries;
But I cannot comprehend
Why you fail to see the end.
It's not Crane Wilbur she's crazy about;
I know it is the other scout.
Of course, you ask who he might be;
It's the Answer Man, I'll guarantee.

F. M., Middleton.—The picture is of Lillian Walker.

B. G. W., St. Louis.—Biograph questions!!!!!

F. W. H. S., Fort Wayne.—We made a mistake. Helen Costello is about seven and Dolores is about twelve. William Mason was the boy in "Hearts of Men." May Buckley was May in "What the Driver Saw." Grace Foley was the baby in "The Strange Story of Elsie Mason." When you send us your questions on November 25, and ask to have them in the December issue, it is impossible. At that time we are just finishing up the answers for the January issue.

V. E. O.—Frederick Church was Kelley in "Broncho Billy's Bible."

Flossie.—The "little jiggers" for your Big Ben binder have been sent to you.

Becky, Niagara Falls, writes the following motto for the Answer Man. "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." Thank you, madam, but we cannot answer your question.

Dazzling Baby.—Gwendoline Pates was the wife in "The Striped Bathing-Suit." William Mason was the coward in "The Wildman."

R. B., Brooklyn.—We do not answer questions about the stage.

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C. L., 16.—Harry Benham was the father in "The Warning" (Thanhouser). The Thanhouser Twins (Fairbanks sisters) were in "The Little Girl Next Door."

D. H., PITTSBURG.—William Russell had the leading male part in "Miss Robinson Crusoe." Other questions answered.

BOBBY P. B.—Hobart Bosworth was Edmond Dantes in "The Count of Monte Cristo." You know the players change from one company to another, and it was possible for three stars to be in one company at that time.

H. C. L., TEXAS.—Darwin Karr was Mr. Dean in "At the Phone" (Solax). Marshall Neilan was the lover in "The Wanderer."

"DICK," DENVER.—Arthur Johnson played in Omaha, Neb., for one week.

CURIOUS, WATERBURY.—Your questions answered above.

MADELINE J.—Marguerite Snow was the saleslady, and Florence LaBadie was her sister in "The Saleslady." Cleo Ridgely did not play in the Imp film. Alice Joyce was with no other company than Kalem.

ADDIE, COLLEGE POINT.—The two funny farm-hands in "The Deceivers" (Lubin) were Dotty Staff and Clarence Elmer. Lillian Christy was Maud, and Jane Wolfe her mother in "The Village Vixen."

B. V., YONKERS.—Dick Rosson has been with the Vitagraph about a year and a half.

B. R. M., HARLEM.—May Buckley played opposite Harry Myers in "The Runaways." Julia Mackley was the mother in "The Mother of the Ranch" (Essanay). Beth Taylor was the girl in "The Ranch Girl's Trial."

J. B. A., PARK CITY.—Cant say if Anna Q. Nilsson ever posed as a hairdresser's model. Such questions!

No. 17, ST. LOUIS.—We cannot give you the leading lady in "An Indian's Gratitude." Miss Mason had the lead in "For the Sake of the Papoose."

F. C.—Miss Baird's maid was not in the cast in "Chumps."

F. A. S., STATEN ISLAND.—Lillian Christy never played in Lubinville. Frank Newburg was the count, and Harry Benham was the American in "Miss Robinson Crusoe" (Thanhouser). Clara Williams was Nell in "Parson James" (Lubin).

"ESSANAY FIEND."—We dont know about any daughters of Brinsley Shaw. Joseph Gebhart had the lead in "The Branded Arm."

W. T. H., CHICAGO.—Mabel Snyder was Alice's sister, and Eleanor Kahn was the "imp" in "McGrath's Love Letters" (Essanay).

L. A., NEW YORK CITY.—You ask who is Leo Delaney's bride; all we can say is that she is his wife. Rose Tapley was Anna Stewart's mother, and Mrs. Mary Maurice was Zena Keefe's mother in "Her Choice." Marion Leonard is with the Monopol Company.

"L. B.," Chicago; "BET," Houston; "J. S. S.," Newman; "E. P.," Newark; "F. M.," Middleton; "M. W.," New Orleans, have all been answered before.

S. H. W.—Alice Joyce is still in the New York studio. Thomas Moore is her leading man. Lillian Christy was the girl in "When Youth Meets Youth." In "Cynthia's Agreement," you mean Alice Washburn. Ethel Clayton in "The Last Rose of Summer."

C. L. R. C.—James Cruze was Sir Percival, Marguerite Snow was Laura and Ann, and William Garwood was Walter in "The Woman in White." In "The Flirty Husband" (Keystone), Fred Mace was the husband. He is not called Bumptious; perhaps you mean John Cumpson.

BEVERLY, 16.—Marshall Neilan was the favorite son in "Father's Favorite." William Duncan was in "The Vagabond." We cannot help you on the Pathé questions.

CLEOPATRA VENUS JACKSON.—Joseph Gebhart was the male lead in "The Hand of Destiny." We have not the leading lady. William West was the landlord, Lillian Christy and Carlyle Blackwell the leads in "The Peril of the Cliffs." Eleanor Caines had the lead in "Red-hot Courtship." Guy D'Ennery played opposite Ormi Hawley in "Madeleine's Christmas." Is it any wonder we dont answer all of your questions when you ask: "Do you know what perfume Ormi Hawley uses?"

F. E. S., NEW YORK.—Joseph Allen was the father in "From the Submerged." William Lamp was the captain in "The Thorns of Success" (Majestic).

VITAGRAPH ADMIRER.—Mary Charleson was with the Republic and Reliance companies before joining Vitagraph.

LUCILE, CHI.—Carlyle Blackwell and Neva Gerber had the leads in "The Water-Right War." Look above for other questions.

MISS MAY T.—We are sorry, but we cannot tell you one way or the other about Florence Lawrence.

VIRGINIE, CONN.—Buster Roswell Johnson played in "'Twixt Love and Ambition" and "When Buster Went to Dreamland." Will chat Warren Kerrigan soon.

KITTY L. R., SALEM.—Jean, the Vitagraph dog, belongs to Lawrence Trimble. He is a collie. Thomas Moore was the lead in "Grandfather's Clock" (Kalem).

DIANA D.—Sarah Bernhardt played only in feature films. Victor Co. releases only one film a week. Other questions answered before.

VANCE P. M., NEW CASTLE.—Arthur Mackley was the judge, Beth Taylor the accused girl in "The Ranch Girl's Trial" (Essanay).

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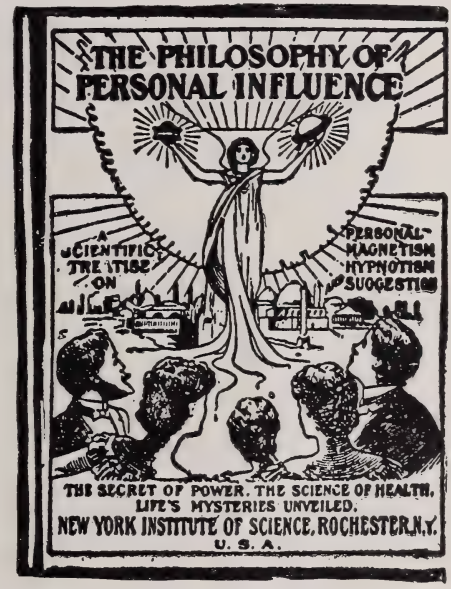
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C. H. E. A., Mass.—Joseph De Grasse was Dr. Ray in "For the Sake of the Papoose." George Reehm was the husband in "The Hindoo Charm" (Lubin). The real and only genuine Flossie has not appeared so far this month.

Babe D., St. Louis.—Address your mail direct to the Selig Co. in Chicago.

C. P., Stapleton.—Edna Payne was the girl in "Water Rats" (Lubin). William Cavanaugh is not a real Indian.

Miss Brooklynite.—Barry O'Moore and Bessie Learn had the leads in "When She Was About Sixteen" (Edison).

C. A. H., Boise.—The "Brand Blotter" was a Selig. Myrtle Stedman was Dulcie.

A. J., Mt. V.—Octavia Handworth was leading lady in "A Nation's Peril" (Pathé Frères).

Olga, 16.—We have not seen Bunny lately, but think you ought to know Bunny when you see him. Lillian Christy was the sweetheart in "Redwing and the Paleface." Yes, Kalem would be a good company to join, but we are afraid you have not had any stage experience.

Virgie R., Chicago.—Augustus Carney was Alkali Ike.

M. E. C., Cal.—Miriam Nesbitt was the wife in "The Little Artist of the Market" (Edison).

E. T., Cleveland.—Florence LaBadie has posed for artists. You have the characters correct in "Jess." William Mason is the nephew in "Springing a Surprise" (Essanay).

"Two Steno's."—Mabel Normand is not with Biograph, but Keystone. Wheeler Oakman was Manly Hart in "Saved by Fire." Yes, Maurice Costello is really married. Isn't it too bad!

Marguerite E., San Francisco and K. S., Missouri.—Questions answered before.

Betty, Williamsport.—Kathlyn Williams is the Selig girl. Vedah Bertram died August 27. Get back numbers direct from the magazine.

"Rhodisha."—Lottie Briscoe was Lottie in "The New Country School-Teacher" (Lubin). Others have been answered.

"Two Harry Idyls."—What next! Wants us to tell Harry Myers he needs powder on his nose. And "Why is it that Harry Myers always hugs and kisses Mae Hotely, when no other actors do?" We will leave that question to Harry.

"Flossie C. P." writes as follows: "Esteemed and Respected Friend—It is a gratification, and I might even say, a recreation to write to you, and thus impart myself the honor of having a little chat with so distinguished a gentleman as yourself. I have the reputation of being a tyrannically inquisitorial individual, and, first of all, I want to extirpate that impression from your rational faculty, the mind, and also do some more extermination from other people's minds—or I might say vacuums. If it is not asking too much, I would like you to advise me as to the whereabouts of Crane Wilbur. I admire this gentleman so much on account of his comely appearance. I also wish you to tell me (if the magnitude of my inquiry does not overpower you) whether or not Mr. Wilbur is equestrian or herbivorous. Another reason why I admire him is because of his intrepidity in the pictures, and I certainly bewail when I fail to see him. I fear you are not equitable to him in the magazine. But you have rectitude for all the rest, I am certain. With best wishes for yourself and yours, I am, honest and truly, Flossie C. P." We dont know who played that part; it is not in the cast. Furthermore, you are sailing under false colors.

"Sappho."—We have no doubt that Miss Joyce would be very pleased to know that you have written a waltz and dedicated it to her. You will have to ask her whether or not you may use her name on it, altho there is no law, we believe, against dedicating it to her without her permission.

Dotty Dimples.—It is better to typewrite your scenarios. Yes, we agree with you.

W. J. B., Brooklyn.—We wont be able to print Mary Pickford's picture, or have a chat with her, because she is no longer a Moving Picture actress. Edna Flugrath is still with Edison.

Olga, 17 (Alias Olga, 16.)—Congratulations, Olga. You know we cant print Henry Walthall's picture, dont you?

The N. Y. Movie Girl.—Marshall Neilan was the weakling in "The Greaser and the Weakling" (American). Send direct to the company for pictures.

"Two Steno's."—Edna Payne was Alice in "Gentleman Joe," Edwin Carewe was Joe, Earle Metcalf was the other player. Mary Pickford is Mary in "The Informer." Vedah Bertram played opposite G. M. Anderson in "Broncho Billy's Escapade." Lottie Briscoe was the lead in "A Stolen Symphony." Earle Williams' picture soon.

Marguerite De W.—Bryant Washburn plays in the same company with Mr. Bushman. Essanay is in Chicago, and Vitagraph is in Brooklyn. Send for list of manufacturers, but be sure and send a stamped, addressed envelope.

Plunkett.—What, here again? Edna Payne and Edwin Carewe had the leads in "Juan and Juanita." Vedah Bertram's real name was Adele Buck, and she was buried at Sheepshead, N. Y.

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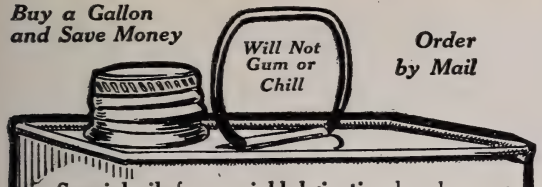

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LILLIAN A. (ALIAS BILLIE).—Your questions have been answered before.

SELMA, COLUMBUS, O.—Charles Arthur was Charles in "The Last Rose of Summer." Since 150 persons, and more, have asked for the cast in "The Mills of the Gods," we give it herewith. Roger Lytton was Lorenzo; Leo Delaney, Miguel; Rosemary Theby, Guilia, Maria's half-sister; Zena Keefe, Maria; George Cooper, Tano, Lorenzo's tool; Tefft Johnson, Pietro, Miguel's friend; Adele De Garde, Rosa, Miguel's child; Harry Northrup, De Waldis, Guilia's aid and counsel; Evelyn Dominicis, she-wolf; Mrs. Maurice Costello, nurse.

L. S., CHICAGO.—Darwin Karr was Walter Barnes in "Flesh and Blood" (Solax). Blanche Cornwall was the girl. Lew Myers was the Jew in "The Man They Scorned." We cannot give you casts for Gaumont pictures at present.

MISS ANNABEL.—William Mason was the man with dimples in "Hearts of Men" (Essanay). Whitney Raymond played in "All in the Family," "The Lemon" and "Billie McGrath's Love-Letters." Hal Clements was Smoke-up Smith, Anna Nilsson was Betty, and Guy Coombs her lover in "Smoke-up Bill" (Kalem). Charles Arthur was Charles, Harry Myers was Harry in "The Doctor's Debt." Neva Gerber seems to be Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady now.

NANCY JANE, 16.—Say, Nancy, next time you send in twelve questions, please send stamped envelope. You are as numerous as Flossie was. Miss Mason played in "The Redman's Friendship." Charles Arling played opposite Gwendoline Pates in "At the Burglar's Command." Lillian Christy was the girl in "When Youth Meets Youth." Paul C. Hurst was Carlyle Blackwell's brother.

M. C.—Harry Myers was Harry in "What the Driver Saw." "Freed from Suspicion" was played before Miss Joyce left the Glendale section of Kalem. Carlyle Blackwell is still in Glendale. Jane Wolfe was the maid in "Freed from Suspicion."

FLORENCE M. B., CHICAGO.—No, we do not answer questions about age, height, etc., unless we happen to know without making inquiry. The baby you refer to is the Thanhouser Kidlet. Other questions answered.

D. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—We thank you for your enclosures. Ormi Hawley does not play opposite Arthur Johnson; Lottie Briscoe does. Maurice Costello directs, also.

B. T., MT. VERNON.—Well, well, we thought everybody knew Carlyle Blackwell.

MUTT AND JEFF.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "The Peril of the Cliffs." Jack Warren Kerrigan is with the "Flying A" Co.

C. M., SACRAMENTO.—Betty Gray was the girl in "The Lass of Glouster" (Pathé Frères). Lillian Walker's chat soon.

C. W. W., NORTH TROY.—Marcella Meier was the girl in "The Lion Tamer's Revenge" (Cines). Other questions answered before.

B. P., EDGERTON.—Marshall Neilan was the weaker brother in "The Weaker Brother." The "Three Valises" was a double exposure, trick picture.

I. J.—Vivian Prescott was the lead in "Leah the Forsaken" (Imp). Edgar Jones was the leading man in "The Struggle of Hearts" (Lubin). Other questions answered.

PLUNKETT.—Your questions were out of order.

EVELYN R. B., BAINBRIDGE.—Alice Joyce was chatted in August, 1912, and Maurice Costello was chatted in April, 1912.

"MARTHY," ST. JOE.—Norma Talmadge was Ruth, and Van Dyke Brooke was Capt. Barnacle in "Captain Barnacle's Reformer." Bryant Washburn was the husband in "Chains" (Essanay).

VIVIEN AND CHLOTILE.—Marguerite Snow played the two parts in "The Woman in White" (Thanhouser). Mignon Anderson's picture was in the July, 1912, issue. Other questions are too old.

NU-SENSE.—Mae Hotely was the lead in "Down with the Men."

R. G., FLAGSTAFF.—James Young was the Little Minister in the play by that name (Vitagraph). Other questions above.

L. R., PENN.—Selig Polyscope Co., 45 E. Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

"A WESTERN GIRL."—Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy Outwitted."

P. R., DALLAS.—No, Florence Lawrence has not been killed yet.

FRANCES, NEW YORK.—Helen Gardner was chatted in June, 1912. Ruth Roland is the leading lady of the Santa Monica branch. Ruth Roland and Ed Coxen had the leads in "I Saw Him First." A theater can show Universal and Mutual at the same time. Other questions answered.

E. G., BUFFALO.—Ray Gallagher was Steve Aldrich in "A Romance at Catalina Island." Jane Fearnley was Amy in "In Old Tennessee." Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior had the leads in "A Game of Chess" (Majestic).

VICTORIA AND H.—Hazel Neason and Ralph Mitchell had the leads in "The Heart of John Grimm" (Kalem). Harry Mainhall was Jack Tenny in "A Voice of Conscience."

C. W., SAN ANTONIO.—Jack Hopkins was Jack in "The Debt" (Rex).

J. D. R., CHICAGO.—We haven't any idea why Gertrude McCoy bites her lips. Evebelle Prout and Mildred Weston are not the same people. Other questions out of order.

H. M. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—Gladys Field is not back with the Powers Co.

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ELIZABETH S. C.—The picture you enclose is of Lillian Walker. Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The Last Rose of Summer."

CAROLYN, 16.—Talbott's book, "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked" can be had from this magazine on receipt of $1.65. Because we do not answer questions about relationship.

A. C. P.—Hazel Neason was Lillie in "The Thief." Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "The Laird's Daughter." Evebelle Prout was in "Not on the Circus Program" and "The Mixed Sample Trunks." Red Wing had the lead in "Wooing of White Fawn."

V. D. P., HOLDEN.—Ormi Hawley and Edwin August had the leads in " 'Twixt Love and Ambition."

MISS MAY T.—Anna Stewart and E. K. Lincoln had the leads in "The Wood Violet."

"PETE" says that Beverly Bayne is the prettiest of the Essanay girls.

TRIXIE S., VANCOUVER.—You are right.

"PETER PAN."—Your foolish questions were welcomely received by the waste-basket.

B. V. D., TOPEKA.—Miriam Nesbitt was the girl in "The Bank President's Son" (Edison). Robert Thornby was the outlaw in "Omens of the Mesa" (Vitagraph). Rex de Roselli and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "The Saint and the Siwash."

J. S. S., NEWMAN.—Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "The Smuggler" (Lubin). Selig has a studio in Cal. Beverly Bayne was the daughter in "Back to the Old Farm."

SELIG ADMIRER, BROOKLYN.—We do not use Selig pictures.

F. M., MIDDLETOWN.—George Melford directs for the Glendale section of the Kalem Co. Hobart Bosworth has no double.

HILDA M., RENSSELAER.—Julia Swayne Gordon was Duchess de Berac in "Days of Terror." Clara Kimball Young was Babbie in "The Little Minister." Thank you for your information.

G. M., COLUMBUS.—Write to him, and see if he will write to you.

MISS MAY T.—We do not know what salary any of the players get.

G. H., NEW YORK.—See above.

V. P., PENROY.—Evebelle Prout was the maid in "The Letter" (Essanay). Since you have had experience, you might write to one of the companies for employment.

"DIXIE LOU," JACKSON.—John Bunny's picture was in the October, 1911, January and August, 1912, issues. Flora Finch's picture was in August, 1911.

MARY C. P., DAYTON.—Ruth Stonehouse was the poor girl in "From the Submerged." Other questions answered.

FLO G. C.—American is located at Santa Barbara. If your questions are received before January 25, they will appear in the March issue, which comes out about the middle of February. Other questions answered above.

MISS L. N., BROOKLYN.—Evelyn Selbie is not a real Indian.

JUDY.—Please dont write in on comic postals, so that we cannot read them.

GOLDEN WEST, BROOKLYN.—Quite a contrast. Adelaide Lawrence was the little girl in "The Street Singer." George Stewart was Phil in "In the Garden Fair." Raymond Hackett was the boy in "A Child's Devotion." Ruth Roland and Marin Sais were the girls in "Beauty Parlor of Stone Gulch."

MISS MAY T.—Another chat with Florence Lawrence soon. Wait until she gets located before writing to her.

V. E. S., MANNINGTON, thinks Dolores Cassinelli is the prettiest of the five girls of the Essanay. We dont know why you dont see more motorcycle races.

M. F. A., LOS ANGELES.—Write to General Film Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

LYLLIAN D. W.—Election day is past, but we dont know whether Maurice Costello is a Bull Moose or not; nor can we give "The Question Mark" his age.

FLO, CHICAGO.—You cant expect that the players will answer all their mail, because you can imagine the quantity they must receive.

DOTTY DIMPLES.—"The Girls of Grassville" was an Essanay.

H. L. R., NEW YORK.—William Bodie and Judson Melford were the children, and Knute Rahm and Carlyle Blackwell were the same characters when they were grown up. James Young was the son in "The Model for St. John." Edna Payne is with Lubin.

F. C. M., NEWARK.—Harry Benham and Taku Takagi were the leads in "Miss Taku of Tokio." Do not ask about marriage.

KITTY L. R.—Alice Joyce is with the New York Kalem section. Billy Quirk is with the Gem. Charles Compton was Buster's father in "When Buster Went to Dreamland."

REUBEN H.—Louise Lester was Calamity Anne in "Calamity Anne's Ward." Francis X. Bushman had the lead in "The Warning Hand." He has left the Essanay.

L. E. P., NEW YORK CITY.—No, we do not know why Florence Lawrence left the Lubin, but we do know that it was not "too much Johnson."

INQUISITIVE, No. 23, says: "Beverly Bayne every time."

I. O. U.—Your questions have been answered.

MARIE C.—See chat with Maurice Costello April, 1912.

CONSTANCE R.—Dorothy Phillips has been with Essanay. Lottie Pickford is not with Kalem. Pathé Frères will answer most of our questions now.

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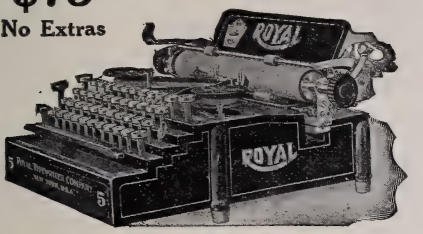

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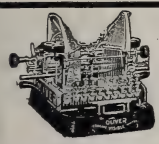

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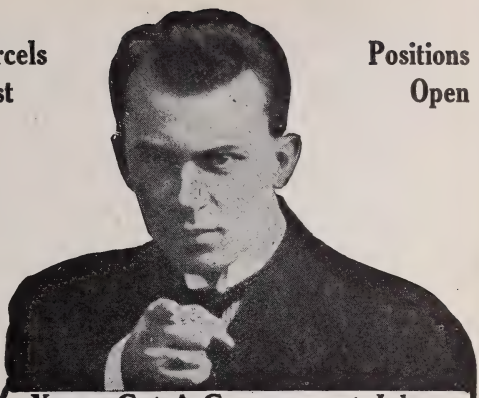

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THE PEST.—Frank Merritt is our artist who made the design. Cleo Ridgely expects to make the trip across the continent in one year. She could do it much sooner, but, you know, she is stopping at the theaters, and that takes time.

J. M. W.—We are sorry, but we cannot tell the title from the description you give.

J. A. F., HONDON.—She thinks that J. Morrison has the sweetest and most manly face she has ever seen. That's nice. Other questions answered.

MAURICE, LITTLE ROCK.—Ruth Stonehouse was the stenographer No. 1, and Dolores Cassinelli No. 2 in "Mr. Hubby's Wife." "Lubinville" is located at Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia.

"BABY ROSE," SAN FRANCISCO.—"The Blighted Son" was made in Italy, and we cannot secure the cast.

J. L. S., NEWMAN.—Marion Cooper and Guy Coombs had the leads in "A Railroad Lochinvar."

G. K., DETROIT.—You refer to Knute Rahmn, of Kalem.

B. D. M., CUMBERLAND.—Hobart Bosworth was Edmond in "Count of Monte Cristo."

B. AND K., ALBANY.—There was no Albert in the cast for "The Count of Monte Cristo."

MARY, DAYTON.—Ruth Roland was the nurse in "A Hospital Hoax." Lily Branscombe was the daughter in "A Little Louder, Please."

J. S. F., DALLAS.—The title was "A Modern Atalanta," and not "Atlanta."

DREAM GIRL, N. O.—The picture is of Lillian Walker. Larmar Johnstone had the lead in "Their Children's Approval" (Eclair). It is pronounced S & A.

"TEMPLE KID."—We have several pictures of Alice Joyce, thank you. We never could publish the sketch you submitted of her. No matrimony questions.

L. C., NEW LONDON.—Robert Grey played the part of Dr. Hargrave in "Strong-Arm Nellie." Bessie Eyton was Bessie in "Shanghaied." No, Thomas Moore was not formerly with Biograph.

BESSIE, NEW JERSEY.—Eagle Eye is a real Indian. Pathé have real Indians in their Western section.

C. BLACKWELL'S ADMIRER.—That's no way to sign yourself. We want your full name and address. Edward Coxen and Ruth Roland had the leads in "The Loneliness of the Hills" (Kalem). Please give name of company.

F. A. D., NEW YORK.—You dont mean G. M. Anderson, do you? Julia Mackley was the wife in "The Ranchman's Anniversary." Dolores Costello was the child in "She Never Knew" (Vitagraph). Maurice Costello is now traveling.

L. M., MONTGOMERY.—Buster Roswell Johnson was the child in "'Twixt Love and Ambition."

W. J. K.—The title was "The Telltale Shell." Such questions as "How long does it take Jack Richardson to grow a beard?" and "Was the mirror broken into 118 pieces?" are too silly to answer. Besides, you take up our time in reading them.

ANOK, FRESNO.—We presume there have been several companies in Fresno, but we know of no particular company stationed there.

F. R. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—Your questions were against the rules.

UNSIGNED.—You have Edwin August placed correctly. Mabel Trunnelle was Mrs. Vale in "Thorns of Success" (Majestic).

S. C., KANSAS CITY.—We never heard of "The Sunset Gun" being Marc McDermott's masterpiece.

E. B., NEW BRITAIN.—See elsewhere for Warren Kerrigan's address.

N. E., MERIDIAN.—And you, too, my dear, ask questions against the rules.

"DUMPLING."—Mignon Anderson is with Thanhouser in New Rochelle, N. Y., and G. M. Anderson in Niles, Cal., so how can they play together?

"VIOLETTA."—In "His Life" Ormi Hawley was Edwin August's sweetheart, but we dont know who was his other sweetheart at the mask ball. Charles Arthur was the rival in "The Last Rose of Summer." Other questions answered.

A. L. A. D., BUFFALO.—Tom Powers is still playing; Crane Wilbur is still in Jersey City, and see Warren Kerrigan's address elsewhere.

"WEST VIRGINIA KID."—Guy Coombs is playing with Kalem. You refer to Edward Coxen. We cannot give the age of G. M. Anderson exactly, but it is somewhere between twenty and fifty.

J. L. S., NEWMAN.—Alice Joyce has been playing for Kalem about three years. Beverly Bayne was the waitress in "An Adamless Eden." Marion Cooper is known as an expert swimmer.

BUCK, D. V.—Charles Ogle plays George Washington parts for Edison.

J. B. H., SAN DIEGO.—Thank you for your kind offer.

OLGA, 17.—She had a real fall in the pictures. And so you want to be an actress. Will pass your verse along to the editor. We have no other magazines pertaining to Motion Pictures, but there are the trade publications. Flora Finch was Miss Tullom. The girls are not on the cast in "The Professor and the Lady" (Vitagraph).

M. S., NEW YORK.—We have not heard Florence Lawrence's decision as yet.

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LAURY, N. Y.—Her name is pronounced *Gawnt-teer*, sometimes *Gawnt-te-air*. Florence Turner is one of the leading ladies of Vitagraph. By writing to the Independent exchanges, you could find out where Independent houses are located in New York.

DIX.—Maurice Costello lives in Brooklyn when he is here, but he is now traveling. You refer to Betty Gray. We are waiting for "Trix."

"CONSTANT READER," BRIDGEPORT.—We wont tell which is the best-looking, Carlyle Blackwell, Warren Kerrigan or Gilbert Anderson. Each has his admirers. Miss Logan was Lou Starbuck in "The Starbucks" (American).

CAROLYN D.—Harry Myers is still with Lubin. Edwin Carewe was Harold Noyes in "The Moonshiner's Daughter." Write to Keystone, and you will reach Mabel Normand. Other questions answered before.

TRIX.—So you are here! Please dont make any threats against the Answer Man. And, above all, dont ask questions pertaining to matrimony. Warren Kerrigan played in "The Weakling," "The Weaker Brother," "The Power of Love," "Pals," and lots of others. He plays for American. You refer to E. K. Lincoln. Anna Stewart was leading lady in "Wood Violet."

PLUNKETT.—No relationships.

H. M. C.—Mrs. Costello was the child's nurse in "Six o'Clock." C. G. P. C. stands for foreign Pathé Frères pictures. G. M. Anderson is his correct name. He has played parts other than Broncho Billy.

M. E., WATERLOO.—Howard Missimer was Old Buckley in "The Scheme" (Essanay). "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked" can be had from us. Write to Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

"AGATHA," WILMINGTON.—Hazel Neason was Sarah Curtis in "The Young Millionaire" (Kalem). Neva Gerber was the sweetheart in "The Flower Girl's Romance" (Kalem). Earle Williams' chat June, 1912. Edward Coxen and Marin Sais had the leads in "The Pony Express Girl."

BLONDY M., WHEELING.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "When Youth Meets Youth." Send your letter to Kalem Co., and they will forward it to Carlyle.

BETTY B., WHEELING.—You refer to Edward Coxen. We dont know what to tell you about Carlyle, except that he is still acting. Why not look up his chat in July, 1912?

BERT, BUNNY & Co.—Sarah Bernhardt does not pose for Champion. Other questions too foolish.

N. C.—Questions against the rules.

EVA M.—Alice Joyce did not play in "The Informer." Mildred Bracken was the girl in "Linked by Fate" (Méliès).

I. O. U.—We believe all the advertisements in our magazine are reliable.

KENTUCKY GIRL.—See above for your questions.

ANTHONY, NEW ORLEANS.—Brinsley Shaw was the mine-owner, True Boardman the foreman, Virginia Ames his wife, and William Todd the boss's henchman in "The Boss of Katy Mine" (Essanay). Marguerite Ne Moyer was Mabel, and Walter Stull was Paul in "Down with the Men." Frank Tobin was Robert in "The House of His Master" (Selig).

J. J., NEW HAVEN.—Maurice Costello's father was Irish, and his mother Spanish.

"A MUCH INTERESTED READER."—Hereafter, please save your stamps. We do not care to hear from you again, nor to answer your questions.

R. A., BROOKLYN.—There is no Fannie Sanford with Vitagraph now.

J. P., CHICAGO.—Glad you like your book of "Pictures of Popular Picture Players." Alice Joyce did not play in "The Bread Winners."

THE PEST.—We will have to tell Vitagraph to give George Cooper other parts besides the "crook." But, still, he seems to make such a very nice little crook.

M. S., NEW YORK.—The "fellow with the beautiful teeth" was E. K. Lincoln. Write to Lubin for pictures.

V. A. G., NEW YORK.—William Duncan was the son in "The Cowboy's Mother."

"Two G. M. A. FANS."—That is practically all the Western Essanay produce—cowboy or Western pictures. Mr. Spoor does not play in the pictures. He is too busy counting the money. He is in Chicago.

E. A. E., NEW YORK.—Your question is, properly, one for the Technical Bureau, or for some trade publication. It is not in our line to state how much it will cost to start a Moving Picture factory in your town. To do it right, it would cost a great many thousand dollars, and you could make it cost as much as $100,000. Then, again, you might do it on a small scale, with very little money. You had better get in touch with somebody who can advise you in detail.

G. A. C., MONTREAL.—We dont understand what you mean when you say: "Is there any company buying scenarios dealing in air stories?" If you mean aeroplane stories, 'most any company might use them. We presume the British-American Film Co. purchase scenarios.

GEORGE, ERIE, PA.—We are afraid there is no chance for you in the pictures. There are too many trying to get in. Many are called, but few are chosen.

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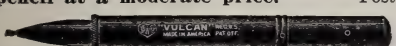

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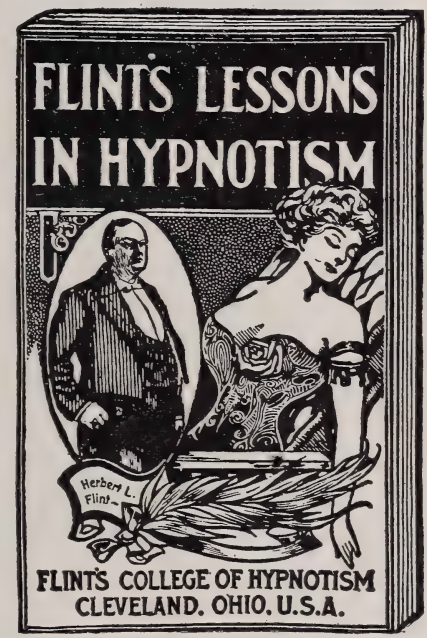

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FLO G. D., NEBRASKA.—Rose Tapley was Grace, and Courtney Foote her husband in "Susie to Suzanne." In "The Stroke Oar" (Lubin) Dorothy Mortimer and Charles Compton had the leads. Mrs. Mary Maurice was the mother-in-law in "His Mother-in-Law." "She Never Knew" (Vitagraph) was in the April, 1912. You have only to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope when you want your questions returned to you answered immediately, and when you want a list of the manufacturers.

DOROTHY D.—Cleo Ridgely was the lead in "Leaves in the Storm" (Rex), and Phillips Smalley played opposite. Walter Hitchcock was Fred, Billy Mason was Arthur, and Ruth Stonehouse was Miriam in "The Stain" (Essanay).

R. K., TORONTO.—Our Technical Bureau has been abandoned. Most people were unwilling to pay for valuable expert information.

MARY C., WORCESTER.—Lubin and Edison have both printed pictures of their studios. We know of no such picture as you describe.

WINNIE.—Jean Darnell was Edith in "Put Yourself in His Place" (Thanhouser).

L. M. F., BUFFALO.—Questions answered before.

E. L. G. (MAXIE).—Mme. Pascal was the girl in "The Adopted Child" (Pathé Frères). Cannot answer about "The Blighted Son."

D. B., BROOKLYN.—Miss Mason was the wife, Joseph De Grasse the husband, and the child is unknown in "The Redman's Friendship." J. Steppling was the stout man, and Whitney Raymond the smaller in "Miss Simkins' Summer Boarder" (Essanay). Paul C. Hurst and Carlyle Blackwell were the brothers in "When Youth Meets Youth." Harry Beaumont is with the New York Edison.

E. D., 'FRISCO.—Harry Wulze was Shorty, and Mae Marsh the girl in "Kentucky Girl" (Kalem). Joseph Gebhart was the rejected suitor in "Jealousy on the Ranch." John E. Brennan was Pat in "Pat the Soothsayer."

E. M. M., GALVESTON.—Harry Benham and Taku Takagi had the leads in "Miss Taku of Tokio" (Thanhouser).

W. E. H.—You refer to Mary Pickford. We shall not use her picture, because she is no longer a Motion Picture actress.

BETTY C. B.—Alice Joyce and Thomas Moore play together. Carlyle Blackwell is in Glendale, Cal.

E. L. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—Sorry, but we cannot help you get a position.

A. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—We believe that Pathé's Weekly and Vitagraph took pictures of the Equitable Life fire in New York last winter.

BONNE FILLE.—J. J. Clark played opposite Gene Gauntier in "The Mayor from Ireland." Cannot tell you about that old Biograph. Florence Lawrence is not with Independents any more.

A. P. R., NEW YORK.—Glad you like Robert Gaillord. He has many other admirers. Guess you won't see that Biograph again, as it probably has been destroyed by now.

JAMES F.—Mrs. Smith played in 'most everything Charles Hoyte produced.

D. V., PHILADELPHIA.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "The Plot That Failed" (Kalem). She is now with the American.

HERMAN H., BUFFALO.—Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark and Sidney Olcott have left Kalem and are playing in the Gene Gauntier Motion Picture Co., 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

S. WOOD & CO.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "The Deputy's Peril" (Kalem).

FLOSSIE OF BROOKLYN.—It is like pulling teeth to get the Answer Man's name, isn't it? Only it's harder.

EDYTHE H.—Marguerite Snow and James Cruze had the leads in "The Triangle" (Thanhouser). Cannot tell you about the "Cactus County Lawyer."

MARY ANNE, BUFFALO.—Helen Gardner was Becky in "Vanity Fair." Back numbers sell for 15c. a copy.

J. P. N., CHICAGO.—Flora Foster is with Thanhouser.

PERCY A.—We wouldn't want to begin to give you the names of the different companies taking pictures in California. Neva Gerber in "The Water-Right War," and not Ruth Roland.

I. E., MASS.—George Stewart was Phil in "In the Garden Fair." Myrtle Stedman was the wife in "The Saint and the Siwash." Bryant Washburn was the betrayer in "Sunshine" (Essanay). E. H. Calvert was Slivers in "The Redemption of Slivers" (Essanay). Henry Walthall was the District Attorney in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Reliance). Mildred Weston was the girl in "When Wealth Torments."

B. M., NEW YORK.—The "Buster in Dreamland" pictures were taken in Philadelphia. Buster Roswell Johnson was Buster.

M. E., CUMBERLAND.—Bessie Sankey is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. Vedah Bertram was with the Essanay about two years. Others questions answered elsewhere.

FLOSSIE P. C., CHICAGO.—Crane Wilbur was not in "The Country Boy."

CHRISTY M., TEXAS.—Paul Panzer and Gwendoline Pates had the leads in "A Stern Destiny" (Pathé Frères). You also refer to Betty Gray.

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Published every Saturday by THE CINEMATOGRAPH PUBLISHING CO.
30 West 13th Street, New York City

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H. J., IND.; J. L., M. K., N. Y. C.—Have all been answered before.

S. W.—Earle Foxe was the secretary in "The Combination of the Safe." Robyn Adair was Bob and Mary Ryan was Mary in "The Forest Rangers."

G. M. FRANZ.—Edwin August happens to be in California now, so we cant deliver your message. Ormi Hawley was Rosabel in "The Good-for-Nothing."

B. G. M., ZANESVILLE.—Write direct to Lubin for photos of players.

PHILLIS.—Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "The Stolen Symphony." Charles Brandt was Mr. Winchester, in the same play.

H. M., ROCHESTER.—Pauline Bush played opposite Warren Kerrigan in "One, Two, Three." The average length of a film is 1000 feet.

HELEN K., FORT LEAVENWORTH.—Harry Myers was the derelict in "The Derelict's Return" (Lubin).

HENRY R., BELOIT.—Warren Kerrigan was in "Jack of Diamonds."

C. J. B., LA GRANGE.—Cleo Ridgely was Lady Lillith in "The Troubadour's Triumph" (Rex). Both Costello children are in "The Toymaker" (Vitagraph).

CRESENTIA.—The picture you sent was of Ann Drew and Marguerite Snow.

OFFICERESS 666.—Robyn Adair was the forest ranger in "The Forest Ranger."

L. D.—Mildred Bracken and Frank Fernandez had the leads in "The Remittance Man" (Méliès)). Frank Fernandez was the grandson in "True Till Death."

B. B., BROOKLYN.—Romaine Fielding was Juan in "The Señorita's Conquest" (Lubin). What company, please?

V. M., MEMPHIS.—Walter Edwin was James Oakley in "The Non-Commissioned Officer" (Edison). Crane Wilbur has played in "The Compact," "The Three Bachelors' Turkey," "A Simple Maid" and "The Receiving Teller."

C. H. E. A., FALMOUTH.—Paul Panzer was the Swiss in "The Parachute Maker" (Pathé). "The Light That Failed" (Pathé) was taken at Jersey City and Newport, R. I. The little girl in "The Fatherhood of Buck McGee" is unknown.

M. H., Mo.—Harry Beaumont was not born in St. Joseph, but in New York City. Other questions answered.

MEDORA, WINDHAM.—Harry Mainhall played the part of Jack Tenny in "The Voice of Conscience" (Essanay). You refer to Brinsley Shaw in "An Indian Sunbeam" (Essanay). Marie Carewe was the girl, Edwin Carewe was the brother and Earle Metcalf was the sweetheart in "A Girl's Bravery" (Lubin).

S. L., HOPKINSVILLE.—Dorothy Mortimer was Dorothy and Charles Compton was Billy in "Caught Bluffing" (Lubin). Harry Myers did not play in "The Old Chessboard" (Lubin). Wallace Reid did not play in "Trapped by Fire" (Bison).

CHERRIE B.—Marshall Neilan and Jessalyn Van Trump were the second couple to get married in "One, Two, Three" (American). Jack Richardson got the wager. Marguerite Snow and William Garwood were the married couple and William Russell was the other father in "The Little Girl Next Door" (Thanhouser). James Cooley in "The Fur Smugglers" (Reliance). Lila Chester was the nurse in "The Professor's Son."

BILLY AND BOBBY.—Richard Stanton was the villain in "The Border Parson" (Méliès). Other questions answered.

M. L. D., PHILADELPHIA.—Lois Webber was the wife in "Leaves in the Storm" (Rex). Vedah Bertram's picture was in August, 1912.

MARIE W.—Edwin Carewe was the artist in "Moonshiner's Daughter" (Lubin).

OLGA 17 (ALIAS 16).—W. A. Williams was the lover in "At the Burglar's Command" (Pathé). You refer to Edward Smith in the "Obsession" (Méliès).

M. B. L., PENN.—Sorry, but we cannot give you that title, because Lubin omitted to answer.

N. V., SAN FRANCISCO.—"The Charge of the Light Brigade" (Edison) was taken in Wyoming. Francis Bushman chat in February, 1912.

"AN INTERESTED READER."—William Garwood has never taken female parts. Leo Delaney interview soon.

VIVIAN, MARIANNA.—Carl Winterhoff and Winnifred Greenwood had the leads in "Into the Genuine" (Selig). J. W. Johnson had the lead in "Saved at the Altar" (Pathé). Ruth Roland had the lead in "The Woman Hater." Lottie Briscoe and Raymond Hackett played in "A Child's Devotion" (Lubin). Violet Hemming was Lady Claire in the play by that title.

BERTHA GIRLIE.—The Thanhouser Kidlet was the half-brother in "Her Secret."

M. K.—Florence LaBadie and William Russell had the leads in "Thru the Flames" (Thanhouser). Riley Chamberlin was Mary's father in "Mary's Goat" (Thanhouser). There are eleven Licensed companies.

G. M., NASHVILLE.—Robert H. Grey was Dan in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan" (Nestor).

FLORENCE H.—James Cruze had the lead in "Called Back." Marie Eline is the Thanhouser Kid.

PLUNKET.—Fritzi Brunnette was Fritzi in "The Housekeeper" (Powers). May Buckley is playing in stock.

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G. M. C., COLUMBUS.—Bryant Washburn and Ruth Stonehouse had the leads in "Chains" (Essanay). Harry Myers is one of the leading men of Lubin.

JESSALINE L., ASHLAND.—Darwin Karr was Tom Harland in "The Idol Worshiper" (Solax). Warren Kerrigan has been playing for three years.

M. P. E. S. PENDLETON.—"The Unseen Enemy" was not a Thanhouser.

VIRGINIA.—Warren Kerrigan is located at Santa Barbara, Cal. Others answered.

V. J. O., DE KALB.—James Cruze was Richard's father in "Lucille" (Thanhouser).

OLGA 17.—Sorry, Olga, but we cannot answer those Selig questions. We think Carlyle would talk to you if you spoke to him on the street. He is very nice that way.

HARRIETTE M.—Marie Weirman played the part of Marie Forrest in "By the Sea" (Lubin). The "New Squire" was taken at London, England, by the Edison.

H. T., V. M. C., BROOKLYN; FLOSSIE P. C., CHICAGO; THE BOARDING SCHOOL TRIO, CHICAGO; FLOSSIE L. L. L. P. AND MARY G.—Your questions have been answered before.

R. W., PASSAIC.—Owen Moore was the country boy in "The Winning Punch."

L. S., CHICAGO.—Dorothy Davenport was the girl in "Dad's Mistake" (Nestor). Virginia Chester was Jess in "The Tattoo" (Bison). Baby Early was the girl in "Golden Rod" (Powers).

MARIE C. O.—Wallace Reid was Tom in "Indian Raiders" (Bison). We believe "What the Driver Saw" was done in Philadelphia.

P. A. W., DALLAS.—Drucilla Casperson was the leading lady in "The Sleeper."

M. M., BROOKLYN.—There is a James Moore with Lubin, and he was playing in Brooklyn some time ago.

L. D. B., LOS ANGELES.—Gladys Field is not with Powers.

JESSALINE.—Harry Benham was the father in "The Warning" (Thanhouser). Sorry, but we cannot get any information on those old Bison 101's.

C. D. R., NASHVILLE.—Violet Reed was leading lady in "The Tongueless Man."

IRENE S.—Hector Dion was the peddler's son, and Gertrude Robinson was Jennie in "The Peddler's Find" (Reliance). William Garwood was the mail clerk in "The Mail Clerk's Temptation."

LA LORRAINE.—"Jack Logan's Dog" was not a Kalem.

THE TWINS.—Hazel Boardman was the tomboy in "The Tomboy of Bar Z." Ruth Roland was the heroine in "Death Valley Scotty's Mine." Judson Melford was a boy of ten in "The Power of a Hymn" (Kalem). Norma Talmadge was the younger girl in "Faithful Unto Death" (Vita.). Send stamps or money order for magazines.

J. H., NEW YORK.—You refer to Edna Payne and Mildred Bracken.

E. F.—The picture is of G. M. Anderson and Gladys Field.

E. W., HOPKINSVILLE.—Edith Storey did not play in "The Debt."

BILLY GIRL.—Dont know whether she had false hair or not. Probably. Most girls wear false hair, anyway. Fritzi Brunnette's picture in July, 1912. You mean Gertrude Robinson.

R. B. G.—Most of your questions are against the rules. Dont know where you can get a full list of names of players.

E. A., N. Y.—Clara Kimball Young is the girl with the crown on the Christmas tree.

G. A. B., BROOKLYN.—You refer to Kathlyn Williams. We hope to publish pictures of Robert Thornby and Frederick Church soon.

H. C., NEW YORK.—Maurice Costello expects to take pictures on his trip.

B. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—Kathlyn Williams is still with Selig.

H. E. C., NEW YORK.—There is no General Mahone in the cast for "The Siege of Petersburg" (Kalem).

P. S. B., SCHENECTADY.—Do not ask about relationship.

A. D. F., COLUMBUS.—Howard Missimer was the lead in "White Hope" (Essanay). Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump play opposite Warren Kerrigan. Yes, we intend to carry every month a few pages of criticisms, but that is not up to the Answer Man.

L. B. E. E. P.—Frank Lanning is now with Pathé Frères. Ruth Blackwell is still with Kalem.

BERT A.—Margarita Fisher had the lead in "The Employer's Liability" (Nestor). Harry Pollard played opposite her. Howard Missimer was Hink in "Three to One" (Essanay). "The Garden of Allah" was produced by a feature company. Kalem were going to produce "Ben Hur," but were stopped.

"JULIET," BROOKLYN.—E. J. Hayes was the dying father in "The Voice of Conscience" (Thanhouser). T. J. Carrigan was with Selig last we knew.

JOHNNY CANUCK.—W. J. Kerrigan was the hero in "The Foreclosure" (American). Mildred Bracken was the heroine in "Wrongfully Accused" (Méliès). Whitney Raymond was Joe Mason in "Miss Simkins' Summer Boarders" (Essanay).

A. F. A., GENEVA.—Florence LaBadie was Cinderella and Mignon Anderson was the girl in "Please Help the Poor" (Thanhouser).

E. C. G.—Richard Stanton was the father in "A Son's Example." Our writers generally see the films, before writing the stories, but of course our stories come out in most cases before the films are released.

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ROSALINE.—Adelaide Lawrence was the little girl in "The Little Wanderer" (Kalem). Hazel Neason was her stepmother. Other questions answered before.

CHUBBY CHOLLY.—Watch ad. for the Ridgely's. Visitors are not allowed in the studios. Dave Wall and Elsie Albert had the leads in "A Leg and a Legacy" (Powers). Leona Radnor looks just like she does in the picture of her.

H. A. Y.—Carlyle Blackwell was Tom, William West was Mr. Lane in "Freed from Suspicion" (Kalem). Whether Florence Turner is serious or rather giddy, we would not undertake to say. Better read her chat. Crane Wilbur was not in "The Burglar's Command" (Pathé). Harry Cashman was the priest in (Essanay's) "Sunshine." He died on December 14th. John E. Brennan was Prof. Bunko in "Pat the Soothsayer." The Kalem Kalendar sells for 10 cents a copy, we believe.

10-1-16, COLUMBUS.—Eddie Lyons played in "Three Lovesick Cowboys" (Nestor). In "When the Heart Calls" (Nestor), William Carrol painted the black donkey white.

HERMAN H., BUFFALO.—Old films have no economic value. They are generally burned. When obtained in large quantities, a by-product can be obtained in the form of metallic silver from the ashes, but this is very seldom.

MIGNON.—There is no Alfred in "Lady in White" (Thanhouser).

M. F., BROOKLYN.—Jack Hopkins was Jack in "The Debt" (Rex). Evelyn Dominicis was Nannie in "The Little Minister" (Vitagraph). Walter Scott was Buck in "Old Fidelity" (Essanay). J. W. Johnstone was Pentworth in "The Reporter" (Pathé Frères). In "An Irish Girl's Love" (Lubin), Ethel Clayton was the girl. "Colleen Bawn" was storyized in our October, 1911, issue.

FLOSSIE AND SYLVA.—Guess you mean Warren Kerrigan. William Shay played opposite Vivian Prescott in "Franchan, the Cricket" (Imp).

A. C. B.—Eddie Lyons and Louise Glaum had the leads in "Making a Man of Him" (Nestor). Gladys Field was the daughter in "The Railroad and the Widow" (Powers). Gladys Field was also the wife of Mr. Anderson in "The Strike at Little Johnny Mine."

W. S., PORTSMOUTH.—Florence Lawrence was leading lady in "All for Love."

"MAC."—Imp cannot give us the information on "Count In-Bad."

"THREE PIES."—Afraid you are what they call a growler. Glad that Warren Kerrigan's neck, at least, pleases you. Costello may give you the "pipps," but he seems to suit everybody else pretty well. As for Madame Blanche's gray suede shoes, we are very sorry indeed that they do not meet with your approval. No doubt when she sees this, she will buy a new pair.

T. R., OAKLAND.—We haven't a Vitagraph poster on hand. Anita Stewart was Pert Dawson, and Lillian Walker was Ruby in "Billy's Pipe-Dream."

E. M. L., BROOKLYN.—Hand-coloring of films must be done with great accuracy. When projecting a twenty-foot picture upon a screen, each image of the film is magnified about 58,000 times its original size, the pictures upon the screen being 240 times as wide and 240 times as high as the picture in the film. Thus, a variation in placing the coloring by hand of one sixty-fourth of an inch will bring the color four inches away from where it belongs on the screen.

DIANA D.—Please dont write in and ask if what we said in previous issues was true. If we make a mistake, we soon learn of it, and it is corrected in the next issue. Haven't heard about Gladys Field. Harry Benham played opposite Marguerite Snow in "Romance of the U. S. N."

E. J. P., NEW YORK.—Thomas Santschi was the prisoner in "The Ones Who Suffer."

SA RA.—Leo Delaney was John Millais in "Love of John Ruskin" (Vitagraph).

F. M. M., IOWA.—Francis Ne Moyer was the girl in "No Trespassing" (Lubin). Anna Nilsson was the girl in "The Fraud at the Hope Mine" (Kalem).

T. S., CHICAGO.—Miss West, Evelyn Francis and Zena Keefe were the girls in "Three Girls and a Man." Carl King was the young millionaire.

M. D., LONG ISLAND.—Brinsley Shaw was the villain in "Broncho Billy's Narrow Escape" (Essanay). Myrtle Stedman was Ed's sister in "Between Love and Law." You refer to Ormi Hawley.

GLADYS G. G.—Your questions were sent in all right. They have been answered.

MARION M., LONDON.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Uprising" (Lubin). We believe the picture was taken in Arizona.

LITTLE MARY C.—No, no, the Keystone is an Independent company, and not run by Biograph. Tom Powers still with Vitagraph.

THE NORWEGIAN SUBSCRIBERS.—The Answer Man desires to thank you for the kind Christmas remembrance. Hope you continue to send in your questions.

"INTERESTED."—A film may be damaged more with a single run on a bad projecting machine, than a large number of runs thru a perfect machine with a careful operator and in an operating room free from dust. Does that explain it?

DOROTHY D.—Roger Lytton was the father in "Wood Violet" (Vitagraph). Anna Stewart and Roger Lytton are regular players. Other questions answered before.

T. H., NOTRE DAME.—Priscilla and John Casperson were the children in "A Child's Prayer" (Lubin). There is no penalty for showing uncensored pictures.

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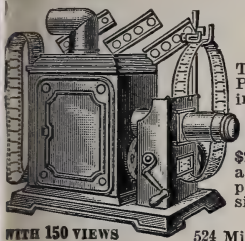

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If you value your sight and wish to preserve and beautify your eyes to the end of life, send your name and address today (stating whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) with a two-cent stamp for return postage, and full details for success will reach you by return mail. Address Professor Smith, Dept. 132 A. K., Pine Street, Providence, R. I.

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FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN has left Essanay. He expects to spend January in appearing, personally, at the Motion Picture theaters; then he will be open for engagement. He will be a valuable man for any company.

G. M. Anderson spent Christmas with his mother in New York.

The Christmas season will last a long time for the Motion Picture public. The several Christmas films will be seen all thru January, in most theaters, and that will help to make us remember the Christmas spirit.

We have just received a petition, signed by many admirers of William Wallace Reid, asking us to print a picture of that popular player. The petition "took," as witness our Gallery this month.

New Motion Picture publications seem to be springing up every day, like mushrooms—but let us hope that they will live longer. The latest is a five-cent magazine. Good! The more, the merrier!

Roy McCardell, the artist and writer, has joined the army of photoplay writers.

Alice Joyce's latest is Betsy Ross, maker of the first American flag, in "The Flag of Freedom."

Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark and Sidney Olcott have left Kalem and gone Independent, in a company of their own. There is so much shifting around, these days, that we never can be sure who's who, what's what, and where they all be.

And the great riddle is still unsettled—Who is the prettiest of the Essanay quartet of pretty girls: Ruth Stonehouse, Dolores Cassinelli, Beverly Bayne, or Mildred Weston? And, now, they are asking us to have a contest, to settle the question. The vote, so far, seems to be about even.

Jack Richardson (American) continues to be a very popular villain. Too bad! He should reform.

And now Los Angeles has a Reel Club, with Fred Mace (Keystone) as the principal reeler. With the Screen Club in the East, and the Reel Club in the West, Motion Picture people ought to have ample protection, these wintry evenings, against the cold and crool world.

The divine Sarah Bernhardt is now a Motion Picture "fan" as well as a player.

King Baggot, of the Imps, is good in many different types of plays, but he is most charming of all when he is playing with children. It is said that Mr. Baggot's great hobby is telling fairy tales to little girls and swapping marbles with little boys. All the children like him.

Gwendoline Pates, of Pathé Frères, has a host of mail admirers—or male admirers, if you prefer it that way. She has received many a proposal of marriage, with a two-cent stamp on it, but they have not, any of them, taken effect as yet. "Not married yet, I should say not," says pretty Miss Gwen, "nor likely to be, thank goodness."

Handsome, Vitagraph Robert Gaillord is the despair of the ladies. His mother is his favorite woman acquaintance, and he positively refuses to be a lion or a matinée idol to a host of admirer-esses who would like to meet him. So reserved is he, that few people know that a short time ago he took a severe cold from leaping into the water, in a picture, and narrowly escaped death.

SPECIAL FEATURES

SPECIAL MULTIPLE REEL FEATURES

TWO AND THREE REEL SPECIAL FEATURE RELEASED MONDAYS AND FRIDAYS

Jan. 20, 1913

The Ways of Destiny

PATHÉ 2 Reels

COLORED PHOTOGRAPHY

Horace Blackwell being mortally injured by lightning striking the tree beneath which he was standing, tells his adopted daughter, Dorothy, of her parentage and how she, a tiny mite, was found on his doorstep. He gives her the locket found about her neck containing the picture of a beautiful woman, and which he believes to be her mother. With Horace Blackwell's death, Dorothy is dispossessed of her home, and because of jealousy of her charm and beauty, she is forced into the ranks of the unemployed. She, however, finds employment in a department store, but is accused of theft and brought before the proprietor, who questions her closely as to her history. Her story, together with the locket and picture, solves the mystery of her birth, and Dorothy finds a home with her father.

Jan. 17, 1913

The Mexican Spy

LUBIN 2 Reels

Tom Loring, a handsome but dissipated youth, loves Mary Lee, daughter of the regiment's paymaster. In order to pay his gambling debts to the Mexican, Señor Rivera, supposedly rich but in reality a spy, Tom steals $5,000 from the paymaster's safe. The Mexican threatens exposure unless Tom secures the plans of certain forts in the Southwest, but Mary hears of the situation and pawns her jewels to replace the stolen money. Realizing the sorrow he has caused his father and sweetheart, Tom disappears, leaving a note that he will not return until he has redeemed himself. He enlists under an assumed name and his regiment is ordered to the Mexican frontier. Mary becomes a Red Cross nurse and is also ordered to the Mexican border. Tom's bravery and strategy during a desperate encounter with the Mexicans under Rivera win him promotion to lieutenant, but he is seriously wounded, and Mary is greatly surprised to find among her patients her lover. Her careful nursing restores him to health, and having redeemed his former misdeeds by his faithful and heroic service to his country, he claims Mary for his wife.

Jan. 13, 1913

The Little Minister

VITAGRAPH 3 Reels

A young Scotch minister falls in love with a Gypsy girl. The ban of the "Kirk" and the condemnation of the austere town folk intervene as a barrier to their marriage. Unexpected circumstances of a startling nature happen, and their prejudice and intolerance are removed. Love conquers, the "Little Minister" and "Babbie" are married.

Jan. 10, 1913

The Wives of Jamestown

KALEM 2 Reels

Bryan O'Sullivan, an Irish lad of humble birth, rescues Lady Geraldine from drowning as her boat capsizes, thereby meriting her lasting gratitude. Forgetful of his station, Bryan falls madly in love with Lady Geraldine, who momentarily listens to his pleadings. Her acceptance of attentions from O'Rourke angers Bryan and he upbraids her for falseness. The nobleman draws his sword, but Bryan wrenches it from his hand and breaks it to pieces. Knowing that he cannot now remain, Bryan bids farewell to Lady Geraldine and sails for America. Bryan O'Sullivan, Irishman, becomes John Pierce, Colonist of Jamestown, Virginia. Years later Lady Geraldine suffers many vicissitudes; her castle is besieged by the Cromwellians and she, with many others, is sent to Jamestown to be sold to the colonists as wives. John Pierce is startled to see Lady Geraldine, but she fails to recognize him because of a heavy beard. Seeing that he is an honest man, she offers to become his wife. He takes her to his cottage and stepping into another room shaves off his beard, and begins to play the flute, which he so loved in days gone by. Lady Geraldine, who is about to end her life, hears the music, and stepping to the door, recognizes John Pierce, her husband, as Bryan O'Sullivan, her lover, and love claims its own.

GENERAL FILM CO.

Kinemacolor is crying "Stop! Hold! Enough!" Having gained a reputation for pageant plays, their offices are deluged with costume scenarios, fairy tales, mythological, moyen age, Greek and Roman tales, all calling for elaborate and expensive costumes and accessories. Hence the wail: "Stop! Hold! Enough!"

Elizabeth Emmett, of Pathé Frères, says that she has never been before the public gaze in the columns of the press but once, and that was when she fell heir to all of New York from Fulton Street to the Battery. To be sure, this remarkable inheritance (containing, among other things, Trinity Church and the Whitehall Building) was hers only for a day, and then existed solely in the imagination of a cub reporter, but it was some property to come so near owning.

Harry Benham (Thanhouser) has a wife and family, and he is proud of it. Young ladies will please take notice.

Harry Cashman, a popular Essanay player, died in Chicago, December 14.

Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior are back with Edison, to make glad the hearts of thousands of their old admirers.

After a part of this magazine went to press, the sad news came that Will Carleton, the great poet, editor and lecturer, died at Brooklyn, December 11. He has written for this magazine, and he was one of the judges in our Great Mystery Play. We all feel our loss keenly, as also must all the world.

Guy Hedlund has left Edison and joined Eclair. Dear me! this department is going to be anything but bright this month, but it will be newsy.

Maurice Costello will soon be heard from in some new Vitagraph pictures, altho he is still on his trip around the world with a party of Vitagraph players.

Mae Hotely, of the Jacksonville Lubin Company, is now a motorboat enthusiast.

The Vitagraph Company bought several hundred turkeys on December 24, and every employee was presented with one, and some were presented with presents of a more lasting nature. Altogether, Christmas cost the Vitagraph just $24,000.

King Baggot, chief of the Imps, has taken unto himself a wife. Again, ladies, please take note.

Evelyn Selbie has left Méliès and joined the Western Essanay staff.

Yes, beginning next month, we shall start another Popular Player contest. It will be the biggest and best ever conducted in this country, or in any other.

Cines' "The Lion Tamer's Revenge" came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb. It was a pretty good picture, tho, but the lions omitted to eat the villain.

Marshall Nielan has left the American Company and joined Kalem. Edward Coxen has left Kalem and joined the American. A fair exchange is no robbery.

The Christmas issue of *Motography* was fine. So was that of *The Mutual Observer;* both are M. P. trade publications, and good ones.

Eleanor Blanchard (Essanay) spent the holidays with her folks in New York.

Jean, the Vitagraph dog, is the happy mother of six little ones. Mother and children all doing nicely, thank you.

Sir Thomas Lipton is the latest world celebrity to appear in Motion Pictures.

Gentle reader—also the ungentle ones—do you know that it is cruel, hard work getting these jottings together for you? The publicity men of the different companies simply wont help. The "Jotter" has to go around with a fine-toothed rake, to get any news at all. Hard raking, these holiday times, it is.

Chats have been "taken" with Fred Mace, Ralph Ince, Marguerite Loveridge, Julia Stuart, Howard Mitchell, Eleanor Caines, Muriel Ostriche, William Russell, Florence Lawrence, Gwendoline Pates, and others, which will appear soon.

Flo LaBadie liked the idea of wintering in Los Angeles, but she feared homesickness, so she asked her mother along. Mother went. With Jean Darnell, they rented a pretty little cottage near the Thanhouser studio. But fawncy Father LaBadie—he has a large Harlem flat on his hands, and no one to keep house!

100 HELPS TO LIVE YEARS

This little book is from the pen of "The Photoplay Philosopher," otherwise known as "Dr. Sunbeam." It contains 100 terse, pithy, common-sense paragraphs on

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Society Leader Tells How New Home Method Completely Destroyed Her Superfluous Hair Never to Return.

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Robert North, formerly stage director of the famous New Theater, New York, is now directing for the Vitagraph Company.

About nineteen thousand verses and criticisms (more or less) have been received, and we tried hard to get them in this issue. Crowded out. The popular players will please try to wait another month to hear all the nice things that are said about them.

Marguerite Snow and James Cruze both prefer New Rochelle to Los Angeles. Each had the chance to join the Thanhouser stock at the latter place, and "declined with thanks." Which speaks well for the town that's "forty-five minutes from Broadway."

Lila Chester, the latest addition to the Thanhouser stock, is an orphan who keeps house for her bachelor brother. And they say she is as fine a cook as she is a photoplayer.

Ann Drew, who played president of the suffragettes' club, in a recent comedy on the suffrage question, is really recording secretary of a woman's suffrage organization in the upper West Side section of New York City, where she lives, and recently read to that body a long treatise on the divorce evil.

Helen Marten, the pretty "Gibson Girl" who once adorned Lubin pictures, is now with the Eclair Company.

We expect to announce the prize-winners of the Great Mystery Play in the next issue. Pity the judges, with about 3,000 manuscripts to wade thru.

Both Kalem and Vitagraph are running magazines of their own, and they are only a dollar a year each. Motion Picture magazines are getting very popular. Everybody's doing it.

Mr. Spedon's big, paper-covered book, "How and Where Moving Pictures Are Made," is modestly accredited to the Vitagraph Company, and this raises the momentous question whether a corporation can write a book. But, whoever penned it, it is easily worth the price, 25 cents.

Edison, also, runs a little monthly called *Kinetogram*. Next, they will be expanding it into a regular magazine. We shall soon have plenty of reading!

"Little Mary" Pickford, lately of the Biograph Company, was playing in Baltimore, Christmas week, and she was accosted on the street, at the stores and everywhere she went by people who had seen her on the screen. Little Mary is nineteen years old, and that is no secret.

The Reel Club has changed its name to "Photoplayers." That was probably because *reel* was too suggestive; also it might be mistaken for Virginia reel. Now, perhaps the Screen Club will change its name also. Some may think *screen* refers to something to be concealed, or to fly-screens.

(*Continued from page* 112.)

edness—that envelope there, thank you." He turned to the door. "I regret to have disturbed you unnecessarily. A very pleasant evening, yes? I have the honor to wish you goodnight and *bon voyage.*" He bowed low and disappeared.

The two who were waiting in the library of Herr Hermann's home, the next afternoon, saw different things as the door was flung open.

"The papers, mein Gott in Himmel! My honor is saved!" cried the Minister of War, with a sob of relief, snatching the envelope from Paul's extended hand.

"*Paul!*" Fredrica was in his arms before they either of them knew just how it happened. "Oh, the danger to you—the dreadful danger!"—she shuddered against his breast—"but, now, father will be willing, I am sure, Paul—he will do anything for you!"

"Are *you* willing?" he whispered into her hair. "Ach! Liebschen, that is the question my heart asks of yours—heart's dear, *liebst du mir?*"

She raised her glowing face to his hungry gaze, and, after all, he could not wait for words. His seeking lips found her yielding ones in a long, silent, breathless kiss that was his answer.

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Two New Subscriptions will entitle you to a copy of the book "Portraits of Popular Picture Players," bound in full, limp leather, stamped in gold.

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The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 126.)

A club of six Harlemites are also protesting because Leo Delaney's name was not mentioned in the cast of "As You Like It." Really, girls, we are not responsible for the omission, you know, so dont be so hard on us. We agree with you that Mr. Delaney did fine work.

From the U.S.S. South Carolina comes a letter signed "Short Times," written by one of our bold sailor boys. He says:

If the people of the Motion Picture world only knew how many weary hours they pass away for the boys in blue while we are scouring the high seas for imaginary enemies during war tactics, or how, after a hard day's work at battle practice, after the smoke has cleared away, and the sun goes down, weary and worn blue-jackets, men from behind the guns and men from the fireroom below, gather around the screen, and, underneath the stars, forget the weary hours of the days gone by, in watching the picture folks, they would feel that they had not acted in vain. So here's a toast from the whole North Atlantic fleet: "Long live the Motion Pictures, and THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE."

Here's another alphabet, this one by Hattie Lee Bright, of Louisville, Ky. This seems to be a popular form of expressing enthusiasm for the players, but, unfortunately, we cannot use many of these alphabets, because they occupy so much space.

A is for Anderson, as you recall.
B is for Blackwell, finest of all.
C is for Costello, a Vitagraph joy.
D is for Duncan, a fine Selig boy.
E is for Earl, sweet William I mean.
F is for Ford, who is lanky and lean.
G is for Gaillord, like the heroes in books.
H is for Humphrey, not as mean as he looks.
I is for Ince, the negroes' benefactor.
J is for Johnson, Lubin's best actor.
K is for Kent, the best in the land.
L is for Lessey, as you'll understand.
M is for Morrison, a pleasant sight.
N is for Northrup, we hail with delight.
O is for Ogle, good, bad and plucky.
P is for Powers, a lad from Kentucky.
Q is for Quirk, with his quaint college yell.
R is for Rehm, who is liked mighty well.
S is for Shaw, Essanay's villain, deep-dyed.
T is for Todd, who knows how to ride.
U is a letter; I cant give a name.
V is for Vignola, both wild and tame.
W is for Wilbur, and last, but not least,
X for X. Bushman, three cheers, and I'll cease.

426 South Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky. MISS HATTIE LEE BRIGHT.

We have received interesting letters or poems from the following, which we have not space to print: Unknown, M. J. P., An Admirer, Lizzie Ross, Ethel Elting, S. Genevieve M., Miss Elizabeth, E. and C., Elsie Wagner, Tomie D., E. M., Charlotte S. and Ruth T., Maude Dornback, Jerome Mitchell, Florence Bush, John Hermann, Miss Habada, David Shelby, John Kirk, Hazel S., L. U. Binford, Russel Bruce, The Arizona Kid, Melba K., M. J., Lucille, Ethel Smith, Martha Kennedy, S. A. J., Lulu Glueck, H. K., Robali, Vivian Wild and Elizabeth Deaderick, Will T. Henderson, Nan Britton, Margaret Dittman, Lily May Caldwell, D. E., Hope Woodward, E. M. B., Rose G., J. M. K., Lester W. D., Chas. Miller, M. F. K., J. L. L. H., Freida E. Harding, Mary Ostertag, Netta B. Appel, H. D., Sweet Sixteen, One Interested, A. S., Valeira J. Cain, Fan, Joyce Jackson, M. L., A Reader.

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LEONA RADNOR, 118 G, East 28th Street, New York City

Most of the high-class, well-regulated Motion Picture theaters (both Independent and Licensed) keep this magazine on sale for the convenience of their patrons. If it is not handy for you to buy from your news-dealer, please ask the girl in the box-office to supply you every month. The magazine should be on sale at all theaters on the 18th of each month.

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She now wishes every one who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy, for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly, if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking, and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell, do not send her money. Simply send a letter, with all confidence, to Mrs. Margaret Anderson, at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly.

(*We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady to-day. Her offer is a sincere one.*)

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And here's an unusually good acrostic by Catherine M. Anderson, 229 North Ninth Street, Reading, Pa.:

PICTURE PLAYERS.

P is for Pickford, the Biograph dream.
The entire nation would begin to scream
If this dear little girl should no longer be seen
On the square of the Motion Picture screen.

I is for Ince, the Lincoln impersonator.
The Vitagraph Company knows he is grand.
Here's hoping his character corresponds
To the noblest who lived in this land.

C is for Costello, whom all the girls admire.
I suppose he is proud that he won the contest,
And feels very much like a tall church spire
That towers aloft above the rest.

T is for Turner, the Vitagraph girl,
With eyes like diamonds, and teeth like pearl.
Maurice her loving husband should be,
But this their friends will never see.

U is for Ulright, the Selig kid,
Not so well known as the rest.
But in a very few more years
She'll be equal to the best.

R is for Robinson, also Reliance,
The company with which she is seen.
If she does not equal her photograph,
I prefer her on the screen.

E is for Eagle Eye, the Vitagraph brave,
Who many a noble life can save.
We know that he can save and run,
But can he do it when not in fun?

P is for players not mentioned here.
Sorry I haven't a line for each dear.
These words should contain a J, G and W,
For the charming Misses Joyce, Gardner and Walker.

L is for Lawrence, the picture queen,
Who in all Independent houses is seen.
Some managers oft have her advertised,
And by the public she's greatly prized.

A is for Anderson, the hero supreme,
Who's admired by all who watch the screen.
His surname corresponds exactly to mine,
Which just completes this little rhyme.

Y is for Clara Kimball Young,
The dainty miss of the Vitagraph throng.
Her eyes represent the rest of her being;
They certainly were meant for seeing.

E is for Emerson, a former Selig man,
Now staying with the American gang.
He's fortunate to have an initial E,
For I'd have picked others if it had been B.

R is for Roland, a beautiful miss,
Whom many a man would willingly kiss.
We sometimes wish these girls could talk,
But we're satisfied to see them walk.

S is for Storey, last but not least,
Who is lovely enough to charm a beast.
I liked her best in "The Lady of the Lake,"
And hope she's prepared similar parts to take.

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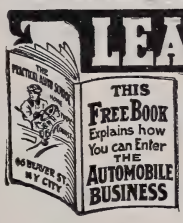

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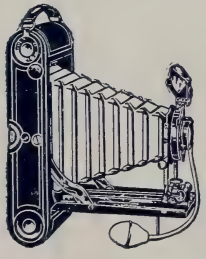

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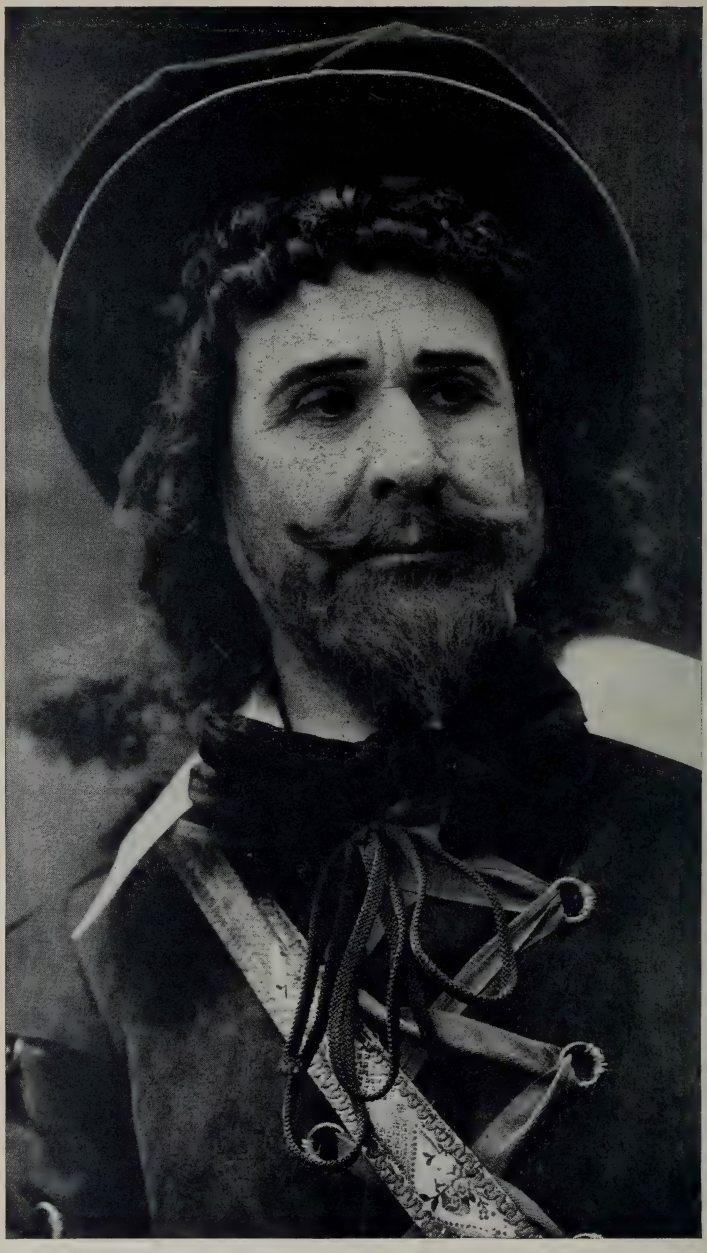
GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

MURIEL OSTRICHE
(Eclair)



CHARLES OGLE (Edison)

ALICE JOYCE (Kalem)

LEAH BAIRD (Vitagraph)

PAULINE BUSH (American)

NORMA TALMADGE
(Vitagraph)

Dolores Cassinelli
(Essanay)

BETTY STUART
(Lubin)

BARBARA TENNANT (Eclair)

HELEN DUNBAR (Essanay)

JOHN BUNNY
(Vitagraph)

Melle. SUSANNE GRANDAIS

M. BATAILLE

(Caumont)

CLARA KIMBALL
YOUNG

(Vitagraph)

VIVIAN PATES
(Lubin)

ARTHUR JOHNSON
(Lubin)

Kalem
Marion Cooper

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1913

Vol. V No. 2

The Prodigal Brother

(Pathé Frères)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

"THE messenger said it was urgent, sir, and to be delivered at once," the butler whispered over Tom Harding's shoulder, and the young man accepted the note with an impatient shrug. At sight of the handwriting upon the envelope, an expression of apprehension, almost of terror, flashed across his handsome if weak face, with its lines of dissipation kindly veiled in the soft glow of the shaded candles. From under lowered lashes he flashed a quick glance at his aged father, at his sister Helen, and at John Van Cliff, whose engagement to Helen was to be announced at the dinner-dance. All around the table the guests were chatting merrily. No one, Tom decided, had observed his momentary alarm. With a hasty apology, he rose and left the room. The eyes of Helen followed him in troubled questioning—she alone had noted the sudden blanching of her brother's face, and a sudden chill of unreasoning fear had crept over her, quenching the laughter that a moment before had bubbled from her red lips.

In the seclusion of his own room, Tom looked long and fearfully at the commonplace envelope; then, with a sudden reckless movement, ripped it open and read the enclosed message:

21 Clinton Street.

When I presented your note to the National Bank they accused you of having forged your father's signature. I offer now to sell you back this note for $10,000. Otherwise I will immediately notify the police. LEGGET.

"God! He's got me, and this Shylock will surely have his pound of flesh!" Tom groaned.

The chill of the unknown fear still upon her, Helen still managed to preserve an outward seeming of merriment as the guests left the dining-room, but, at the earliest opportunity, she slipped away from the crowd, and hurried to her brother's room. As she opened the door, Tom made a hasty but futile effort to conceal the revolver which he had taken from a drawer and was now regarding with haggard, fascinated eyes. For an instant the girl grew deathly pale, then stepped forward with quiet decision.

"It cannot be so bad as that, Tom," she said, "and you must think of our father. One bullet would take both your lives." She took the deadly, glittering thing from his unresisting hand, and tossed it from the window.

"Yes, it is quite as bad as that," Tom said sullenly, "and it was no good chucking the revolver away—there are plenty more ways."

"Tell me," she said simply.

With a bitter laugh, he gave her the crumpled note.

"Oh, yes. It is quite true—true enough to break father's heart; to blacken our name eternally; to send me to the penitentiary, and to place between you and John Van Cliff the convict stripes of a brother."

"No, not the last, at least," Helen said gently. "John would not fail me—but I would not have him know, and our father must not. There is some way out."

"Then you will have to find it—I'm done for," Tom answered dully.

"I *will* find a way," Helen said, and the words seemed curiously half-prayer and half-vow. "Now I must go back to the drawing-room—my absence will cause comment."

Left alone, Tom's mood slowly changed to one of dull rage.

"The blood-sucker!" he muttered. "I'll at least go see him. Perhaps he is only bluffing—will not push me off the brink."

Unobserved, Tom left the house, and sought the money-lender.

Meanwhile, John Van Cliff had found his fiancée curiously distraught, with a shadow of misery upon her face—a shadow which lingered despite her fitful efforts to appear gay. Presently, and with abruptness, she left him. When, after a reasonable time, Helen did not return to the drawing-room, Van Cliff, vaguely disturbed, somewhat hurt, and with a desire to be alone, stepped thru an open French window, and passed out onto a veranda leading to the well-kept garden. Shortly after he observed a cloaked female figure steal swiftly from the house, and, as it disappeared among the shrubs, recognized Helen. With a sudden jealous contraction at his heart, he swiftly followed—out of the garden, into a new, deserted street—on toward

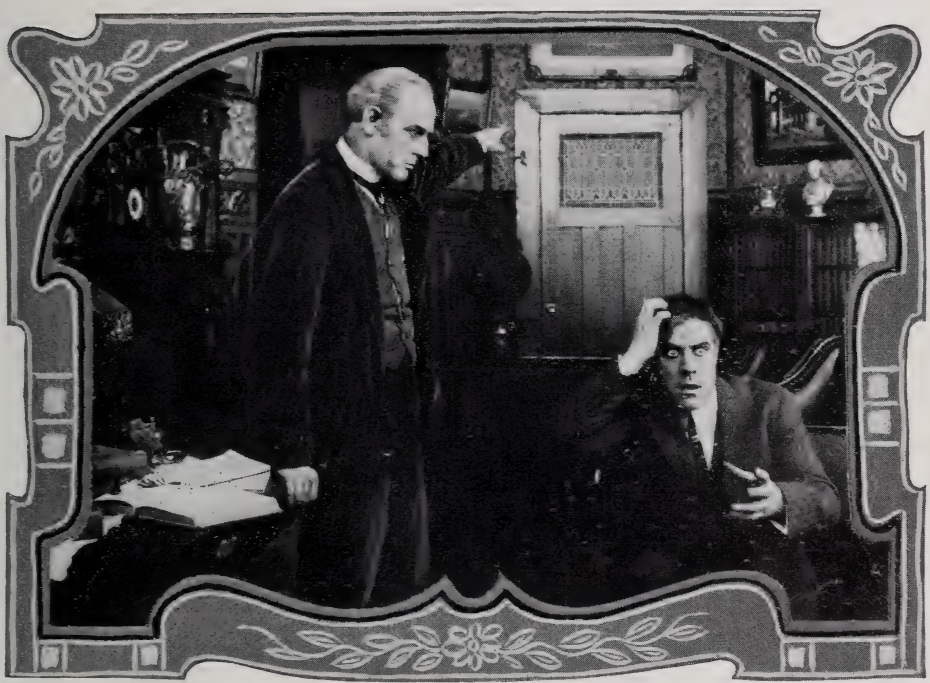
HELEN'S ENGAGEMENT TO JOHN VAN CLIFF WAS ANNOUNCED AT THE DINNER-DANCE

an old and shabby section of the city. Helen moved rapidly, without a glance aside, and Van Cliff cautiously, silently, but with surging emotions, kept her in sight. At length, the girl turned into Clinton Street, and, without pausing, entered a shabby old house, the first floor of which had been given over to a dealer in junk. From a single window on the second floor a light shone, and this lighted room, Van Cliff concluded, must be Helen's destination. Old ivy cloaked the side of the building, and, with a swift impulse, Van Cliff moved to the vines and began to climb.

In his sordid office Legget sat at his desk and seemed to gloat as he noted Tom Harding's drawn face.

"Now, my fine gentleman," he sneered, "you change your tune, do you? You could borrow Legget's money, but he was a cur unfit for a gentleman's recognition outside his office, a dirty money-lender, eh? Oh! I hear most things that are said, even if I cannot enter your clubs and your fine houses! Well, Mr. Fine Gentleman, you are going to adopt a new style in clothing—broad stripes, you know—and this is the order on the tailor!"

With a vicious movement, he jerked open a drawer of the old desk, and laid the note, the small, damning slip of paper, upon the desk.



"WELL, MR. FINE GENTLEMAN, YOU ARE GOING TO ADOPT A NEW STYLE OF CLOTHING—BROAD STRIPES, YOU KNOW!"

A mist of fury rose to Tom's brain. Only to get his hands upon that paper—to tear it to fragments—to brush away, in an instant, the closing net of agony and shame! With the silent spring of a tiger he was upon the money-lender. They grappled, struggling furiously. The opened drawer of the desk was knocked from its guides and crashed to the floor—the heavy revolver, which had lain in it, fell with muzzle up, and, striking squarely upon the hammer, flashed and roared. Dazed, Tom staggered

back, the precious bit of paper clutched in his hand. Legget, with starting eyes, pressed a hand against his breast and reeled back against the desk. A deathly silence seemed to shut down upon the room—a silence which caused the swift footsteps in the hall to sound with startling loudness. With a gasp of terror, Tom turned to flee, opened the nearest door, sprang into the closet to which it gave entrance, and closed the door behind him. Legget, fighting for breath, staggered across the room, opened the door to the hall, and lurched thru. As he felt his strength fail, the wounded man clutched desperately, and his hands fell upon the dress of Helen Harding, who had come in the hope that, with her jewels, she might buy her brother's safety, and who had stood, frozen with fright, listening to the sounds of conflict that came from the money-lender's room. As the claw-like hands of the wounded man fell upon her, she screamed with horror, tore herself free, and fled madly from the place—out into the street, and, at length, white and breathless, came to the seclusion of her own quiet room.

John Van Cliff, clambering up the ivy-covered wall, felt his heart suddenly pause at the sound of the single, momentous revolver shot—then he climbed with redoubled effort. Above was Helen, and, obviously, to some one there was deadly peril—to Helen, or——

The window that he reached opened upon the hallway, and he gained it just in time to see Helen struggle free from a wounded man's clutch and flee in mad panic. Swiftly entering the window, Van Cliff bent over Legget, now prone upon the floor, and, to his excited mind, it seemed certain that the man was dead. Thru the open door he could see the disordered desk and the revolver upon the floor, a thin thread of smoke still curling from its muzzle. His foot struck something, and he picked up a jewel-case—Helen's—one that he himself had given her.

"She—she killed him! Why?" Van Cliff muttered in a dull agony. A horrible sequence of visions flashed before his eyes: Helen under arrest, on trial, perhaps condemned to death! He dashed the cold dew from his brow.

"Guilty or innocent, white hands or red, murderess or saint, I love her—she shall not suffer!" he cried, and began swiftly to search for any evidence of her presence in the place. Peering cautiously from his closet, Tom Harding observed Van Cliff moving about the office, but was forced to give up as hopeless the puzzle of why he should be there and what his mission. Finding nothing beyond the jewel-case, Van Cliff returned to the hallway, bending over and searching more carefully about the form of Legget. Suddenly there was a swift tramp of feet, and several officers, attracted by the pistol shot, entered. They took in the scene with accustomed eyes.

"Murder—and looks like this is the man we want," the first officer said, and laid his hand on Van Cliff's shoulder. "Any explanation to offer?"

"None," said Van Cliff, calmly.

"This man isn't dead—yet," one of the officers announced, rising from an examination of the figure stretched upon the floor. "We better get him to a hospital pretty quick, tho."

Bearing the unconscious Legget, and with Van Cliff a prisoner, the officers left the building.

Tom remained shivering in his closet until the noises in the hallway had died. He then crossed quickly to the window, and clambered down the ivy, at length reaching his home, unobserved, and with no knowledge of the arrest of Van Cliff. So far as he could see, no one could be accused of any crime; as he pondered the matter, he began to breathe freely—the damning note was destroyed—all was well. For Legget he could feel no special sorrow—the man had brought his fate upon himself. Yet, at the very moment of Tom's complacent conclusion, a detective, care-

fully searching the money-lender's house, picked up a small, gold medallion, evidently torn from a bracelet, and on it was engraved:

HELEN HARDING

Dec. 15, 1912

"So," the detective reflected grimly, "there were two in the job!"

Sensation tramped upon the heels of sensation—the yellow press fairly shrieked the lurid news: Van Cliff, wealthy clubman, famous family, held without bail pending the fight for life that the money-lender Legget was making in the city hospital! Full confession of the crime by Van Cliff, but refusal to state motive or offer defense! Wealthy and beautiful Miss Helen Harding arrested and held as accessory in the Legget shooting! At the preliminary hearing, the courtroom was packed with the wealth and highest society of the city.

Between Tom Harding and his aged father had occurred a terrible hour of confession, repentance, anger, shame and agony. At last the old man read his stern judgment:

"Whatever the cost, you will make full confession and surrender yourself to the authorities."

Tom bowed his head.

"I will. But, before God, it was an accident, tho I was the cause. I alone must suffer, so far as it is possible to confine the suffering to myself. I will go."

"We will go first to the hospital—if it was an accident, Legget will not permit any one to suffer as his murderer," the old man said.

Legget, pallid upon his hospital bed, rested his eyes upon Tom Harding with a vindictive glare.

"THEN CONFESS—AND HANG!"

"So you intend to confess—to save the others?" he whispered.

"To save the others—and in reparation," Tom answered.

The money-lender grinned evilly.

"Then confess—and hang!" he snarled, and turned away.

A priest, with patient, sad eyes, beckoned for the father and son to stand to one side. "I will speak with him," he said. "He does not know he is to die. He will not wish to go with a black sin upon his soul."

In the crowded courtroom there came a dramatic moment.

THE CONFESSION IS GIVEN TO THE MAGISTRATE

"Bring in the other prisoner," the magistrate had said, when John Van Cliff was, at length, released from the witness-chair, his firm words: "I shot him; I have no explanation to offer," still strangely stirring the crowd. A door opened, and Helen entered. For the first time, Van Cliff knew that the girl was in the net—felt that his attempted sacrifice had failed. For long the lovers gazed with horror into one another's eyes, each believing that the other's hands were red with blood.

A court attendant, coming from a telephone, whispered in the magistrate's ear.

"The man Legget is dead—the prisoners will be held without bail for the action of the coroner's jury," the magistrate said solemnly.

At this moment there arose a slight commotion in the crowd, and Tom Harding and his father fought their way to the desk. With trembling hand, the old man laid before the magistrate a scrawled note; the crowd held its breath while he perused it, wiped his glasses, cleared his throat, and then read aloud:

"Miss Helen Harding and John Van Cliff have no connection whatever with the affair at my house yesterday. I was shot accidentally, in the presence of Tom Harding, and he is also innocent of any crime."

An uncontrollable cheer burst from the crowd. Tom's eyes welled with joyous tears. With a cry of happiness, Helen sprang forward to the joyous clasp of her lover's arms.

(From the photoplay of SHANNON FIFE)

LITTLE was really known of Dr. Harry Matthews in that uppish suburb, Kensington. He had come there two years before, had attended diligently to his practice, and had hurdled the stiff social bars in spite of himself. In a town where the important question was: Who was his grandfather? this was a startling compliment. Dr. Matthews, however, did not take undue advantage of it. His life was busy. It was known that he was a widower and possessed private means. He called on the best families, professionally, and as often as he chose, which was seldom, as a guest.

The truth is, that he was recognized as of a more capable type than Dr. Van Cote, whose practice he had succeeded to: a good man over the operating-table, as well as a bedside conversationalist.

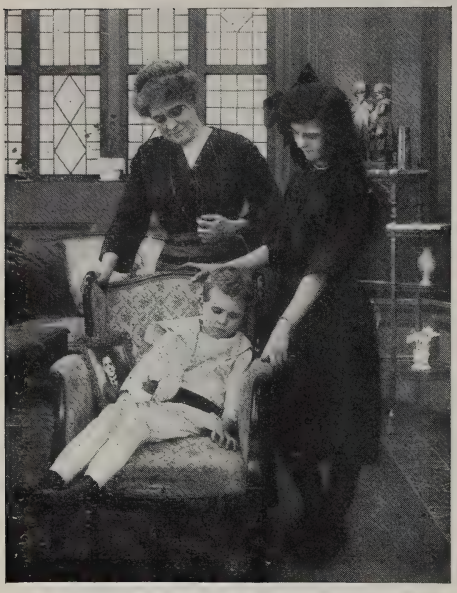
If a woman had interested him more than another, he had never shown it outwardly. The most interesting case remained so, as long as it constituted a case—no longer. And on that rare spring morning that he entered the Wynn house and was shown upstairs to Miss Ethel Wynn's room, he was about to visit his most interesting case.

The girl half-lay in a deep, reed chair as he neared her. She had been suffering from a species of nervous breakdown. Vivacious, beautiful, high-strung, the winter's social demands of Kensington had ended by confining her to the house. After that, she had become so low that her life hung even in the balance. Dr. Matthews had pulled her thru—she was becoming no longer an interesting case—and he was making his last call before sending her to a health resort.

As her deep-fringed eyes hung lazily, like a gazer across the water, on the ceiling design, he read the uneventful chart by her side.

"A perfectly well woman!" interrupted her day dream. "A bit too late for waving palms and coral sands, perhaps, but she is fully capable of following her baggage to another place I will name."

She moved her tawny head, so that



HIS CHILDREN ARE SENT TO AUNT SARAH

a patch of sunlight caught it and turned it into a glowing aureole.

"So good of you, Doctor. But I hate to leave Kensington—it's just like being born all over again."

He busied himself with colorless medicine in her glasses. "Ah! but you will grow too fast here again," he warned; "convalescence, away from your friends, will give you a chance to catch up with yourself—to practice your first steps alone."

She leaned toward him, fixing him with wide-open eyes. "I dont want to be alone," she said. "My fondness for home is babylike, and, besides, I should have to change my physician."

"I've thought of that. It is more important than the place; provided he is good-looking and a good talker, you should recover rapidly."

She smiled, as if he had read her thoughts. "Let's make a bargain," she said impulsively. "I am self-willed, perhaps spoiled. Let me remain in Kensington a fortnight, completely under your orders, outdoors as well as in. If I do not outdo my former lustiness in every respect—sleep, appetite, strength—you may send me to a nunnery, a resort—or a crematory, as the case warrants."

He caught, and held, the eyes of his most interesting case. For once in his life he hesitated to the verge of foolishness. "So be it," he said gravely. "You shall be my shadow, my chauffeur, my other self. It will be a tiresome cure, I assure you."

A light leaped into her eyes as she watched him cover his confusion. "Not a bit of it," she challenged; "I am at my best boring, or being bored."

For two weeks they were the sight of the town, the busy Doctor with the pink-skinned, fur-framed girl always by his side. Kensington had barely gotten used to it when their engagement was announced. And Matthews was accused by the colder ones of deliberately trapping her and of running her down. The fact was that her witchery, at his side, had set him head over heels in love with her, which was what she was aiming at, perhaps unconsciously.

In the fall they were married. In justice to him, it is well to relate that several times during the summer, when he had run up to see her on the coast, he had been upon the point of telling her about his children. There were two: Marie, fifteen years old, and little Jimmie, just turned six; and they lived with their Aunt Sarah Etheridge, his first wife's sister, on a farm in the Poconos. They were tender, fragile things, quite like their mother, and he had always dreaded that her destroyer lay lurking for them, too.

One day he had gone to the mountains and told them that a new mama was to come to his house, and they begged to be taken to see her. For a day he had even considered the advisability of this; of gathering all that he cared for under his roof-tree, but the professional in him held him back. It would be a rude plucking at his fiancée's taut nerves. So he temporized with his honesty, and never told her about them at all, trusting to time to bring about the right conditions.

For a time all went well. Matthews set out from the beginning deliberately to please as well as to cure his beautiful wife.

He lost some practice—every handsome doctor who marries does—of a sort, but Ethel was just as popular as ever with the younger set. They were in love, but not to the exclusion of everything else. Her specialty was being popular. She thrived on attention and late hours. Taking this sort of diet away from a "nervine" is like dashing the wine-cup from the drinker's hand: he wont stand for it.

The smiling composure with which she took losses at bridge made him think. But his devotion never wavered as he came to realize that here was a lovable, high-spirited girl all wrong: neurotic to the verge of tears, extravagant and unthinking, childless and likely to be. Without showing the lancet, he tried to diagnose and direct a deeper and more vital case to him than he had ever attempted.

It was on the evening of the Hunt Club ball that he returned home from one of his now frequent trips to the city. As he put on his evening-clothes and sat down opposite to her, under the shaded light, Ethel, in shimmering décolleté, picked nervously at her dinner.

"You are growing quiet—and old, I think," she said, glancing at his hardened face. "What has come over you, dear?"

"The usual thing—stocks are behaving badly."

She shrugged her white shoulders, and star-like dimples formed on her breast.

"You're a poor gambler—better quit and cash in, Harry."

"It's been a lively day," he explained; "I've taken a risk."

"Better play bridge," she laughed; "it's cheaper. And now come in by the fire and talk to me."

But he could not rise, as he had so often, to his opportunity. The click of the stock-ticker and the blur of the tape, as his margin had dwindled and dwindled, kept getting in his eyes

THE PROPOSAL

and ears. His pulses raced yet, and his brain rocked giddily from the strain of the thing—the inhuman juggling with his patrimony. He could never forget—no, not on his deathbed—the little, red figures on the tape and the last dying buzz of the ticker at the end of the market. One more revolution, one buzz, one click even, and his head would have exploded with the strain. Now, as he sat there, silent, it was all over till the next day, and that dream-thing, the Hunt Club ball, stood between.

In another moment, so short it seemed to him, Ethel and he stood under the draped flags of the club ballroom, and she was gliding, to a lilt of far-off music, in his arms.

Back in Kensington, the lights had flared up in his hall, in answer to a ring at the bell. His man had opened the door, to start back in dismay, for Dr. Matthews' two children stood on the stoop and smiled up knowingly at him. At least, one of them did, for little Jimmie was nearly sound asleep, standing up, and burrowed his face away from the light, into his sister's skirt.

"For the love of heaven!" burst out the discreet man, quite carried away.

"It's us," announced the girl. "We've run away to see papa and our new mama."

Whimpers of early and infantile repentance rose up from her skirts.

"I — I — does your father——" gasped the doctor's man, choked with mixed feelings. "Come into the house, till I see what's to be done."

The semblance to a four-legged animal meekly followed him in. In the drawing-room, the pretty, fragile girl succeeded in prying the hindermost legs loose from her. The underfooter, lost in strangeness, opened his mouth to cry. The doctor's man at once became a man of action.

THEY BOTH GAMBLED—HE IN STOCKS, SHE AT BRIDGE

"Coax him over here, Miss Marie," he said quickly; "there's a sofa, and a screen to go across it, and I'll turn out the lights." He cut a few fancy steps, and made such an outlandish grimace that the doctor's son instantly cut short his vocal protests, nipped in his throat with wonder.

He was led silently across the room, and the pretty, delicate girl set his head against her slim shoulder on the sofa, where it bore down, in instant and satisfying slumber.

The wee hours of the flagging night but put spurs to the gaiety of the Hunt Club ball. Ethel slid laughingly from the arms of one partner to the next.

"She has never looked better, thanks to Doctor Matthews," grudgingly commented a less popular lady, and she was right, in the eyes of even the envious.

With her body sheathed in delicate, corn-colored satin overlaid with old lace, her eyes burned as steadily as the luster lurking in her hair or glinting from her jewels. It was life and meat and drink to her, this touch and go of admiration, and she would have looked queenly set out against the crimson arras of a throne, with her dancing partners kneeling, black-hued, before her.

But what was her meat was become a poison for Dr. Matthews. Alone, and huddled in a corner, as if fallen, he sat grasping a telegram. White and bewildered, he kept repeating its message over and over, childishly: "More margin—more margin—ten thousand dollars—by ten o'clock.

Yes, yes! I'll see to it," and his head sank lower, with his eyes rolling upward.

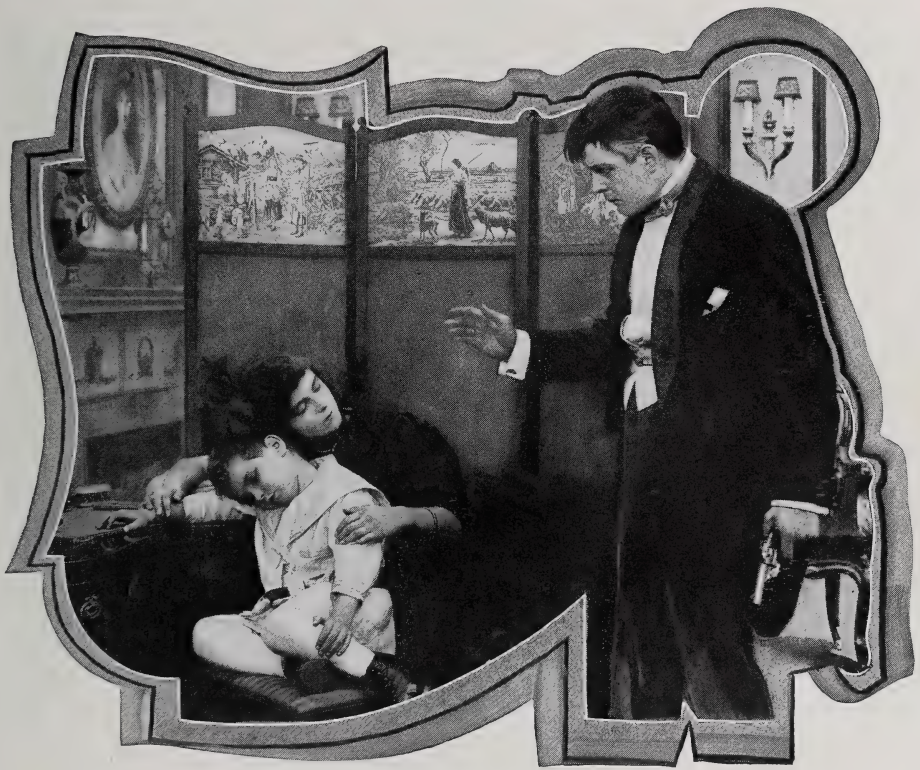
Later on, he roused himself with an effort, went to the coat-room, ordered his things, and walked home alone. He appeared to be doing everything in a most orderly way, even liberally tipping the attendants. But when, an hour later, Ethel heard that he had left, she was worried. His manner at dinner, and later, had warned her.

She danced on, the light in her eyes softening. In another hour, she begged off from her engagements, hurriedly ordered her car, and went home.

As she entered the drawing-room and was about to switch on the light, she heard a step on the stairs. She glanced upward, and saw Dr. Matthews descending. He was coming slowly, feeling his way, like a sleep-walker or a person under great emotion, and she did not dare call out. In his hand something lay naked and gleaming, tapping, tapping on the balustrade in measure with his footfalls. She clutched the portières and drew herself into their folds.

Dr. Matthews entered the drawing-room and walked to a little escritoire in the corner, usually concealed by a screen. His pistol he laid on top of it, then slid down its lid, and fumbled with papers within. He must have found what he wanted, for he leaned forward, sitting, and the rapid scratching of his pen spoke of writing. Would he never leave off? The portières seemed a pit about to stifle her, but she dared not even move them the width of her body.

The strokes of the pen ceased, and she heard the sharp crackle of paper folded into an envelope. Dr. Matthews sat perfectly still for a moment, as if detecting her presence. Then he spoke:



AMAZED TO SEE HIS CHILDREN THERE

"She will read it and believe it. And it will never be known by her or by the world why I do this thing. It's hard to die, damning oneself as a rogue, but she's proud—she's game —at heart I know——"

His hand stole toward the weapon, to cock it and raise it to his temple. Ethel stood horror-struck, unable to move or cry out.

It was something else that held his finger slack against the trigger: a child's yawn, just an intake of air at first, then a snorting, lusty groan.

"Good Jimmie!" comforted a clear voice from behind the screen, and then dead silence again.

Dr. Matthews jumped up, and the shiny friend of suicides fell from his hand with a clatter. He kicked it desperately under the writing-desk. With two jerky leaps, he was beside the screen.

"Marie!" he called, so brokenly that the boy woke up and fell to sobbing. "Is that you? Tell me, is that you?"

"Yes, papa," the clear voice said out of the darkness. I've brung Jimmie to see you and our new mama."

It flashed thru the tortured man's brain how close the case had been—a boy's yawn and a clear voice in the night, or oblivion and self-murder at their very feet. Then, with legs gone from under him, and husky words pumping up from his heart, he was down beside them, his hugs mingling with theirs.

HIS CHILDREN ARE RECONCILED TO THEIR NEW MAMA

"Gee! I like you, pop," said the awakened Jimmie.

"It's so good to be home," sighed Marie.

A rustle came from the portières, and, presently, a soft arm out of the shadows stole round the doctor's neck.

"Look, look, pop!" warned Jimmie. "There's a big girl back of you. She's huggin' you an' cryin'."

WE were seated on the wide veranda of Lavina's, in Papeete —the ship's doctor, old Monsieur Mattieu and myself. No one else remained at the tables, save the tireless red ants, greater gourmands than ourselves. As we sipped our absinthe, a huge barrel-end of a moon worked above the clusters of dracenas in the garden, firing their leaves into green, brown, yellow and ruby. The expiring strains of the band had long since died away from the *Circle Militaire;* even the liquid chimes of the cathedral had hushed. Now and then, faintly, the asthmatic notes of a concertina in native fingers, or the strum-strum of a banjo, wafted to us on the lazy night breeze from the bay. Stronger, tho, and almost edible, was the odor of vanilla that came up from the wharves.

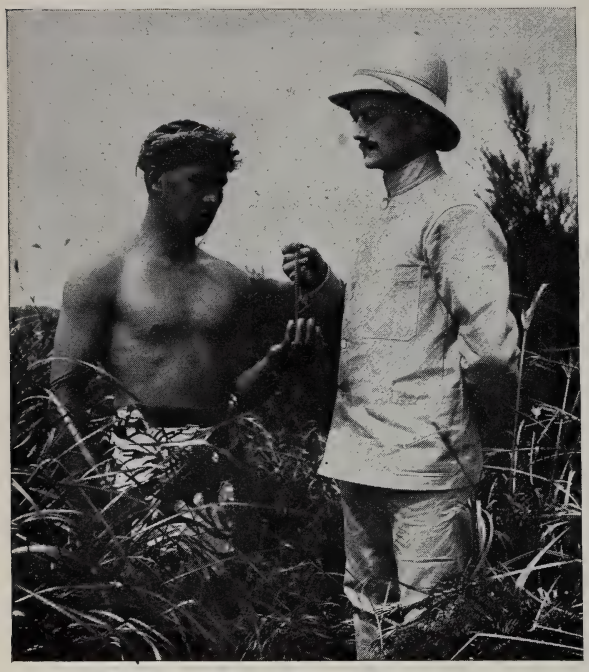
It was our last night in enchanted Tahiti, the doctor's and mine, sentimentalists both, so we had hunted up Monsieur Mattieu, the venerable trader, and had bullied him into keeping a night vigil with us at Lavina's.

While we had dined, the life of the little South Sea metropolis had paraded before the faded blue and white railings of our hostess' garden fence. French officers, in natty, summer uniforms; residents, in loose-fitting white drill, and, now and then, a bearded German trader, in dingy pajamas, sauntered by. Of the soft brown and olive Tahitians, a never-ending, silent-footed stream flowed thru the foliage of the Broom Road: young girls, in gossamer shawls and home-woven hats of cane, the melting luster of whose fawn's eyes searched us thru; then, with a flash of milk-white teeth and a flaunt of rainbow ribbons, their owners passed on. Village girls, too, with mane-like ebony hair tossing on their shoulders, or straying in a jungle across bare breasts. Everywhere flowers, growing underfoot, in high clusters on the trees, or creeping over house and fence, in a Polynesian carpet of riotous color. It was Sunday, a fête night in Papeete, when the brow of each maid or youth is garlanded with a wreath of fern and the white, highly scented gardenia blossom.

Even as the last fires died down to coals on the beach, Patutoa way, and a wakeful lover chanted a drawling promise of perpetual eating, singing and dancing, somewhere under the palms, our senses were still glutted with the ruddy panorama set forth by the moon.

And the air was still fragrant with gardenia, as Monsieur Mattieu fetched forth fresh cigars, and, lighting one, turned a face, full of memories, toward us.

"It has been always thus in Tahiti," he said, in excellent English— "flowers, song, prodigality and love. Nor could one of these be taken away, without marring the islands,



like a feature missing to a beautiful woman."

He tilted his chair full toward the hanging lamp of the moon, as if to contemplate the vistas of the past.

"Take the island custom," he continued, "of wreathing the head in blossoms—how pretty it is to the stranger, but how little it conveys. But the Tahitian maiden literally wears her heart in this crude chaplet, and, should she bestow it upon a man, her whole self goes with it, without reserve."

"Is the custom old, monsieur?" I asked.

"As old as the cloud-capped head of Orohena," he answered, "and as consuming in its fire." Monsieur Mattieu paused, rather abashed at his emphasis. "Perhaps you would care to hear a tale of old Tahiti," he asked, "when the French were quite new to the islanders?"

We begged him to tell us the story that held a promise of supplementing the moonlit gold about us. Monsieur never could be a bore; he glanced keenly at us, to see if our interest was more than polite, then settled back, his face hid in shadow.

"Never mind the year," he resumed, "but let it be sufficient that this episode happened long before regular steamers came to Papeete, or frequent trading-schooners shot the jaws of the pass into the harbor. Save for a few resident traders, a handful of missionaries, and an out-at-heels specimen or so living on the beach, white men were what you call rare birds. At times, too, a French warship flouted her impertinent way between the barrier reefs, and discharged a salute to the settlement. Sometimes soldiers were left, but their commandant did not interfere too much with the rule of Queen Pomare and her native chiefs.

"One day, a fine bark—no ordinary trader—flying the tricolor flag, rattled her anchor-chain into the coral bed of Afareaitu Bay. She had scarcely swung taut on her chain when old Chief Hoato-aru, his wife, and girl, Ternia, put off in their catamaran, to be the first to sit on the floor of the mirrored cabin, and to gloat over specimens of silks and prints.

"Hoato-aru was visibly impressed as he climbed over the bark's high rail.

"'Big um ship; big um trade,' he kept repeating in a singsong, while his family followed him about, displaying the same childlike admiration.

"Captain Le Martin and his mates took it as a matter of course, but a young naval officer, going to join his ship in the Marquesas, whom we will call Jacques, was vastly amused by the proceedings.

"For a space of two hours they squatted in the cabin, and fingered the trade stuff, like children round a Christmas tree. To Jacques, glancing down the companionway, the sight was novel and barbaric, but he soon tired of it, turned on his heel, and

stood at the rail, gazing across to the low coast and twin giant peaks of Tahiti.

"The islanders came on deck again, and took to their catamaran, bearing sundry fluttering and alluring samples of trade. It was then that Jacques first noticed the charms of old Hoato-aru's daughter. She was considered a rare beauty in a land where all of the women are handsome, and, as he took in the light olive of her cheeks, turning to amber on her throat and bust, the broad swell of her breast, thinning down to a wisp of a waist, with a kilt of the finest tapa drawn close to supple thighs, and the daintiest of ankles flashing across the deck, he realized that here was an idol-worshiping heathen far more beautiful than the modiste-created women of his own land.

"He leaned over the rail, and met her eyes. They were large, luminous and smoldering with fire. A color played in her round cheeks, as scarlet as the seeds of her strings of necklaces. Her short, full lips barely guarded the teeth, white as a wolf's, which she flashed toward him, as he waved an impulsive adieu to the skimming catamaran.

It was enough. Hitherto, Jacques had yawned behind his hand at the ceaseless talk of copra, bêche-de-mer and vanilla; henceforth, the allurements of trade with the islanders held out open hands to him.

"Night fell on the bark, casting her in a dappled mold of bronze and green malachite from the western glow. Morning came again, diamond-studded and shot with the pinks and creams of silk and old lace. The crew was astir with the half-light, and Captain Le Martin was all in a sweat to get ashore and look over the chief's copra sheds. He was good-naturedly surprised when Jacques volunteered to make the trip with him.

"Hoato-aru saw them coming, and rose up, from his mat in his thatch house, to waddle down to the beach and welcome them. Ternia sat in the shade of the door, and pleated a hat, nimbly, the while she sang *Arioi, Arioi* over and over again, each time shading the words deeper and holding on to them in longer notes. Somehow, the case of prints that the Captain was staving in on the beach in front of Hoato-aru did not interest her. Her song did not cease until Jacques had come up and stood before her.

"She made room on the mat by her side. He sat down, in quite a stilted manner.

"'You um no 'fraid island girl?' she questioned. He shook his head, and took off his pith helmet, to show that he was perfectly at ease.

"The part in his wavy hair fascinated her, and she pointed a little hand at it, and laughed, with low notes, almost like a song.

"Then she looked him fairly in the eyes, saw how pleased he was, and jumped up nimbly, to run off into the bush. Jacques watched her feet pad the soft, coral sand, saw her swing

thru a ropy tangle of liana vines, then followed in her wake. A forest of palm and banana marched even with the beach, cut off shear and even, like a little girl's hair, when it came to the sand. Into this they disappeared, and her song worked ever ahead of him in the maze of thicket.

"An hour or so later, if Captain Le Martin had glanced up from the piles of drying cocoanut in old Aru's shed, he could have glimpsed them coming toward him, hand in hand; breeding-place for tropic love, with the hatches knocked off and the catamarans of Aru bringing out the nut with the speed of water-bugs. It was a good trade—close to a hundred tons—and the Captain thought his beginning very well made.

"Just after four bells had struck, the activity suddenly stopped, however, and Jacques, thru the glass, could make out the boats drawn up on the beach and Hoato-aru holding some kind of a palaver with his men.

TERNIA CROWNS JACQUES

Jacques with a wreath of phantom-white gardenias crowning his forehead. But he neither saw nor heard them, and, with his inspection come to an end, sang out that he was leaving.

"In answer, Jacques stepped out on the beach, in his helmet, never once looking behind, and thus it was that the Tahitian custom of crowning a husband-to-be with gardenia blossoms was not explained to him. What a mess of trouble the Captain could have saved him, if his eyes had been above the copra-shed floor.

"The decks of the bark were no

"Pretty soon the thing was decided, and old Aru squeezed himself into a boat, and was paddled out to the bark. His paddler was a handsome chap, over six feet and straight as a plank.

"'Yarana,' sang out Aru, and, immediately, he and the Captain were as thick as thieves, in the island pidgin lingo. The old chief kept pointing to Jacques; the Captain shook his head, and turned from red to purple. Finally, he broke off abruptly, and crossed over to the young officer.

"'There's the devil to pay,' he said to Jacques, 'and that's the long and short of it. It seems the chief's daugh-

ter has set her cap for you, and old Aru wants to exchange his best young warrior here for your precious carcass. 'Why, man,' he exploded, 'by island custom, you're as good as married to her, and you've got to see me out of the mess.'

"'Married!' gasped Jacques. 'I've barely laid eyes on the girl.'

"'You dont know these people,' said the Captain—'seems she wove a wedding-wreath for you, and you wore it. That's enough, in these out Ternia, and, willy-nilly, get this foolishness out of her.

"As he landed and approached the thatch house, nothing greeted him but a score of hideous land-crabs, glaring, like Satan, over their meal of *bourau* leaves. The house was bare of even its mats.

"Jacques halloed and ventured a 'Yarana' or two, but the brushing noise of the wind in the palms was all that answered him. Aru, his family and his people had decamped.

JACQUES IS TAKEN PRISONER

parts. You'd better go below, until I settle, somehow, with your father-in-law.'

"Jacques retired to the cabin, with his head spinning. He could make nothing of it, and had no intention of setting up as a sub-chief on the beach. In a little while, he heard Aru putting off, and the splash of his paddle, and this somewhat relieved him.

"The afternoon wore on, with no signs of life from the shore, and the Captain pacing the deck, cursing the taboo that had fallen upon him. At the same time, Jacques made a resolve: he would row ashore, search

"The Sabbath-like calm continuing, Jacques worked into the bush where Ternia had led him before, and soon struck a sort of path hacked out of the pithy cane. It was as dim as twilight in there, with not even the call of a bird, and the lianas twisting down everywhere, like snakes.

"At the banks of a brook he halted, to plunge his face in the clear, mountain stream, and, in doing so, a shadow flickered across the water. Another shadow, and another, until Jacques looked up, to find himself in the midst of a quartet of silent warriors. They were big fellows, stripped

naked and brown, except for a yellow *pareu* twisted around the hips.

"Jacques spread out his hands in token of peace, but they formed a fence around him with their long bamboo spears. Step whichever way he would, a menacing point met him. The truth was that he was very much of a captive.

"Then the leader faced about, and, keeping their prisoner sandwiched between them, the party started a rapid, silent march thru the jungle. After a while, the likeness of a path ceased altogether, and it was wriggle and twist and crawl to make headway.

"Jacques' light clothes were torn to shreds, and his face bleeding from a score of gouges, but they forced him on, until they came out on the beach again, a league away from the bark. Here they made a sort of litter of spears and hibiscus fiber, and, placing their captive in it, trundled along the beach, crooning a low song in unison with their step.

"Along toward nightfall, they set him down, and Jacques could make out the thatch of a house set in the edging of palms. The bearing of his captors underwent a change. One hacked off the end of a nut, and held it forth for him to drink its milk, as two others started preparations for a fire and supper. The fourth man led him toward the house, smiling and fawning, like a pleased dog with his master.

"Inside, a jar of oil lay burning, and, by its bluish light, Jacques distinguished beautiful household mats laid between a sprinkling of broad leaves. The place was deserted, as far as he could see, yet evidently prepared for a guest.

"The spearsman returned with gourds of fresh water, and Jacques washed his cuts and tidied himself up a bit. A gorgeous *pareu,* of many colors, lay on a stool, and this the watchful native draped around him, covering his tattered clothes.

"On the beach, the preparations for a meal were being pushed feverishly, and Jacques wondered at its elaborateness. Piles of feis, a sort of banana, were heaped up for roasting; a suckling pig was being intrenched for cooking in the sand; strange fish lay flapping and glistening in the moonlight, and kava, the sense-stealing native drink, lay shimmering in gourds.

"As the moon rose over the bay, turning it into a rippling melting-pot of gold and frosting the foliage with bronze and ruddy tints, the preparations for the feast had come to an end. The fires of cocoanut-shell were allowed to burn down to glowing coals, but still the feasters desisted from their meal.

"Presently, from off the water, the voice of a young girl rose, getting clearer and fuller as her canoe shot toward the beach.

"It was Ternia, and the shells sparkled on her bare breast like fireflies, and a wreath of flowers hugged her glossy hair.

"She landed, and came toward Jacques, smiling, and stepping lightly, in her fine, scant clothes.

"'Make um wait never no more,' she said, laying a hand on his arm. And he felt the electric look in her eyes, and was silent, with emotions sadly at sea.

"The truth is, he had started out to show her the childishness of her ways and to propound his own stern destiny, and perhaps, for good measure, to press his face against hers, in farewell. But she watched him like a cat, and knelt by him, and rubbed oil into his bruised face, flicking it with her scented hair.

"And, as they ate and drank of the feast, with the natives become silent and swift as shadows to their wishes, and the moon picking out the clear, honey color of her skin, the forgetfulness of the Southern Seas stole over him, and he lay watching her.

"The moon rode its course, and paled, until the stars alone burned bright in their sockets, casting the beach in pale silver and sable. The natives slept soundly, by the side of the house; the fire burned low, to a glowworm flicker. Jacques lay awake,

answering her low words in words of her own.

"Suddenly she reached up, and plucked the wreath from her hair, fitting it around his forehead.

"This time he sighed, with all the smile quite gone from his lips, and drew her to him. She lay still in his arms, saying low, sweet, meaningless words in the native tongue.

"Jacques felt them pour thru him, took her hand in his two, closed his eyes, and fell into the untroubled sleep of the lingerer in the land of song and flowers.

"Three days and three nights they lived in the thatch house on the beach, the girl-wife's eyes like kisses, and her laughter as soft as sighs.

"And then, one day, Captain Le Martin and a boat's crew came upon them, rowing ashore, like the Evil One and his minions edging into Paradise.

"Jacques shook hands with the Captain—he seemed a stranger now—and led Ternia up to meet him. 'My little wifie, savvy?' he explained—'she um 'fraid to come 'board ship.'

" 'I've brought you a present,' said the Captain, abruptly, 'and, perhaps, it may shake you up from the island sleep.'

"Forthwith, he pulled a little tricolor flag from his pocket, and handed it, gravely, to Jacques.

"Its message meant an awful lot to the young officer, and he could see his ship waiting for him and his name sent home in disgrace. Then he looked quickly at Ternia, standing there erect and loving, as if guarding him, and his mind tossed in dismal confusion again.

JACQUES IS RECONCILED TO HIS TAHITIAN BRIDE

" 'Better come now,' broke in the Captain's voice. 'There is a fatal native word, *Ariana,* which means tomorrow, and which is never fulfilled.'

"Jacques turned to the girl, held her face up close to his, and searched out the never-failing constancy in her bright eyes. 'Me go on big ship,' he said; '*ariana*—some time—come back and get little wifie.'

"But, as he watched her, she slid from him, and threw herself on the sand, in a burst of weeping that shook her like palsy.

"She would not rise again—just kept groveling and clinging to his feet, so he reached down and stole a gardenia from her wreath, and took it with him into the waiting boat.

"The last he saw of her was when the boat was tossing half a league from the beach, and she rose up and ran toward the water. She would have plunged in and swum out, in the hopes of reaching him—all native women are ducks in the water—but the old chief's men held her back, until the boat bobbed out of sight."

Old Monsieur Mattieu finished his story rather abruptly, we thought, with the Tahitian girl on the beach, and the fickle young Frenchman bobbing out of sight in a ship's boat; but all tales cant end as we want them to, and, glancing up, I noticed the ghostly, trembling light in the sky, adventing dawn.

Quite suddenly, the sun rose out of the Pacific, and the lacy palms in the harbor stood out, fragile and beautiful, against the creaming seas on the reefs beyond.

As he rose to go, Monsieur Mattieu looked very white and old in the fresh daylight, and his hands felt like parchment in ours.

"Perhaps I should tell you the rest," he said; "it is short, and hurries the story, in a breath, a good fifty years.

"I, Monsieur Mattieu, am Jacques; and when my service was out, I returned to Tahiti, and searched out Ternia, and married her, in good and proper style, before a missionary.

"She has made a good wife, faithful as a dog in the days of our bad luck. And if you care to see how well a Kanaka can grow old gracefully, Madame Mattieu will always smile you welcome to Papeete."

JACQUES BIDS TERNIA FAREWELL

(Adapted from the novel of Charles Dickens)

THAT punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst, like another sun, from his slumbers, and proceeded to put himself into his clothes, and his clothes into his portmanteau. In another hour, portmanteau in hand, and his note-book in his waistcoat, for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted, Mr. Pickwick had arrived at the coach-stand in St. Martin's Le Grand.

"Cab! Golden Cross!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a bob's vorth," sulkily cried a strange specimen of the human race in sackcloth coat and apron, who was perched upon a vehicle composed of two enormous wheels and one small and decrepit-looking nag. "Here you are, sir."

"How old *is* that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, curiously, as the cab drove off.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement, and Mr. Pickwick noted down the fact, forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three veeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment—and out came the note-book again. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle, the three remaining members of the Pickwick Club, who had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out a shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, dashed his hat after it, with reckless disregard of his private property, and

knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, following up the attack with a blow in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and another, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat.

" 'Ere's a lark!" shouted half a dozen hackney coachmen and crowded, with great glee, round the party.

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

minated by the interposition of a newcomer.

"What's the fun?" said a tall, thin, young man in a green coat, emerging, suddenly, from the coach-yard, and making his way toward Mr. Pickwick thru the crowd, by the simple process of elbowing the countenances of its members. That learned man, in a few hurried words, explained the real state of the case.

"Come along, then," said he of

"HOW OLD IS THAT HORSE, MY FRIEND?"

"Wot did 'e want my number for, then?" inquired the cabman. He appealed to the crowd. " 'E's an informer as goes around in a man's cab an' takes down ev'ry word 'e says into the bargain."

A light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick —it was the note-book, then, in which he was wont to gather interesting and unusual facts. "You shall smart for this," he gasped.

"Informers!" shouted the joyous crowd.

"Come on!" cried the cabman, belligerently.

The affair was unexpectedly ter-

the green coat, lugging Mr. Pickwick and his friends after him toward the travelers' waiting-room. "Cabbie, take your fare—now take yourself off —respectable gentleman—know him well—this way, sir—never say die—smart chap, that cabman—punch his head—'cod, I would—pig's whisper—no gammon."

Before the bewildered Pickwickians could find voice for thanks, this coherent and sprightly speech was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman, to announce that "The Commodore" was on the point of starting.

"Commodore!" said the stranger, starting up. "My coach—place booked—one outside——"

Now it so happened that Mr. Pickwick and his companions had resolved to make Rochester their first holding-place, too, and, having intimated to their new-found acquaintance that they were journeying to the same city, they agreed to occupy the seat at the back of the coach, where they could all sit together. Once seated on the coach, Mr. Pickwick had leisure to examine the costume and appearance of the stranger.

His green coat, once a smart dress garment, had evidently been made for a much shorter man, for the soiled sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. His scanty, black trousers were strapped tightly over a pair of dirty white stockings, and his long, black hair escaped, in negligent waves, from beneath each side of his old, pinched-up hat. An air of jaunty impudence pervaded the whole man.

By the time the party had reached Rochester, they were all very well acquainted with Mr. Alfred Jingle, as the stranger introduced himself. A whisper passed among the Pickwickians, and nods of assent were exchanged. Mr. Pickwick addressed the stranger.

"You rendered us a very important service this morning," said he. "May we beg the favor of your company at dinner?"

"Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mush-

JINGLE INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO THE PICKWICKIANS

rooms—capital!" said the stranger. "Five o'clock, precisely—till then—take care of yourselves," and, lifting the pinched-up hat a few inches from his head, the stranger carelessly replaced it very much on one side, and walked briskly away.

"A fine fellow—very," was the Pickwickian verdict.

Punctual to five o'clock came the stranger, and, shortly afterwards, the dinner.

"Devil of a mess on the staircase, waiter," said the stranger, as the meal was progressing pleasantly toward a third bottle of wine. "Lamps

—harps—glasses—what's going forward?"

"Ball, sir," said the waiter.

"Many fine women here?" inquired Mr. Tupman, with great interest.

"Splendid—capital, sir—Kent famous for women, sir."

"I should like very much to go," sighed Mr. Tupman, amorously.

"Beg pardon, friends," said the stranger, as the waiter withdrew. "Bottle stands—pass it round—no heel-taps," and he emptied his glass, which he had just filled, with the air of a man used to it. The wine was passed. The stranger talked. The Pickwickians listened. Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass fell fast asleep. Mr. Pickwick exhibited, for a moment, an unnatural brilliancy, then flickered and went out, so to speak. His head sank upon his bosom. He slept, also.

The temptation to be present at the ball was strong upon Mr. Tupman. The temptation to take the stranger with him was equally great. The additional stimulus of a last glass of wine settled his determination.

"Winkle's bedroom is inside mine," said Mr. Tupman. "I know he has a dress-suit in a carpet-bag. Supposing you wore it to the ball, and took it off when we returned. I could replace it without troubling him at all about the matter."

"Capital!" said the stranger. "Famous plan—very good notion, that—very."

Mr. Tupman rang the bell, purchased tickets, and ordered chamber candlesticks. In another quarter of an hour, the stranger was completely arrayed in a full suit of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle's, adorned with large, gilt club buttons, bearing a bust of Mr. Pickwick in the center and the letters "P. C." on each side.

"Queer coats, these—like general postman's coats," said the stranger, ungratefully. "Mysterious dispensation of Providence—all the long men get the short coats——" Running on in this way, Mr. Jingle, accompanied by Mr. Tupman, ascended the staircase leading to the ballroom, entered, and stationed themselves in a corner, to observe the company.

"Charming women," breathed Mr. Tupman, gratefully. "Who is that little, fat man with the pink head, paying attention to that richly dressed old widow in the corner?"

"Rum old girl—lots of money—that's evident—pompous doctor—not a bad idea—good fun," were the intelligible sentences which issued from Mr. Alfred Jingle's lips, mysteriously. Mr. Tupman looked inquisitively into his face.

"I'll dance with the widow," said Mr. Jingle.

"Who is she?" inquired Mr. Tupman, aghast.

"Dont know—never saw her in my life—cut out the doctor—here goes." And the audacious stranger, forthwith, crossed the room, picked up the little old lady's fan, presented it to her,—a smile—a bow—an introduction from the master of ceremonies, and Mr. Jingle and Mrs. Bulger took their places in a quadrille.

The surprise of Mr. Tupman at this summary proceeding was immeasurably exceeded by the astonished indignation of the scorned doctor. Dr. Slammer was paralyzed—rejected, he? Impossible! yet it was so. Mrs. Bulger was dancing with Mr. Jingle—there was no mistaking the fact. Silently did the doctor bear all this, the handing of goblets of negus, the darting for biscuits, the coquetting that ensued; but, a few seconds after the stranger had disappeared, to lead Mrs. Bulger to her carriage, he darted from the room, in a perspiration of passion.

The stranger was returning, and Mr. Tupman was beside him. He was exulting. He laughed. The little doctor thirsted for his life.

"Sir!" said the doctor, in an awful voice, producing a card. "My name is Dr. Slammer, sir—my card, sir—my card——" His indignation choked him.

"Ah!" replied the stranger, coolly, "much obliged—polite attention—not ill now, Slammer—but when I am—knock you up."

"You're a shuffler, sir," gasped the furious doctor, "a poltroon—you are intoxicated; you shall hear from me in the morning, sir." Doctor Slammer fixed his hat on his head with an indignant knock; and Mr. Jingle and Mr. Tupman ascended to the bedroom of the latter, to restore the borrowed plumage to the unconscious Winkle.

The restoration was soon made. The stranger departed. Mr. Tracy Tupman, quite bewildered with wine, lights and ladies, thought the whole affair an exquisite joke. After experiencing some slight difficulty in finding the hole in his nightcap intended for his head, he managed to get into bed, and sank into repose. Seven o'clock had hardly ceased striking when a loud knocking at his door roused him.

"Can I speak to Mr. Winkle, sir?" called Boots thru the keyhole.

"Winkle, you're wanted—some one at door——" shouted Mr. Tupman, with great exertion, and fell fast asleep on the last word.

"Gentleman in the coffee-room, sir," said Boots, as Mr. Winkle confronted him.

"Very odd," said Mr. Winkle; "I'll be down directly."

He hurriedly wrapped himself in a traveling-shawl, and proceeded downstairs. An officer, in undress uniform, turned as Mr. Winkle entered the coffee-room, and made a stiff inclination of the head.

"I have called here this morning," said the officer, with deathly calm,

THE BELLIGERENTS PREPARE FOR BATTLE

"in behalf of my friend, Dr. Slammer, who begged me to express his opinion that your conduct of last evening was of a description no gentleman could endure, and to demand a written apology or satisfaction."

"A—written—apology!" repeated Mr. Winkle, in the most emphatic tone of amazement possible. An unwelcome light broke upon him. Last night—he had a vague recollection of walking the streets—he had been drunk, very—he must have gone somewhere, and insulted somebody—terrible!

There was nothing to do but to

accept the challenge of the warlike Dr. Slammer. The honor of the Pickwickians was at stake. "I accept the challenge," said Mr. Winkle, heavily.

"Shall we say sunset this evening, at Fort Pitt Field?" inquired the officer, in a care-free tone.

"Very good," replied Mr. Winkle, thinking, in his heart, it was very bad.

"Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!" and the officer whistled a lively air as he strode away.

The morning's breakfast passed off heavily. After breakfast Mr. Snodgrass proposed a visit to the castle, and as Mr. Winkle was the only other member of the party able to walk, they set out together.

"Snodgrass!" said Mr. Winkle, solemnly. "I want your assistance in an affair of honor." He explained the circumstances at some length, devoutly hoping that Snodgrass would refuse.

"I will attend you," said Mr. Snodgrass. It is extraordinary how cool outsiders can be in such cases. Mr. Winkle felt a chill pass thru his frame, as the conviction that he had nothing to hope for from his friend's fears rushed forcibly upon him.

A case of pistols having been hired from a manufacturer in Rochester, the two friends returned to the inn to await the approaching struggle.

It was a dull and heavy evening when they again sallied forth, Mr. Winkle muffled in a huge coat, Mr. Snodgrass bearing his instruments of destruction.

"We are in excellent time," said Mr. Snodgrass, cheerfully, as they climbed the fence into Fort Pitt Field, "and there they are waiting for us now."

Mr. Winkle stifled a groan, as the officer of the morning approached.

"My friend, sir, Mr. Snodgrass," he said. Dr. Slammer's friend bowed.

"We may place our men, I think," observed he, with as much indifference as tho the principals were chessmen.

"I think we may," replied Mr. Snodgrass, who would have assented to any proposition, because he knew nothing whatever about the matter. The seconds retired, and the belligerents approached each other. Mr. Winkle was always remarkable for extreme humanity. It was doubtless this that caused him to shut his eyes upon arriving at the fatal spot. His eyes being closed, he did not observe the very extraordinary demeanor of Dr. Slammer. That gentleman stared, rubbed his eyes, and, finally, shouted: "Stop! That's not the man!"

"Not the man!" said Dr. Slammer's second.

"Not the man!" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Certainly not," replied the little doctor. "That's not the person who insulted me last night."

Now Mr. Winkle opened his eyes, and his ears, too. He stepped boldly forward, and said:

"I am not the person. I know it."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, extending his hand, "I shall feel proud of your acquaintance."

"It will afford me the greatest pleasure to know you, sir," replied Mr. Winkle. Whereat, the whole party shook hands, very cordially, and left the grounds, in the most pleasant fashion imaginable.

"Perhaps you and your friends will call on us at the 'Bull' this evening," said Mr. Winkle. "I shall be glad to introduce you to Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman."

"I shall come with great pleasure," said the doctor. Cordial farewells were exchanged, and the party separated.

As the Pickwickians and their new acquaintance, Mr. Jingle, were gathered sociably about glasses and a bottle that evening, the waiter entered the room.

"Some gentlemen, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Winkle, rising. "Some friends of mine—show them in."

The waiter ushered two gentlemen into the room.

"Lieutenant Toppleton and Dr. Slammer," said Mr. Winkle. "My

friends, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tup—'' Here Mr. Winkle suddenly paused. Strong emotion was visible on the countenance both of Mr. Tupman and the doctor.

''I have met *this* gentleman before,'' said the doctor, with marked emphasis, ''and—and that person, too.'' His eye fixed the green swallow-tail of Mr. Jingle malevolently. He then gazed, with ferocious aspect, on the beaming countenance of the unconscious Pickwick.

Jingle to clear himself as well as possible. He was apparently about to proceed to do so, when Lieutenant Toppleton, who had been eyeing him, said, with considerable scorn: ''Are you not a strolling actor, sir?''

''Certainly—good boy—clever memory,'' replied the unabashed stranger.

The Lieutenant turned contemptuously to Dr. Slammer. ''You see you cannot proceed in this affair, Slammer—impossible. I wish you all good-evening.'' And the Lieutenant

THE PICKWICKIANS DECIDE TO HUNT JINGLE DOWN

''Sir,'' said he, finally, addressing Mr. Tupman in a tone that made that gentleman start as perceptibly as if a pin had been inserted in the calf of his leg, ''you were at the ball here, last night, and that—that *person* was your companion.''

Mr. Tupman gasped a faint affirmative.

''Tupman,'' said Mr. Pickwick, severely, ''this must be explained. Tell your story.''

Thus solemnly adjured, Mr. Tupman stated the case in a few words, winding up with a little penitence on his own account, and leaving Mr.

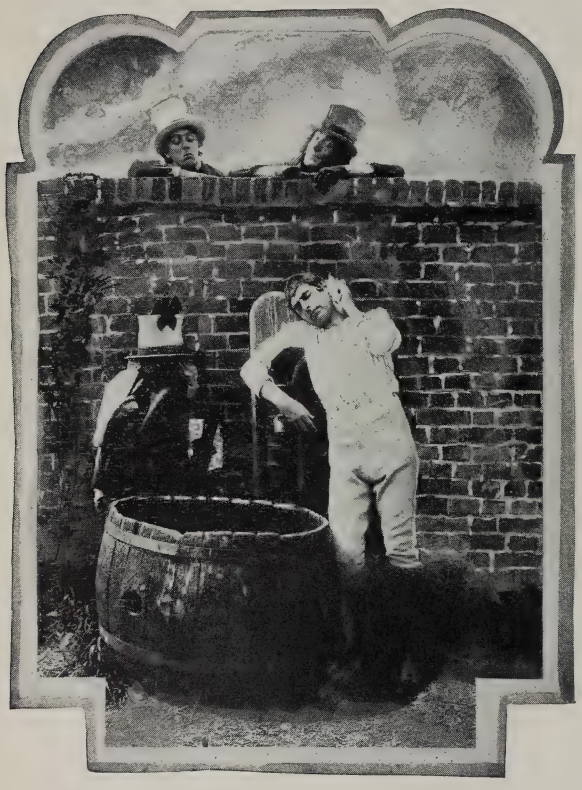
bounced out of the room, followed by Dr. Slammer, who said nothing, but withered the company with a look. During the conversation, Mr. Jingle had been edging toward the door. He now opened it, inserted his thin body in the crack, and delivered his farewell. ''Off directly—important engagement—see you all later—jolly old gentleman—capital fun, very—by-by, Pickwick.'' And he, too, disappeared.

Rage and bewilderment swelled the noble breast of Mr. Pickwick, almost to the bursting of his waistcoat, during this scene. As the door closed on the thin legs of the stranger, he

rushed forward, fury in his looks, and would have followed, had not Mr. Snodgrass seized his revered leader by the coat-tail, and dragged him back.

"Let me go," said Mr. Pickwick, fiercely.

"Hold him tight," shouted Mr. Snodgrass. By the united effort of his followers, Mr. Pickwick was



THE CONSPIRATORS MAKE SAM WELLER THEIR INSTRUMENT

forced into an armchair, and brandy and water administered internally. Gradually, his countenance recovered its customary expression of benevolence.

"He is," said Mr. Pickwick, majestically, "beneath my notice, but, as Pickwickians and gentlemen, we must make it our duty to expose his true character to the world. Tomorrow, I shall send for my servant, Sam Weller, and we will set out upon the trail of this nefarious rascal, Jingle. Meanwhile, my dear fellows, brandy, if you please."

Accordingly, Sam was sent for, and that worthy having arrived and, by a mysterious process of inquiry about town, discovered that Jingle had gone on to the neighboring shire of Bury St. Edmunds, and was stopping at the "Angel" there, the dauntless band of Pickwickians set sternly out upon their mission of protecting the public.

At the "Angel," rooms were obtained, and the party sat down to a very satisfactory dinner, while Sam Weller was sent out to find the exact whereabouts of the quarry. He returned with the intelligence that Jingle had been joined by a companion, or servant, named Job Trotter, and the two had gone out together for the evening.

"Now, sir," argued Mr. Weller, when he had concluded his report, "if I can get a talk with this here Trotter in the mornin', he'll tell me all his master's concerns. Then you can arrange what's best to be done, sir, and we can act according."

This arrangement was finally agreed upon, and Mr. Weller, with his master's permission, retired below-stairs, to spend his evening in his own way with a choice band of congenial spirits in the taproom, whose subsequent roars of laughter penetrated to Mr. Pickwick's bedroom, and shortened the term of his natural rest by at least three hours.

Early on the ensuing morning, Mr. Weller was dispelling the feverish remains of the evening's conviviality by holding his head under the pump in the inn-yard, when he was attracted by the appearance of a young fellow, in mulberry-colored livery, sitting on a bench nearby.

"How are you, old 'un?" inquired

Mr. Weller, sociably, scrubbing his face with the towel. "Stoppin' in the house, are you? How was it you warn't one of us last night?"

"I was out with my master," replied the stranger.

"What's his name?" inquired Mr. Weller, breathlessly.

"Jingle is his name," said the mulberry man. He applied a pink-checked pocket-handkerchief most unexpectedly to his eyes. "Bad—very bad," he said sadly.

"You dont mean that?" said Sam, surveying this display of emotion with lively interest.

"I do, indeed. My master's going to be married." Mr. Trotter's voice was choked with excess of feeling. "And, worse than that, he's going to run away with a rich heiress from a boarding-school on the Westgate Road at midnight, tonight. He's went an' made friends with the abbess an' wormed hisself into the school that way."

"What a dragon!" said Sam. "Dont you think, old fellow, you're a precious rascal if you let your master take in this young lady?"

"I know that," said Job, groaning slightly, "but what am I to do? Nobody'd believe it. The young lady would deny it, and so would my master, and I'd lose my place." Sam reflected a moment.

"Come this way," said he, suddenly grasping the mulberry man by the arm. "My mas'r's the man you want, I see." And, after a slight resistance on the part of Mr. Trotter, Sam led his newly found friend to the apartment of Mr. Pickwick, to whom he presented a brief summary of the dialog just repeated.

"When," said Mr. Pickwick, much affected, "is this villainous design to be carried into execution?"

"Tonight, sir. We are to call for the young lady at midnight in a post-chaise," replied Job.

"Instant measures must be taken," said Mr. Pickwick. "He must be apprehended in the very act of elopement, so that there can be no doubt of his villainy. I myself will go to the school this evening, wait in the garden, and, at half-past eleven, I shall tap on the door of the school, and you, my good fellow, shall let me in, while your master is climbing to the young lady's window. We will frustrate the nefarious plans of your master at the very moment of their execution. I dont like the plan, but as the happiness of this young lady's whole life is at stake, I adopt it."

MR. PICKWICK IS DISCOVERED BEHIND THE DOOR

Thus did Mr. Pickwick's innate good-nature involve him in an enterprise of great hazard.

Half-past ten o'clock that evening arrived, and it was time for Mr. Pick-

wick to venture forth. For reasons of prudence, he left the other members of his party ignorant of his plans, and set out, attended only by the faithful Sam.

They found the house easily, read the brass plate, and paused beside the garden wall.

"You will return to the inn, Sam, when you have assisted me over the wall," said Mr. Pickwick. "Now take hold of my legs, and raise me gently."

"Werry well, sir."

Mr. Pickwick grasped the top of the wall, and, a moment later, found himself alighted, at full length, in the garden, on top of three gooseberry bushes and a rose-tree. Not caring to go too near the door until the appointed time, he crouched into an angle of the wall and waited. He was aroused from a half-doze by the chimes of a neighboring church ringing half-past eleven.

"This is the time," thought Mr. Pickwick. He walked on tiptoe to the door, and gave a gentle tap—then, after two or three minutes, a louder one. At length, the sound of

feet was audible on the stairs. There was a low whispering inside, and then a voice cried: "Who's there?"

"That's not Job," thought Mr. Pickwick, hastily drawing himself straight up against the wall beside the door. "It's a woman."

He had scarcely time to form this unpleasant conclusion, when a window upstairs was thrown up, and four shrill, female voices repeated the inquiry: "Who's there?"

Mr. Pickwick dared not move hand or foot. It was clear the whole establishment was aroused. A profuse perspiration dampened his brow.

"What a dreadful situation!" he murmured. To his horror, the bolts and chains on the door were withdrawn, and the door opened wider and wider, crowding him unpleasantly behind it.

"Who's there?" screamed a chorus of treble voices from inside. Of course, Mr. Pickwick did not say who *was* there; and the burden of the chorus changed into: "Lor', I'm so frightened!"

At that moment, an inquisitive boarder, who had been peeping between the hinges of the door, set up a fearful scream.

"What—what is the matter, Miss Smithers?" said the lady abbess, as

the aforesaid Miss Smithers proceeded to go into hysterics of four-young-lady-power.

"Oh! the man—the—man behind the door," screamed Miss Smithers. The boarders, the teachers and the servants fell back upon each other, and never was such a screaming and fainting and struggling beheld. In the midst of the tumult, Mr. Pickwick emerged from his concealment.

"Ladies—dear ladies!" roared Mr. Pickwick, rendered desperate by the dangers of the situation. "Hear me—do I look like a robber? My dear ladies, you may lock me up in a closet if you like—only hear me."

By the more reasonable part of the establishment, some four individuals, it was now proposed that Mr. Pickwick should be locked into the closet in which the day-boarders hung their sandwich-bags, and that he might say what he wished thru the door. Accordingly, he, at once, stepped into the closet, was locked in, and the conference began.

"I came to warn you, madam, that one of your young ladies was going to elope, tonight," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Elope!" exclaimed the abbess, the three teachers, the thirty boarders and the five servants. "With whom?"

"Your friend, Mr. Alfred Jingle."

"I never heard of such a person in my life."

"Then I have been deceived and deluded," said Mr. Pickwick. "I am the victim of a base conspiracy. Send to the 'Angel' for Mr. Pickwick's man-servant, I implore you, madam."

While two of the servants were dispatched to the "Angel" in search of Mr. Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick sat down in the closet, beneath a grove of sandwich-bags, and awaited their return as philosophically as his state of mind would allow. In an hour and a half, they came back, bringing with them not only Sam, but Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle. Explanations followed, and Mr. Pickwick, released from the closet, and set aright in the good graces of the lady abbess, the three teachers, the thirty boarders and the five servants, walked slowly and silently home with his friends. He seemed bewildered and amazed. Just before snuffing his candle, preparatory to sleep, however, he called Sam to him.

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, with desperate effort.

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Where are that Trotter and Jingle?"

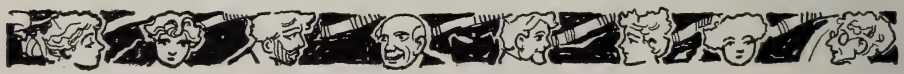
"Gone, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "There's a pair on 'em, sir."

"Jingle suspected my design, and set that fellow on you with this story, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick, half-choking.

"Just that, sir," replied Mr. Weller, sympathetically. "Reg'lar do, sir; artful dodge."

Mr. Pickwick raised himself in bed, and indented his pillow with a tremendous blow. "Whenever I meet that Jingle again," said he, sternly, "I—I—I shall require an explanation of his conduct from him—I most certainly shall."

And, somewhat comforted by this awful threat, Mr. Pickwick snuffed his candle, tied his night-cap strings more firmly beneath his chin, and went peacefully off to sleep.



Barry's Breaking In

(Edison)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

(From the Photoplay of James Oppenheim)

For five years Richard Remsen had done everything he could think of to make something of his son Barry. And Barry had looked upon his efforts good-naturedly, just as he looked upon all other serious things in life. What had he to worry about—being the son of a retired millionaire?

At length, on the point of despair, he had that long talk at the club with his friend Bennett, the wealthy inventor.

"Now what would you do with a son like that, Bennett?"

"I hope I dont hurt your feelings, when I say that I'd disown him!" replied the eccentric inventor.

"No, you do not hurt my feelings, but it hurts my pride for what I hope always that he *might* be. Perhaps it's my love that has spoiled him; yet I cant disown him."

"Then deprive him of his income."

"His dear mother thwarted that, by leaving him a tidy sum when she died."

"I wish I could help you, Remsen, but I cant," said Bennett, starting to rise.

"Wait one minute, Mark—I think you can help me and *him.*"

Bennett sank back, with a look of dismay.

"The boy has always had a bent for mechanics—mending his toys, the motor-car——"

"But I have no room for an idler," Bennett could not forbear remarking.

"No, I know that," said Remsen, sadly, "but help me any way you can—if it is only to say he is utterly—worthless."

"I wish I didn't feel so strongly about these things, Remsen," he said, taking his friend's hand sympathetically. "But send the boy over to see me."

"You are the sort of a man who can help—us. Thanks, many thanks. I'll see you in a week or so—then tell me the truth. So long."

Bennett hated the onerous task that friendship had laid on his shoulders. He had seen Barry Remsen lolling about the club, puffing languidly at a drooping cigaret; he had observed him jestingly strike his father for extra cash to help him out of some poker difficulties, and he had noted his extreme antipathy for work in any form. So, long before Barry came around late the morning after the friendly compact, Mark Bennett had made up his mind against the young fellow.

Barry Remsen, left to himself and all the disintegrating inertia of the idle-rich habits, that had become ingrown from long associations, had no power to help himself in his plight. In fact, if he had been told, in all seriousness, that his career and future worth and happiness depended upon the outcome of that visit, he would have chuckled, in his good-natured way, and gone off, lighting a fresh cigaret. So much for any influence Mark Bennett could exert to reform him, or for his own stultified capacity for reforming himself.

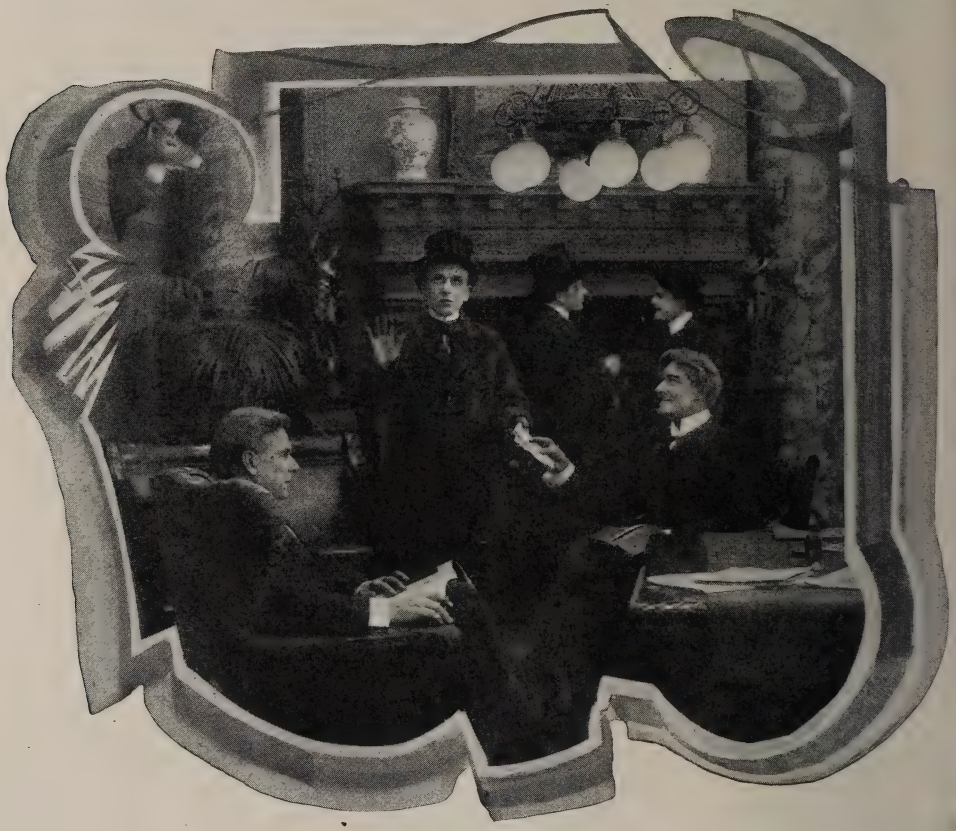
The whole affair had been one of extreme jocularity to Barry, from the moment his father had handed him the letter to be delivered by him "in person," to that instant, about an hour later, when the servant had

shown him into the drawing-room, where a young lady sat before the fire, reading a book. The young lady rose, with some agitation, and Barry found himself looking, for what seemed a long time, into her large, brown eyes, and feeling something more serious than he ever remembered having felt before.

"Wont you be seated?—father will

"Ah! Mr. Bennett, a note from my worthy father"—Barry had recovered himself at the sight of Bennett's stern face—"who prefers my services to those of a messenger boy, for some unknown reason." He handed Bennett the letter.

"Perhaps he would rather see you work than idling around," commented the other, tartly. "You run along,



BARRY AT THE CLUB

be here presently," floated from out of this cloud of seriousness that had suddenly enveloped him; and, for the first time in his knowledge, his ever-ready fund of repartee deserted him. He was still mute, and gazing at the ingenuous young lady before him, when the almost vicious slam of the door made him start guiltily.

"Well?" snapped Mark Bennett, who had seen much in the scene before him to kindle an additional disgust for the unconscious Barry.

Isabel. I have business with this young man."

A few minutes later, Barry came out of the house, and stepped into the waiting car, mumbling.

"Well, what are these two old geezers up to now, I wonder? Any one would think that I had applied for a job." Here the young man was so convulsed with laughter that he fairly punched the luxurious cushions of the car. "The old man came in dressed like a mill-hand himself. They

say he is bugs on the subject of 'man and his work,' God bless him! He can do my share while he's about it." Suddenly the young man straightened up, with a serious wrinkle on his brow. "Gee! but wasn't she a peach!"

His father met him at the door of their home.

"Well, what did Mr. Bennett say?" he asked, somewhat anxiously.

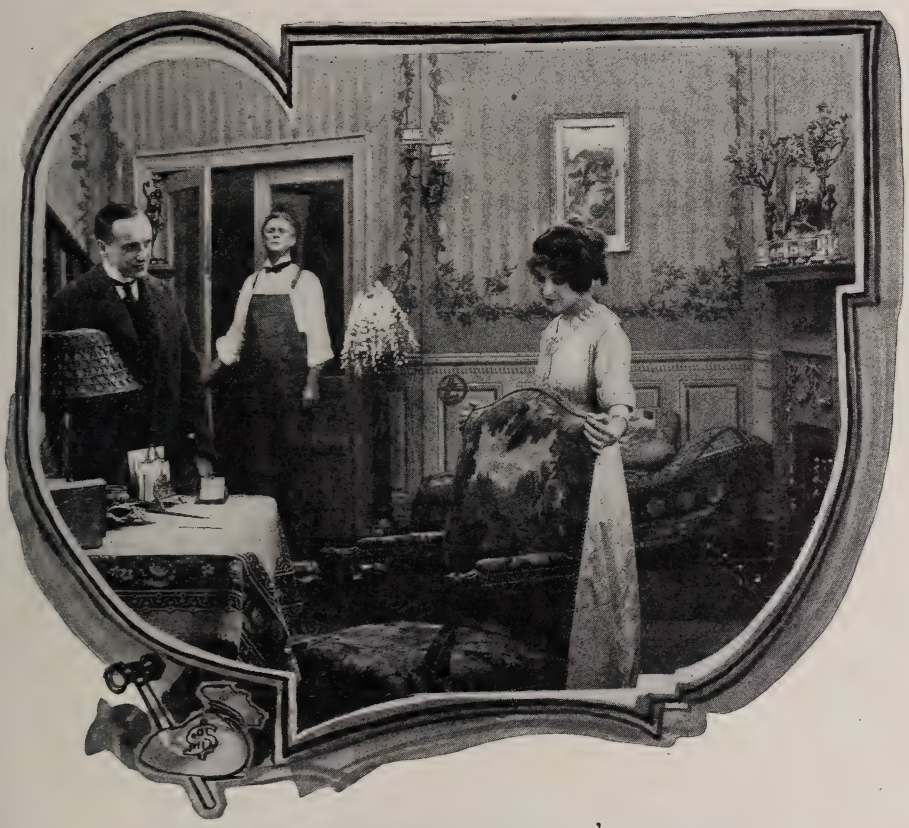
"I hope there's nothing wrong, son?" he said, apprehensively.

"No, pater—thanks."

"Off for the club?"

"No, pater—church."

"What the deuce has got into him?" mused the old man, over his morning paper, almost sorry he had made any effort to tamper with his son's character at this late day.



BARRY TAKES A FANCY TO BENNETT'S DAUGHTER

"To call again, in three days. Which I would do—I dont think—if it hadn't been for——" And he winked jocularly at his father, and went up the broad staircase, three steps at a time.

The next morning was Sunday, and Barry's father was surprised to have the boy come down in time for breakfast. He seemed unusually nervous during the meal, at which his father made no comment, until Barry looked at his watch and rose to go.

How Barry found out the right church, he alone will ever know. He went early, and waited more than a half-hour, until a girl with large, melting, brown eyes came along, who acknowledged his bow timidly and smiled. Then they walked in together.

That Sunday Isabel Bennett was unusually late for dinner.

"Communion Sunday?" was all her father asked, kissing her fondly.

"Yes, father," she replied, simply.

The next day, Barry was to return

to get his answer. Isabel happened to be reading in the drawing-room, as before. Also, Mr. Bennett entered unexpectedly and uninvited, as before. He was angry at what he saw.

"Isabel, you will have the goodness to leave us alone, please," said Bennett, sharply. "Now," he began, abruptly turning on Barry, "young man, I was considering giving you something to do."

"Why, my dear man, I assure you," returned Barry, in his lightest manner—"I assure you I dont want anything to do, I dont need it—besides, I can live without work."

"I thought so," growled Bennett, in suppressed wrath; "I know the tribe. Now you had better leave, sir, before I say something that would not be befitting the son of one of my dearest friends. If at any time you should really like to *work*—work hard—then call, if you like. But kindly discontinue your visits until that time. Good-day!"

"A queer sort of a game, this," muttered Barry, as he walked away from the big house, craning his neck for a sight of the pretty brown eyes which he could not see, because of the intervening blinds.

Now Barry was blest bountifully with that indiscreet "nerve" that so often goes with the make-up of idle young men. Therefore, he returned, not once but many times, to call on Isabel Bennett, yet knowing full well that Mark Bennett would surely throw him out head first, should he happen to come up unexpectedly from his laboratory in the rear of the great house.

A week later, when Richard Remsen almost timidly asked Bennett for a decision about his boy, the latter had to think a minute before he could recollect just whom he meant.

"Oh! yes, let's see—why, you mean—that son of yours? Well, to tell you the truth, Remsen, he's no good—not worth a cent!"

And all the way back to his home, Bennett looked out of the car window, and pondered over the way Remsen had risen, without a word, at his pronouncement, his eyes a trifle moist, and a pathetic huskiness in his "Thanks—Mark." He was sorry that he had been so blunt, and he was sorry, too, for Remsen, while there rose in his bile an overwhelming disgust for the good-for-nothing boy.

He entered his home in the worst of humors.

"There is some one to see you, sir," his servant informed him.

Bennett looked expectantly toward the empty drawing-room. "Where is there some one to see me?" he demanded.

"Why—why," faltered the domestic, guiltily, "he is waiting in your laboratory, sir."

"What!" roared Bennett, fiercely. "Haven't I instructed every one in my house that no one is ever to be allowed in my laboratory?"

"Yessir, but Miss Isabel took him there."

"Miss Isabel! And will you have the goodness to tell me for whom Miss Isabel dares to break my solemn injunction?" Bennett was ready to explode with wrath.

"I think the gentleman's name is—is Mr. Barry Remsen."

Bennett tore out of the door, almost shattering the glass with his violence.

Isabel and Barry were chatting, obliviously, in one corner of the workroom, when Bennett fairly burst thru the door.

"Ah! here's the governor, now," announced the young man, advancing toward Bennett with outstretched hand and a familiar smile; "been waiting some time for you, Mr. Bennett. An odd sort of a place you have here."

Whatever Mr. Bennett had expected, it was not, at least, this suave greeting. He had to confess that this worthless fellow always disconcerted him. He began saying what he always seemed to be saying in Barry's presence: "Isabel! Kindly and quickly go back——"

Barry interrupted him, with a courteous smile. "Just a moment, Isabel. You see, Mr. Bennett, Isabel is deeply concerned with what I have

come to speak with you about—aren't you, little girl?"

Mr. Bennett paled, and, if the truth were known, was filled with a sudden deadly fear. He said nothing, because of his sheer inability to do so.

"It's this way—but why not come right to the point in a cozy, little, family matter of this kind?—we have decided to perfect our happiness and get married. You, naturally——"

"You impudent idler!" gasped Bennett, taking a threatening step toward Barry. "You shallow——"

"Father!" cried Isabel, intervening, a look in her face that told Bennett, poignantly, of a divided heart.

"Didn't I tell you not to come near here again, unless you meant to work?"

The three men about the shop, tho pretending to be busy, were enjoying the dialog, with its probable dramatic outcome.

"And dont you call this something of a big order, sir, taking such a troublesome daughter off your hands for life?" In this remark Barry overstepped the bounds of levity, and gave Bennett the outburst of righteous indignation that the tragedy of it all had robbed him of.

"Young man, I want you to listen carefully to the few words I will have to say—and you, too, Isabel." Bennett raised a trembling hand, and his voice betrayed the rift that had suddenly been made in his heart. The two stood, now, abashed. "Young man, no more unworthy a suitor could have presented himself, asking for the hand of my daughter. When I tell you that I would look with more favor on an industrious street-cleaner than upon an idle—yes, worthless—millionaire, you may measure my feelings in the matter. But you have not considered my feelings. You have trampled on them, with that idler's bravado that will, at length, trample upon her heart! You have entered my house with all the license of a common thief, and stolen the most precious treasure I possess. Already, in the love you have filched, has gone something of her life that neither you nor she can restore." The old man paused, a gray pallor stealing over his face.

Isabel had stolen to him, and laid her head on his breast, and sobbed softly. Something had crept into Barry Remsen's soul and, with the poignancy of a surgeon's knife, had ripped away the mask of levity that had, hitherto, obscured Life, and he felt strange longings stirring within him. He saw himself losing *her,* who had become all. He saw revealed this father's torn heart; he realized his own's father disappointment; he felt his own unworthiness.

"Now, boy, perhaps you can realize what loathing your type inspires within me. I wont say that you cant win my esteem. But with my last breath I will continue to repeat that you will never have my consent for my daughter's hand in marriage until you have *won* it!"

Isabel's sobbing alone disturbed the stillness that followed. A sinister determination had come into Barry's face. He spoke a little huskily.

"I think I have earned your censure; now what must I do to win your approbation?"

Mr. Bennett looked at the young man sharply. "Work!" he said, succinctly.

"Is your offer still open? I ask no favors; but if it is, I am ready to begin—work—*now!*"

"Isabel, I wish to speak with you in the library. Barnes," called Mr. Bennett to his foreman, "get this young man a pair of overalls, then step into the office a minute."

wreck of his idleness; it robbed their taunts of the poison; it thwarted their expected "rough-housing" of the young swell, and, for some reason or other, it made their own work easier.

Of course, Barry went without breakfast that first morning—except for a chocolate éclair that Isabel smuggled to him, as she fearfully came around to see how he fared. Barry was called upon to do all the

BARRY ATTIRES HIMSELF IN OVERALLS

It was arranged that Barry should sleep on the cot in the corner of the workroom, and he telephoned his father to the effect that he would not be home for a week, but not to worry.

The next morning, about a quarter to eight, when the men arrived to go to work, they found Barry sleeping soundly. They used a pail of ice-water to bring him to a realization of his duties. Whatever they were prepared for, it was not a smile. And that smile stuck to Barry out of the drudgery, of course—he had to sweep out in the morning, oil the machines, and handle all the disagreeable chemicals used in experiments.

Bennett's only greetings were curt nods and searching and unfeeling observation of his work. Regardless of his severe orders, however, Isabel continued to hover around the workroom some portion of each day. Then, all of a sudden, Barry took hold. His half-forgotten college lore concerning chemistry fired him with an insatiable

desire to master things. Practice with the lathes and drills rapidly developed a marvelous latent skill for mechanics. His passion for the work made him forget his meals, and work, sometimes for hours, into the night, trying to master some special problem that had arisen during the day. He refused, at length, one day, to be interrupted by Isabel, which resulted in their first lovers' quarrel. This quarrel was observed by Bennett himself.

That afternoon he asked Barry—speaking directly to him for the first time—to make some important piece of metal fastening. A sudden, irresistible spark lighted in the old man's heart at the boyish smile of joy that came over Barry's face. That afternoon, too, he sought Richard Remsen, for no particular reason that he cared to acknowledge.

"Richard," he said, solemnly, "are you prepared to hear something about that boy of yours?"

"Tell me, Mark," urged the other, resignedly.

"Well—he's *working!*" And a smile came over Mark Bennett's face that he must have lately learnt. Then both of the men gave a low, unconscious laugh that caused several others seated near-by to glance askance in their direction.

Three weeks passed, and the name of Barry Remsen was not mentioned once by any of the three people interested more in his welfare than in anything else in the world. At length, the day arrived when Mark Bennett was to make the most important experiment in his career. If it succeeded, it would mean that his name would go down in history.

CHOCOLATE ÉCLAIRS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN BARRY'S BILL-OF-FARE

He called his four workmen around him.

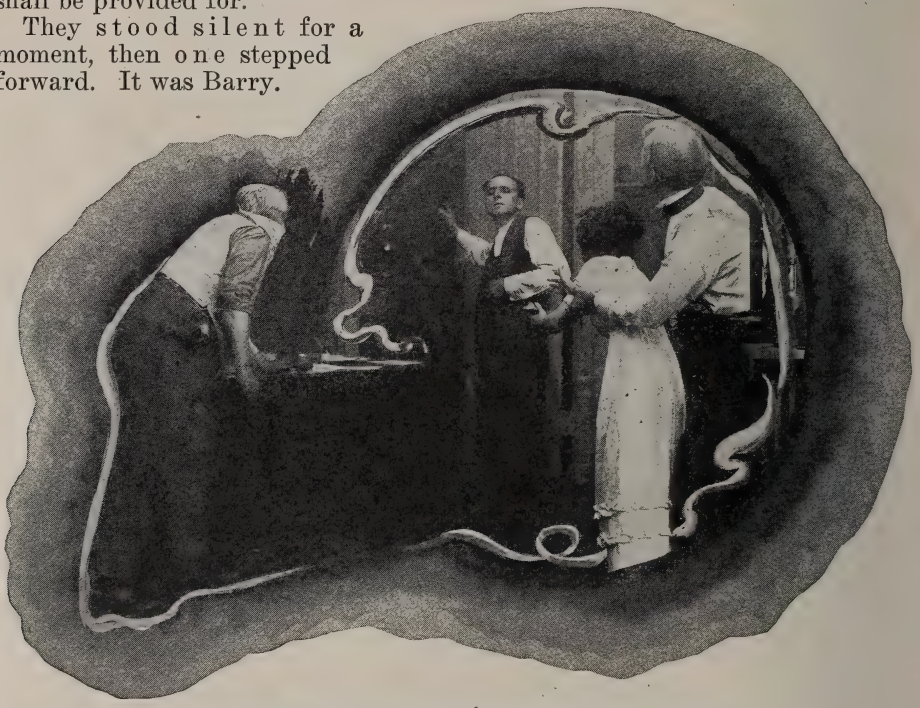
"I may as well tell you men what you already know. In the very proof of my experiment lies its greatest danger. If these two chemicals, on

which we have been working for a year, will produce perfect combustion of heat units equal to fusing metals, then we are successful. But such combustion as this makes our product dangerous, both in respect to fumes and explosion. I shall, of course, assume the major part of the danger —but I need a volunteer. A man to whom I can promise nothing, except a handsome reward, in view of his services. If he gives his life, his heirs shall be provided for."

They stood silent for a moment, then one stepped forward. It was Barry.

and soul, to go into the house, if only to have a glimpse of *her*.

Then, without the slightest warning, it happened. There was a blinding concussion that threw Barry and the two men then in the room violently to the floor. The building seemed to rock backward and forward, like a tree-top in a gale. A series of crashes devastated the place with debris, and then an insidious vapor began to envelop the atmos-



BARRY UNDERTAKES THE PERILOUS TASK

"If you think I can give you the required help—I shall be glad to do it."

A half-wistful glance passed over Bennett's face for the merest instant, then he said, briefly: "You'll do. Now assemble the chemicals on the bench in the laboratory—I'll be with you presently. Remember—*be careful!*" He hurried away, and all present knew he was going in to give a surreptitious good-by to his daughter.

Barry sat down, overwhelmed, for the moment, at the significance of it all. He, too, longed, with all his heart

phere and saturate the close air with unbreathable poison. The three men groped together along the floor.

"Poor Dempsey has got it for his carelessness," shouted the foreman in Barry's ear.

Barry paused. The other men crept out into the sweet, wholesome air. Barry's decision was made instantly, despite himself. The side of the laboratory was, no doubt, burst out, and he would just crawl thru there and drag poor Dempsey with him. Terrible fumes clutched at his throat and threatened to suck away his

breath, like a vampire; little, blue flames licked his hand until tears of agony rolled down his itching face. Once he thought he heard a scream, with Isabel's voice in it. He was just giving up, but that voice revived him, and he dragged on a few feet further, his throat too dry to give the little, futile cry that filled his heart. Then his hand touched another hand that seemed warm and full of pain. He leaned close to the floor, to get one small breath of unvitiated air. Then he seized the writhing form, and dragged it along, by inches, racked with insufferable pain, and crying softly. Now he heard what seemed a babel of voices; then, suddenly, a gust of cool, pure air struck his tottering senses like the swift, keen blow of a knife, and he remembered no more.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

The next thing Barry became conscious of was a woman weeping somewhere near. He opened his eyes, and found them looking into Isabel's. Then, to his amazement, he saw Mark Bennett standing right above, with a sort of a smile of approval forcing its way thru a pair of suspiciously misty eyes. This puzzled him, until Bennett saw his wondering look; then he came over and opened his mouth, but his voice stayed in his throat, so he just took Barry's hand tenderly in his own and pressed it gently. Then Barry noticed that another hand had stolen over both of theirs. Then he remembered Isabel, and, for a moment, forgot the pain that was grinding him to groans. Then a torrent of wild sensations came thru his brain, and he closed his eyes, as tho to ward it off. Everything began to fade, and, frantically, he recollected what he had been wanting to say for ever so long. The old, sweet smile, that new charm to three devoted hearts, overspread his begrimed and mutilated face.

"Say," he murmured softly, "for heaven's sake, tell pater that I'm *working* the next time you see him—will y'——"

"MONSIEUR CELESTIN RIQUIER?" inquired the postman of a dissolute-looking young man, lounging at the door of a café.

"*C'est moi,* monsieur," answered that individual, extending his hand for the letter. "From Anna," he commented. "I hope the old girl has plucked up courage to dip into that fossil's cash-box."

But the letter contained better news than that. Anna wrote of millions of francs that might be hers and her dear brother, Celestin's. "That fossil," Monsieur Louis Perier, had died; and his vast fortune would go to Anna, his housekeeper and nurse, if his niece did not present herself at the lawyer's office within two months of the opening of the will. The letter continued: "Before the lawyer, M. Iribare, can trace her, she must be in our power. As you and I know where to find her, that should not be difficult. I shall be in Paris in two days. Get a high-power auto and a man you can trust. We shall need both."

Celestin smiled with satisfaction. Here was business to his liking. The plot, with its risks and its rich reward for success, appealed to the particular talents that enabled him to live without any definite occupation.

As Anna had hinted in her letter, he knew the address of Mademoiselle Nelly Perier, the heiress to her uncle's fortune. For Anna had been far-sighted enough to set him to work to find and keep a watch on the only relative of the rich M. Perier. He would stroll past the little millinery shop, in the Rue des Pyrénées, to make sure that she was still there; then he would see his friend and accomplice in many a shady transaction, the "Daredevil Chauffeur," to arrange for his car.

Nelly Perier was busy creating an effect, with silk and velvet roses, on a straw hat. She tried it on, and a smile of frank appreciation leaped to her limpid eyes, as she noted how becomingly the shape framed her vivid, young face and soft, dark hair.

"If Jean could see me in this——" she murmured, as she removed it and began twisting in a few leaves. As she worked, a tender, reminiscent smile curving her full, red lips, it seemed to her that, miraculously, the flowers in her dexterous fingers were giving forth the fresh, delicious fragrance of living blooms. With a gesture of puzzlement, she turned, to look about her. Something cool brushed her cheek, and she heard a man's amused laugh.

"Jean!" she exclaimed, taking the nosegay held to her face. "How beautiful these flowers are! Thank you so much, *mon chéri!*"

"It is so nice of you to admire them, when they are such an old story to you, *mignonne,*" Jean re-

marked, indicating the flowers with which she had been working.

"They are no more an old story than you are, after all my thoughts and dreams of you," she retorted, with a shy and tender glance.

The young man looked his rapture. "*Mon ange!*" he whispered, touching his lips to the rippling masses of her hair.

Jean Bernard was very much in love with his fiancée, and their wedding was to take place as soon as he should receive his promised promotion in the engineering department of a large construction company; then they were to have the dear little home for which they never wearied of planning.

Jean took out his watch, as he did every day when he made these hurried visits to the little shop. "I must rush away," he said, regretfully. "Such a few little moments to spend with you, *ma chérie!* and then an age until tomorrow."

"*C'est vrai,*" she agreed; "our lives seem made up of tomorrows."

"Only a little while now——" he began, then broke off, as a shadow fell across the glass door. "Here is a customer. *À demain, ma chérie!*" and, bending hastily over her hand, he was gone.

The woman who entered the shop was tall and handsome and richly gowned. Nelly went forward to wait on her. The customer finally chose a picture-hat, and asked that it be delivered the following day.

"What is your name, my dear?" she asked.

"Nelly Perier," answered the girl.

"Can you deliver that hat yourself?" inquired the woman.

"Why, yes, madame."

"Then do me that favor, mademoiselle. I may depend on you?"

"*Certainement,* madame."

The customer drew a card from its case, and gave it to Nelly. It bore the name and address: "Mme. Juana Gomez, Hôtel du Roule, Neuilly."

"Then I shall expect you tomorrow morning, at eleven," said the woman.

"Very well, madame. I shall be there," Nelly replied.

When the next day brought with it the mellow sunlight and crisp air of an ideal autumn, Nelly was grateful to the customer for her unusual request. It was so good to get away

"MON ANGE!" HE WHISPERED

from the little shop in the narrow street for an hour or so. She walked briskly from the underground station, along a wide, tree-lined avenue, in the direction of the hotel. As she approached the last corner, Madame Gomez turned it so quickly that they were brought up abruptly.

"Oh, pardon, madame!" exclaimed Nelly.

"Oh, it's you!" cried Madame Gomez, in evident surprise. "You are early. But I will go back with you."

An automobile glided to the curb, and a man within raised his cap to Madame Gomez.

"You are taking the air, my dear sister? Wont you make use of my car?" he asked.

"*Tiens!* Celestin, you come at an opportune moment. You can take us and this big box to my hotel," said Madame Gomez.

Celestin took the box. Madame Gomez had opened a jeweled bonbonnière, and proffered it to Nelly. "Have one," she urged. Nelly put one of the tiny sweets into her mouth, and then entered the car with Madame Gomez. The engine purred, the wheels leaped forward, and Nelly sank back into the luxurious seat, with a sigh of content. She noticed that they had turned toward the Bois du Boulogne, instead of continuing along the avenue, but a feeling of drowsy content nullified the curiosity she had begun to feel. Next, she had the sensation of struggling vainly against a strange numbness and stupor. Then, even the swiftly moving trees were caught up and lost in a maelstrom of blackness, and the droning of the engine was locked out of the deathly silence into which her senses had entered. On the bank of the Seine, the car stopped, and Madame Gomez alighted.

"*Ca y est,*" she said, nodding toward the figure huddled in a corner of the deeply cushioned seat. "She'll sleep for twenty-four hours. You ought to be there before she wakes up. I'll get back to the hotel in a taxi, and be there in case of inquiries."

The car leaped forward again, and started west. Of that swift journey thru the day and night, Nelly was oblivious. When the first faint impressions of returning consciousness came to her, the briny odor of the sea was in her nostrils and the screech of seagulls was echoing piercingly thru her torpor. She felt herself being lifted and carried; and then the rise and fall of a boat plowing thru choppy waves awoke the wonder in her. She raised her head, and looked about, but quickly dropped it again, and closed her eyes. That vast expanse of heaving water stunned anew her reeling senses. Again she had the sensation of being lifted and carried, and, upon opening her eyes, found herself upon a rocky beach, being half-carried, half-led by a man she had never seen before.

Dazed and nerveless, she stumbled up a rocky pathway and under the archway of an ancient tower. Here a woman met them.

"Take her other arm, Maria," said the man, "and help her along a bit."

"What's to be done with this one, Gasco?" inquired the woman, brusquely.

Something sinister in her tone aroused Nelly, and she made an effort to free herself. The woman's hard hand gripped the girl's arm, like a vise.

"What am I doing here?" she found voice to ask.

The man and the woman exchanged glances, but did not answer. They led her thru crumbling corridors to a cell-like room.

"This is your room," said the woman.

"What do you mean?" cried Nelly, in terror.

"Perhaps this will tell you," answered the woman, taking a note from her apron pocket. "It is for you."

Nelly opened it and read:

MADEMOISELLE: You are to remain here for about two months. No harm will be done you unless you try to escape. After your return to Paris, a dowry sufficient to establish you in business will be settled on you.

More and more bewildered, Nelly sank to her knees beside the wretched cot, and burst into a passion of weeping.

In the ensuing weeks, her jailers were not unkind, but they were unrelaxing in their vigilance. One or the other was always on guard outside her door, and, at night, they slept in the adjoining room, thru which she would have to pass to gain her freedom.

But, hopeless as appeared the plight of this girl, in a cell with shuttered window, padlocked from the inside, her mind dwelt constantly on the means of escape. She noticed that the panes in the window were very large. As the head of her cot was near the window, she contrived, night after night, to work out some of the putty with a hairpin. Then, when all was ready, she picked the ancient lock, knotted her bed-clothing together, tied one end to the window-frame, cautiously opened the shutter, and, slipping over the sill, went down, hand over hand, to the base of the castle wall. There was still the outside wall to climb, by means of a ladder; then a breathless clamber down the rocky path to the beach. A boat was pulled up at the edge of the water. She sprang in and grasped an oar to push off. She had no idea where she was, nor what her chances were for reaching Paris, but any risk was preferable to this mysterious imprisonment.

She threw her weight upon the oar—the boat oscillated. Just then a voice sounded above the dashing waves.

"*Halte là!* If you move, I fire!"

It was Gasco, at the top of the cliff, a rifle at his shoulder. With a sob of terror and desperation, Nelly once more planted the oar against a rock. The rifle spat forth its charge, and Nelly crumpled up in the bottom of the boat.

Gasco, with many curses, took the limp figure in his arms, and climbed the steep path to the castle. He arrived at the top, panting and exhausted, and was obliged to lay his burden upon the ground for a moment. Thinking the girl seriously wounded, he bent over her in the dark, to ascertain the extent of her injury. But Nelly had merely fainted from fright. Recovering quickly and completely, she raised her arms, in an impetuous gesture, and thrust the man from her. The unexpected attack threw him sideways, as he knelt; he balanced frantically for a moment on the edge of the cliff; then a hoarse, choking cry and the rattling of stones far below told of his tragic end.

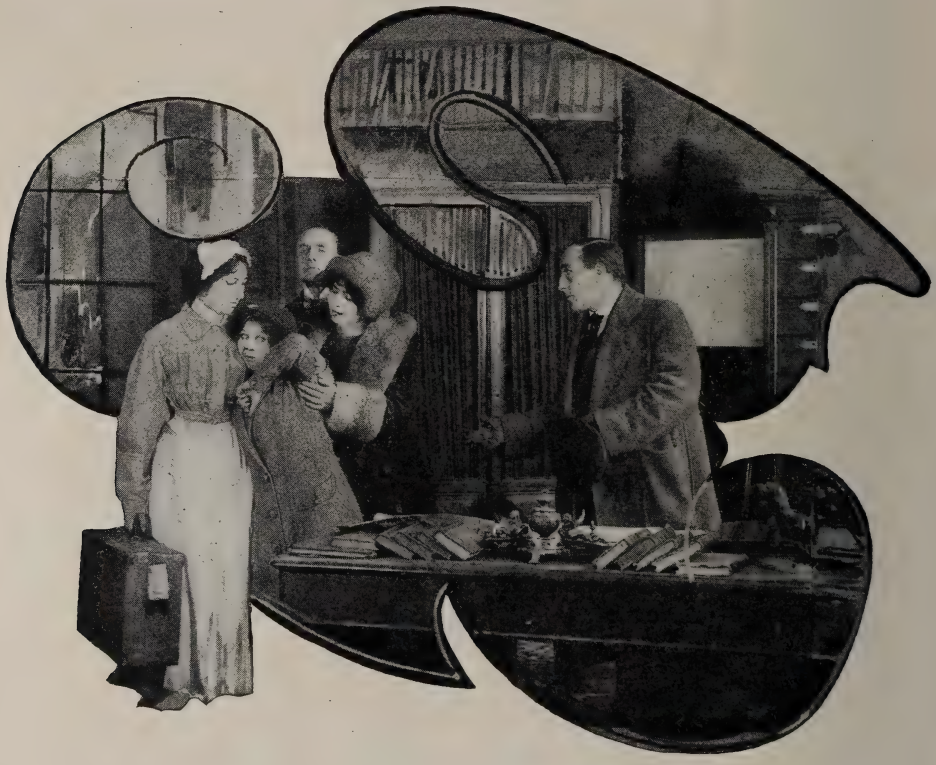
Frozen with horror, Nelly peered over the edge. With a shudder, she withdrew and rose to her feet. "It is fate," she whispered to herself. "The way is being opened for me. Ah! Jean! I shall see you again! I know I shall!"

With courage restored, she ran, crying hysterically, down to the beach, and jumped into the boat. This time she launched it, forcing it up over the incoming swells, on past the jagged rocks, and out upon the heaving bosom of the sea.

To Jean Bernard, Nelly's disappearance had been a heartbreaking mystery that tortured him as cruelly at the end of seven weeks as it had done in those first distracted hours when he rushed from place to place, searching for her. All that could be done, without a key to the mystery, he and the police had done. Since the day of her disappearance, when he had gone to the little millinery shop with a paper containing an advertisement for news of the niece of Monsieur Louis Perier and signed "M. Iribare, attorney of Saint Jean de Luz," Jean had visited hospitals, and investigated every incident that bore a resemblance to a clue. On the memorable morning, on learning from the girls in the shop that Nelly had gone to Neuilly, he had immediately followed her there. Madame Gomez met his inquiries with surprise. She had just been telephoning to ascertain why Nelly had not kept the appointment. Then, as days went by, he wired to M. Iribare, thinking Nelly

might have seen the advertisement and, impulsively, taken the trip to Saint Jean de Luz. The answer came back that Nelly was not there, and that she must present herself not later than November 10th.

It was now November 8th, and the mystery was as deep as ever. Wearily, Jean unfolded his morning paper. A news item held his attention. It told of a young girl who had been found



NELLY LEAVES THE HOSPITAL RELUCTANTLY

clinging to an overturned boat. Exposure and fright had resulted in aphasia. Unable to disclose her identity, she had been taken to the hospital at Saint Elmo.

"Of course, it is impossible, it is preposterous," said Jean, "and yet, if it should be——" He looked at his watch, consulted a time-table, and, in a few hours, was on his way to Saint Elmo.

Arrived at the seaside village, he inquired the way to the hospital, and, with wildly beating heart, he approached the iron gates. Outside stood a gray touring-car, and, while he was yet a hundred paces distant, he saw Madame Gomez and a man lead Nelly thru the gate and place her in the car. At sight of Madame Gomez, Jean had an intuitive conviction that she had been responsible for Nelly's disappearance. At the hotel, she had disclaimed all knowledge of the girl, speaking of her merely as a little milliner. Yet here she was carrying her away from the hospital. Clearly her object was not a friendly one. And the man with her was not of the type to inspire confidence. Jean's joy at finding Nelly alive was subdued by the suspicions that raced thru his mind. He felt that he must act quickly, or his sweetheart would be lost to him again. He ran forward, but the car had started. Making a mad dash, of almost superhuman speed, he sprang upon the box strapped at the rear. Some minutes

of jolting in his dangerous position convinced him that he could not cling there much longer. An inspiration flashed from his contending thoughts. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he fired one shot. Immediately, the car slowed down.

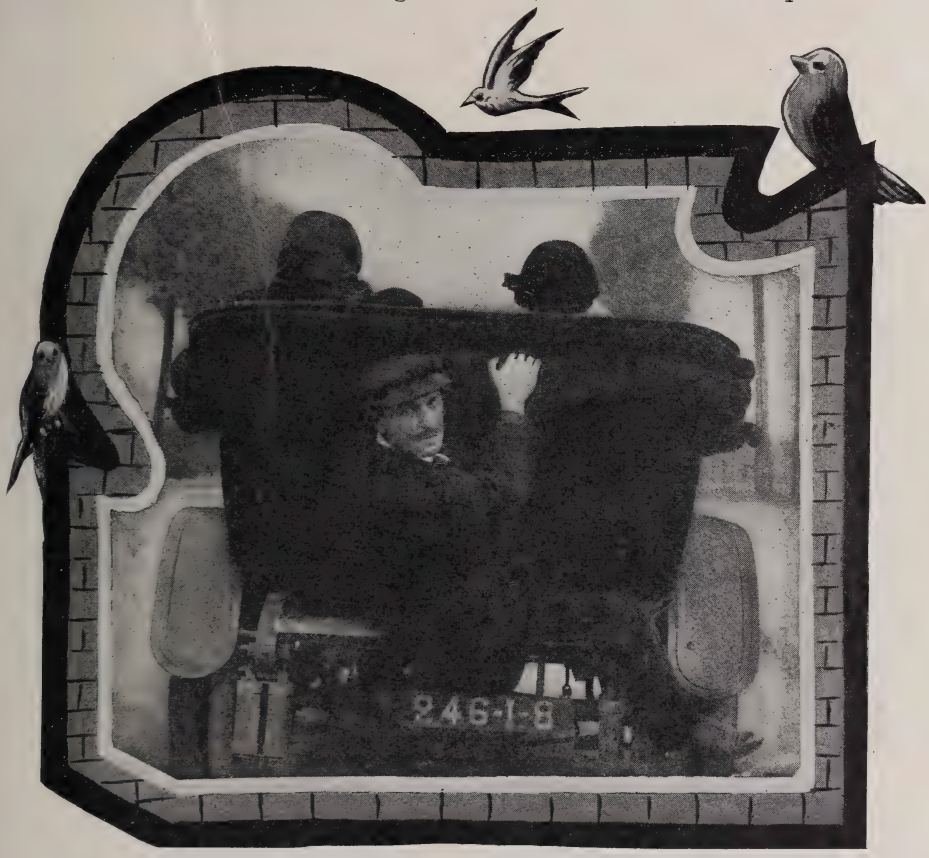
"It sounded like the left rear tire," said the "Daredevil Chauffeur" to Celestin. "I was afraid it would go."

Nelly leaned forward. "Jean!" she exclaimed, fervently. "I knew you would come to me and save me!"

"Why did you go with those people, *petite?*" he asked, over his shoulder.

"They came to the hospital and claimed me as their relative; they said I was deranged; the doctor said I must go with them," she explained.

"Ah! there is some plot!" said



JEAN SPRINGS UPON THE REAR OF THE CAR

"Diantre!" exclaimed the latter, "that will be a nice mess!"

"Well, hurry up and investigate!" snapped Madame Gomez, getting out of the car with the men, to examine the left tire. Jean slipped around to the right. With one leap, he was at the wheel, and, in less than a second, the car had sped away, leaving three astonished and enraged people screaming and madly gesticulating in the road.

Jean. "And they'll try to claim you again. We'll have to look sharp to outwit them."

A short distance beyond Saint Elmo, a balloon swayed and bobbed in the air, tugging at its weighted basket, which was anchored to the ground. The aeronaut was making his last preparations for a flight as Jean stopped the car beside him.

"Monsieur, are you going up immediately?" asked Jean.

"In an instant, monsieur," was the courteous reply.

"Then, I beg of you, take us with you. I'll explain to you later. It is a matter, almost, of life and death for this young girl, and, as I have no authority to hold her from those who pursue her, I am afraid that she will fall into their power."

"Get in, both of you," said the pilot, indicating the basket, as he began throwing out the bags of sand and releasing the guy-ropes. Gently, the basket rose from the ground; then

GENTLY, THE BASKET ROSE FROM THE GROUND

more and more swiftly, like a bird joyously winging homeward, it widened its distance from the dwindling earth. Jean and Nelly, clasped in each other's arms, looked over the edge of the basket, and saw a car dash up to the one they had left. The occupants jumped out, ran about, as if searching, and, finally, pointed skyward.

"Well, we were just in time," sighed Jean, with satisfaction, as a preface to the story that he and Nelly had to tell their benefactor.

Anna Riquier, also known as Madame Gomez, stood, with her brother Celestin, on a rocky stretch of coast, and watched the waves tumbling and mauling a tangle of ropes, tattered silk and broken basket.

"Could they have escaped, do you think?" she asked anxiously.

"Not a chance in the world!" he assured her. "When *I* put that shot thru the balloon, the thing collapsed, and they fell, like a plummet, into the water."

"No bodies have come ashore," she reminded him.

"They probably went to the bottom and never came up again," he said, with a coarse laugh.

"Well, today is the ninth—only one more day!" she gloated.

"We'd better get along to Saint Jean de Luz," he advised. "There's nothing like being a little forward."

So, satisfied that Nelly, the only possible claimant to the fortune of Louis Perier, was removed by a violent death, Anna Riquier and her brother hovered, like vultures, about the office of M. Iribare. From early morning of November 10th, their excitement and a formless fear of disappointment at the last moment spurred them into a restless wandering about

the town and a passing and repassing of the attorney's office. At last, the appointed hour, twelve o'clock, approached. At five minutes to twelve, Anna was announced to M. Iribare.

"Ah! madame," he said suavely, shaking hands, "you are punctual. Everything is in readiness. I congratulate you upon your good fortune. You will sign here."

He held out the pen, but, his glance encountering the clock, withdrew it. "Ah! that would not be strictly legal. We must wait till the stroke of twelve."

Anna clasped her hands convulsively. That withdrawal of the pen struck a chill thru her. It was a bad omen

A haggard and bedraggled young couple rushed into the room. In the doorway stood an officer of gendarmes and two of his men.

"M. Iribare?" inquired Nelly. "I am Nelly Perier, for whom you advertised, and whom this Madame Gomez has kept from appearing before."

"Madame Gomez!" exclaimed M. Iribare. "Why, this is Anna Riquier, M. Perier's housekeeper. She would have inherited his fortune, if you had not appeared this very instant."

"A fortune!"

"I AM NELLY PERIER!"

But no! How nervous and foolish she was! Nothing could happen. The seconds ticked off heavily, laboriously. Three minutes, two minutes, one minute, thirty seconds, fifteen seconds—then the little clicking sound that heralded the striking of the hour.

With a smile, M. Iribare again held out the pen. Anna took it in her cold, trembling fingers. On the instant a clamor rose outside the door. She could hear Celestin cursing breathlessly, as tho engaged in a struggle. Then the door burst open, and Anna fell back in her chair, the pen dropping to the floor.

cried Nelly and Jean together. "Now we understand!"

When the gendarmes had dragged the woman away, Nelly, with a pretty air of pride, introduced her future husband to M. Iribare.

"And this fortune must be as much his as mine," she stated, "for without dear Jean's cleverness and bravery, I never should have been here in time to claim it."

Jean expostulated; but, tho still weak and dizzy from her last terrible experience and the discomfort of the fishing-boat, which had picked up the three half-drowned people clinging to

the balloon-basket, she managed to muster enough strength and determination to insist on an equal division of the inheritance.

"Well, well, that can be arranged," admitted M. Iribare, rubbing his hands and beaming upon the blissful lovers. "Dear me! Only to think of it; while I sat here in my humdrum old way, there was all this excitement and villainy going on—and I was really the objective point."

"Yes, it has been a race for an inheritance," commented Jean.

"And I infer that the prize will be appreciated," said the lawyer, genially. "A million francs is worth some peril, I assure you."

Thereupon, he became a witness to a most amazing feat of castle-building. He listened to the roseate plans, then sighed.

"What it is to be young!" he said, wistfully.

My Lady of Dreams

By LILLIAN MAY

Oh! love of mine, with the starry eyes
And the hair of shining gold,
The piquant face and the winsome grace,
Thy loveliness makes me bold.
So I tune my harp, and I sing to thee,
For I would that thou wert mine,
And against the odds I pray the gods
To make thee my valentine.

Oh! dear little god with the blinded eyes,
Come now, with arrow and bow,
And send a dart to the lady's heart,
While the lights are dim and low,
As she dances before my longing gaze,
And I yearn to clasp her tight,
And the sweetness sip from her rosy lip,
Ere she fades from my eager sight.

For she always flits from my wistful gaze,
Like the flicker of gay sunshine,
Yet I love to dream that a fleeting gleam
Is thrown from her eyes to mine,
That down from the screen, like a gracious queen,
She stretches a hand to mine,
And breathes in my ear: "I love you, dear,
And I'll be your valentine!"

A Petition

By L. CASE RUSSELL

HEN garish day departeth, and dusk draws on apace,
I don my pink pajamas and wash my weary face.
Then to my rest I hie me, but, just before I go,
Each night this mild petition I murmur soft and low:

Deliver me tomorrow from meeting with a friend
Upon whose breath the odors of beer and onions blend;
Deliver me from phonographs, the Grizzly Bear and Glide;
Deliver me from table-d'hôtes, with red ink on the side.

Deliver me from ancient eggs, from potted meats in tin;
From "Everybody's Doin' It," and "Ragtime Violin";
From artificial flowers and artificial hair;
From self-declared Bohemians, and heated subway air.

Deliver me from being third when two discuss their ills;
Deliver me from borrowers, from bores, from boobs, from bills;
From those cigars that wifey buys to fill her green-stamp book;
From all the dishes that a quick-lunch chef knows how to cook.

From air-shaft conversations when I'm prodding up the Muse;
From all the weird recitals "yellow journals" print as news.
But, most of all, deliver me from all those pests serene,
Who read aloud the titles on the Motion Picture screen.

It was a curious thing how the two oldish men clung together in close friendship. They were not at all alike; as different as rock from soil. And the oppositeness of nature and opinion more than often chilled the dinner on the table and laid bare the cook's nerves. Both had seen life thru to the vertex of its many angles; yet one emerged from the shadows a doubter and denier of man's divinity, while the other still believed.

They were seated in the library, with Brower staying to dinner, as usual, and the soup forming a despondent film in the tureen.

"I'll admit," said Ogle, waving an evening newspaper in his hand, "that the records of daily crime are mounting upward, at least in the headlines."

"And in the jails," said Brower.

"Yes, in the jails, too. But I'll not admit that the good in man is not vastly greater. As for the newssheets, how humdrum reading would be if 'scare-heads' ran something like this: 'John Doe Passes a Quiet Evening at Home. Plays Cards with His Wife, and Goes to Bed Early.' Yet something like this is the fact in the majority of cases. Our perverted tastes will read and enjoy only the unusual, the *outré,* and the criminal stuff."

"And the overbusy jails," persisted the guest—"a matter of taste, too, I suppose?"

"Ah! there you get to the meat of the matter!" cried Ogle. "The prison is the result of man's persistent avoidance of his duty. 'I know not: *Am* I my brother's keeper?' screamed Cain, as he drove home the fratricidal weapon; and it still holds true. Only one in a hundred is born a criminal; barely that. It's lack of education and brotherly love and bad surroundings that make them. Criminals are *manufactured* by men, not *created* by their Maker."

"And the remedy," interposed the doubter, "is easy to be seen from your reasoning: Pull down the jails and put up apartments de luxe for the murderers and the wreckers of homes."

"You follow me a bit too literally, but quite right. It is the duty of every good citizen to protect, guide and correct his weaker brother. Let each one of us be required by law personally to 'treat' a criminal case. Within every man there is the divine. Refuse to see only the evil, bestow upon him faith, trust, love, and ultimately the real man will emerge."

"Dinner is ready," came the patient voice of a woman thru the portières.

"Poppy-cock! Rot!" said Brower, not alluding to the meal, of course.

The hopeless discussion was resumed the following afternoon on a quiet bench in the park.

"Speaking of personal guidance," said Brower, "let's get down to cases. There was Steele's old bookkeeper. Kept him for ten years, after his brains were addled down to a shell. Sent him his old clothes; even loaned him his pew when Steele went to Florida. And back he came, to find that old quill-driver had been tapping the till for years. Gratitude? Pooh! It's as meaningless as a handshake."

"You or Steele dont dig deep enough," said Ogle, almost bitterly; "nor with the fullness of understanding. I talked, many times, with old Simpson, in his cell, and I came to understand things. Seems he had been with Steele from the days of their mutual adversity—ran the firm's books, as well as the business when Steele was away. And his salary remained obstinately stationary: about what a single man could barely live on thirty years ago. If Steele had tried to understand him, had recognized, even the least little bit, that they were bound together by the years of rectitude and skill of the desk-slave, there would be no crime to throw up in the newspapers and no cell to fill. I tell you—" he dug his cane viciously into the sod—"that Steele himself is as accountable, and morally more criminal, than the convicted man."

A tall youth, with hair the color of dried blood, stood in the pathway, and listened to the belated defense of Simpson. His clothes were shabby and of a cut that passes for fashionable on the East Side—all but his neckgear, a heavy binding of dirty linen, which spoke of boils or a knife wound. His shrewd eyes were cast in the distance, but presently, as Ogle finished, a pathetic look came into them, and he turned toward the friends, with a gulping sound in his throat.

"Say, mister," he began, "could youse stake a guy to a cup o' coffee? I aint had nuttin' tuh eat since I lef' de horspital."

Brower stared thru him, fiercely; Ogle fumbled in his change-pocket.

"You fool!" whispered his companion, with a vicious nudge of his elbow. "You're only prodding rum into him."

"I'm going to experiment."

"Do!" challenged Brower, rising in disgust. "If ever I saw crook stamped all over a man, it's here."

The suppliant shot a covert, ugly look at him as he strode away.

"My friend," said Ogle, "take a seat and tell me more about yourself."

The stranger did, and, encouraged by the kindly eyes of his inquisitor, told a story of such hard luck that he often stopped to choke with self-pity.

Ogle got out his pocketbook, and pressed a dollar into the narrator's hand. "You haven't told me all," he said, shrewdly. "There's a bit more about bad companions and rum, and what the two can cook up. But you're not damned yet—the law hasn't got you. See to it that it doesn't."

The red-headed young man, somewhat dazed, started to move on.

Ogle detained him. "See here. I want you to see what the inside of a home looks like again—you say you had one once. Here's my card. Come tomorrow evening, at seven, to dinner."

The man with the suspicious neck started, as if jolted from behind, looked down, and gasped for a word.

"I take it that you have accepted," said Ogle. And the man nodded, his glib speech gone from him as his host rose to go.

A half-hour later, the guest entered the back room of a Bowery saloon. He was prepared to drink alone and to think, but the wide, blue eyes of a seated girl and her sheeny, chemical hair drew him across to her.

"Can yuh beat it, Mag?" he said. "It's me for de straight an' narrer. Have an invite to de eats wid an old cove up in de brownstones."

"Stop cookin' de dope, Red, an' t'row a drink acrost."

"I aint kiddin', girlie; honest."

"Well, it goes. If youse dont cop a souvenir dat night, I wont do a t'ing to yer."

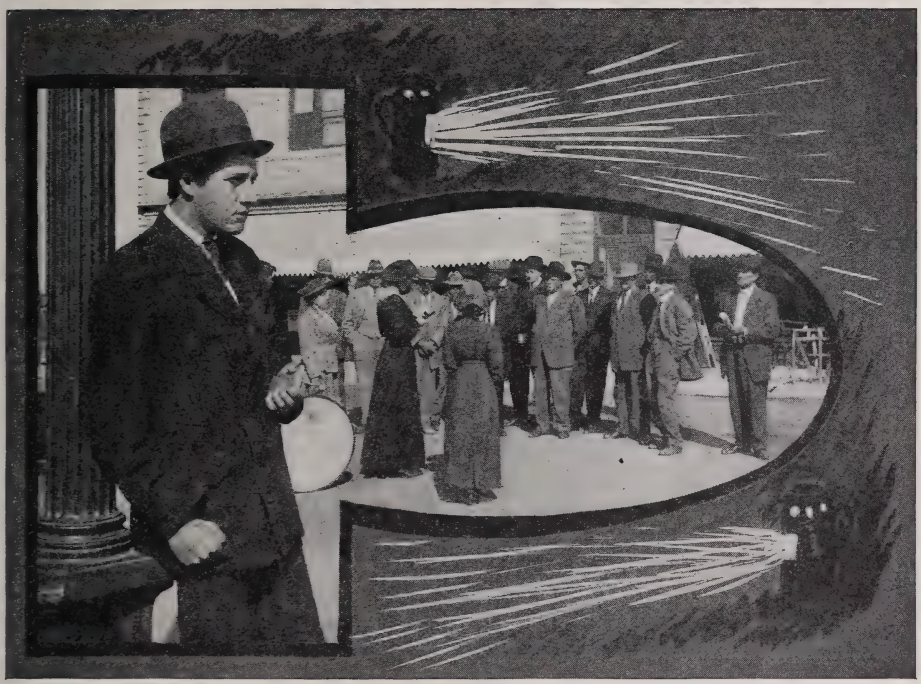
"Say, doll, forgit it, an' leave it to muh. Youse gits de cream o' dis job."

Her face broke into a smile for a moment, then, tossing down her whisky, she set her chin in her elbows, and demanded the whole of his improbable story.

It all came true, and a good bit like yeasty bread, and loosened his gripped fingers from the hat which he held as stiffly as a tray of dishes. Meanwhile, his host talked low and easily, just as if they were the oldest kind of friends.

Pretty soon, the pretty little girl choked off a yawn, and rubbed her fist across drooping eyes. Ogle led her from the room, and Ellis was alone again.

It was then that he rose up noise-



THE SALVATION ARMY LASSIE RECALLS A PAINFUL MEMORY

more, that Red Ellis, yeggman, porch-climber and East Side gangster, never dreamed was in the cards for him.

The following night found him in the Ogles' fumed oak and leather paneled drawing-room, seated nervously on the edge of a great chair. It was the first time he had been in such a place, under a glare of electric light, and he had to pinch himself, to keep from bolting in a panic.

Ogle led his chubby little daughter in, and, presently, had ensconced her in the stranger's lap. She looked up, to catch his shifting eyes, dimpled

lessly, and, with the rapid eyes of a connoisseur, measured the doors, the windows, the electric switch, and the lay of the floor: those things that are the cardinal points of a thief's geography.

Back into his chair again, his eyes following the frescoes of the ceiling. The delicate swish of silk on the staircase had warned him. But she passed thru the hallway, and the house was silent as a padded cell once more.

Ogle's heavy tread reassured him, and, with his entrance, the folding-doors to the dining-room were flung

back, and a butler announced the evening meal.

Red Ellis' recollections of his first swell dinner have always been rated as overdone and given to romance by the habitués of Gutty McShane's. It is true that Mrs. Ogle sat vis-à-vis to him in demi-toilette, that several courses were served on silver dishes, and that lacy napery and cut-glass wine glasses flanked his seat. Also that silver-gilt bowls were used to "mop up me dukes" with at the dinner's end. But it was nothing more nor less than the tedious overeating of a well-appointed home.

After dining, Ogle drew his guest into the library, and garnished his mouth with a five-inch club cigaret. He himself lay back and puffed a fat regalia that was worth a night's lodging on Bleecker Street. Thru the smoke, he lapsed into breezy memories of his own early struggles in the grip of poverty.

Red listened deferentially, slid his hand over onto the smoking-table, waited, with the knack of a gunman, until his entertainer's eyes were a fraction out of range, and dropped his hand to his side. A bulging pocketful of cigars bore witness to his skill.

The evening wore on, or glided, rather, on the wings of the host's pleasant talk. Ellis broke silence, now and then, on the changes of the water-front since the days when clipper ships were monarchs of the wharves, where the little up-country Sim Ogle had wielded his broom and mop in a South Street warehouse.

Presently the elder man rose, threw away his burnt-out cigar, crossed the room, and started to fill a pipe from a jar over the massive fireplace. Quick as a fang, the other's hand stole out, closed over a gold mesh-purse on the table, and flickered back. A minute afterward, he was bidding his host good-night.

As he stood on the granite steps outside, and the lights were switched off behind glass doors, he let the slippery thing in his pocket slide idly thru his fingers. It was for Mag; a trophy of his prowess.

The night was warm, with a full moon riding over the park, and Red decided to walk downtown. It was after theater hours, and even the flaring electric signs on Broadway were housed for the night. A few belated roysterers were on the street, and he passed them by almost contemptously. He knew, of old, the lulling childishness of the wine-pot translated in Bowery whisky.

A group had gathered on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, and were listening to the words of a Salvation Army girl. Red knew her of old, and grinned—she had a past that there was no getting away from.

Then, suddenly, she knelt down, and raised her face under the arc-light, and strange words of prayer floated out over the loiterers. Under her cheap, black bonnet, Red saw that her face was become beautiful again—like that one with a kid in the painting over the books in the house he had just left.

She didn't see him, nor know that her white face made him grip the thing in his pocket and turn around slowly, facing the north. Then, with a curse, he went back, half-running and trembling as if a ghost walked at his heels.

Ogle's light was still burning in the library, and he seemed to hear the slight scrape of feet on his steps, for he came quickly to the door.

"Come in! come in!" he called cheerily, as if a new night had set in. Red followed him to the library, and lit a cigar. When he left, the purse lay, heaped and glistening, on the table. Ogle saw it, and tears of joy welled in his eyes. "I knew! I knew!" he cried. "There is hope. God, in mockery, would not have left only His image to this man."

Six months and a day passed away, to bring the happiest of evenings to the Ogle family. It was little Rosebud's birthday. Ogle and Brower, as in the days of their cat-and-dog friendship, sat before the open fire. At Brower's side the child and Red Ellis squatted on the floor. They were

intent on play, and his low laugh mingled guilelessly with her shrill, treble one.

As keenly as even the unbelieving friend could see, the transformation of the ex-crook had been complete. Ogle had gotten him a position, and he had held it. His outward appearance was shaded down to quiet gentility. The victory lay with Ogle, and Brower was silent, and wondered at the marvel of it.

And now the crowning event of the birthday was about to be sprung. Ogle unlocked his escritoire and drew out a rope of matched pearls, which he dropped around Rosebud's neck. Red's eyes, within two feet of them, blinked, like a cat's in the sun. For an instant, as the three watched her, the child sat still, the lustrous fortune gleaming against her throat and breast. Then she rose, quite awed and white, stealing to her father's arms, with the mystery and bigness of the gift.

RED RETURNS TO HIS OLD PALS, AND IS AGAIN TEMPTED

The child made the circle of good-night kisses, and Ogle slipped the necklace back in the escritoire. It was early in the evening, but Ellis shook hands with the two and left. Each day, lately, he had breathed freer, like a fox who has drawn aside and let the dogs slip by. But as he strode down to McShane's, his breath seemed to choke him again. He had avoided the place, until now. To-night, a desire had come over him to see Mag and to get her away.

She was seated at the same old table with "Shifty" Flynn, his former pal, and looked prettier than ever to Red; but, at sight of him, her eyes met Shifty's in quick crook talk—a warning, and he knew he was a man apart, a stranger. The queer, new thing in him made him go up to her and take her arm.

"Come out wid me, kid," he whispered. "I wanter give youse a straight an' lovely spiel."

"Rully," she said, frigidly. "I aint trainin' wid molls. Get dat, Shifty?"

The pair laughed softly. Red sat down with them. There was only one way to win Mag—the old brutal way. It was all that she understood.

The whisky came, and went. Shifty and Mag sat indifferent, stony; but

the raw stuff wrapped a glowing warmth around Red's heart and stomach.

Gradually, the stamped-metal walls of the place looked familiar and good to him again, and Mag's blue eyes and white skin hung framed before him. His glib tongue loosened, and he told them of little Rosebud's birthday and the rope of pearls flung over her neck.

Mag leaned forward, and the look of her eyes melted into his soul.

"Youse used tuh be good tuh me onct, kid," she crooned, "an', honest tuh Gawd, I'm stuck on youse yet."

"Cut beefin'," he said savagely, "an' put me wise tuh wat's ticklin' youse."

"I want dat necklace." The close words pelted against his face.

She watched his eyes waver and the quick look come into them, as if getting the lay of a room. Mag's hand stole across to Red's, on his knee, and he gripped it in silent assent.

Ogle's house lay silent and bathed in moonlight, as three figures hugged the deep shadow of the areaway. The rattle of a milk-wagon on the avenue, half a block away, forced them flatter against the stone. Then, with its receding rumble, the street fell back to its drugged serenity.

Red was to do the job, with Shifty and Mag as lookouts. The risk was trivial to one who knew the house like a book.

As a cloud sailed across the moon and blanketed it, Red worked his way rapidly up the iron gate, clung, leech-like, to the bare stone, threw himself at the window-ledge and caught it. In a moment, he had climbed up and was working at the long French window of the library.

The catch slid back, and he entered. He knew where every piece of furniture lay in the room, and steered silently between the shadowy things. The key to the escritoire was in a vase on the mantle—he had often seen Ogle drop it there—and he slid it into the lock. In an instant, the necklace case nestled in his hand.

He listened as he stole toward the window. Not a sound in the whole big house. Ogle, and his fireplace, and his good cigars, and his highbrow talk, were a dream-life of some one else.

Red slipped open the case, and ran the pearls thru his fingers. He had seen them last on Rosebud's throat, and they still seemed a part of her. She kept growing clearer and clearer —the way they had sprawled on the rug—and he slid the case on the table and sank into a chair.

Red did not hear the window swing open, nor see Mag steal into the room. Like a shadow she came and went, almost brushing his head, sunk in his hands. Her hand closed on the case, opened it, abstracted the necklace, shut it again, and, with a look of contempt at Red, she was gone.

A lusty pounding came on the sidewalk outside, and a drawn-out whistle cut thru the silence.

Red sprang for the window. It was too late. A big bluecoat pounced on him as he lit on the flagging, and hugged the breath clean out of him.

As he was dragged up the stoop and admitted by the frightened butler, the library still lay in darkness. The whistle and the rumpus in the yard had filled the hall with half-clad figures, and Red recognized the stout figure of Ogle, with the spare Brower by his side.

Suddenly the light was switched on, and Red Ellis, in the grasp of the law, stood revealed before them. Brower had his wits about him, and pointed to the open escritoire and the empty case on the library table. For the first time since he had entered the house by stealth, an expression dawned on the thief's face—that of unqualified amazement. Ogle stood clutching his throat, making clucking noises, unable to form a word.

Brower's hour had come. "And so falls a theory," he said—"shattered, knocked out, blown up with a roar in the house of its father."

Ogle crossed over, quietly, to Red, and faced him squarely: "Did you do this thing?"

"No."

"I believe you. Officer, let this man go. He is a friend of mine."

Red shot forward, free, propelled from the flabbergasted policeman's hand. He looked at Ogle, saw his outstretched hand, felt the glow of his eye, and a sob, big and sincere, tore from his chest.

"Gawd!" he cried. "W'y are youse so good tuh me?" He turned, and stumbled from the room, the tears of boyhood coursing down his cheeks.

"GAWD! W'Y ARE YOUSE SO GOOD TUH ME?"

In a Houston Street dance-hall, Mag was dancing in the arms of a sailor. It was the fag end of night, with gray streaks in the sky outside—a time when pleasure is at its flood in an all-night place.

As the blaring cornet left off with a dying snort, she sat down, flushed, and watched the deep-sea man slyly take a roll of money from his pocket and shove it under the waistband of his pants. He glanced up, and their eyes met cunningly. They laughed.

A slim, tall youth worked thru the haze of smoke, twisting it this way and that as he neared their table. The girl saw him, and her lips trembled.

"I've come fer youse, Mag."

She sat frozen, not knowing what to do. The cornet started up again, and he leaned forward.

"Let's spiel, Mag."

She breathed easier, and rose up, smiling. Red slowly circled her around the hall, his eyes on hers.

"Where is it?" No answer.

He bided his time. As they neared the door, his hands dropped and held her arms captive against her sides. She screamed. Quick as a panther, his hand rose, ripped open the neck of her waist, and snatched out a tiny package in tissue paper.

The place was in an uproar. The cornet choked and stopped again. Red jumped for the switch and turned off the lights.

"The bulls!" he screamed above the rumpus, and dashed for the door. A chorus of shrieking and cursing answered his warning that the police were at hand.

The sun was up and shining serenely on the bronze grill of Ogle's door as Red rang the bell.

After the burglary, the amateur criminologist and his practical friend said, "an' please let Rosebud wear her birthday junk w'en I comes ag'in. Dey makes muh feel good."

He placed the tissue-paper package in Ogle's hand. The pearls slid out in a glistening string.

"Dere was a goil," he went on, with an effort; "she wore it; she—I——"

"I know," broke in Ogle. "You couldn't do it, Ellis; could you?"

BROWER ADMITS RED'S REDEMPTION

had not sought their beds again, but were seated in the library in the thick of their exhaustless argument.

"You old fool," Brower was saying as the bell rang, "just because you forgive a crook every time he gets into you, your theory isn't proven at all. It only makes matters worse."

Ogle's chin was sunk on his chest as Red Ellis entered the room.

"I got de necklace, Mr. Ogle," he

Red gulped, and walked to the door.

"Hey! where are you going?" said Brower.

"Me job," said Red, and disappeared.

"I give in," said Brower, blinking at the necklace. "But he probably had it with him all the time."

"Better than that," said Ogle, softly. "The man is won; he will tell me all. I *know:* I *am* my brother's keeper."

(From the photoplay of George Edwardes Hall)

"ROUGE-ET-NOIR—step up and make your bets—red wins!"

Lifeless, unsympathetic as Fate, the voice of the croupier droned across the strained silence of the room. As the red ball whirled into place, a woman's whimper fretted the heavy air; then a hysterical laugh from a man who had seen his last chance—that gambler's Last Chance, whose alternate is the pistol's mouth—poured into the satin lap of the painted beauty beside him. A scrape and scratching, as the gold rake moved over the table, gathering in the coin and bills, then click! click!

"Step up and make your bets, ladies and gentlemen!" and the game of life and death, or death in life, went on as merrily as tho, instead of men and women, stark skeletons were there playing for their souls with the devil.

"Fools! fools!" said the woman, wearily.

She was a tall, splendid creature, as she stood etched against the dark velvet curtains, with a face that Life had left as worn and yet as beautiful as a burnt-out crater, whose embers still smoulder. But there was a something vaguely sinister about the face. Perhaps the odd chiffon scarf wound tightly about her neck added to the mystery—a hint of a glorious, full throat and shoulders, and the gray scarf crouching about it, as if to shield it from the eyes of the world.

Men knew this woman as Cora, the owner of the sumptuous gilded gambling-hall. They knew that she was beautiful, not young, scornful, silent, passionless as the stone Sphinx herself—and that was all they knew. Most women are puzzles. Cora was an enigma, and the key to the secret was hidden beneath the scarf of gray.

Then, suddenly, the sphinx quivered, appeared almost to crouch against the curtain. Two men had entered the salon on the opposite side. Cora's somber eyes questioned the face of the younger, her breast heaved, then the wild shriek that she uttered crashed even thru the lethargy of hope and hopelessness around the gaming-tables. The players turned in time to see her fall fainting across a roulette-wheel, whose sharp metal works cut the white flesh of her arms in red

blotches. The newcomers were the first to reach her. A trembling maid led the way to an inner room, where they laid her upon a couch. Then, as they bent over her, the younger uttered an exclamation. His companion glanced at him quizzically.

"A friend of yours, George?" he questioned, dryly.

"I—knew her once—if it *is* she—" George drew in his breath sharply, as the woman's eyelids unclosed. "It *is*," he said slowly. "No other woman ever had such hateful eyes——"

His friend looked from one to the other, then turned away. "You'll find me at the tables—*when you want me*," he italicized significantly, and was gone. The woman on the couch raised herself on her elbow. Ensued a silence almost vocal.

"And so we meet again," she said at last, in a flat, uninflected voice. "I think I have lived just for this moment for five years."

"Remember where I have spent that five years, Cora," said the man. His tone was husky with controlled passion. "In *hell*—the hell of bars and narrowness and gray convict clothes——"

She laughed mockingly, her hands fluttering to her shrouded throat. "And have your gray convict clothes covered anything as pretty as *this?*" she questioned, and tore the veil violently away. The man looked, then covered his eyes. From white chin to white shoulder was splashed a scar, like a crude stroke of purple paint, angry and pulsing as tho new-made. It seemed to do strange things to the face above it, bringing out lines, marks of time and sin, aging it, leaving it leering, hideous. Cora watched the shudder and repulsion in his face; then she laughed aloud. The sound was bitterer than a sob, angrier than a scream.

"THEN, SUDDENLY, THE SPHINX QUIVERED"

"It *is* pretty," she said, touching it with mocking finger-tips. "That was all I had—my beauty; you destroyed it, and I have hated you for it every separate tick of the clock for

five years. Then they let you out on parole, and you escaped them. It hurt me to think that you were missing a single moment of punishment, but now——" she paused, and appeared to be considering. The man began to pace up and down the room, stopping, once or twice, to fumble a vase with blind fingers. At last he paused by the couch.

"I spent every cent I had on you," he said, doggedly. "When it was gone you threw me over. You would have done for me if I hadn't struck up your hand. I didn't mean for the bullet to strike you, Cora; you know that. But maybe God intended to prevent any other man from loving you again——"

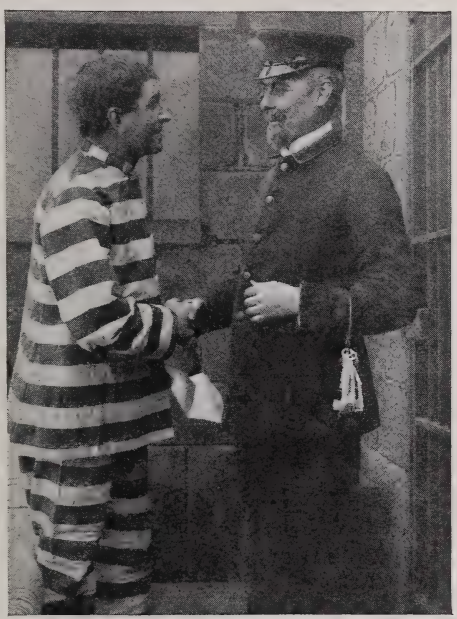
A swift change came over the woman. Her face flashed into sudden red, quivered. She leaned forward, until her lips nearly touched his sleeve.

"Are you *sure* no man can ever love me again?" she whispered.

"Look at me, George Barrett." Their eyes locked, hers melting, inviting, challenging, while her breast heaved with short breaths, and her warm fingers quivered around his.

"Love me—George——" It was the faintest breath of a sound, but he heard it. With a sudden raw laugh, he bent over her, kist her, and flung her from him.

"The fact that you are alive is an insult to my wife," he said coolly, as he turned on his heels. He fumbled in his pocket, brought out a bill, and tossed it to her. "This for the kiss," and he was gone.



"THEY LET HIM OUT ON PAROLE"

She lay, for a moment, inert where he had flung her, then she swayed to her feet, groping along the wall.

"Madame rang?" The little maid curtsied before her.

"Yes, Francine"—Cora's voice was hard as her eyes now—"you will put on your hat and coat and follow the monsieur who was just in this room; find out where he lives, and give him this note from me——" she was already writing it at her desk, folding it, sealing it with a splash of red wax as bright as blood. As the maid disappeared, Cora drew herself up to the full splendor of her height, with a prophetic laugh of triumph.

"It is eight o'clock now," she mused. "He should be here by ten—if not, I shall have news for the police of their escaped parole prisoner—but *he will be here by ten.*" She moved across the room to a great mirror, winding the kindly concealment of the scarf more closely about her throat. The reflection was pleasantly reassuring.

"His wife?" she murmured. "And he *dared* to give me money——" The insulting memory drew her brows together in an angry line. With a magnificent sweep of the body, she caught the offending bill from the floor and tore it across and across—then the frown wavered into a little, secret smile. "But he *kist* me," she cried, and pressed her lips to the mutilated fragments in her hand.

The recollection of that kiss stung George Barrett as he bent to meet his wife's welcoming lips an hour later. It was his hard fate that old recollec-

tions from his turbulent past must ever break in on the sweetness of his present and embitter it with dread. Perhaps no one can imagine a more exquisite torture than this nerve-racking dread of being found out.

But so far he was safe.

"So early, dear?" she exulted. "Are you really, truly *mine* for a whole evening long, busy man?"

"A whole evening, Marcelle, sweetheart——" he began. The jangling of the door-bell interrupted him, and dread gripped his soul again. There is no rest for a man who fears the sound of footsteps, a stranger's hand, the door-bell, or his secret thoughts.

When he returned to the room with a letter, his face was white.

"A business matter," he answered her glance of inquiry. "But I'm afraid I'll have to leave you again, dear—*for a little while.*" His hasty farewell kiss left her uneasy. A crumpled paper on the floor caught her eye. She picked it up curiously; she would see what the horrid old business was that would make poor George behave so strangely.

5005 W. 59th Street.

I am writing to give you your choice. Either leave *your wife* and come back to me, or I shall inform the police of your whereabouts. I thought I could never forget how I hated you, but I find that I can only remember how I loved you. We were happy, weren't we? And there is still happiness for us waiting—waiting—Come to me, George. CORA.

"THE MAN WAS PLEADING WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF HIS SOUL"

Marcelle uttered no cry. In the crash and crumbling of her world, her own identity seemed submerged. But her girl-face grew oddly pinched and small. Then she groped for her hat and coat, fastened them with small, chilly fingers, and hurried out of the house.

The two, facing each other in the

dim luxury of Cora's apartment, did not see or hear the small figure in the doorway. The man was pleading, with all the strength of his soul, for his new-found happiness; the woman was pleading, with the fire of her passion, for her old, lost happiness.

"You loved me once—ah! you cant have forgotten," she cried. She crept nearer to him, holding out tremulous hands. "You have marred me and scarred me, and, Heaven pity me, I love you better than the whole world," she moaned. George faced her sternly.

"*You!* to dare to speak of *love* to me again!"

Cora sank to the floor, as tho the words were a blow. Then she crawled to his feet, and crouched there, sobbing.

"I love you—I love you—you are cruel—have you no memory——" She sprang suddenly to her feet, with one bound, like a lithe animal.

"But you shall come back to me, love me or hate me!" she cried, venomously. "I shall *make* you!"

It was his turn to plead. The shivering little figure behind the velvet hangings listened as her husband told of his love for her; his fear of disgrace for her; his changed life; and, as she listened, strange necromancy of love, all her horror was straightway changed into wife-love and mother-pity. With a little cry she sprang into her husband's faltering arms.

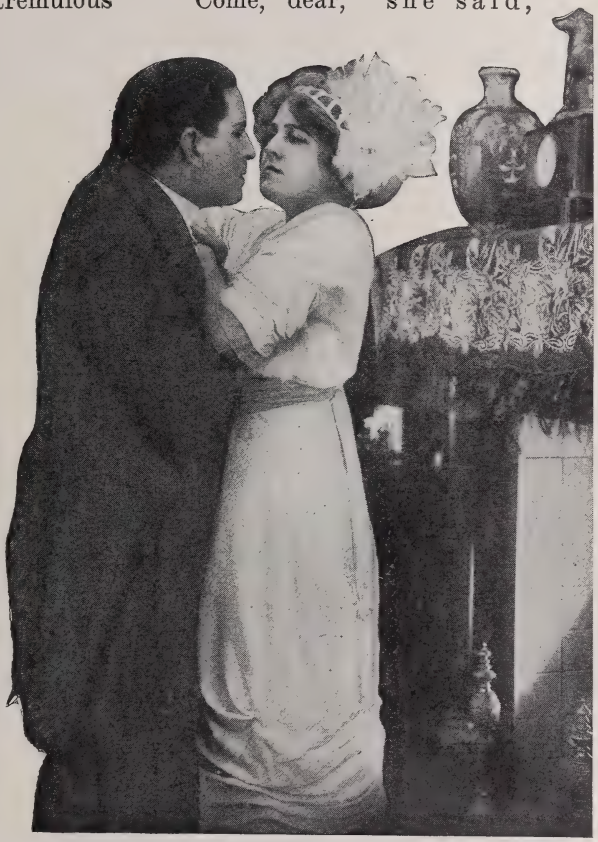
"I read the note," she whispered, brokenly. "Boy-dear, boy-dear, dont look that way—I love you so——"

"But—you heard—you understand." The poor words faltered, ashamed, against her hair. She reached up and drew his head down to hers, until her lips found his trembling ones, and stilled them with a kiss as sweet as the first she had ever given him.

"I *love* you, dear," she said gravely; "I am not afraid of anything in the world, because I love you. Let her telephone. We will go home together, boy-dear, and wait——"

She faced the other woman proudly. Cora's eyes faltered. She stood silent. Marcelle put her hand beneath her husband's arm, and turned away.

"Come, dear," she said, strongly. "There is only one place on earth where Hate cannot harm, and that is where Love is. We will wait for the police—*at home.*"



"YOU SHALL COME BACK TO ME!" SHE CRIED

But when, an hour later, two officers entered the sumptuous room where Cora awaited them, they found there no "woman scorned," no hate-embittered betrayer of a man's freedom. Instead, in one corner, a blank-eyed woman crouched, laughing shrilly, and mouthing as she pressed to her lips a tattered, crumpled bill.

Lonesome Land

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

If you live somewhere on a city street,
Where your fun and pleasures are all complete,
  And it's not an unusual sort of treat to go to see a show—
If you're right in the midst of the whirl and roar,
With the street-cars thundering past your door;
  Where the theater and the ten-cent store assist you to spend your dough,
    With the noise and lights,
    And the town's delights,
  You can never understand
The dreary way we must spend our day,
  'Way out in this lonesome land.
Riding after cattle, work and sleep and eat—
Choked by the dust, and tortured by the heat.
And the only bit of pleasure that ever comes our way
Is riding into town at night to see a photoplay.

As we watch the films we all forget
The weariness, and the care, and fret.
  Why, the boys would spend their last cent, you bet, to see a picture show.
After looking at miles of sage-brush gray,
And juniper-trees, day after day,
  You can surely appreciate, I should say, the pictures that flash and go.
    All the work and play,
    Of the world, this way,
  Is ours for an hour or two.
Thru each foreign scene we watch the screen,
  And we like it, the same as you.
History, geography, fiction, it's a treat—
Humorous and tragic, stories all complete.
Gee! we get more pleasure than you do, any day,
By riding into town to see a Motion Picture play.

Acrostic

By ALICE E. KERWIN

M any love to sit and gaze
O n the screen of other days,
V iewing different scenes of life,
I n laughter, tears, or bitter strife;
N estled is the little child,
G azing so innocently and mild,

P apa forgets it's only a picture,
I mpression forms a different stricture;
C omfort warms the mother's heart,
T enderness explains the thrilling part;
U rging some wanderer to repair,
R ejoicing and be free from care.
E very heart is all aglow,
S atisfaction is at the photoshow.

FROM its vantage point on the broad hall stairs, the old grandfather's clock announced the hour in deep, deliberate tones. Thru the eloquent stillness of the deserted rooms the sound-waves traveled—one, two, three, four—past impassive, pictured faces on the walls and impassive, painted figures on the stands, rolling up the stairs—five, six—and echoing thru the halls—seven, eight—until, reaching the nursery door, they slipped thru the crack and found understanding in the anxious mother-face, lifted, listening—nine, ten, eleven, twelve!

Her slender hand rested tenderly on the tousled, tawny curls of a restless baby figure, tossing in fever on the bed beside her, but her thoughts were with her husband, not yet returned from the club, where she knew full well he was frivoling away at cards the money which would soon be needed for doctor's and druggist's bills. Night after night she had begged him to stay at home with her, but the infatuation of the game was too strong for him, and even tonight, with the baby ill and restless, he had not been able to resist and to watch with her at home.

With troubled face, she poured out some medicine, and gave it to the child; then laid the little, flushed face against the pillow, and smoothed back the soft hair. A sigh escaped from the baby lips, and the little body relaxed. Quietly she tucked in the covers and stole to the window—to watch and wait. Oh! the watching and waiting of mothers!

But her step was not so quiet as to be unnoticed by the occupant of the other nursery bed. Little Seven-Year-Old had seen mother standing by the window in the dark often and often. He knew what it meant. Sometimes, when he went to her, he found her cheeks quite, quite wet, and always she took him in her arms and held him there, with a hug that was somehow—different, yet with a difference that went with their hushed voices and the sad night-time kiss.

The little, white figure rolled itself up into a heap and dropped onto the floor, like a soft, downy ball; then straightened up and ran, to gather mother into comforting, childish arms.

"Mother, is it daddy again?" he whispered, his cheek against hers, when he had gotten his breath back after the hug-that-was-different—and he was sure that if his ear had not been very close to her lips he never could have caught her hushed answer.

"Yes, son."

"Is it the game with pennies?" he asked, his arms clasped tightly around her neck, his soft lips fluttering against her cheek.

This time she did not even whisper in reply; she just nodded her head, and he noticed that it was hard for her to swallow.

For a moment he was quiet in thought; then, suddenly, an inspiration came to him.

"Mother!" he breathed, excitedly, holding her face between his chubby hands and looking, with great, dark eyes, straight into her tender ones, shining in the moonlight with unshed tears—"Mother! perhaps if we tell God, He'll know just what to do."

The clock on the stairs struck the half-hour, and a latchkey turned in the front door, but the mother and child heeded not.

A man entered the house, his hat pulled down over his eyes, a hard, dissatisfied expression around his mouth. He closed the door with extreme quietness, and glanced fleetingly at the clock, as tho ashamed to look it full in the face. There was a haunted expression about his very bearing—as well there might be, for on three queens that night he had staked his last dollar, and lost. Here in his own home, he hated himself for his weakness; but at the club, with the influence of wife and children removed, he always found himself yielding, in spite of all resolve to the contrary.

Within the familiar surroundings of home once more, there came to his memory, with a sort of shock, the flushed baby face he had left in the nursery, and the pleading in his wife's eyes, as she had laid a staying hand on his arm that evening and had wistfully said: "Must you go tonight again, dear?"

As tho in retribution for his thoughtlessness, he rushed up the stairs and pushed open the nursery door, but paused upon the threshold, to observe a little figure kneeling in the moonlight and to hear a childish voice saying:

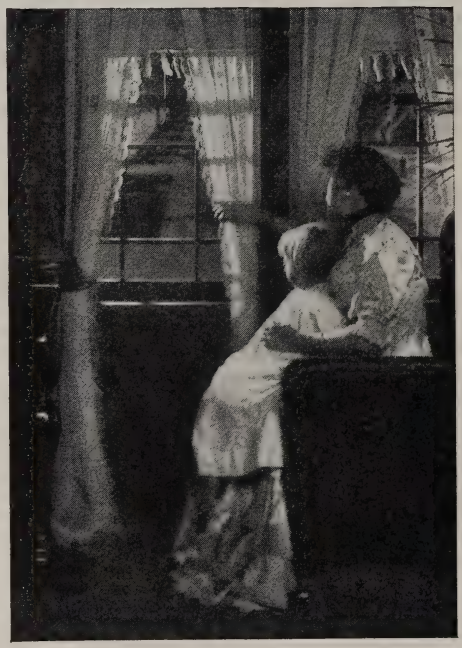
"Please, God, make sister well, and make daddy stop playing the game of losing pennies."

No stinging lash of horsewhip across his face could have cowed him as did the words of his little child.

And a little child shall lead them.

No blast of furies' fire could have burned him as cruelly as the flush of shame upon his cheeks. No knife thrust remorselessly into his heart, and turned and twisted there, could have produced the agony of those words, stamped on his mind, to be recalled again and again with bitter memory.

He recoiled into the hallway, and found his way, in blind confusion, to the library, where he sank down upon the couch, a prey to agonizing thoughts; an ever-increasing band, they filled his mind: hot shame, relentless remorse, blank despair, self-scorn, self-hate, self-distrust, and all their sister agonies. From every corner of his brain they leered upon



OFTEN SHE WATCHED FOR THE GAMBLER'S RETURN

him, pointing accusing fingers at him and dragging forth an endless file of misdeeds and evil consequences, until his brain whirled with mad hallucinations. He saw himself refuse to give his wife money to buy medicine for the baby, tho his pockets bulged with bills. He saw his entrance into the club amid the hilarious greetings of his friends; heard them scoff at his feeble protests against playing, and felt himself yielding to the fascination of the game in which, tho loss followed loss, there was always the chance that the next turn might be his and he would retrieve all, hoping, ever hoping against tremendous odds, until—his pockets were empty and his credit gone. Thus humbled, ruined, he saw himself go slinking home, his self-respect quite gone—home to meet the dreadful consequences of his acts. In his absence, the little one had died, and the mother, in agony of despair, had found his revolver and ended her own life. The shock of the sight of his two dead, loved ones awoke him into reason, and he opened his eyes, to find it was all a nightmare, and his wife, in real flesh and blood, was standing over him.

"PLEASE, GOD, MAKE DADDY STOP PLAYING CARDS"

"John, dear, how you frightened me!" she exclaimed. "I heard some one groaning downstairs, but never dreamed it could be you. I'm glad—you're back, dear. I've been watching for you."

He did not tell her of the dream, nor of the nursery scene upon which he had stumbled, nor of his agonizing remorse; but, in his good-night kiss, he solemnly and reverently pledged himself to a higher mode of life.

The following evening found him, of his own volition, seated by his fireside, reading the newspapers, at the hour when he was usually ready to leave for the club.

The telephone-bell called imperiously to him, and he rose with his lips set in determination. There were a few words of argument and protest, and, as the little, praying wife passed by on her way to the watch in the nursery, she heard him quietly declare to the men at the club that he was going to remain at home that night, and she entered the presence of the little, sick one with fresh hope in her heart for both child and husband.

Her husband's decision was really sincere. He had not the least intention of going to the club that night, but the evening newspapers, with all their thrilling accounts of theft, murder and divorce, proved a poor substitute for the excitement of the usual game of cards. Why not play solitaire? That was harmless enough.

He rummaged around in the drawer of the library-table till he found a pack of cards, and then sat down to a quiet game. Alas! the partial satisfaction of his craving only led to greater desire, and his truant thoughts turned, again and again, to the group about the club-table. He could hear them laughing at his priggishness and pointing scornfully at the vacant house. For all of twenty minutes he had kept his good resolution!

When he reached the club, he had entirely forgotten that it was to prove the strength of his resolution and his sacred honor that he had come, and not for the purpose of playing cards. The men greeted him jovially, only too glad to get back their venturesome player, and no questions asked!

THOUGHT HE SAW HIS LITTLE ONE DEAD AND HIS WIFE A SUICIDE

chair. They were calling him a coward! It was just more than he could endure. To stay at home, where there was nothing for him to do, and be dubbed a coward by his friends, who had expected him down there at the club, was simply childish. It was out of the question!

So the tempter led him backward. With the old clock pointing solemnly to eight-fifteen, the man slipped into his coat and stole quietly out of the

The sight of the smoke-filled room, the table in its accustomed place, the familiar faces around it, his chair awaiting him, and the slip of the cards between his fingers, all conspired to fill him with elation. Here he was, after all! He would be successful tonight. He could feel it in the air—Luck was with him!

The cards were dealt. His hands fairly shook with excitement. Three queens! Aha! luck was indeed with

him. He would retrieve his losses of the day before.

But, while he looked at the lucky cards, the crowned heads vanished, and *in their places appeared the faces of his wife and little ones!*

The smile of triumph froze upon his face. What of that solemn promise to his wife? What of that compact with himself? What of the prayer of his child?

Suddenly he started up from his chair, deliberately tore the cards in half, and threw them on the table.

"I've done with them forever," he said. "Good-night!"

And before the astonished gaze of the silent men, he turned and left the building, speeding homeward.

Rather than wait for a car, he ran, as he had not done since college days; thankful for the bodily exertion that relieved the suspense of his mind. Tho he had not been gone long, it was possible she had missed him! What *should* he say to her?

A florist's window suggested an answer, and he stopped long enough to buy some sweet-peas.

As he entered the home, she was picking up his house-coat from the chair where he had flung it, in his haste to be gone, and on her face was the utmost sadness. Reverently he approached and held out the flowers.

Was there any harm in the deception, do you think? She had watched and waited long for this hour of happiness.

Would you have deprived her of it and marred the blessed peace on their countenances, as together they followed the moonlit pathway across the nursery floor, and together they stood in the window, surrounded by the night-time glory?

If any would, to him be it known that long afterwards—he told her.

INSTEAD OF THREE QUEENS, HE SAW THE FACES OF HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

Alice Joyce
Sketched by
A B Shults

The Beasts of the Jungle

(Solax)

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

INSTEAD of a Shetland pony to ride, Vinie Roberts had a pet elephant, Jumbo. Born in a railroad construction camp, in the heart of a jungle outside of Calcutta, Vinie, early in life, became accustomed to the wild beasts of the jungle; instead of fearing them, she loved them.

One balmy, fresh morning in Vinie's seventh year, she begged her mother to let her go for a ride on Jumbo. Mrs. Roberts, calloused to dangers by a frontier life, warned her daughter to be careful not to let Jumbo wander too far into the jungle in search of succulent roots and tree-barks, and called the head mahout of the camp.

The elephant-driver came with Jumbo, a fat, brown little "tusky," who knelt on the ground before the house and patiently suffered Vinie to mount his small, humpy back.

Vinie swung onto the animal, like a boy mounting a pony for a bare-back ride, and, throwing the strap of her water-bottle about her neck, waved her hand to her mother and the mahout, and let Jumbo take his own course toward the jungle.

Perched on his back, like a fascinating fairy, Vinie rode along, snatching strange tropical fruits and nuts from the trees and bushes near which Jumbo carried her.

She sang and laughed, enjoying the morning jog, and never thinking that Jumbo had forged ahead at a faster pace than usual and was already in the heart of the jungle.

A little surprised on finding that she was hungry, Vinie dismounted, to look about and see whether she could get her bearings. On a near-by knoll she saw a stout wooden hut which seemed familiar to her. Only a month before, her father had taken her into the jungle to visit his old friend, Dr. Reynolds, a zoölogist, who lived by himself in the jungle, trapping tigers, monkeys, nylghaus and an occasional lion.

Leaving Jumbo scouring for juicy roots, Vinie skipped thru the underbrush, ran up to the hut and knocked.

Receiving no answer, but certain that she heard some one inside, Vinie listened for a moment. Then she knocked again. For the second time she was sure that she heard some one moving within the hut, but no answer came.

She raised a heavy wooden bolt on the outside of the door, opened it, and walked in.

She was no sooner inside, and her

eyes had not yet become accustomed to the dimmer light, when the stout portal slammed shut behind her, and she realized that she was locked in.

At that instant, a hissing sound drew her attention to a corner of the hut. She saw two gleaming, greenish eyes, and made out the huge form of a great big animal crouching in the corner.

Instinctively, Vinie shrank back against the door. But an instant later, she stepped forward, with a slight, embarrassed laugh. The animal looked like a great big cat. She knew it must be a tiger, for she had heard the natives describe such a beast as an overgrown cat, and she had seen several in captivity. One she had stroked on its furry head. The man who owned it had told her it was a hunting tiger, which he used in stalking and capturing or killing other members of the big cat family.

VINIE WAS FOND OF PETS

Surprised at finding a tiger in Dr. Reynolds' hut, but thinking, possibly, this beast was a pet of the strange science man, she stepped boldly toward the striped form, and reached out her hand to pet it.

The beast, cowed by the little girl's brave advance, lay quietly, tossing its tail fretfully, and watching the intruder with vicious, gleaming eyes.

Vinie dropped down wearily beside the big feline, as nonchalantly as she would have sat down beside the tiger-rug on the hearth at home. She placed one hand on the beast's head, and remarked, with a long-drawn sigh: "My! I wish you could talk. I'm awfully hungry. Maybe if you could talk, you could tell me where I could find something to eat."

The man-eating tiger stirred uneasily, and settled down on its haunches, licking the bloody remains of a meat-feast from its whiskers.

"Why, you've been having something to eat, yourself!" exclaimed Vinie, as she watched the tiger's licking, red tongue darting in and out between two rows of glistening teeth.

She suddenly thought of her water-bottle. "Do you want a drink, Cat?" she asked.

The tiger lay motionless. Vinie drank from her flask, and then rubbed a little water on the animal's hot head, saying softly: "You're tired out, Princess."

The name "Princess" popped into Vinie's mind at that moment. She didn't know why she called the big cat that, but having called her Princess once, the name seemed a very pretty one for her new friend.

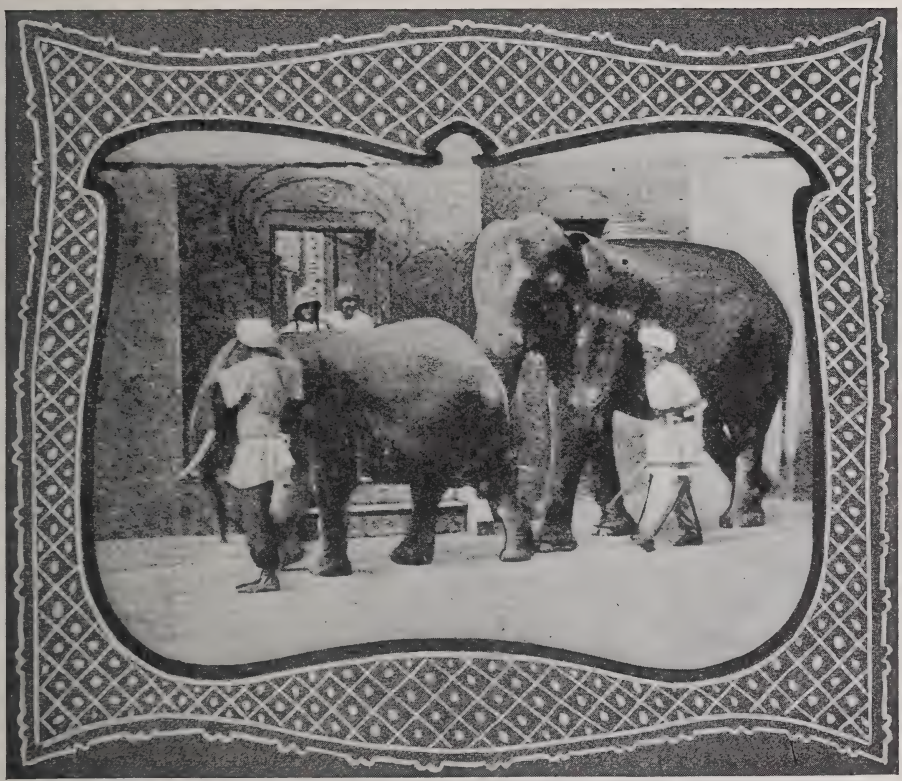
For half an hour they sat side by side, the tiger watching Vinie warily, but seeming quite subdued and content to remain at the little girl's side.

In looking about the small, unfurnished hut, Vinie saw a big iron hook hanging from a rope in the middle of the room. Suddenly she recalled seeing such a hook and such a hut before. Dr. Reynolds had showed it to her and told her it was a tiger trap. On the hook had been a great chunk of meat, and the hut door had been left open. She remembered that Dr. Reynolds had explained that a hungry

tiger, smelling the meat, would rush thru the open door, leap for the meat, drag it down, and thus automatically close and bar the front door, which was worked by the rope on which the meat-hook was hung.

"So you were caught in a trap by Doctor Reynolds, Princess?" remarked Vinie, standing up and inspecting the heavy iron hook. "And claw busily, while Princess, anxious to get out, crept quietly to her side and watched with quick, interested eyes.

At last the hole was dug, and Vinie crawled out. Princess followed her, starting off for neighboring rocks at a loping gait. Vinie ran after the tigress, wandering with her for several hours, wholly unconscious of the



MORE OF VINIE'S PETS

you've just had dinner, and I haven't had a thing to eat? My! but I'm hungry!"

Vinie walked to the door and tried to open it, but it remained fast. The child was becoming impatient to get out. She looked around the room for a means of escape, the tiger watching every move she made.

Suddenly Vinie returned to the hook, untied it from the rope, and dropped to her knees before the door, scraping away the dirt with the iron

fact that Jumbo, her elephant, had returned home and that her parents had been searching for her frantically with the aid of Dr. Reynolds, who knew the jungle intimately.

At last, weak and hungry, Vinie lay down beside Princess on a rocky ledge in the sun, and tried to fight back her tears. She was surely lost.

Within a few minutes, however, Vinie made out the forms of her father and mother coming toward the ledge. She called to them. The

tigress seemed frightened at the approach of other humans, but Vinie quieted her.

Dr. Reynolds came into view, saw Vinie beside the man-eating Bengal, and leveled a deadly-looking gun at the brute. Mr. Roberts, Vinie's father, had already aimed at the tigress.

Vinie jumped to her feet and shouted: "Stop! Dont shoot! Princess wont hurt you!" She reached down and rubbed the head of the tigress.

Dr. Reynolds agreed that the tigress had probably once been captive and was willing to stay at the Roberts home because Vinie was a kind mistress and there was always plenty to eat.

For over a year Vinie kept Princess close by her. The great tigress took the place of a house-dog in the frontier home. In time, Mr. Roberts came to look upon Vinie's strange pet as a safeguard, and Princess was treated with great respect by the whole household. Then news came to Roberts that he was to be transferred to Africa, and he looked about for a place to leave Princess.

THE TAMING OF THE TIGER

The horror-stricken parents, finding that Vinie had tamed the tiger, suffered her to take Princess back to camp with them.

Within a few weeks, Vinie had reached such friendly terms with the Princess that she could feed her milk out of a big bowl. The episode was amazing to the natives, who declared that either the tigress was bewitched by the little girl or else Princess had been tamed when a cub.

At the last moment, however, Vinie insisted so firmly on taking her pet along, that the tiger was shipped to the new home.

On arriving at the new construction camp, twenty miles thru the jungle from Tamatave, Vinie found one of the native negroes playing

with a cute little tippet monkey that fascinated her from the moment she saw it. She prevailed upon her father to buy it for a pet, and, by the time Princess arrived, Vinie had also added a parrot to her little family of pets.

Princess took her place in the new camp as quietly as she had in the old, and tho the naked natives working on the railroad were startled at the sight of the huge striped cat, Princess behaved admirably and became a general favorite.

One night, at the regular roll-call of his workmen, Roberts found one of his men missing. The other natives became greatly excited at the report, and some of the more nervous ones accused the Princess of having made away with the laborer.

Roberts indignantly defended his daughter's pet, but the men were not convinced until a few days later, when a man-eating lion was heard roaring at night near the camp.

The roar could not be mistaken. It was a terrifying, thunderous roar which the natives instantly recognized. Next day a report came in from a neighboring farmer that several of his young bullocks had been killed.

The construction camp was thrown into a panic, and Roberts had his hands full in trying to satisfy the superstitious natives.

Next day the footprints of a lion were seen near a neighboring spring, and word was passed among the natives that a toothless lion, unfit for fight with his fellow beasts, had turned man-eater, and was sniffing about camp to see if he could spring unexpectedly on some man.

Roberts' men threatened to leave. He was forced to tell them that his tiger could fight the lion, and that they need not fear. But tho the natives had never seen a tiger before, they had no confidence in the powerful cat, and were as much afraid of Princess as of the lurking man-eater.

That night the natives gathered about their campfire and prayed to the God of Fire to protect them. They knew the lion feared fire above all things, and, by keeping a roaring blaze in front of their flimsy tents all night, they hoped to ward off any attack of the enemy.

Roberts sent the only other American in camp, a young fellow named Jackson, to a little outpost near the spring, and told him to keep sharp watch for the lion and shoot it on sight. Then he went to bed with his family, trusting to Princess and her growling in case anything happened during the black night.

Meanwhile, the natives danced wildly about their bonfire, calling upon their favorite gods, and looking like lurid, fantastic black imps as they whirled about thru the smoke and flames.

Suddenly, toward morning, while many of them were sleeping, the low, reverberating roar of the man-eating lion struck terror into the heart of the camp. Men leaped from their rush cots and dashed from beneath the tents.

For the first time the lion appeared, lashing his tail, roaring, with his huge, dripping muzzle close to the ground.

He rushed thru the camp, lashing his tufted tail, devastating everything in his track, and driving all the natives to the jungle.

The only people who remained were Roberts, his wife and Vinie. They slept peacefully thru the uproar in their snug wooden house, until Jackson, who had left his post at the spring, came to give the alarm. By that time, the lion had pursued the natives to the jungle, and Jackson had mustered all of the blacks he could find and armed them with crowbars and pickaxes.

Roberts, leaving his wife and child under the protection of Princess, went out to lead in the lion hunt. But the king of beasts could not be found.

The men returned to camp, disappointed, when one of the blacks suddenly spied a lashing tail near one of the tents, and a cry went up that the lion had come back.

Roberts and Jackson, having used up their ammunition firing into the underbrush in the hope of scaring up the lion, ran to the storehouse and looked for cartridges, while the natives, clinging to their crowbars and pickaxes, fled back to the jungle; the lion, infuriated, began attacking the door to the cabin where Roberts had left his wife and child.

After a hasty search of the stores, all that Roberts and Jackson could find was a wooden box of blanks. Filling their pockets with these, they boldly left the storehouse and began firing at the man-eater.

The lion, frightened by the noise and smoke, retreated just enough to allow Roberts to slip into his hut and to give Jackson time to start for his bivouac near the spring.

Then, with renewed energy, irritated by the shots, the lion returned and attacked Roberts' house again.

Princess, inside with the family, paced back and forth restlessly, jumping up to the single window in the kitchen and snarling at the lion, who was delivering ferocious blows at the slight door and lunging at the window.

Thrusting a revolver into his wife's hands, Roberts frantically continued firing at the lion thru the window. The wadding from the blank cartridges struck the lion and lashed him into greater fury.

While both Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were firing at the infuriated animal, Vinie tried to calm the Princess.

Every minute or two the lion threw his ponderous weight against the kitchen door, making it shiver and bend inward.

Seeing that their situation was hopeless, Roberts retreated, with his family, to the bedroom, the only other room in the hut, just as the lion broke down the outer door and lashed about the kitchen, overturning the tables and chairs, and beginning a vicious attack on the bedroom door.

PREPARING FOR THE DEFENSE

A sudden thought came to Roberts. If he could only get back into the kitchen and open the trap-door which led to his vegetable-cellar, the lion, in its ragings, might fall into the cellar, then he could lower the door and make the beast a captive.

But with the ferocious lion in full possession of the kitchen, there was no chance to carry out this idea.

"Oh, father, cant Princess and I help?"

JUST AS THE LION BROKE DOWN THE OUTER DOOR

cried Vinie, wringing her hands, as the lion pounced against the dining-room door again and loosened one hinge.

"No, dear," said Mr. Roberts, mechanically, as he fired thru an open hole in the door. Then he suddenly stopped short, and turned toward the Princess.

Another idea had come to him. He could get word to Jackson at the spring, possibly; Jackson could come to the kitchen door; together they could drive the lion from the kitchen for a moment, or hold it at bay, while the trap-door was set. By continually firing blanks at the lion, he could so daze the animal that it could not reach Jackson before he managed to fix the trap-door.

Telling his wife to continue the fire, Roberts scratched a note to Jackson, instructing him to return to camp, fire on the lion thru the kitchen window, enter, and pull up the trap-door into the cellar.

He folded the note and tied it about Princess' neck; then, patting the animal, he opened the front door of the hut and sent faithful Princess out, knowing well that she would go to the spring for water, as she always did when released from the house, and feeling sure that Jackson would get the message.

Then, for a terrible half-hour,

Roberts defended his wife and child in the bedroom, piling furniture against the door to help withstand he lion's mad rushes.

Together they managed to keep the beast attacking the bedroom door, all four praying that the lion would miss his footing on one of his leaps and crash thru the flimsy cover of the trap.

But nothing of the kind occurred, and things looked hopeless, when Vinie, looking out, saw Princess coming back, and without Jackson. Vinie now realized that she must do something. She had tamed Princess; why could she not do likewise with this roaring lion? Quickly making up her mind, and watching her chance, she slipped out, met Princess, and boldly led her right into the room where the lion was. Vinie's mother and father fairly held their breath, as they saw the fearful peril of their little girl, but their fears were unfounded.

The lion, surprised and dazed at the audacity of the child, slunk back, apparently subdued and cowed. Perhaps the sight of her and Princess together puzzled him. And why not? "If this child has conquered the tiger, why can she not also conquer me?" thought the lion, and it was this thought that made it surrender.

Vinie boldly but gently petted the now trembling and terrified creature, and this seemed to reassure him that no further harm was intended. Princess looked on with approval, now and then lending assistance, and soon the peaceful battle was won. Meanwhile, Jackson arrived and had made his plans to save the Roberts family by getting the lion in the cellar, securing the trap-door, and then burning the building. What was his surprise to find the lion already conquered, and, more than that, tamed.

Prince, as the tamed lion was named by Vinie, soon became a favorite in camp, and many the pleasant trip he and Princess took together thereafter, accompanied, of course, by their mistress, Vinie.

As for the railroad, the situation was saved. The men all returned to work, and from that day thenceforth they never ceased to worship little Vinie, the heroine of the camp.

The Popular Player Puzzle

We realize, now, that the puzzle that appeared on page 31 of the February issue was not fair to all our readers, inasmuch as the winner was to be the *first* who sent in a correct solution; because, if there were many correct solutions, the one arriving here first would win, whereas other correct solutions may have been mailed from some distant point at an earlier date and not arrive here till days later. Thus, the advantage was all with Brooklynites. However, the winner hails from Woodstock, N. B., and his name is Stuart M. Bailey, of the Royal Bank of Canada. Perhaps Mr. Bailey owns an aeroplane? We can account for his agility in no other way. He has received his prize, and is now, no doubt, a happy banker. The correct answers are: "Costello, Joyce, Hotely, Buckley, Pickford, Pates, Myers, Mason, Anderson, Bushman, Robinson, Blackwell, Kerrigan, Walker, Wayne, Nesbitt, Normand, Hawley, Leonard and White," in the order given. While it is possible to spell out other names, only these can be counted as correct. We have not yet completed the task of tabulating the thousands of answers received, and, hence, cannot print the list of the successful guesses. We may say, however, that Mr. Bailey is far from being the only correct solver of the puzzle; and we hereby extend our thanks to the many who have taken so much pains to make this a successful contest. We hope they have derived as much pleasure from it as we have, and our only regret is that *all* could not be given prizes.

"YES, John," said Mrs. Winthrop, leaning back in her arm-chair with a gentle sigh of contentment, "I feel that I am indeed blessed in my children. I am sure you are all that your dear father wished you to be. He had such high ideals for his boys; I wonder if he knows that you are rector of St. Paul's now, and that James is a successful novelist?"

Tears blurred her vision as she finished the sentence, her voice trembling, as it always did when she tried to speak of her husband, who had said good-by to his wife and youngsters twenty years ago.

The Reverend John Winthrop stopped poking the fire and crossed the room, to fold his mother in a tender embrace.

They were silent for a moment, then Mrs. Winthrop spoke again, half shyly.

"You're both past thirty years old," she said, "and sometimes I wonder why neither of you seems to think of marrying. I'd be sorry to think that you were staying single on my account; I'd dearly love to have a daughter—and it would make me young again to have some little children in the house."

An amused expression crossed John's face as he answered: "You'd better be thankful that things are as they are, mother. We are all very happy here. If one of us brought a wife home there might be all sorts of trouble."

"The girl whom one of my sons would marry would not be the kind that makes trouble," returned the mother, proudly; "the Winthrops can trace their ancestry straight back to the *Mayflower* and find none of the separations or divorces that seem to be so popular nowadays."

"What's all this about divorces and separations?" called a laughing voice behind them, and they turned to find James regarding them with astonished eyes. "I'm surprised to hear you talking of such shocking things, mother—and John a clergyman, too! Any one would think this was gay New York, instead of staid old Boston!"

"We were merely talking of general principles, James; not discussing any specific case," explained Mrs. Winthrop, while both sons laughed at her confusion. "But where are you going, dear?—how nice you look in your evening-clothes!"

"I'm off to the theater to see Mademoiselle Genova dance. You needn't look so surprised—the very best people are flocking to see her. It's a classic performance, you know, 'The Dance of the Fleeting Hours.' Professor Greggs commended it highly in his lecture this morning."

"Oh, of course, classic dancing is

perfectly proper—you know the Winthrops have never been narrow-minded; your father thoroly approved of the drama in its best form. Good-night, dear."

"James is such a good boy," she murmured, as the door closed after her son; "his ideals are so high!"

"There's not the slightest question that we are both paragons of virtue—if our mother is any judge of character!" cried John, laughing.

THE DANCE OF THE FLEETING HOURS

When James Winthrop took a seat well down toward the front of the Colonial Theater, there was a little flutter in that part of the house. A number of elderly ladies leaned forward to bow to him with gracious dignity. Two young girls, chaperoned by a spectacled spinster, fell to whispering, glancing shyly at him.

James Winthrop had come to the theater, as he did everything else, with a definite, carefully formulated plan. He meant to study this dance that had gained such popularity among Boston's intellectual society folks, and, if he decided that it was worthy of his attention, write a letter to the *Transcript* commending it. When the curtain rose, he settled back in his seat, prepared to give his critical attention to the performance.

A bevy of slender, graceful girls, in floating draperies, occupied the center of the stage for a moment; then fell back, with swaying, rhythmic movements, to escort Jupiter, who suddenly appeared, holding above their heads the roses of happiness. Faster and faster whirled the dancers, clutching at the roses, which were held now lower, now higher, but always just

above the reach of the dainty fingers that clutched at them so eagerly. And, in the background, but ever advancing, one maiden held aloft a great hour-glass, thru which golden sands trickled in a shining stream.

"The fleeting hours pursuing happiness," murmured James Winthrop; "very well worked out—it is the world-old quest of mortals seeking the impossible!"

In the distance the gray-bearded figure of Father Time appeared, sharpening his scythe, making his way slowly toward the group, whose dancers whirled more furiously now; dark tresses streaming; bare arms upthrown; lovely faces upturned toward the great crimson roses, hovering ever beyond their grasp. The whole group was fluttering nearer the footlights, and Winthrop, leaning back comfortably in his seat, was watching, with dispassionate appreciation of the theme. Suddenly he sat up a trifle straighter; a gleam of something warmer than intellectual criticism crept into his expression; his eyes focused on the lovely, laughing face of the Goddess who dominated the fleeting hours, and her lustrous eyes were gazing directly into his, smiling, alluring, inviting. He leaned forward, drawn by an impelling magnetism that was as new to his decorous soul as the mad beating of his heart was to his well-regulated body.

At length, the music modulated, and the Hours gradually retired, until they gently faded from the vision, leaving the Witching Hour alone in all her splendor—Time and his delightful handmaidens forgotten. This Witching Hour was the Goddess.

In all his life James Winthrop had never known a really Witching Hour —until now. Until now, his heart had pulsed only from blue blood ever fresh from glacial ancestry. But there had suddenly come a wild throbbing within his breast that made him breathe quick and hard. The lights had softened to the very shade of the twilight in his groping soul; the music had become attuned, in its alluring sweetness, to the agony of his heart.

It was not a dance he saw, but a quivering segment of Life swaying before his eyes and steeping him with thirty years' Regret. A single reminiscence would have made him drunk with happiness; but having none, he was half-mad with despair. In the cold elegance of his home and breeding, emotion and passion had been delegated as fitting pastimes for the vulgar herd. All hours had been the same: unswerving uprighteousness, conscientious labor, intellectual peace! Suddenly he had come to despise them all. This lovely creature on the stage

THE IDEALIST AND THE LIVING GODDESS OF THE DANCE

had become his ideal. But her message was despair. She had awakened him only to the glories of other men's pasts. There were no ashes, with their memories of splendid fires, for him—only a little scattered marble-dust.

But what was this sudden change in the scene before him? The lights had brightened. The music had quickened. The Goddess had emerged from the gray shadows of the dead past and come forth into the bright light of the living present. This was the Land of Now. James Winthrop felt it; *he knew it.* He was leaning forward on the seat in front of him. If the people near him saw him, or commented on the tense expression of his face, he did not know—he did not care.

The lesser Hours had come forth to join in the revel, following the Witching Hour. Each had a consort. But the Goddess was alone. She sought Wine, Music and Song to be her companions of the Supreme Moment. She went thru the rising emotions of Hope and Yearning, but there was a vague satisfaction only, not gratification. Then the Passion of Desire filled her. The music, the dance, went mad. The staid audience caught the maddening lilt of it all. It brought an involuntary flush to its cheeks, a luster to its eyes and a rapid intake of breathing.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded. It was followed by the entrance of the Herald of Promise. James Winthrop had felt each change. The Land of Now was his land of *now.* He had seen and felt all but The One. For a moment he had been lost in involuntary conjecture. Then the Herald of Promise had made his heart leap with a joy he had never known before. He looked up expectantly. His eyes met and held and drained Hers to their depths. The Goddess was dancing for *him!*

A sudden calm fell upon him, despite the riotous climax of the scene before him. Already he was living the Promise. His satisfaction was

THE WIFE

complete when the Goddess, on the verge of despair of finding the Supreme Moment, her consort, espied the Herald of Promise leading the shadow of a Man by the hand! The Goddess sprang toward him with open arms; the music burst forth exultingly; the lights sank to a blood-red tinge; the curtain slowly descended.

The audience rose to go, many shocked with the involuntary emotions that had crept thru their sluggish veins. James Winthrop went straight to the manager's office.

"Good-evening, Mr. Winthrop," saluted the manager, surprised at the visit. "What can I do for you?"

"I should like to meet Mademoiselle Genova—the danseuse."

Nobody seemed to know, or to care even, about the mere facts of James Winthrop's strange courtship and sudden marriage to Mlle. Genova, première danseuse. The point was, rather, what would his mother, his brother, his family and society say? And the newspapers said columns of what they were supposed to have said —and didn't say.

James Winthrop brought his bride home, and the door was closed in the faces of a half-dozen impudent reporters. Thereupon, Mr. and Mrs. James Winthrop took up their abode under the parental roof. Perhaps

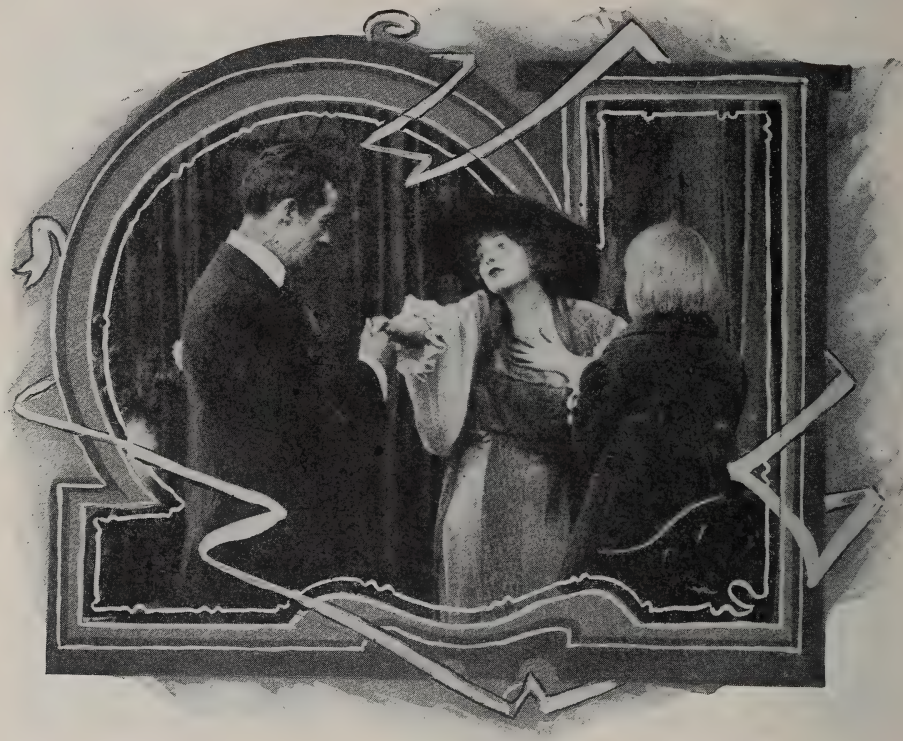
OLD ASSOCIATIONS REVIVED

Mrs. Winthrop, the elder, appeared slightly less in society; perhaps there were a few harder lines in her face, and the remainder of her hair had turned gray; perhaps she no longer greeted her formerly favorite son with more or less formal embraces. At least, the cold exterior of the Winthrops betrayed no unruffled interior —excepting James. For the first few months of his married life James had seemed unmistakably happy. For that period he had shaken all the traditions of Winthrop deportment by

acting out the happiness he felt. Then, too, the public became aware of a mighty change in the man's character thru his written works. He had suddenly become human, as it were. Before a year had elapsed, he had become famous because of it. But a curtain had been drawn on his short-lived happiness. He had retired into the Winthrop shell again, whither no danseuse could ever enter.

on the stage of the famous Mlle. Genova, in a series of modern dances!

The divorce roused some comment; not so much as the comments on the individuals themselves in connection with their respective arts. Mlle. Genova had recaptivated society, and there were rumors of a new prospective match! James Winthrop had written a great American novel. He shunned public appearance as much



"MY WAYS ARE NOT YOUR WAYS—OIL AND WATER WILL NOT MIX"

Gossip wondered why she stayed in that great, cold house, so foreign to her nature, until, one night, the family physician was summoned and remained for nearly twenty-four hours. And, at last, the newspapers got a voluntary contribution of news: "Born—a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. James Winthrop."

The soul of the woman was at last revealed to the world less than a couple of months later, when one of the big theatrical managers in a distant city announced the reappearance

as possible, but might be seen any day riding in the Park with an exquisitely beautiful child, bearing in her patrician features all the marble coldness of the Winthrops.

It must have been seven years later that "The Golden Slipper" sang itself into Boston's favor. If any one of the thousands who attended the show was struck by the name of the little, faded dancer who danced so marvelously in the second act, no public mention, at least, was made of it.

The vogue for classic Art, and Color dancing had given place to acrobatic and ragtime performances. Mlle. Genova had difficulty in holding her place at all, and each dance was followed by an even worse attack of violent coughing, that often continued far into the night. Yet the show went well in the Hub; no one noticed or seemed to care.

The last night of "The Golden Slipper's" merry whirl in Boston arrived. By seven o'clock there was a throng storming the box-office. A woman passed on the other side of the street, glancing at the crowd with a little shudder. She made straight for a group of great houses frowning even at the lights of the street nearby. She paused before one which, with its drawn shades and hidden lights, was more prim than any of its neighbors. For a full minute she looked at a certain window high up, thru which a ray of light peered timidly. A passer-by might have descried dull agony in her face and seen one hand gripping her breast, as tho something had been torn from it. Suddenly she set her foot determinedly on the step and ascended. She shivered as the bell jangled coldly within.

The flood of light revealed her harshly to the old butler, who stepped back for a moment, as tho he saw a ghost.

"You know me?" said the woman.

"Yes, madam," he responded, with involuntary deference.

"Owens—you were kind to me—in those days. Help me now." A sudden note of tragedy crept into her voice.

"I shall obey you, madam. Step in. The air has made you cough."

"I want to see my child—once—"

"But, madam——" began Owens, rubbing his hands in perplexity.

"Only for a minute—*for the last time.*"

"We shall go up the back stairs, madam," said Owens, without another word.

And the woman found the child seated before a great doll. If the stranger's entrance startled the child, there was little sign of it. She surveyed the visitor, calmly, studiously.

"I did not send for you," she said haughtily. "And no servant has permission to come in here unless I give it."

"I am not a servant," said the woman, with great difficulty.

"Who are you, then?" asked the child.

The woman was breathing very hard now, and was holding both hands close to her breast.

"Have you a mother?" she asked huskily.

"You have no right to ask me that," reproved the young lady; "but

HER CHILD

I will tell you. My grandmama is the only mother I have or want; and now I shall have to ask you to leave, because I want to say my prayers."

"May—may I kiss you before I leave?" whispered the little woman, tremulously.

"My grandmama does not permit any one to kiss me—outside the family, I mean." The child was looking at the woman in real amazement now, for she was weeping brokenly. "But, if you really want to as bad as that, why, you may, I suppose—if you will promise to go at once."

The woman paused for a moment, to suppress a fit of coughing; then took the child's hand in hers and held it to her shrunken breast, her eyes all the while pleading for something the child could not comprehend.

"This is the way your—mother—" Then the little woman hurried away from her, pausing at the door for a last look into the cold, uncomprehending eyes of the child.

Her cough and sobs, growing feebler, were echoed back to Owens for several minutes, as he stood there in the outer doorway, looking out with misty eyes.

"Oil and water's what I says from the first," he muttered, closing and barring the massive doors; " 'taint natural for oil an' water to mix!"

The Moving Picture Girl

By H. W. CLAIRBORNE

YOUNG man once was smoking
His one last cigaret,
And in the rising smoke of it
He tried hard to forget
The throwdown that he'd gotten,
And he sighed, with head awhirl:
"I want some one to love me
Like a Moving Picture girl."

Yes, the little girl he loved so
Had cruelly thrown him down,
And as he sat and thought of it,
The thought caused him a frown.
He remembered that his salary
Was all spent in giddy whirl,
And he sighed for one to love him like
A Moving Picture girl.

I guess he's not the only one
Who, feeling sad and blue,
Has wished some little brunette girl
Would love him and be true.
I guess I've often dreamed, myself,
Of witching eye and curl,
And wished some one would love me
Like a Moving Picture girl.

The Parson's Picture Show

By FRANK W. STERNS

Oh, we never had a bit o' use fer folks who peddled tracts,
Long-featured fellers buttin' in, to criticize our acts.
In consequence, it seldom took us boys o' Roarin' Shout
More than a minute an' a half to make 'em face about
An' hoof it hastily from camp; quite frequent, we would play
A "six-gun tune" aroun' their feet, to speed 'em on their way.

But sence thet smilin' parson chap dropped into Roarin' Shout,
An' showed them pictur's o' th' things th' others told about,
We've got to thinkin', most o' us, an' to ourselves we've put
Th' question: "Aint there more in life than cards an' tanglefoot?"
Them pictur's portrayed stories thet wuz plain to all an' each;
Onselfishness, love, kindness, they wuz shorely meant to teach.
Th' things we'd never cared about, er understood, some way,
In Movin' Pictur's beautiful wuz made as plain as day.
We didn't need no lecture fer to grasp th' stories' trend—
Th' pictur's did th' tellin', from beginnin' to th' end.
We went in rompin' roughly, but we came out walkin' slow;
We entered laughin' loudly, but we came out talkin' low.

We aint a-singin' hymns today, ner kneelin' 'roun' in prayer,
But most o' us are tryin' fer to live more on th' square;
We've got a firmer holt upon th' Golden Rule, I know,
Sence th' day th' trav'llin' parson gave a Movin' Pictur' show.

THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE SHOWS SOME OF THE KALEM PLAYERS IN IRELAND PREPARING FOR A SCENE IN ONE OF THE KALEM COMPANY'S IRISH PLAYS

An Interesting Letter

From the Far-off Philippine Islands

DEAR EDITOR: Some ten months ago, a little Brooklyn girl (five feet nine inches) sent me a MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. I've read said magazine again and again, and waited, for ten months, for another one, but nothing stirred. I presume that the little Brooklyn girl either ran short in pocket-money, or got married, or met some other accident; anyway, no more MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINES show up.

Now, there are 1772 soldiers, 123 men (more or less), 11 women, 59 ladies, several biscuit-shooters, all kinds of babies—Filipinos and some Chinese—on this lonesome rock, and ever since I received this MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, I've loaned it out among all those human beings, reading it again, when I got it back, and then loaning it out once more. This proves—methinks—that I am a "constant" reader, and I, therefore, have the privilege to write to you.

Fact is, that I am forced to write, since aforementioned magazine is getting pretty well worn out. I, for my part, can read it all right—I know the contents by heart—but the rest of Corregidor's inhabitants can hardly make out whether it is a Salvation Army "War-Cry" or a Chinese almanac, and so it's just about time to order a new one.

Do you know, Mr. Brewster, that the arrival of this said old MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE caused quite a sensation? You do not? Well, I thought so; you people back in the woods dont hear any news, and that's why I want to tell you.

Furthermore, do you know, my dear Mr. Brewster, how many scraps we have had on account of this here magazine of yours? No? Well, I dont know myself, exactly—nobody knows it—but I am convinced that we had more fights and scraps over it than they had in the Spanish, Cuban and Civil wars taken together.

At first, we tried to keep them from stealing THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE (ten months old), with Springfields (model 1903, cal. 30), in vain. Then the War Department supplied us with several 24-inch guns; that made it worse. While we tried to keep our guns pointed at them, some of them blew up the bomb-proof vault and hooked my MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE (ten months old).

At last I got wise. I recovered THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, assembled the whole bunch of them, and read the dear old MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE (ten months old) to them from start to finish. I did that afterwards, every Sunday, and we lived happy ever after.

I'm thinking of having several thousand MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINES translated into the Japanese lingo, and if they should start something, I would go by and have about 2323 distributed among them. I am convinced that they'll get so interested that they'll forget everything about war, and all we have to do then is to walk up, hit them on their noble heads, claim and take possession of Japan, and—bang—we've got another star in our flag, and a pretty big one, too.

Now this demonstrates only one case of what your magazine does, and can do, for the American nation. It shows and puts people hep to something they never knew before. It proves that some people (especially Motion Picture actors and actresses) can get killed in train smashups, motor-car, boat or other accidents, and still enjoy life and good health for years and years. THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE shows how cheap one can buy good literature; it illustrates how many foolish questions one single person can answer, without going bughouse. It keeps people, who live in some lonesome corner of this world, in touch with the other world (the Motion Picture world).

Do you know where Corregidor is? Well, I dont expect you to—nobody knows it, except people that have been here. Its location is 122° East long. and 14° 21 sec. North lat. The island is made of rock (doby rock) put into the China Sea by Nature. It is inhabited by snakes, bamboo, Filipinos, iguanas (see dictionary) spiders (all kinds and sizes, ranging from a fly to the size of a New York skyscraper), and soldiers (put on the rock by order of the War Department, to find out whether the guy was right when he said: "There's no place like home.")

But I'll have to close for today; pretty soon they'll blow "mess-call," and I wouldn't miss my beans for anything. What are you going to have for dinner?

Enclosed please find money-order for the amount of $1.50 (good old U. S. currency) for a year's subscription for THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, commencing January, 1913—providing you dont charge the $1.50 for reading this letter.

Very respectfully yours,
FRED M. SMITH.
Corporal, 95th Co., C. A. C., Fort Mills, Corregidor, P. I.

Treasure-Hunters Lost in the Heart of Africa

(International)

By LAWRENCE G. McGILL

From his own photoplay

FRANK MERRITT

IT was a world as garish and unreally lovely as a painted scene. Late afternoon on the Florida coast—still waters, lacquered with sunshine; hunchback trees trailing unshaven, gray mossbeards over bright flame and orange fungus and boldly tinted blossoms. The stage was set for Romance, but actors there were none, except for the unkempt slovenliness of the tramp steamer misnomered *Belle o' th' Isle,* snuffing and wheezing along the shore. Then, suddenly, the grim actor, Tragedy, skulking in the wings, took his cue, and glided out on the serene stage—softly, slyly—as softly as yon rowboat, drifting irresolute in the warm hollows of the waves.

The captain of the *Belle o' th' Isle* caught sight of the boat from the lookout-bridge.

"Hey! Jem!" he roared. "There's a boat adrift—looks queer to me. Stand by, lads—ahoy, there—ahoy!"

No answer. Tragedy has few lines to speak. A moment later, the silence was explained. In the bottom of the boat, awash in the seepage like a sodden rag, sprawled an old man, ragged of hair and garments, barely breathing. The sailors hoisted him aboard the *Bell o' th' Isle,* where he fought feebly, with insane grimacing, and fell into the deathlike doze of delirium.

"Old cove's going to snuff out lively, unless we git him ashore," agreed the awe-sobered crew. Accordingly, the tramp pointed her blunt nose, turtlewise, toward the white sand of a near-by landing-beach. A low bungalow fronted the beach, inhabited, apparently, by one lone, small boy, impatiently angling for crawfish in a stagnant pool by the wharf. He looked up in freckled, round-mouthed astonishment as the steamer snorted to a stop.

"Hey! bub, 's there a doctor near here?"

The boy nodded, tongueless.

"Then we'll leave this old fellow here—found him adrift just now and nearly done for. Go call your mammy or dad, bub——"

The boy flashed up the beach with agitated flutter of bare legs. "Vida—oh, *Vida!*" he shouted. A tall girl, vivacious with a vitality not of the somnolent Southland, answered the call. She received the news as one who would deal with a blaze in a dynamite-house, an unexpected mouse and a sheeted, gibbering ghost in the same competent fashion. Vida Dudley was the power that pulled the strings

in her world, and her family were marionettes to dance her bidding. A surprisingly few moments later, therefore, the castaway was lying in a comfortable bed in the bungalow, with a doctor professionally peering at his tongue. But the Atlantic Ocean, days of sun-harried thirst and nights of watching had put him beyond the healing of pills or powders. It was soon evident that the stranger was stumbling over every laboring breath into the kindly peace that he had prayed for, with withering lips and swollen tongue, in the drifting boat. On the very threshold he seemed to turn back an instant. Vida, bending pityingly over him, caught the flash of mind in the glazing eyes.

"The — papers — pocket — t-tell Manuel——" The poor, laboring words flickered, then went out with his flickering breath, as a candle is quenched.

"*Manuel!*" murmured the girl, softly—the name clung to her imagination like an echo from the strange, unknown world of Make-Believe. A little later, Vida and Dr. Benson, searching the torn clothes, came upon a bottle in which was thrust a crumpled wad of paper. One sheet was a rudely drawn map, with the name of a town on the coast and a river sprawling inland. Unfolding and deciphering the rest, it read:

My name is José Cavella. My son Manuel and I have discovered great gold mines in Africa. I started out to get machinery and funds in Cuba, leaving Manuel in charge. Our schooner was wrecked. I am the only survivor. Soon, too, I shall die. This is written in the hopes that the one finding it will go to Africa and save my son. It will have to be soon, for his provisions are nearly gone. If the finder will do this he shall have my half of the mines. I would give all the gold in the world for a pint of water—my God, let me die soon—soon——

I think this is the end. With this I seal my map of the mine and a picture of my boy—Manuel—Man——

COMFORTABLY SETTLED IN THEIR AFRICAN CAMP

Vida gazed down at the picture that had fallen from the bottle with the papers—the picture of a dark-eyed youth with boyish lips and a man's grim, firm chin. The eyes seemed strangely alive as they met hers—the eyes of the Prince in the fairy tale; the eyes of the half-imagined, shy hero of her girlish dreams. With a sudden quiver of decision, Vida faced the doctor, preparatory defiance in her voice.

"We will go to find Manuel."

The doctor was the girl's guardian, and accustomed to her volcanic eruptions of mind, but, hitherto, they had never tossed her so far from home as Africa.

"Before we start, we will also square the circle and find the fourth dimension," he said dryly. "My dear girl, you might as well plan to jaunt to the moon."

"Daddy Doctor, if I *planned* to go to the moon, I'd *get* there," flashed Vida. "I'm going to Africa—and what's more, *you're going, too.* Just you wait and see!"

THE CANNIBALS HOLD A CONSULTATION OF WAR

From Florida to Africa is a mere matter of days and dollars, after all. On a sun-scorched afternoon, exactly one calendar leaf later, Vida, the victorious, marshaled her cohorts triumphantly down the gang-plank into the seaport town of Bornu, on the African coast. Besides Willie and Vida, the party consisted of Mammy Chloe, Vida's black handmaid, Dr. Benson, and Rob and Jim Willets, rah-rah college youths out for red-blooded adventure.

A study of Cavella's map convinced Vida that the journey should be begun on the river winding in from the coast and completed with mule-trains thru the jungle. Accordingly, they chartered a well-meaning little launch and started high-heartedly up the artery of the river sluggishly flowing from the heart of the primal world. Up—up the sullen, brown tide they slid, by marshy, floating islands moored on papyrus reeds; by native villages, wretched nests of bamboo huts twisted in the thorny underbrush like habitations of giant birds. Over the stagnant waters hovered a blue haze, the fevered breath of the country, speckled by myriads of bees and flies, vocal with the quarrels of immense black toads.

At last they landed, and the troublous march to the interior began. On the first day, several of their guides disappeared. On the second, the water-skins began to gurgle with threats of emptiness. Lacking Vida's unreasoning optimism, the party would have turned back.

"Nonsense!" laughed Vida. "It's just beginning to be fun. Turn back if you like—*I'm* going ahead."

So on they struggled thru the ever-thickening shrubs, with the eerie arms of the jungle interlacing overhead, underfoot, and the silent world around them pricked and splashed with gorgeous dyes, blood-red locust blossoms,

purple convolvulus, kinku plant and acacias; and, silently with them, Death stalked thru the painted jungle —underfoot in the hairy centipedes; death in the lichen-gray of crocodiles stretched on logs; death in the creeping plants and aromatic blossoms— and hideous Death, crawling toward them thru the bushes with oil-lit black limbs and tattooed faces.

The party paused for the night in a crude stockade of bamboo-poles and reeds, leaving Rob to watch the forest

whined thru the air, like a flock of deadly birds.

The boys seized their rifles and fired into the midst of the hideous mass almost upon them. One of the vermilion-streaked warriors sobbed aloud as he pitched earthward. The rest halted, undecided for a moment. In that moment Dr. Benson, clawing frantically among the baggage-packs, turned a chalky face upon the rest.

"The ammunition——" he gasped. "We left it yonder with the mules—"

DEFENDING THE STOCKADE

for danger. But it was upon them almost before his eyes could testify the sight to his brain. Like unreal goblin things, the savages came thru the pale moonbeams, brass earrings and anklets a-tinkle, unbelievably horrible faces a-grin. Rob's cry of warning woke the others. A little native boy, who was one of their guides, set up a dismal screaming: "The Mohirs—the Mohirs—cannibals —*ai—ai!*" and, dropping on all fours, like a rat, scuttled out of the fire-lit circle.

A thick shower of winged things

The muscles in the boys' faces tightened. They turned silently to the stockade, hoarding their bullets like jewels, fighting to put off the inevitable moment of defeat.

Vida, one brave, young arm flung about Mammy, stilling her moans and prayers, turned to her guardian. "Save one of your bullets—*for me,* Daddy Doctor," she whispered.

Almost as the low words quivered to him, came a banshee shriek of triumph from the savages beyond the stockade. One of their lighted torches flung against the frail barrier

had fired it. At the same moment, Rob and Jim flung down their empty guns. The red flames and smoke veiled the victims from their loathsome butchers. Vida snatched the rifle from her guardian's hands, and turned to the moaning negress: "If you love me, Mammy, shoot," she cried; "before they come——" The blaze was flickering down; thru the smoke danced phantom shadows, leering, writhing — guttural yells — the sound of blows—then—— A tall figure leaped across the barrier, crying to other figures behind him: "This way, *camerados*——"

THE ATTACK ON THE CANNIBALS

Vida, sinking into the gulf of unconsciousness, felt herself seized in a pair of strong, warm arms. Her vague eyes, fluttering open, impatient at the new lease of sensibility, met the deep gaze of a pair of dark ones. Her hands strayed upwards, touching his face for reassurance.

"Manuel!" she cried. The miracle of his presence in her hour of need did not occur to her. It was as tho she had been expecting him. His arms shut out the horror and the tumult about them.

Nor did the seeming miracle of the strange, beautiful girl and her party coming upon him out of the nowhere of the jungle seem uncanny or unreal to the bronzed adventurer.

In a little while her eyes fluttered open, and she held the calling letter and the map of old José, his father, out to him.

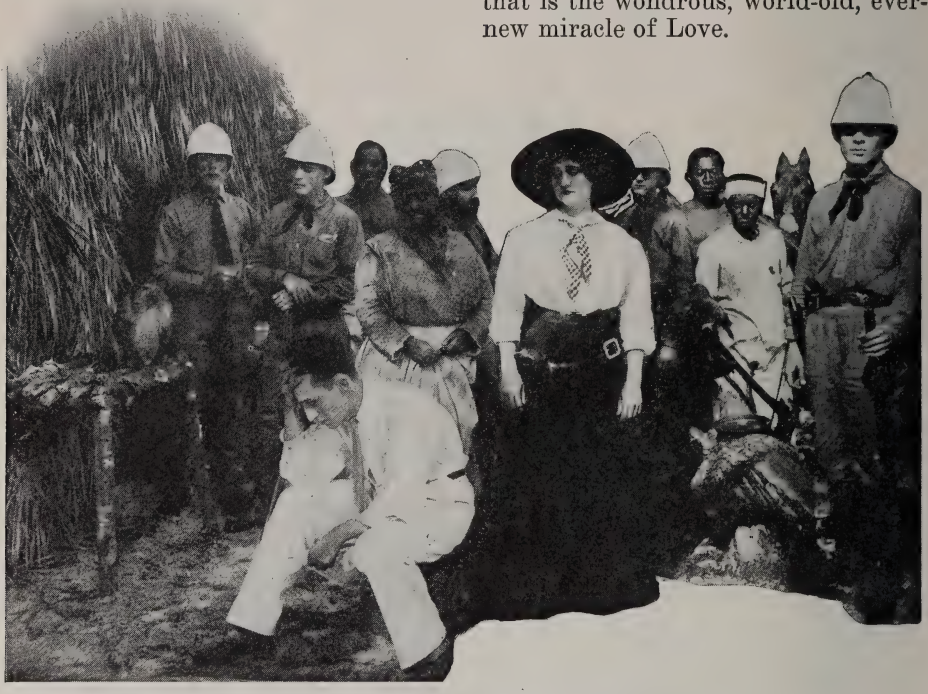
Manuel read the message, the call of his father from the open boat, and he stiffened, and shook with love and regret for the last of his race. It came upon him, without words, that the girl in his rigid arms held, somehow, the link that bound him to the grave in the shallow sand.

Then a strange thing happened. Vida's old self-confidence vanished utterly. She clung to him as she had never clung to a human being before, shaken with sobs, a very woman-thing who must always hereafter turn to man-strength and man-courage in moments of pain and doubtfulness.

Overhead, the pendant clusters of

a stately date-palm drooped pliantly; the heavy scent of the yellow jasmine was like the breath of the moon on their cheeks. The flash of canoe paddles plowing the stream near-by told of the rout of the savages. Back thru the rushes and the rank vegetation straggled the rescuers and rescued, maudlin with relief. Over the ashes and charred ruins of the stockade, phœnix-like, hovered invisible wings.

Science can explain most miracles nowadays—the bringing of the dead to life, the changing of the water into wine. But there is one miracle that Science does not understand—and that is the wondrous, world-old, ever-new miracle of Love.



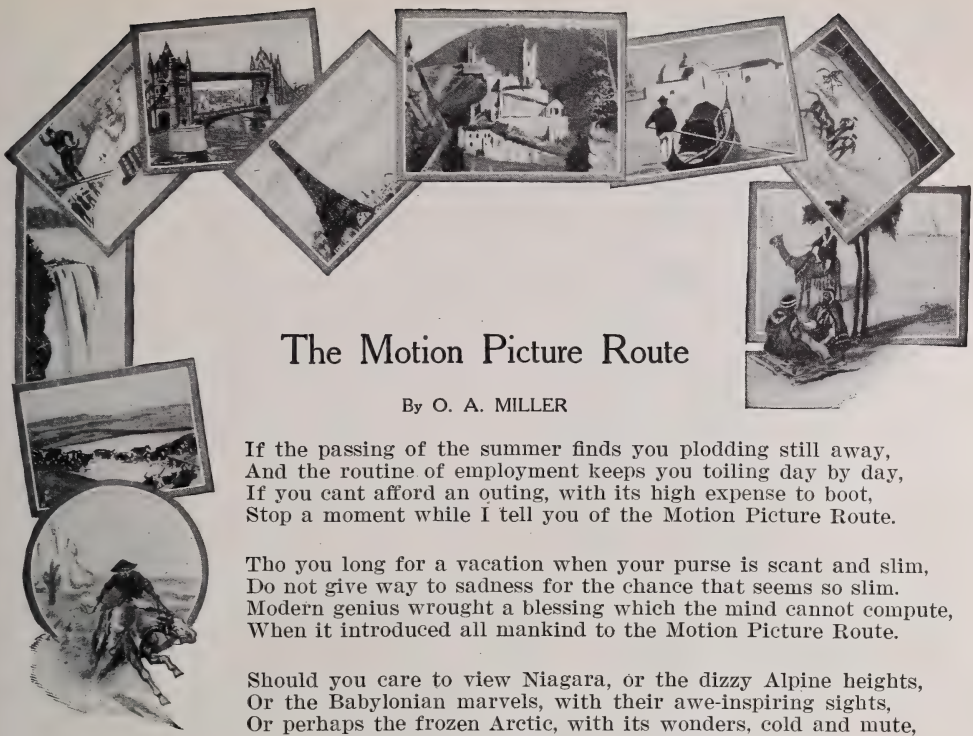
MANUEL MOURNS THE LOSS OF HIS FATHER

The Travelers

By L. M. THORNTON

A little man and a little maid
Wearied of games too often played,
And so to the South they wandered, where
They saw the lion in thicket lair,
The elephant and the kangaroo,
And animals never kept in zoo.
Then West they went, where the cowboys ride
O'er plains, grass-covered and smooth and wide.
Nor felt content, in their eager quest,
Till they came to the ocean's rolling breast,
And watched a ship, as she sailed afar,
Like a monster bird 'neath the evening star.

Homeward, in time for lunch, they went,
Jubilant, laughing and quite content;
For so in an hour or so one may,
Thanks to the Motion Picture play.



The Motion Picture Route

By O. A. MILLER

If the passing of the summer finds you plodding still away,
And the routine of employment keeps you toiling day by day,
If you cant afford an outing, with its high expense to boot,
Stop a moment while I tell you of the Motion Picture Route.

Tho you long for a vacation when your purse is scant and slim,
Do not give way to sadness for the chance that seems so slim.
Modern genius wrought a blessing which the mind cannot compute,
When it introduced all mankind to the Motion Picture Route.

Should you care to view Niagara, or the dizzy Alpine heights,
Or the Babylonian marvels, with their awe-inspiring sights,
Or perhaps the frozen Arctic, with its wonders, cold and mute,
Just go spend a modest nickel on the Motion Picture Route.

Take a trip and see great Cheops and the silent Sphinx of old;
See the land of She of Sheba, with plethoric wealth untold;
Penetrate where Ali Baba in deep caverns hid his loot—
Do it with a modest stipend on the Motion Picture Route.

You can almost hear the purling of the mountain streams out West,
Plainly see the big volcano belching fire from its crest.
To Yosemite's vast park-lands, Colorado's giant butte,
You will find an easy access by the Motion Picture Route.

You can scale the Height of Glory, stroll thru cities of the dead,
Or with Dante view Inferno, by the wraith of Virgil led.
In the tombs of the Etruscans ancient lore will hold you mute,
Till you take another flyer on the Motion Picture Route.

Do not envy your rich neighbors in their countryside retreats,
You may drift with gay gondolas down the famed Venetian streets.
Just a nickel buys you solace, guaranteed to please and suit,
If you take your transportation on the Motion Picture Route.

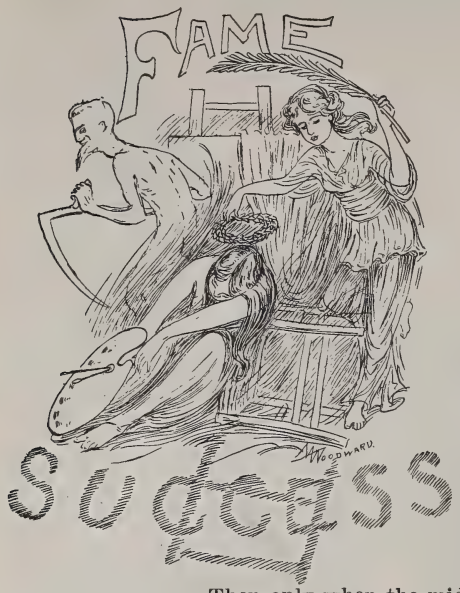
You may aeroplane with birdmen over scenes and landscapes green,
Or repose in Placid Valley, where sweet Nature smiles serene;
While amid the constellations, where the meteors dart and shoot,
You can do some artful dodging—on the Motion Picture Route.

Take a trip of half an hour, swiftly speeding on thru space,
And observe the world's great doings as you move from place to place;
You can see events of moment which the daily papers bruit—
Take the Pathé Weekly Special on the Motion Picture Route.

You'll receive new inspiration from the miracles you see,
And then vow such brief "vacations" are a time of joy and glee,
Just because you took a voyage where the price will ever suit—
Thru the maze of real and mystic, on the Motion Picture Route.

The World-Film

By DOROTHY DONNELL



Life is an ever-changing photoshow,
Where in and out upon the screen we go,
With merry step, or dragging foot, and slow.

Here priests pass by, with deep, abstracted air;
And now a shepherdess, with wreath-crowned hair;
And now a drudge; and now a lady fair.

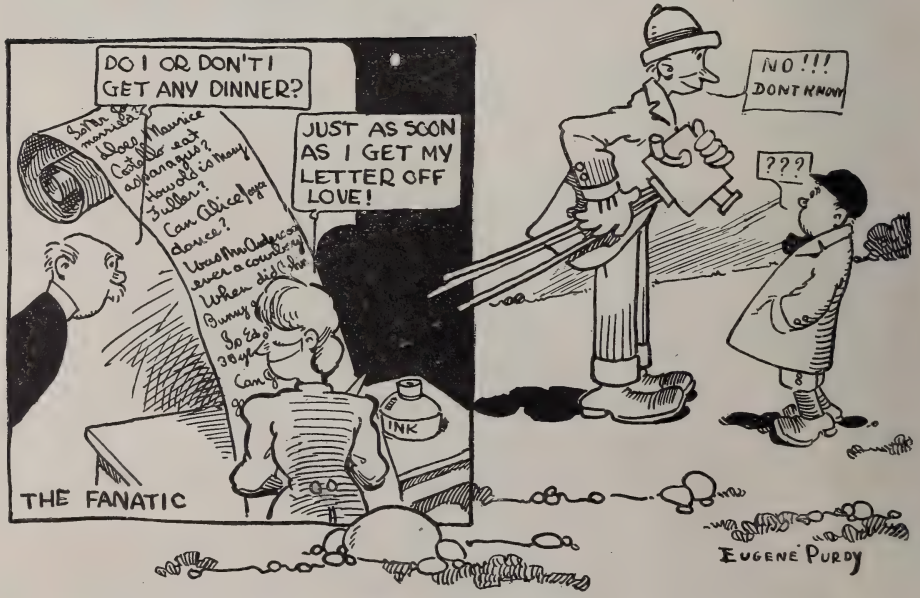
Here goes a miser, with his bag of gold;
Here courtiers, and clowns, and pirates bold;
And here pass gay, young hearts, and hearts grown old.

The films roll on, the time flies swiftly by,
With many a jest, and many a weary sigh,
Until the hour of midnight draweth nigh.

Then thru a sudden silence, dim and gray,
There rings a voice—majestic, far away—
"Unmask, and greet the Censor of the Play."

Then we shall see beneath the king a clown,
A noble 'neath the jester's motley gown,
And on the head of Poverty a crown.

Then only when the midnight hour is passed,
And when the masks have fallen, swift and fast,
Shall we behold Life's puzzles solved at last.



TROUBLE-MAKERS FOR THE ANSWER MAN (See pages 133-158)

WILLIAM RUSSELL, OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY

"HERE'S the man who does the thrillers," said Mr. Adler, the publicity man of the Thanhouser Company, ushering in a big, broad-shouldered, breezy-looking man, who greeted me with a quiet cordiality that made it easy to begin asking the inevitable questions of the interviewer.

"I'm a New Yorker, born and bred," he said in answer to the first question, "and I still live in the big city, but I was educated at Harvard."

I learnt next that Mr. Russell went under Bernarr Macfadden's instruction after he left the big university, and has been a successful teacher of boxing and athletics himself. It was natural that he should take up stage life—he comes from a theatrical family—and before he began his work in the pictures he starred with May Tully.

"You like the pictures better?" I asked.

He considered a moment, and let me say right here that Mr. Russell is not the type of man who talks without thinking. He gives his opinions somewhat deliberately, and the hearer feels that whatever he says is absolutely genuine and sincere.

"My point of view is purely commercial," he replied, finally. "This line of work means a good salary all the year 'round; absolute certainty of a good thing, that is. Then it means that a man can have a fixed habitation—a home. And that is what I am going to have. Yes, you are at liberty to state that I am going to be married—it may lessen the volume of my mail, but that doesn't matter!"

"Shall you continue to live in New York after the happy event?" I asked.

"I want, ultimately, a home in the country," he answered. "I want it near New York, of course; a nice little farm and some time to experiment with my hobbies."

I was a bit surprised. I had seen Mr. Russell do such daring and exciting stunts in the films that I had pictured him as a man who would never yearn for the quiet life. He smiled, quietly, when I expressed this thought.

"You cant tell what a man really cares for by his acting," he laughed. "I admit that I enjoy my parts. They are always heroic ones, but, as a rule, they are not actually jeopardizing. Still, once in a while we have a close call. Talk about the ease of this life—there's nothing to it! A month of one-night stands with a stock company isn't to be compared with some of the things we face."

Further questioning drew out the fact that this heroic actor had been injured recently when he was supposed to be rescuing a little girl from a railroad wreck. The child actually got caught in the burning wreckage, and, in protecting her from injury, he was obliged to drop, hurting his knees rather badly. Not long after, Mr. Russell, with Miss Florence LaBadie in his arms, was being pulled up by a rope from the fourth to the fifth story of a burning building. Suddenly he saw that his hand, which was

grasping the rope, was about to be caught between the rope and a stone projection from the building.

"It was a case of losing my fingers if I held on," he said, "but I didn't care to drop Miss LaBadie down four stories. I just hung on and yelled for them to stop pulling. They heard me just in the nick of time. My fingers were bruised, but that was all."

Just then a tiny, brown-haired girl came running into the office, and leaned against Mr. Russell's knee, looking at me from under a fringe of brown hair. The man's face lighted instantly as he lifted the child, and she smiled into his face with a look that told of perfect confidence.

"Here's the little girl who does all the stunts with me," he explained; "her name's Marie Eline, and she's the bravest little girl in the country. After a little, we will show you a film where I climb a seventy-five foot trestle and pull Marie off the track, and hang by one hand with her in my other arm, while a train goes over our heads. That was some stunt, wasn't it, Marie?"

Marie nodded emphatically, but when I asked if she was not afraid, she only looked up into her partner's eyes and shook her head.

"He wouldn't let me fall," she said, confidently.

"It seems dreadful," I said, impulsively, "not only risking your own life, but feeling that other lives are dependent upon you—and all for the sake of the public's amusement."

"In the midst of life we are in death," he quoted, "that's all there is to it. If it's time—we go! We dont go any quicker by doing our work, whatever it is."

"How do you spend your leisure time?" I asked, turning from such serious topics.

"I'm extremely fond of swimming and all sports. Twice a year I train with prominent boxers at the Fairmount Athletic Club. We take no vacations, except an occasional off-day."

I had been studying the man as we talked, and my memory of him is a big man, a typical athlete, with brown eyes, a mass of rumpled, half-curly hair, good features and a manner that fills one with instinctive confidence. Right living and fair dealing speak frankly from his face in real life as they do in his play life. But remember, girls, he is engaged!

THE INQUISITOR.

RALPH INCE, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

Not long ago, I saw a Vitagraph photoplay called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," in which an amazingly fine Lincoln appeared. In height, loose-limbed awkwardness, as well as in the last detail of facial characteristic, this photo-actor portrayed Lincoln to my full satisfaction.

"Is Chapin playing with the Vitagraph Company?" I asked several acquaintances who I thought might know, for I had seen Chapin in his fine portrayal of Lincoln in vaudeville. My question remained unanswered until yesterday, when I met the creator of the Lincoln whom I had so greatly admired.

Mr. Ralph Ince, for five years a Vitagraph star, and, recently, an acquisition to their force of directors, modestly acknowledged himself the Lincoln, not only of the play mentioned, but of several notable Vitagraph plays based upon incidents in the life of that towering figure of Civil War days.

Altho Mr. Ince has played comedy, as well as straight character parts, his Lincoln is his favorite, and, undoubtedly, his best, character work.

It was rather hard to realize that this bronzed, blue-eyed, young man, of athletic build, with his air of vigorous alertness, was the Lincoln who had passed before me on the magic screen. The deep-set eyes, holding in their somber depths a reflection of the anguish and misery of those dark days, the wonderful smile with its blending of humor, tolerance, and a vast understanding for the sorrows of his people—every line was so true that I yielded to the feeling that I was really glimpsing, in a magic mirror, those storied days, and this, in spite of the fact that Mr. Ince was kindly giving me the story of the play, "The Higher Mercy," shortly to be given to the public.

"It must be very difficult to do that repressed acting before the camera," I ventured.

"Yes, it is hard," Mr. Ince admitted, "much harder than work where you can express your emotions thru several different channels. It takes time, too—I've been working on this character about five years."

Mr. Ince comes of a family of theatrical people, his father, Mr. John E. Ince, having been a well-known comedian. A brother is director of the Bison Company in California. Naturally, Ralph Ince turned to the stage for his life career, but his father discouraged his ambition, as do most parents who have themselves traveled the rough and disillusioning way that ends in the dressing-room.

As he had shown an unusual aptitude for lines and colors, he was encouraged to devote himself seriously to art. Effectually to put a damper upon his son's youthful stage ambitions, the elder Mr. Ince secured for him a part in a "Hazel Kirk" road production, hoping that the monotony of one-night stands in dismal, little towns, with their wretched hotels and unspeakable meals, would cure the fastidious boy.

"Hazel Kirk" more than fulfilled the father's fondest hopes by going to pieces after a few weeks of unremunerative travel. Ralph Ince returned from this experience uncured of his love of the world behind the curtain, and shortly after secured a part under Richard Mansfield.

"I used to study Mansfield from the wings—he would fly into a rage if he caught any one at it—to find out how he secured his wonderful make-up effects," Mr. Ince told me, "and I found that he used the brush just as the artist does. When I apply the make-up to work before the camera, I use that method, treating my face as I would a canvas, and studying my effects that way."

From others than Mr. Ince, who is far too modest to give himself due credit, I learnt that he is looked upon as one of the Vitagraph's most promising directors. His artistic training makes him invaluable in the planning of settings, while a remarkable ability to visualize scenes saves many a weary moment that might otherwise be spent in rearranging and in rectifying mistakes.

Besides his work with Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Ince was in several of the Savage productions, among them "The College Widow," and was the *Messala* in "Ben Hur."

When he decided, five years ago, to enter the picture field, his relatives and friends raised the usual chorus of objections.

"What do you want to go into that work for—dont you know you are ruining your future?" they demanded.

"Well, I've been in the work five years," he laughed. "I got married on the strength of making a success, and I never was so happy in my life. I have a fine bungalow down at Brightwaters, Long Island, where we are having a delightful summer."

When I asked if he had ever ventured into the field of photoplay-writing, Mr. Ince modestly acknowledged that he had written "a few."

"My wife has written several very good ones. She is awfully clever, as well as young and pretty."

The hour and a half that he must spend twice a day in going to and from his bungalow to the Vitagraph plant, Mr. Ince spends in looking over new manuscripts, and in studying parts. Swimming, rowing, all outdoor sports, he is enthusiastic about. "Baseball?" Decidedly, *yes!*

He and Mrs. Ince belong to a social club which offers distractions of a social nature with congenial people.

Mr. Ince spoke highly of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and predicted a useful and prosperous future for it. He feels that he is a pioneer in a field that will prove a fruitful source of education besides fulfilling its present mission of entertainment.

THE TATLER.

HOWARD M. MITCHELL, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

DID you ever wonder about the identity of the man who plays the heavy parts with Arthur Johnson's company? Well, his name is Howard Mitchell, and he came from the smoky city of Pittsburg, where he graduated from the University of Pittsburg. He also plays leading parts himself, often with Lottie Briscoe.

When Mr. Mitchell was a very small boy, he organized a successful stock company that gave wonderful performances in the cellar of the Mitchell home. It cost two pins to get in, and Mr. Mitchell still believes that the show was worth the price of admission.

From the cellar, via the aforesaid university, he graduated into stock at Wichita, Kan.—wherever that is! He stuck to the stock companies for six or seven years, always intending to quit and study law, as his family wished, but the call of the stage was too strong.

Swimming is Mr. Mitchell's favorite sport, and he has won numerous medals; conspicuous among them are the ones from the Hygeia Club and the Argo Club.

"I'd like to try the whirlpool of Niagara," he confided, "but I suppose I never will—unless they should want to get a film of the stunt!"

"No, I cant say that I like the country," he confessed, "except in the hunting season, of course."

Mr. Mitchell had just finished a fine bit of acting in the two-reel film, "The Stolen

Symphony," when I visited him at the studio, and I am watching for the release of the film now.

In appearance he is pleasant, self-composed, with a vein of quiet humor lighting his conversation. But this interview would be longer if he were less modest—he is ready to talk interestingly about any subject except himself! L. B.

GWENDOLINE PATES, OF PATHÉ FRÈRES

A LARGE, vivid blue coat, containing a small, vivid, pink and blonde young lady, came rapidly down the corridor.

"There's Miss Gwendoline Pates, now," said the telephone girl. I gasped. There was apparently so much coat and so little Gwendoline. The Little Salvationist, the Aeroplane Girl, and a host of dainty, girlish parts passed before my mind's eye as I found myself shaking hands, energetically, with five feet four of bewitching prettiness, made up of quantities of golden hair, long-lashed, friendly blue eyes, and a one hundred and twenty-odd pounds of most colorful personality.

"Such a noise out here; come into my dressing-room—do." Miss Gwendoline has a real trilling-bird-and-rippling-brook voice. It is a great pity that the camera cannot reproduce that also. I followed, thru cross-sections of scenery, into a charming, little, flowered, cretonne nook, that looked very much like its owner. We sat down. Minus the coat, "Gwen," as they call her at the studio, is not so very petite, but it is not difficult to see why she takes light comedy and little-girl parts so well. She is all graceful enthusiasm, dainty gesture and pretty, italicized pronunciation, with just a hint of her Texas birthplace running thru it. And she gathered up the reins of the interview, and drove the conversation, skillfully, at her own sweet will, thru the pleasant places of reminiscence and anecdote, while the breathless pencil of your interviewer made ineffectual attempts to keep up.

"I've been with Pathé two years, and I've played hundreds of parts—before that, vaudeville. Oh, yes, I'm getting along in years—nearly twenty," she confessed. "I prefer the photoplay to the spotlight, because now I can live at home with my perfectly good family. Then I dont have to be bothered with the stage-door Johnnies, tho the mail-box Johnnies are nearly as bad. I get hundreds of letters. There's one poor little fellow, ten years old, that writes me regularly, because he's lonely and an orphan, and I look friendly. I answer his letters, too." Miss Gwen smiled so pleasantly here that I feel sure that if I had been a ten-year-old orphan, I should have sat down and written her at once myself. I propounded another question—she looked so extremely feminine.

"Do you want the suffrage?"

"No, not personally. I wouldn't know what to do with it"—dear me, how delightful!—"I'm truly so busy that I couldn't stop to vote. I haven't a moment for fads, tho I'd

be interested in Christian Science, if I had time for it. Theories of life? Mercy! I've been too busy *living* to think about *life*, tho I do believe that we ought to make the most of ourselves in the direction of our talents. Speaking of being busy, actually, I've never got around to learning to swim yet, and every summer I have to fall out of boats into the water, and be rescued from wrecks, and get beautifully wet, inside and outside. I've had some narrow escapes, but, do you know, I like narrow escapes!"

Miss Gwen's "nerve" is as large as she herself. It has carried her hundreds of feet into the air in an aeroplane, with George Beatty, many times, for the pictures, and in little pleasure jaunts along the Milky Way. She has done the drop, the glide, the spiral among the surprised stars. The swiftest of racing-cars are this dauntless little lady's friends. Her other recreations are the "movies" and "just staying at home with my folks"—a charmingly Louise-Alcottish sentiment in these unsentimental days.

"Experiences? Dear me, yes!

"Such a funny thing happened the other day"—Miss Gwen twinkled reminiscently—"we were taking a picture in the slummiest kind of slums. I was an Irish washwoman's daughter, in an apron and calico dress, and, of course, I had my make-up on, eyelids darkened and all that. Well, an old Irishwoman came out of one of the tenements and stood looking on. I noticed, out of the tail of my eye, that she was particularly interested in me, but couldn't guess the reason until, finally, she shook her head and said, with a pitying sigh: 'Ach, th' pore childer. Jist see th' black eyes on her! Shure, an' her man must be afther batin' her cruel hard, th' saints presarve her!'"

"I should think the make-up *would* attract an undesirable amount of attention," I ventured.

"I dont use much of it on the most crowded streets, or I would have the entire populace trailing after me and spoiling the film," said Miss Gwen. "We were down on Broadway, the other day, taking pictures from a closed limousine, so as to attract as little attention as possible. I was a milliner's apprentice, and supposed to enter a shop, with a band-box, and to come out immediately without it. The manager usually explains matters to the people whose shop we 'borrow,' but in this case there was evidently some misunderstanding, for, when I hurried into the shop, the saleswoman came up to me and asked me what I wanted. I started out, and she took hold of my arm firmly. I had a dreadful vision of that camera grinding around and around, out in the limousine, without anything happening. 'Please let me go; I'll explain later,' I gasped. Her suspicions were aroused, however, and when I finally burst from the shop, I was dragging her alone with me, to the great interest and amusement of the passers-by. They managed to pry her off and pacify her, but not until she had gotten into the picture, and I had had a little private, internal panic all of my own——"

At this point, the call-boy rudely interrupted: "Picture, Miss Pates——"

I rose regretfully. "Thank you for being as nice as your pictures," I said. "I've had a very pleasant time"—and I meant it.

"Then I hope you'll come again," smiled Miss Gwen, and she sounded as tho she meant it, too.

DOROTHY DONNELL.

Next month, or soon, chats with Fred Mace, Marguerite Loveridge, Eleanor Caines, Muriel Ostriche, Florence Lawrence, Lillian Walker, Harry Benham, Clara Kimball Young, the Costello children, William Garwood, Jennie Nelson, Jean Darnell, Miriam Nesbitt, J. W. Johnston, Gertrude McCoy, and others.

FICTION

Fiction is the microscope of truth.—*Lamartine.*

Truth, severe, by fairy fiction drest.—*Gray.*

Wondrous strong are the tales of fiction.—*Longfellow.*

I have often maintained that fiction may be much more instructive than real history.—*John Foster.*

Man is a poetical animal, and delights in fiction.—*Hazlitt.*

Truth and fiction are so aptly mixed that all seems uniform and of a piece.—*Roscommon.*

Unbind the charms that in slight fables lie, and teach that truth is truest poesy.—*Cowley.*

Fiction is no longer a mere amusement; but transcendant genius, accommodating itself to the character of the age, has seized upon this province of literature, and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine.—*Channing.*

The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. . . . They repeat, they rearrange, they clarify the lessons of life; they disengage us from ourselves, they constrain us to the acquaintance of others; and they show us the web of experience, but with a singular change—that monstrous, consuming ego of ours being, nonce, struck out.—*Stevenson.*

The Adventures of a Picture Star

1
BAH JOVE! BUT I WAS LUCKY TO GET A POSITION IN THE SAME COMPANY WITH THAT LITTLE PEACH I SAW IN THE PICTURES LAST WEEK.
2
NOW WHEN THE VILLAIN TRIES TO KISS THE GIRL OVER THERE YOU AUSHUP AND LAY HIM OUT. BE SURE TO GET LOTS OF ACTION IN IT!
NEVER FEAR, OLD CHAWP, IT'LL BE RIP-PING
MANAGER
3
HELP!
4
SPAT
?
5
6
THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS CASE, NURSE, AND THE PATIENT SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO SPEAK FOR AT LEAST TWO WEEKS.
DID I GET ACTION?

HE PUT IN TOO MUCH ACTION, AND NOW HE IS TAKING A REST

Great Mystery Play

A Word to Its Three Thousand Contributors

DELAYS are dangerous, and the postponement of the judges' decision in awarding the prize for the best solution of the Great Mystery Play, or the Diamond Mystery, would argue that this committee of gentlemen is slack in the task that it has voluntarily undertaken. So you might think, in an effort to impeach their industry. And so a word of explanation from them is due to our readers, and to those who have given their best efforts to the upbuilding of this contest: Will Carleton has passed away—a lovable man, and a simple reader of hearts. It was these qualities that made his fellow judges pause in their work, to reflect. Of his genius, the world well knows.

Hudson Maxim is absent in Florida, and Emmet Campbell Hall in Maryland, and with their return the final decision will be speedily made. We have been assured that the greater part of the MSS. submitted have been read, and passed upon, and that the Vitagraph Company has already started preparations for producing the play. Knowing this much, it is safe to predict that the $100 prize-winner's name will be announced in the April issue. The physical effort, alone, of reading some three thousand photoplays is no child's play; but we are given to understand that each and every solution is placed under rigid examination and made to pass certain tests. What these are, we trust to find out, and to publish also in the next issue.

We are publishing, herewith, a few of the clever solutions received:

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

SCENE 46. Same as Scene 19.

Counterfeiters arguing and bewailing the imposition of Phelps. Some one knocks. Counterfeiters wary, inquire who it is, admit Bill. Business of Bill informing counterfeiters of the dishonorable method of Phelps' acquirement of invention secret. Counterfeiters plot to revenge on Phelps, and destroy machine. All exit.

SCENE 47. Same as Scene 44.

Rollins, Bloodgood and Phelps seated at table. Bloodgood orders drinks. Business of Bloodgood to draw Phelps in on their scheme to destroy Moore's invention. Phelps drinks freely. Bloodgood warily broaches the plot. Phelps refuses. Bloodgood produces huge roll of bills. Phelps is finally induced to take the "job." Bloodgood and Rollins exchange satisfied grins. Another drink around. The exit.

SCENE 48. Lawn of Moore Residence. Night.

Phelps enters, disguised, looks around apprehensively. Business of forcing entrance to inventor's home, cautiously mounts to front porch, pries door, finally forces a window, and stealthily crawls in.

SCENE 58. Same as Scene 57.

Phelps cowers before the accusing finger of the detective. Violet is stunned, almost faints. Phelps confesses, implicating Bloodgood and Rollins:

"BLOODGOOD PAID ME TO DESTROY MOORE'S INVENTION. MOORE CAUGHT ME JUST AS I RAN INTO THESE FELLOWS. WE OVERPOWERED HIM, AND, AT MY REQUEST, HE WAS CARRIED TO THEIR PLACE. HE IS THERE, IN A COUNTERFEITING DEN."

Business of Phelps admitting above. Detective takes notes, summons policemen on phone. (Few minutes later.) Policemen enter, take out Phelps, Bloodgood, Rollins and counterfeiters. Mrs. Moore faints. Detective satisfied, bids farewell, smiling. Violet and Olin look at each other. Olin draws her close, confesses his love. She says yes. Mrs. Moore is revived. Olin outlines plan. All get in street-clothes and exit.

SCENE 59. Same as Scene 19.

Counterfeiters' den. Moore discovered, bound on a rough pallet. Enter detective, Olin, Violet and Mrs. Moore. Violet and Mrs. Moore rush to husband and father. Olin and detective free him. Reunion very touching. Moore rushes to table containing counterfeiters' copy of his machine. Holds it aloft.

"MY FORMULA AT HOME IS UNHARMED. HERE IS AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE MACHINE, LACKING ONLY ONE DETAIL. NOTHING IS LOST."

Moore delivers the above in satisfaction. Violet gurgles happily from the shelter of Olin's arms. Mrs. Moore for once forgets to scold, and runs to her husband, lovingly. Lambert Chase smiles, pleased all round, pulling lovingly on his pipe.

211 S. Haywood Street, Raleigh, N. C. WILLIE W. FULCHER,

THE GREAT MYSTERY PLAY.

SCENE 46. Same as Scene 45.

Moore restless, cant sleep, examines machine, thinks, comes to a conclusion, dresses, exits.

SCENE 47. Same as Scene 19.

Counterfeiters angrily discussing affairs. Some one knocks. Asking who it is, they open the door to Firestone and Bill. Bill explains Firestone will buy machine and their silence at their own price. A heated discussion follows, a bag of money in evidence, the deal is closed, money changes hands. Firestone proceeds to destroy machine in same manner that afterwards Moore's machine was destroyed.

SCENE 49. Same as Scene 38.

Rollins and Bloodgood urging Phelps to help them to destroy machine:

"IF IT COMES OUT, WE AND YOUR FATHER ARE RUINED."

Phelps hesitates, then rises, says emphatically:

"NO, FROM THIS TIME ON I'M A MAN."

Exits. Bloodgood and Rollins dismayed. Knock at door. Rollins admits Moore. He is cordially welcomed, explains his visit, has decided to accept proposition, provided they make it $1,500,000. An agreement is reached. Moore receives check for $1,500,000. Exits. Bloodgood and Rollins greatly relieved.

SCENE 57.

. . . He is interrupted by Moore, who has entered unperceived:

"I'M THE GUILTY MAN."

Tableaux. Explains, shows contract, where he agrees to destroy machine for $1,500,000, shows check, describes his return thru window, the explosion, his exit:

"MY WIFE DESERVED A LESSON FOR HER ILL TEMPERS, HENCE MY DELAY ON THE SCENE."

SCENE 58. Same as Scene 1.

Mrs. Moore placing flowers on husband's desk, happy, complacent. Violet restlessly walking floor. Olin announced, he enters, followed by Moore, tells Moore of Phelps selling his formula. Enter Phelps and Bloodgood. Moore demands an explanation from Phelps, which in a manly manner he gives. Moore orders him out. Bloodgood checks him, tells him of his manly refusal to aid him in destroying machine.

"YOU, TOO,"

exclaims Moore. Mrs. Moore comes forward:

"I, TOO, WAS GOING TO DESTROY IT, BUT YOU BEAT ME TO IT."

Violet confesses. Enter Firestone and Bill, who, too, make confession. Moore looks from one to the other, breaks out in a laugh, in which all join, while Moore shows Olin the door.

Durant, Miss. MISS SIDNEY YANCEY WEST.

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

SCENE 46. Same as Scene 19.

Counterfeiters, Firestone and Bill talking, evidently arguing. Firestone gives counterfeiters money; they give him the paper and formula. Business of Firestone and Bill leaving. Counterfeiters satisfied.

SCENE 47. Same as Scene 13.

Olin pacing room, trying to work up a plot for revenge on Phelps.

SCENE 48. Same as Scene 1. Dim.

Discovers inventor still on couch; slowly gets up, moves about room, walking in sleep. Fumbles around the room, goes toward door.

SCENE 57.

. . . accuses mother. She staggers. Violet and Phelps turn attention to her. Business of detective taking off the wrist-straps, and excusing the others. Enter inventor. Explanations given by detective. Wife registers she did it because she thought he was wasting time on foolishness, and she wanted money and clothes. Inventor and detective shake hands. Business of detective leaving. Mother asks inventor to forgive her. He refuses. Violet and Phelps plead with him. He gives in, finally, and takes her in embrace.

SCENE 58. Same as Scene 10.

Bloodgood and Rollins talking and laughing in satisfaction. Register they have the best of Moore, his invention blown up and formula gone.

SCENE 59. Same as Scene 1.

Inventor looking dejected, registers formula gone, no money. Violet tries to comfort him. Mother and Phelps look on helplessly. Enter Firestone, listens to inventor's tale of woe. Business of Firestone taking out paper, showing inventor he has the formula. Inventor gets excited, holds out hand for paper, registers where did he get it. Firestone refuses to tell. Quick look passes among Violet, Phelps and Firestone. Phelps starts to speak. Violet signals no. Firestone refuses to give paper to inventor, makes him a proposition: he is to sell the formula and invention for $1,000,000. Inventor hesitates. Violet and mother urge him to say yes. He does. Business of Firestone giving him the paper. Inventor scans it, eagerly, registers it is all right. Violet looks, too, is happy. Firestone and inventor shake hands in friendly fashion. Enter Bloodgood and Rollins, with sneering looks. Business of asking inventor what he will take for his invention now. Inventor registers $1,000,000. Bloodgood and Rollins laugh. Others wondering what will happen next. Business of inventor showing them he still has the formula. Bloodgood and Rollins look beaten, hasten to make inventor offer of $1,000,000. Inventor makes believe he is uncertain. Suspense on part of Bloodgood and Rollins. Inventor accepts. Others relieved. Bloodgood and Rollins talk. Bloodgood writes something in a little book, tears out, and hands to inventor. He hands over the paper. Business of Bloodgood and Rollins leaving. All seem happy but Phelps. Violet asks Firestone to shake hands with him and forgive, for her sake. Inventor and mother wonder what it is all about. Firestone refuses. Violet begs. He gives in, shakes hands with Phelps. Three older ones turn away, understandingly. Tender scene between Violet and Phelps. He promises never to do anything like that again.

832 W. High Street, Lima, Ohio. LILLIAN BAUGHN.

GREAT MYSTERY PLAY.

SCENE 46. Same as Scene 1.

Inventor asleep, moves restlessly around on couch, gets up and walks around the room in his sleep, goes over, secures package (formula and diamond) and goes out of room.

SCENE 49. * * *

SCENE 57. Continued.

. . . when the inventor walks quietly into the room, seeming to be still asleep. Detective holds up hand for silence—for Olin has covered his face with his hands, and then holds out both, imploringly, toward Violet, for, in fear of losing her, he had blown up the machine. Phelps nearly faints. Bill looks frightened. Counterfeiters look frightened and want to get away. Firestone, pityingly, starts toward his old friend, and holds out his hands. Rollins and Bloodgood exchange looks and smiles of triumph, for they think he has lost his mind and that their diamond fields are safe. Violet clasps her

arms around her mother, who nearly faints, when the inventor puts his hand to his forehead and opens his eyes, glances down at his other hand, which contains a cablegram from London:

JONATHAN MOORE, ESQ., NEW YORK:
IGNORE OUR AGENT'S (BLOODGOOD'S) OFFER. WILL GIVE YOU $50,000,000 IF PERFECTED.
INTERNATIONAL DIAMOND SYNDICATE,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

—and, smilingly, holds out his arms to his wife and daughter, as Olin drops down on his knees before him. Violet hugs her father, then, kindly, puts her hand on the head of Olin, as he kneels at their feet.

6 South Street, Morristown, N. J. ROSE B. TILLYER.

Those Enterprising Motion Picture Men

Have you thought it quite a riddle that old Nero played a fiddle
While Rome sizzled like a griddle in the fury of the fire?
Have you wondered at the killing and the melodrama thrilling
And the blood that's always spilling in the ancient days and dire?
What was all the wear and tear for? What, oh, what, the why and wherefore?
You are wondering, and therefore asking o'er and o'er again—
What was all the grand parade for, what were all the troops arrayed for?
Why, 'twas all arranged and paid for by the Moving-Picture men!

When there's trouble feared or started they are never chicken-hearted,
With the van they have departed to be present at the fray;
Coronation, war, or scandal—if the game is worth the candle,
Operator turns the handle—and the film records the play!
What's a Mormon sanctuary? Not of such things are they chary,
Their machine they'd gladly carry to a roaring lion's den,
Daring danger with a snicker if 'twould make crowds grow thicker
Where the pictures blithely flicker—nervy Moving-Picture men!

Nothing scares and nothing daunts them, they would snap the ghost who haunts them;
If they think the public wants them they will get the views to show.
Wrecks, disasters, fond romances, savage fights and dainty dances,
Life with all its many chances men must meet with as they go.
If they could they'd send a mission to St. Peter to petition
He accept a proposition for celestial views—and then
They would very promptly proffer all the rest within the coffer,
Tempting Satan with an offer from the Moving-Picture men!

—*Exchange.*

She Removed Her Hat

A man entered a photoshow and was not seated long ere a woman entered, moving forward under a very large hat. She sat down in front of the man and she did not remove her hat. The man dodged to right and left, but his range of vision was like that presented by looking down a cellar hole. Then the man had a bright idea. He put on his own hat and stretched his neck.

"Take off that hat! Take off that hat!" bawled a dozen voices behind him. And the woman, thinking the voices were directed at her, removed the gaily decorated outfit she carried on her head.—*Motography.*

Note: All verses, letters, drawings, and other matter intended for this department should be addressed to "Editor Popular Plays and Players, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y." Since this department is for and by our readers, we do not pay for contributions. Those that are not published will be forwarded to the players or companies mentioned therein.

THE editor of this department is in the same sad situation as that of the adipose, old gentleman who has not seen his feet for years. It has been weeks since our aforesaid editor has viewed the dear, old, familiar blotter on the top of his desk, altho he has faithfully partaken of raw breakfast eggs and cold dinner soup, in order to spend a full day at the office, hiking thru the letters that come in every mail on the San Francisco Transcontinental or the Podunk-Grassville Interurban. To print in full every letter that we receive, would tax the capacity of a set of "World's Best Literature," but we are doing our best, and our readers are doing their best, and the Popular Players are doing theirs, and, as the revered Pecksniff was wont to put it: "It is indeed pleasant and profitable to contemplate such a situation."

Such a patchwork variety of epistles! There are lyrics for Lawrence, "jists" for Joyce, compliments for Costello, odes for Owen Moore, and blarney for Bunny. Speaking editorially, it makes our head ache to think of them; speaking as one fan to another, we are overjoyed at such enthusiasm. Let our head ache! On with the dance! We tie a wet towel about our brow, hang up our coat, and go on excavating our desk. It's all real enthusiasm and admiration, helpful criticism and friendliness, and we cant get too much of these good things.

Bernard Grimes, of Brooklyn, is not in doubt about his favorite, and sends these verses to prove it:

MY QUEEN.

The idols of my dreams
Are the people on the screens,
  Who, like magic, flutter to and fro,
And my queen of all these fairies
Is a lady blithe and airy,
  Whom I see in every picture show.

When I see her every night
I am filled with keen delight,
  And this peaches-and-cream
Of the Moving Picture screen
  Is Miss Lillian Walker—she is a dream.

We wish we had space to print all the clever things that come for this department. The following have sent tributes to their favorites: Peg Huntington, Helen Mischo, Orilla Tasey, Ethel Wallace, Beatrice Ettinger, Lillian Gwin, Jane E. French, Henry Keiser, Helene Sanborn, F. T. Marshall, "Unknown Writer," G. C. Benedict, Stella Stamper, A Southern Friend, Harry Patterson, St. Louis M. P. Fan, Bessie Starr, Helen May Mills, Geo. Andres, Rose A. Millett, Ruth Fischer, Vera Yancey, H. S. H., Roy Moore, Florence Woodward Sill, Virginia Heller, Agnes Sherry, Ethel Martin, M. T. Grinnell, "Ardent Admirer," L. R. Fairhaven.

Dorothy Sheridan and Agnes Doran tell us what Dallas thinks of the movies:

WHAT DALLAS THINKS OF THE "MOVIES."

aurice Costello is the first of all our list,
For he's the idol of every miss.
O rmi Hawley is more than fine;
With Jack Halliday, she's next in line.
V erily, I must say I nearly forgot
Gwendoline Pates, the pick of the lot.
I n the far-off Emerald Isle is a dear;
Petite and dainty is Gene Gauntier.
N ext is the beauty, Clara Kimball Young;
Far and wide her praises are sung.
G ilbert Anderson, as a hero he's grand;
In fact, he's the best cowboy in the land.

leasure is always derived from the show,
When Arthur Johnson is Lottie Briscoe's beau.
I ndeed, the film is crowned with glory,
As it shows Earle Williams and Edith Storey.
C arlyle Blackwell is always our choice,
When he seeks to win fair Alice Joyce.
T hen comes Florence Turner, who has won our hearts,
For she is bewitching in all of her parts.
U seless would be a crown of jewels rare,
If gifted with Florence Lawrence's golden hair.
R eally, if I am naming the best,
Mr. and Mrs. O. Moore are along with the rest.
E ven tho last, far from least are they—
Ruth Roland and Mary Fuller are two beauties of the day.
S urely, the players now will know
What Dallas thinks of the picture show.

Sincerely,

DOROTHY SHERIDAN,
AGNES DORAN.

Harold Furber, of Bensonhurst, thinks there is no one so clever as Gilbert M. Anderson. Well, Harold, there's a lot of folks who agree with you. We print a couple of your verses:

Oh! listen, people, if you'd like to know
The one who's best in the photoshow;
The one who suits both you and me
Is the one we always like to see.
So listen and think, if you would pay
To see Anderson, of the Essanay.

Have you considered, or have you thought
Of all the pictures that are bought?
And seen the Pathé, Imp, and all
Upon a screen put on the wall?
But there is one that pleases you, as you say:
Oh! you Anderson, of the Essanay!

Theodore Kleindinst, of Brooklyn, in a most interesting letter, likes the scheme the Edison Company is using for naming the photoplayers, just before they appear on the screen. This way certainly does make it easy to keep the players in mind, and does away with wonderment as to which one is Mr. Costello, or Miss Fuller, or whoever the players may be.

Dorothy Kelley, of the Vitagraph, has stolen a corner of the heart of Estelle M. Blank. We trust the results may not be fatal.

Lyllian D. W. is clamoring for a picture of "Billy Garwood." We are glad to be able to say that we have procured an interview with Mr. Garwood, which will soon be published, with his photograph.

Mary Fuller's friends do not forget her—the verses and letters that are written about her would fill a volume. This is just a sample:

How I adore her, no one knows;
I see her oft in the picture shows.
When I see her play upon the screen,
I sit as if in a lovely dream.

She's the girl that has such a winsome way;
She's always sweet and always gay.
She wears such becoming hats and frocks,
They're almost as sweet as her pretty, dark locks.

She has large eyes and a cute little nose;
She's really a doll, from her head to her toes.
I'll give you a hint, if you cannot guess—
It's the loved Mary Fuller, I confess.

Emcy Crane sends a sincere word of praise for George Cooper, of the Vitagraph.

Martha Brittain, of Muncy, Pa., thinks Fritzi Brunnette, of Powers, is the very best of them all.

Helen Gardner has the happy faculty of winning the hearts of the children. Hattie Burnitt, nine years old, sends this little verse, from far Oklahoma, to her favorite:

"Vanity Fair," so sweet and rare,
And Helen Gardner, too;
And dear John Bunny, so big and funny—
He courts our Helen, too.

DEAR EDITOR: Bought one of your magazines the other day, and I am perfectly delighted with its aim. Two stories, which it contained, I had already seen, and three more I have seen since. It is so nice when you read them over and imagine you see them again on the screen. With the help of your book, one can keep all the plays in mind, or easily recall them again. In your April issue, you mention something like this: that American picture playing is not quite up to European picture playing. Well, I dont know. I am a European, from Vienna, Austria, and only here about two years, but, as far as I am concerned, I like the American pictures better. I saw mostly French and Italian pictures, and, in pictures of the everyday life, I always knew I had actors before me, but here it seems more natural. Maybe because I saw only the best companies.

I am for Motion Pictures ever and ever. If only those people knew, who are fighting against them, how much more good than evil they do! Why, for instance, you sit comfortably in a nicely furnished, aired theater, of which we have plenty here in Cincinnati, for a more than moderate price, and have all the beautiful spots in the world presented to you, which many of us would never see any other way, animated thru the splendid acting of the picture players, by past, present and, sometimes, future happenings. It is like as if the world seems to belong to everybody, and, what is more, the world comes to us, and not we to the world. This alone is sufficient reason for me to be a champion of Motion Pictures, and especially American ones.

This essay is longer than intended, and I do hope it did not take too much of your time; and, pertaining to your magazine, I am thankful that somebody has had this splendid idea and carried it out, too.

Cincinnati, Ohio. Respectfully, EMMA JANTSEH.

O. H. Nagel, of Boone, Iowa, asks, Why are all Motion Picture actors so very deaf? Neither the thickness of carpet nor the profoundness of abstraction can always account for the apparent insensibility to sounds which appears so much in photoplays. It does not make for the realistic effect that is so strongly characteristic of the best Motion Pictures. Besides, the enthusiasts are so glad to escape from the 'asides,' and other absurdities that have always detracted from realism of effect on the regular stage, that they would be glad to eliminate this defect, too."

The "Flying A" and Warren Kerrigan are not forgotten. A friend from Schuylkill County sends this verse:

In California's sunny clime,
Where perfumed breezes play;
In the land of sunshine, and love, and flowers,
You'll find my hero of photoplay.
A manly man, with a noble face,
A character strong in its lines I trace;
A smile fascinating and ability rare,
Has my hero of photoplay.
With friendship loyal, my tribute I'll lay
At the feet of my hero of photoplay;
In the kingdom of hearts he reigns today—
Who? Kerrigan, of the "Flying A."

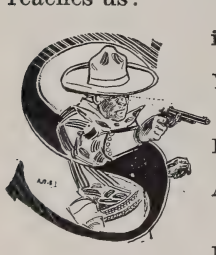
A friend from St. Louis sends us this clipping from the *Post-Dispatch:*

REVERSING THE FILM.

A celebrated English physicist once fascinated the world with his theory of what would happen if the atoms of matter were reversed and went around the other way. Great Cæsar emerging from his tomb; Columbus restored to the deck of his caravel, and many another great chapter in history re-acted, were all a part of that fantastic theory, and many scientists upheld it.

Fortunately for us, who have been brought upon the scene by the revolution of matter in the way it has always been going, we may see something of that fanciful spectacle, without the annoyance of being unmade. The Moving Picture is reversing the film fast enough. There is current in St. Louis now, a spectacle which could scarcely have been excelled by the original. Exactly as the physicist fancies it would be, the race for the Cherokee Strip is run. One marvels at the enterprise of the people who made that film. There it all is again, very much as it must have been. The adventurous boomer of 1893 returns to the mark. Cavalrymen ride back and forth, keeping the line straight. The horseman—the cart—the lumbering prairie schooner—are all in that "long, thin line." At the word, they are off! The race is tremendous. It pulls the audience to its feet—yelling, cheering, thrilled by the spectacle. Not even the chariot race, as it was staged in "Ben Hur," exceeds this film as a thrilling spectacle. And this is history!

A voice from the piano-stool of the Victory Theater in Union City, Ind., reaches us:



Sir William Duncan, Selig's best man,
So heroic and handsome and true;
Your equal they could never find,
Should they search the wide world thru.

I'm only a "picture pianist,"
But I watch for you every scene,
And I really long to be nearer you
Than from piano to picture screen.

I'm really envious of Myrtle Stedman,
And of Adrienne Kroell, too, I guess;
But I'm content to "pound ivories" for you, Bill,
It's an honor to me, I confess.

(*Continued on page* 158)

The Year to Come in Filmland

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

THE year to come in Filmland promises to mark an epoch in the educational and the refining uplift of Cinematography. The largest and best pictures before the public in 1913 will be taken from the largest and best books. The classics will be more thoroly revived, and the masterpieces in literature will be scanned more closely for available material for Moving Picture plots.

The year to come in Filmland promises, like Joseph's coat, to be of many colors. As the old year died, such Biblical films as "From the Manger to the Cross" and "The Star of Bethlehem" were given to an appreciative people. Early in this year, Sacred History's pages will be utilized more abundantly for stories of educational and religious worth. At least one company is making a decided endeavor to provide an elaborate series of religious films to fulfill a serious demand, and other producers will also liberally contribute.

The demand for historically correct and faithfully enacted pictures from the Book of Books, in my estimation, shows a significant realization, upon the part of press and pulpit, of the possibilities of the Moving Picture. Those gentlemen of the cloth, and laymen, who, two short years ago, frowned portentously upon the vulgarly termed "Movies," are now energetically, but no less tactfully, suggesting that Sacred History be more liberally utilized. They have finally seen the power for good in the pictures, and their belated advent to the ranks of Moving Picture enthusiasts is nevertheless welcome.

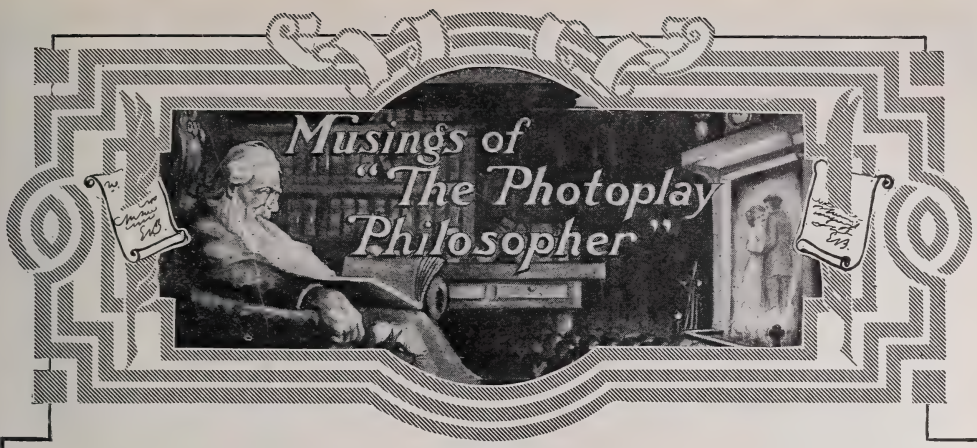
"Blessings upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whosoever it was that invented books," is a trite quotation. Let us amplify the saying by this: "Blessings upon the heads of those who are inventing photoplays taken from good books." Somebody has asserted that the Motion Picture companies have gone thru literature with a fine-tooth comb in an effort to obtain plots. In reality, the surface of the world's literature has just been scratched. Long before the Dickens centenary, I suggested a more conscientious visualization of Charles Dickens' stories. "They have been done to death," replied one director. I called attention to the fact that Dickens' keenest satire, "Pickwick Papers," had never been filmed. Now, no less than four different plots taken from "Pickwick Papers" are awaiting release in Filmland.

And there are many other literary masterpieces awaiting the courtesies of Filmland, which I hope to view on the screen in 1913. Space is limited, and I shall suggest just a few that will certainly appeal, educationally and artistically: Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward," Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and "The Newcomes," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Lever's "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer," Cervante's "Don Quixote," Poe's "The Gold-Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Masque of the Red Death," Collins' "The Moonstone," Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Doyle's "The White Company," Dumas' "The Three Guardsmen," and many, many others. An entertaining feature film for juveniles, particularly, could be made from "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," or "Sinbad, the Sailor," and other enchanting tales from "Arabian Nights Entertainment."

A tenth of the world's best in literature has never yet been told in Filmland, and public taste and opinion will demand a more concerted effort on the part of the producers to film more of the literary masterpieces in 1913.

DIRECTOR
NOT SO FAST JOE, MAKE IT LAST!
CURSES! SHE'S SAVED
COME ON! COME ON! DONT DIE ON THE JOB!
-BUT BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE RIBBON-COUNTER, MARY, OR THE GROCERY WAGON, WILLIE, FOR THE PHOTO STUDIO-STUDY THE ABOVE AND FOLLOWING FIGURES, AND SEE IF YOU'VE ADDED THEM UP RIGHT.
HONEST NOW! ISN'T A FRONT SEAT IN THE "NICKEL MORE TO YOUR FANCY THAN THIS BOTHER GETTING YANKED FROM A RUNAWAY AUTO ON TO A BALKY HORSE, BESIDES, LISTEN TO THE DIRECTOR.!
NOW GO UNDER FOR THE THIRD TIME - THEN THE RESCUE
16TH FLOOR
WHEN YOU GET DOWN TO THE TENTH STORY GO EASY- THE ROPE IS BURNING
NOW "MAME" THIS IS REAL ICE AND NOT A CURTAIN WITH A HOLE IN IT. NOTE THE ICICLES IN HER HAIR. JUST IMAGINE THE FEELINGS OF WHAT YOU DONT SEE OF HER. IF THIS DOSENT GIVE YOU COLD FEET, THEN YOU'RE A WARM CHILD
AND WILLIE IF YOU EVER GOT A GIRL ON A STRING LIKE THIS CHAP HAS, WOULD'NT A POUND OF LIVER, A DOZEN EGGS AND A CAN OF BEANS UP THREE FLIGHTS SOUND ADORABLE, GOSH! BUT ISN'T THAT DIRECTOR A COOL GUY.
FACE THE CAMERA WHEN YOU DROP, THAT EYE IS JUST RIGHT.
DONT WORRY! GUESS HE'LL STOP ALRIGHT
GALLAGHER
AND THAT NOTION YOU'VE GOT-ABOUT THESE PUNCHES BEING STUFFED OR THAT THEY HAVE THEIR FEATURES PADDED IS ALL TWADDLE. THE GOODS ARE GENUINE
ALSO MATTRESSES, SPRINGS,-ARMOR NOR ANY OTHER MA-CHINERY IS USED IN THE PER-FORMANCE OF THE ABOVE DUTIES, THE "DOC" IS ALWAYS HANDY.
NOW WILLIE BOY AND MARY LASS, IF YOU STILL WISH TO ENTER. DONT HESITATE - BUT GET YOUR PASS, A FEW SEATS BACK IN CENTRE.

LOTS OF YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, LIVING IN HAPPY HOMES,
WANT TO BE PHOTOPLAYERS!



Enter without knocking; but exit the same way.

Here is a new idea for a National Board of Censors, and, perhaps, the only feasible one that can be put into successful operation. Since the powers-that-be do not approve of the present very efficient Board of Censors, and since, as we have said before, the public is the court of last resort on all reforms, let all pictures be censored as follows: Every patron of a Moving Picture show who sees a film that is, in his opinion, objectionable, shall write on a piece of paper, words to the following effect and hand it to the manager of that theater:

SIR: On ..... I witnessed a photoplay entitled ....., produced by the ..... Company. I wish to register my protest against said play and against said company, for the following reasons:

.....

.....

I ask you to notify said company of this protest, and to warn them against a repetition of such indecencies in the future. If said company continues to put out such plays, I ask you to refuse to accept, and not to show them in your theater. If this request is not granted, and if I see any more such objectionable plays at your theater, after a reasonable time, I shall not only withdraw my patronage, but I shall try to get my friends to join me in a movement to correct this evil and to punish those who are responsible for it.

Yours truly,

.....

It is not true, as some say, that philosophy and philosophers are a thing of the past. While we have no Socrates and Diogenes standing around our street corners, teaching young men how to reason and how to live, and what is right and what is wrong, there is still a demand for the deductions of wise men. Bergson, Eucken and William James are just as popular today as were Kant, Hegel, Fichte and Herbert Spencer in their day. It may be that the kings of today prefer a jester to a philosopher, still there is a large class of thinking, investigating people who receive, with eagerness, the writings of our present-day philosophers, and who are ever ready to do them honor. As one little sign of the times, Dr. Rudolf Eucken, the great German philosopher, is now lecturing at Harvard. His lectures at the University of Jena attracted many students from all over the globe.

About six years ago, Thomas A. Edison made the following significant remarks: "In my opinion, nothing is of greater importance to the success of the Motion Picture interests than films of good moral tone. Motion Picture shows are now passing thru a period similar to that of vaudeville a few years ago. Vaudeville became a great success by eliminating all of its once objectionable features, and, for the same reason, the five-cent theater will prosper according to its moral attitude. Unless it can secure the entire respect of the amusement-loving public, it cannot endure."

Motion Pictures did pass thru the period suggested by Mr. Edison, and they passed thru successfully. It was a critical period: but for a few good and great men like Mr. Edison, the entire Motion Picture industry might have been given its death-blow. As it was, and is, the pictures and theaters have grown gradually better, and the evolutionary process is still working toward still better pictures and theaters. But men like Mr. Edison must not stop. There is still much to be accomplished. We can all help. Let the constant cry be: *Raise the standard!*

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" is true in one sense, but not entirely so. A new-born babe is happy in its ignorance; so is a savage, and so is a flea. A flea may have its little aches and pains, but it has no great joys. How can it have? You can fill a spoon, and it will hold just so much and no more, for its capacity is limited. A flea may be very happy when it has its little stomach full and a safe place to sleep, and that is about the limit of its capacity for happiness. It is entirely ignorant of anything higher and better. A savage would show keen delight at the brightly painted barber-pole, but you would not say that he enjoys it as much as you enjoy a painting by Raphael. He would enjoy music on a tin pan, but not as much as you would enjoy a symphony orchestra. His ignorance of fine art and of music is bliss, but it is not such a bliss as comes to the person whose art and music education has been highly developed. Hence 'tis not folly to be wise when it expands our capacity for enjoyment. The wiser we are, the keener our enjoyments; but, alas, the deeper are our sorrows.

It is a peculiar thing that some of the companies think ill of the modern plan of popularizing the players. They say that this magazine has cost them many a penny because it has shown the players how popular they are, which has always resulted in higher salaries. What a strange thing that the companies should mourn over that fact! As everybody knows, the more popular a player becomes, the more popular become the plays in which that player appears. For every dollar paid in increased salaries to the players, come two dollars from the public, and more, too. But it is not this magazine that has made the popularity. The players were always just as popular; this magazine has merely been the means thru which the public has expressed that popularity. We study the wants of the public, and give the public what it wants. It is true that this magazine has shown to the players how popular they are, and given to the public the names and personalities of the players which they have so long wanted, but it is a question which have benefited the most—the players, the public, or the Motion Picture companies.

Many the lady who decided that she could do nothing without a husband, and who, when she got one, decided that she could do nothing with one. Many the man who decided that he could do nothing without a wife, and who, when he got one, decided that he could do nothing with one. But these are exceptions to the rule. A majority of marriages are happy. We usually hear all about the unhappy ones, and seldom hear about the happy ones. And yet, there are some women who are so constituted that they capture a man's heart unawares, in some unguarded moment, and, when they are married, he cannot live with her, and he cannot live without her.

The divine Sarah Bernhardt is sixty-eight years old, and is still farewelling. Perhaps we shall yet see her as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Vitagraph). Why not, if Rose Coghlan can still play Rosalind in "As You Like It"? At the Metropolitan Opera House, we would be quite shocked to hear a Marguerite in "Faust" who was under sixty.

It is pretty generally known to the public that actors, photoplayers, circuses, musicians, acrobats, singers, clowns, and manufacturers of various products can get glowing reports and criticisms, provided they advertise. The custom is for the "press-agents" of the person or thing to be boomed to go to the advertising department of the periodical in which the deed is to be done, and to engage certain space at a certain price, with the tacit understanding that complimentary reading notices concerning the person or thing are also to appear. Thus, the public reads a large, high-priced advertisement on one page announcing that John Smith appears in "The Fakir," or that Jones' Soap is about to be put on the market, and then, on another page, we read how that the editor or the critic has just seen Mr. Smith in "The Fakir," and just tried Jones' Soap, and that Smith is easily the greatest actor (or acrobat or singer) that ever lived on this earth, and that Jones' Soap is, by far, the best soap ever put on the market in modern times, etc., etc. And then, in the next series of advertisements, the advertiser quotes from all these glowing press notices and gives the impression that all the great critics have given their unbiased opinions in favor of the merits of the thing advertised. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are few. Most publications are so in need of advertising revenue that they cannot resist the temptation to be dishonest. Be it said of The Motion Picture Story Magazine that it does not carry much advertising, and would like to carry more; but that no advertiser has money enough to buy favorable criticisms, to get certain pictures published, or to control the editorial policy. We have no favorites, and no advertiser can buy our favor. Any reputable company or person can advertise in this magazine, but that is as far as they can go.

At this writing, coal is $7.50 a ton ($16 a ton to the poor who buy it in small quantities), milk is ten cents a quart, beef thirty-five cents a pound, and eggs seventy-five cents a dozen. The poor consumer is getting hit from every angle. It would be interesting to know who gets all the profits from these rises in prices.

Not only will the time come when, as we have said before, there will be, in every city, a Motion Picture theater, with a scale of prices for admission, but there will be theaters where one may see certain types of plays. Then, if one prefers comedy, or Western pictures, or dramas, or classics, etc., he may select the theater where his favorite films are exclusively shown.

It is dreadful hard for some of us to get up early in the morning. It is merely a matter of habit. The more sleep we get, the more we want. The later we stay up at night, the later we will sleep in the morning. Many are called, but few get up. "Get up, John, the day is breaking," says the wife, but John only yawns: "Oh, let her break," and turns over, for another snooze. You cant expect to have a clear brain when you allow it to lie dormant nine or ten hours a day. Eight hours is sufficient to rest almost any brain, however tired it may be.

There is apparently a disease that is getting very common among picture players. It is a dangerous one, infectious, contagious, easy to contract and hard to cure. It is caused by flattery, conceit, self-love, adoration and applause. It steals upon the victim like a thief in the night; its deadly germs flow thru the veins like a poisonous tonic; it benumbs the reasoning faculties; it stifles the moral senses; it retards growth. Unlike other diseases, its presence is seldom known by the victim, for it intoxicates, and inebriates, and befogs the judgment. In its presence gratitude and sympathy die and vanish. The victim's vision is obscured. His sense of proportion is lost, and, like the fabled frog, he swells with self-importance and conceit, until he finally busts and disintegrates. The medical term for this disease is *exaggerated ego;* the popular term for it is *swelled head.* Many the manufacturer and director who has *made* a star, only to see it transformed into a meteor, and to shoot off thru space into nothingness. Many the player who has been painfully taught, schooled, instructed, boomed, boosted and helped up the steep ladder of fame, only to be afflicted with this dread disease, and ruined thereby. Without a word of thanks or a smile of gratitude, they leave their benefactors, or demand prohibitive increases in salary, and go out blindly from the school where they were taught, into the world where they think they are to walk on beds of roses. We all admire *ambition,* and we feel like helping those who are always trying to help themselves and to better their conditions, but none of us has any love for those who, like the proverbial adder, bite the hand that nursed them to life. "Let well enough alone" is a fairly good motto, after all, and it is much better to bear those ills we have than to fly to others that we know not of. Besides, the rolling stone seldom gathers any moss. As Sallust says: "It is the nature of ambition to make men liars and cheats, and hide the truth in their breasts, and show, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths; to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their interest, and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will."

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be. The greater sympathy we have for others, the greater will be their sympathy for us. The more we love, the better we will be loved. All relations are reciprocal. We reap what we sow.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies by mail, or a complete list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays.

"Anxious."—Myrtle Stedman was Marie in "Saint and the Siwash."

E. V. W., Brooklyn.—Evelyn Selbie was the Mexican girl in "The Ranch Girl's Trial" (Essanay). You refer to Howard Missimer or William Mason, the latter being the younger.

Sylva, Chicago.—Thomas Santschi was the financier in the "God of Gold." Jack Richardson is usually the villain.

Nellie L. J., Akron.—Clara Kimball Young was the gypsy girl in "The Little Minister." Mildred Bracken was the girl in "The Judgment of the Sea." "From the Manger to the Cross" is now being shown in theaters.

M. D., Easton.—James Cruze was Albert, Marguerite Snow was Rose in "A Forest Rose" (Thanhouser).

Peggy, Bridgeport.—Peggy, if you knew how long it took us to decipher your letter you would write plainer, and not in pencil. Robert McWade was Rip Van Winkle in the Vitagraph play. George Miller was the squaw-man in "The Soldier's Furlough."

J. L.—We know of no William E. Malletti.

J. L. W., Rochester.—Pictures are usually taken at rates of from ten to fifteen pictures per second. The exposure varies from one-forty-fifth to one-fifteenth of a second for each picture, the remainder of the time being an interval of darkness, during which the film in the camera is stepped forward in position for the following picture.

H. Y., Norwich.—Most other people pronounce it *More-eese Cos-tel'lo.*

Dr. V. A. S.—Janet Salsbury was the "Woman in White" (Gem).

Margie, B. H. S.—You refer to Virginia Chester on the Christmas tree. You have Lillian Walker placed correctly.

X. Y. Z. Pinoli.—Questions have been answered before.

A. G. M.—"The Compact" was what is called a double-exposure. We have explained this in previous issues.

H. N. F. and Snooks.—Your questions have been answered.

L. P. Dover.—Jack Kohler is still with Lubin.

Betty B.—Arthur Johnson both directs and plays.

V. V. P.—Write Essanay, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill.

J. L. C., Brocklyn.—Mary Pickford is playing in "A Good Little Devil," by David Belasco. She is traveling, but please dont write in and ask us where you can see her.

Flossie C. P. (?)—Margaret Loveridge was formerly with G. M. Anderson. Other questions answered.

Flo, New Orleans.—Evebelle Prout was the clown's sweetheart in "Not on the Circus Program" (Essanay). Dorothy Mortimer was Dorothy, and Charles Compton was Billy in "Caught Bluffing" (Lubin). The man who followed Lily Branscombe in "A Little Louder, Please" (Essanay) was E. H. Calvert. Betty Grey was Betty in "The Country Boy" (Pathé).

Pearl.—The butler's partner was William Mason, and the girls were Mildred Weston, Dolores Cassinelli, Helen Dunbar, Martha Russell and Eleanor Blanchard in "Billy and the Butler" (Essanay).

An Interested Reader.—Crane Wilbur did not play in "A Redman's Friendship" (Pathé). We could not publish pictures of all the players when we selected the twelve for the colored inserts, but we guess Crane Wilbur's time will come.

M. E. G.—Adrienne Kroell was Violet in "The Fire-Fighter's Love." Pathé Frères have camera-men traveling around the world all the time. No, no! G. M. Anderson is not with Selig—dear me!

Mrs. C. D., New York.—Edna Fisher was Alkali Ike's wife in "A Western Kimono" (Essanay). We cant place the girl you describe.

H. L. R., New York.—You cant see Victor plays in the same theater you see Arthur Johnson. One is Licensed, and the other is Independent. Sadie Frances Osman was the child in "Detective Dorothy" (Essanay).

Kentucky Girl.—Sorry we cannot help you on that Selig question, but there will be several Selig questions we will not answer this month.

A. J. B., Pittsburg.—Frederick Church is the "nice-looking man who plays the guitar" in "Broncho Billy's Mexican Wife" (Essanay).

M. J. C. N., Scottdale.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "For the Love of a Girl" (Lubin). Gladys Wayne was Betty in "Betty Fools Dear Old Dad" (Selig). William Duncan was Wesley in "An Unexpected Fortune." Of all reports, yours is the worst. Gilbert Anderson did not kill his leading lady. He is not that kind of a boy. Haven't the cast for "L'Aiglon" as yet.

H. W. O., New York.—You might write to the Edison Company.

Vedah and Clara, Jersey City.—Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Pal." Ruth Stonehouse was Mrs. Brown in "The Browns Have Visitors." Louise Vale was Zelma in "The Debt" (Rex). Whether Lillian Walker puts her hair up in papers every night is out of our observation.

Beth, Columbus.—Eugenie Besserer was the girl in "Partners."

Lyola L.—Margarita Fischer was the leading lady in "Regeneration of Worthless Dan" (Nestor).

"Cecile."—The light-haired player is William Mason. Write direct to the magazine in order to subscribe. Pearl White and Crane Wilbur had the leads in "Pals."

"The Bloomer Girls."—Jane Gale was the "leading lady" in "The Players" (Lubin). Evelyn Francis was the blonde girl in "Three Girls and a Man" (Vitagraph).

Mayme Mad, Indiana.—Thomas Santschi was the fisherboy in "The Fisherboy's Faith" (Selig). Betty Harte was the lead in "Me and Bill."

"Dottie Dimples."—Magda Foy was the child in "Only a Boy" (Solax). Mrs. C. Vaile was the girl in "The Debt" (Rex).

Newark, O.—Phyllis Gordon and A. E. Garcia had the leads in "Saved by Fire." In "The Peacemaker" (Vitagraph), Mr. Brook and Miss Fuller had the leads.

J. L., Seattle.—Irving White plays character parts with Ormi Hawley. "Juan and Juanita" was taken at Washington, D. C.

Anthony.—Henry V. Goerner is not with Essanay. We are afraid you will not get a position with the Biograph as an actor. That is not the starting place. The players you mentioned have had stage experience before going with Biograph. They take only finished players.

A. U., Cohoes.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "Carmen of the Isles." You refer to Romaine Fielding.

Reggy, Milwaukee.—Ormi Hawley was Rosabel, and Edwin August was Dick in "The Good-for-Nothing" (Lubin).

M. V. B., Chicago.—Marshall Neilan was the weakling in "The Greaser and the Weakling" (American). Cant identify the other.

B. E., Louisiana.—Edwin August was with Powers last. Yes, he is something of a rolling stone, but we guess he gathers a little moss.

I. G. G., Columbus.—Haven't Lottie Pickford's present whereabouts.

S. E., Madison.—Neva Gerber seems to be leading lady for Carlyle Blackwell. Darwin Karr played in "The Prodigal Wife" (Solax). William Shay was the governor in "Vengeance" (Imp). Jack Hopkins was Jack Warren in "The Debt."

E. L. W., Haverhill.—Send for list of manufacturers for addresses.

H. L. R., New York.—Selig produced the "Shuttle of Fate." Franklyn Hall was with Lubin.

No. 1533.—The gardener who told the story in "In a Garden" (Thanhouser) was Riley Chamberlin. "Forest Rose" (Thanhouser) was taken at Cuddebackville, N. Y., and released November 24, 1912. Who would you think made the rules for this department? There is no way of telling the length of time between when a picture was taken and when it will be released.

C. B. B., San Diego.—Master Kelley was the little chap in "In a Garden Fair."

M. M., Antigonish.—Kalem have more players than the company you mention. Take your choice: Charles Kent, Joseph Allen and Peter Lang. We believe Bunny weighs more than John Steppling. The first picture Pearl White played in for Crystal was "The Girl in the Next Room." Eclipse films are Licensed.

L. J., Chicago.—The Motion Picture Story Magazine was first published February, 1911. Dont know about Eddie Lyons.

A Syracuse Reader.—Carlyle Blackwell was the father in "Jean of the Jail" (Kalem). Karl Formes was the wandering musician in "The Wandering Musician" (Kalem). Joseph De Grasse was the husband in "His Wife's Old Sweetheart" (Pathé).

O. U., 'Frisco.—Myrtle Stedman has played opposite William Duncan. Brinsley Shaw usually is the villain in Western Essanay plays. Ruth Roland was the girl in "Stenographer Wanted." In "The Pugilist and the Girl" (Kalem) Bob Barry was Jack, Ed Coxen was Tom Chase, and Ruth Roland was Velma.

A. F. W., Port Arthur.—Crane Wilbur played both parts in "The Compact."

Mollie G.—Talking pictures have been shown in Brooklyn, by using a talking-machine while showing the pictures.

R. E. B.—No, not Herbert Prior, but Herbert Rice, of the Punch. Laura Sawyer was the girl in "For Valor."

W. L. B., Waco.—"Cleopatra" can be had from the U. S. Film Exchange.

BRYAN, TEXAS.—Lubin says that Edwin Carewe will be Ormi Hawley's leading man. Crane Wilbur plays in Jersey City.

"TWO STENO'S."—J. E. Brennan was Smith, Sr., and P. G. Hartigan was Smith, Jr., in "Stenographer Wanted" (Kalem).

L. V. F., GARY.—Well, the reason we spell it t-h-r-u is because it is much better and shorter than t-h-r-o-u-g-h. Haven't you ever heard of Simplified Spelling? Look it up. There's a reason—and lots of them. Jack Richardson is usually the villain, and Pauline Bush the leading girl.

T. J. L., KANSAS CITY.—Janet Salsbury was the leading lady in "Princess Loraine" and also in "The Woman in White" (Gem).

D. G., ALTONA.—Octavia Handworth played opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Compact" (Pathé).

E. R. M., U. S. WILTSE.—Yes, Carlyle Blackwell played both parts in "The Parasite."

N. L., ROCKFORD.—Perhaps you mean William Todd. He is with the Essanay. You neglected to give the name of the company.

GERALDINE M. F.—And his name is William Mason. You all seem to have the same description: "The pretty, blond fellow with the blue eyes, and the lovely dimples, and the nice pompadour."

V. E. L., NEW YORK.—We cannot help it because Whitney Raymond is either an office-boy, or a bell-boy, or a clerk. Write Essanay about that. Then, no doubt, they will let him play Hercules, Samson, etc. At this writing, Mr. Bushman has made no engagements. We believe Thomas Moore is of Irish parentage—his brother Owen is, so he might be, too.

L. W., TORONTO.—Charles Brandt was the Managing Editor in the play of that title. Lottie Briscoe was the daughter-in-law in "Honor Thy Father."

ADMIRER, CHICAGO.—This magazine is made up and printed in Brooklyn. Brooklyn is all right, isn't it?

ALICE C.—Florence Lawrence formerly played with Imp. Marion Leonard had the lead in "Thru Flaming Gates" (Rex).

F. O. W., CHICAGO.—You refer to Edna Payne. It makes no difference, even tho Mary Pickford did leave Biograph, we cannot tell you about those plays.

TOTEM-POLE KID.—You refer to Leah Baird. It wouldn't do to have a picture of Flossie published. The players would be jealous.

D. A. M., CAL.—J. J. Clark is Gene Gauntier's leading man. Florence LaBadie was the leading lady in "The Star of Bethlehem" (Thanhouser). There are eleven Licensed companies.

W. W., LOWELL.—R. C. Travers was Isa Stein in "The Old Chess-Players" (Lubin). Guy D'Ennery was the violinist in "Madeleine's Christmas."

"IRISH, No. 1."—Lottie Pickford played opposite Thomas Moore in "The Girl Strikers" (Kalem). Dont think Mary Pickford played in that company when the other two players you mention did. Dont think you will ever dance at the Answer Man's wedding—not just yet, anyway.

E. B. R.—Barbara Tennant and Robert Frazer play together. We dont know what is the best company; that's for you to decide.

I. R. R., ELYRIA.—For heaven's sake! We said there was no hope, and, if you dont believe us, just try to get in one of the companies.

S. K. S., PATERSON.—Harry Cashman was the husband in "The Moving Finger" (Essanay). You mean Irving White, of Lubin.

J. S., NEWARK.—As far as we can tell, the plot you mention is practically the same as that of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

HOTEL DALE, SAN FRANCISCO.—The pretty girl on the Christmas tree you refer to is Miriam Nesbitt.

V. C., MASS.—Mary Fuller was Liz in "Fog" (Edison).

CHICKEN, NEW ROCHELLE.—We dont like the way you sign yourself. Get another *nom de plume*. Harry Myers played opposite Ethel Clayton in "For the Love of a Girl."

LOVER OF VITAGRAPH BOYS.—Will tell the editor to have a picture of Tom Powers for you soon.

M. E. B., OSSINING.—Jack Halliday's picture in the July, 1912, issue.

E. B., NEW YORK.—It is pronounced Marc Mac Dermott, just as it is spelt.

H. W., PHILADELPHIA.—Thank you for all the clippings of Mary Pickford.

J. L., ASHLAND.—Sorry, but we cannot answer those Kay-Bee's just now.

EVELYN JANE PHILLIPS, NEW YORK.—The magazines sell for 15 cents straight. No reduction for six, except to agents.

M. N., MCKEESPORT.—J. J. Clark was Dinny Doyle in "The Kerry Gow" (Kalem).

A. L. C.—Owen Moore had the lead in "After All" (Victor).

JESSIE S.—So you got the Tremolo Touch when you saw "Kings of the Forest." Betty Harte was Sona.

J. M. S., Staten Island.—Robert H. Grey was Dan in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan" (Nestor). William Russell was the squire in "Put Yourself in His Place" (Thanhouser). Burton King was Big Bill in "The Sheriff's Mistake" (Lubin). He is now with the Kay-Bee.

Herman H., Buffalo.—Afraid your plot is too much like Oliver Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield." Try to be more original.

An Admirer.—Mary Fuller was the daughter in "An Insurgent Senator." "Love of an Island Maid" was taken at Los Angeles.

Mildred M.—We have never printed Thomas Moore's picture in the Gallery. Marguerite Snow's picture in April, 1912. When some of your questions are not answered, you will understand that they have either been answered before, or that they are against the rules.

R. H., Canonsburg.—"Tom, the Blind Miner," was taken in Marinna, Pa. George Lessey was Martin Chuzzlewit, Jr. John Bunny was not President Taft in "The Money Kings" (Vitagraph). Edward See was Roy's valet.

Jessaline, Mo.—William Russell was "the darling fellow." "The Texas Twins" is the name of a play by Pathé Frères, and they are the source of many inquiries.

Gertrude S.—Brother Pete was Tom Santschi, and Brother Paul was Herbert Rawlinson in "The Vision Beautiful" (Selig).

Toledo Tang.—You refer to Lucille Young. Phyllis Gordon and A. E. Garcia had the leads in "Saved by Fire." Winnifred Greenwood and Charles Clary had the leads in "The Last Dance," and Adrienne Kroell and Jack Nelson, her sweetheart, had the leads in "A Man Among Men." Please do not send in questions on postal cards when you have more than one question.

C. P., Indiana.—Alkali Ike played in "Goddess of Liberty" at the Princess Theater, Chicago. This was his last engagement on the stage.

Dorothy D., Nebraska.—Ormi Hawley was Ethel in "The Surgeon's Heroism."

Y. C. C.—"The Narrow Road" was no Lubin. Edna Payne was the daughter in "The Moonshiner's Daughter."

E. M. L., Brooklyn.—Celluloid is made in sheets 22 inches wide and 200 or 400 feet long and 1-200 of an inch thick.

R. K., Bradford.—The Indian girl in "The Branded Arm" (Pathé) was Miss Mason.

C. T. S., Washington.—In "Paying the Board Bill" (Kalem) the artists were Edward Coxen, John Brennan and Lew Weston. Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "The Opium Smugglers" (Selig).

H. S. G., Bronx.—Judson Melford is not with Selig, but with Kalem. "The Ranchman's Anniversary" was taken at Niles, Cal.

L. H., Montreal.—"Poet and Peasant" (Vitagraph) was taken at Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y. Universal produces the "Animated Weekly." So Lillian Walker uses too much make-up! We are too busy. Honest and truly, we dont know who Flossie is.

Bear Cat, 'Frisco.—Augusta Brumster and Frances Cummings were mother and daughter in "Housecleaning" (Lubin). The baby was Baby Audrey, and the outlaw True Boardman in "The Outlaw's Sacrifice" (Essanay). Mother and father were Anna Dodge and Hobart Bosworth, Phyllis Gordon was Isabel, and A. E. Garcia was Palo in "A Message from Kearney." Harriet Parsons was the girl, and Helen Dunbar the sick mother in "The Magic Wand" (Essanay).

T. S., Missouri.—Marion Cooper was Daisy in "The Filibusters" (Kalem). "The Barrier That Was Burned," by Rex Beach, was taken in the studio. Evangelyn Blasdale is no longer with Vitagraph. You want to know who Bennie of Lubinville is. Well, he is a famous young man who operates the Lubin switchboard, and he is, more or less, the manager of the whole plant, in a small way. You ask, also, how many small pictures it takes to make a motion. This is an unanswerable question. Two would make motion, and so would twenty. It is according to how quick your eye is.

A Subscriber.—Thank you for your very interesting letter. Eugene Besserer was the girl in "Partners."

W. E. Tubby.—Carlyle Blackwell expects to remain in the West. Anna Stewart sat at Billy's left at the dinner in "Billy's Pipe-Dream." It took us some time to secure this information. We prefer you to give the names of the characters.

C. H. M., Quebec.—Florence Turner was leading lady in "St. Elmo" (Vitagraph). Edna Flugrath had the lead in "A Third Thanksgiving" and "On Donovan's Division."

Marietta.—You refer to Ed Coxen. Thomas Moore was the young millionaire. The title was "In a Garden Fair," and Helen Costello played in it. Howard Missimer in "A Little Louder, Please."

Diana D., Hot Springs.—Why, it's Marion Cooper. Keystone releases two a week, and they are not all Sherlock Holmes's. While Fred Mace makes a good detective, he also makes a nice, beautiful, fat lady.

L. C. M., Chicago.—Winnifred Greenwood was the salvationist in "The Prosecuting Attorney." There is no Helen Dubeck playing with Selig, by that name.

F. M. S., New York.—"The Kansas Kid" is not a Vitagraph.

A. B., MONTGOMERY.—Will see about E. K. Lincoln's picture, but dont think we can use another picture of Vedah Bertram. Others answered before.

JESSALINE L.—James Cooley was Jim in "Love Me, Love My Dog" (Reliance). Mignon Anderson was the wife in "Please Help the Poor" (Thanhouser).

W. S. A., TOPSHAM.—Which "Cinderella" do you mean? It is the Helen Gardner Motion Picture Co.? We dont think Anna Nichols is still with Méliès.

ANTHONY; BOBBIE; THE KID, L. S.; A. H. S., YOUNGSTOWN; 3611, AND U. G., CHICAGO, have been answered above.

ELEANOR, PHILA.—The reason so many companies locate in California is that the scenery and climatic conditions are very favorable there.

L. C., SPRINGFIELD.—No, *mon chère*, Mary Pickford did not leave Biograph to be married. She has been married for some time. And, as we have said before, the Keystone is a new company, with some of the old Biograph players.

"ELEANOR," MEMPHIS.—Beverly Bayne was the daughter, and Mildred Weston was the cousin in "The Penitent" (Essanay). In "The Flower-Girl's Romance" (Kalem), Neva Gerber was the bride, and Jane Wolfe the flower-girl.

F. E. G., NEW YORK.—Where, oh! where, did you get all your information about the Mitchell divorce, Arthur Johnson's children, Thomas Moore, Carlyle Blackwell's bathhouse, and Florence Lawrence's marriage? Dont you know that all these are out of our line? What next? Arthur Ellery and Anna Brumster were Mr. and Mrs. Jones in "Locked Out" (Lubin), and Frances Ne Moyer and George Reehm had the leads in "His Father's Choice" (Lubin).

JESSALINE L., ASHLAND.—Francis Ne Moyer was Marie, George Reehm was Jean, and Walter Stull was Jacques in "Love and Treachery."

DOROTHY D., ST. LOUIS.—Dave Wall and Elsie Albert had the leads in "Leg and Legacy" (Powers). Yes.

H. S.—You seem to indicate Edna Payne; she played in both.

GERTRUDE, L. I. C.—Messey is Howard Missimer, and Mildred is Mildred Weston. The artist was Jack Halliday.

H. A. M., BROOKLYN.—The picture you enclose is that of the nameless Biograph.

M. C. S., SAVANNAH.—The actor you refer to, who was blown thru a torpedo tube of a submarine to give warning of disaster, is not in our line of travel. Sorry for the actor.

P. W., RICHMOND HILL.—Jessalyn Van Trump and Warren Kerrigan had the leads in "The Bandit of Point Loma" (American). The girl is Edna Payne.

D. M. C., BROOKLYN.—Mabel Normand really dives. She is some diver, too, isn't she?

MARY.—Carlyle Blackwell was the inventor in "The Plot That Failed" (Kalem). Other questions out of order.

W. T. H., CHICAGO.—Glad you like Flossie C. P. We miss her, too.

MARY ANNE.—The girl is Clara Kimball Young. Alice Joyce really ran the engine in "A Race with Time." Excellent engineers, those Kalem people.

FLORENCE M. B.—Most of your questions are old. Florence LaBadie lives where the chat claims she does. No Biographs!

S. S. R., FRANCE.—You shouldn't worry. Francis Bushman is not going to die in oblivion. You'll hear from him, soon.

DOLLY.—Such a question! Tiresome! We dont know whether the player you mention drinks or not, and if we did, we would not tell you.

M. R., LANCASTER.—The Monopol is Independent. Lois Weber is back with Rex.

N. G. H., COLUMBUS.—John De Silva was Joseph Grayhill in "The Ring of a Spanish Grandee" (Thanhouser).

JULIET; M. B. FLUFFY; ANTHONY; FLOSSIE FOOTLIGHT; E. L.; CURIOSITY BOX; M. W., MCKEESPORT; PITTSBURG FANS; F. M. ST., PHILADELPHIA; A. H., CANTON, AND DOLLAR BILL have all been answered.

OLGA, 17.—Bless your heart, Olga, we are sorry we made you feel badly. We sent the letter to you to cheer you up; but never mind. Dont know about "So Jun Wah;" we haven't the cast. Olga, some one has been asking about you. You have an admirer.

BIRDIE CHARMEUSE.—James B. Ross was James Cleveland in "The Mystery of Grandfather's Clock" (Kalem). James Young was the Little Minister in that play. What chicken are you speaking of? Essanay runs no poultry farm. Well, if Francis Bushman sees this, he may accommodate you by combing his hair back, instead of on the side. He is an obliging chap.

T. M., DALLAS.—The reason the names of Maurice Costello, G. M. Anderson, Florence Lawrence, Alice Joyce, etc., do not appear more often in this department is probably due to the fact that everybody knows these players, and, hence, do not inquire about them.

LELA S. P.—Dolores Costello was little Janet in "Her Grandchild." George Periolat usually plays the father in American.

H. W., NEW YORK CITY.—Yes, Julia Swayne Gordon is with Vitagraph; and the Southern Kalem Co. is located at Jacksonville.

D. M. C., BROOKLYN.—The Jordan Sisters did the diving in "Petticoat Camp" (Thanhouser). These girls were just hired for the diving, and they were not the same girls who played as the wives. Why, because Alice Joyce is in New York, and Carlyle Blackwell is over 3,000 miles away from her—in California.

J. L. S., NEWMAN.—"Saved at the Altar" was not a Selig. Ruth Roland was the old maid, and Marin Sais was the servant in "Doctor Skinnem's Wonderful Invention."

L. B., MONTREAL.—You know you all have to take your turn. We dont skip or neglect letters, but you must wait your turn. Jack Halliday is not back with the Lubin Co. Edwin August is still with Powers. Edith Storey was the only girl in "The Scoop" (Vitagraph). Dorothy Davenport was the girl in "Mother and Home" (Nestor). If you send a stamped, addressed envelope you will get your answers quicker.

A. V. P., TORONTO.—Warren J. Kerrigan was the wanderer in "The Wanderer" (American). THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE is published on the 18th of the month preceding its date.

FLO, CHICAGO.—Bison is located at Hollywood, Cal. The two girls in "Making Uncle Jealous" (Eclair) were Isabel Lamon and Muriel Ostriche. Florence Barker was the girl who had everything happen to her in "The First Glass," and Fritzi Brunette was the girl she was telling it to.

O. N. E., OTTAWA.—Howard Mitchell is the piano player in "The Stolen Symphony." Frank Bennett was Tom Fredericks in "The Handbag" (Vitagraph). William Russell was the country boy in "In Time of Peril" (Thanhouser). Charles Brandt usually plays the part of the father in Lubin plays.

TED B., OAKLAND.—Harry Goerner is not playing with Essanay. Florence LaBadie and Harry Benham had the leads in "Miss Robinson Crusoe."

We wish to make a correction regarding Flora Finch. Miss Finch has posed for several artists. She is also one of the distinguished pupils of Madame Alberti.

L. C., CHICAGO.—Edith Storey did not play in "The Debt."

M. C. H., BRUNSWICK.—The wife is unknown in "Broncho Billy's Mexican Wife."

LENA C. P.—Charles Clarey was Steve in "The Fire-Fighter's Love." In "The Prize Package" Jerry Hevener was Spoony Sam, and Eleanor Caines was Fannie.

"LOU."—Edward Coxen was Harry in "The Mine Swindler." Hobart Bosworth was the father in "Miss Aubrey's Love Affair." Burton King played the part of Rodney Ford in "The Struggle of Hearts" (Lubin).

DOROTHY D.—There is a Rose Coghlan who played in "As You Like It," if that's who you mean.

M. M., PENN.—Fritzi Brunette was the wife in "The Foolishness of Oliver" (Victor). Hal Wilson is now with the Western Eclair, on the Pawnee Bill Ranch. Fritzi Brunette and Owen Moore had the leads in "It Happened Thus" (Victor).

J. M. S., STATEN ISLAND.—Edward Carewe was John, and Edna Payne was Lucille in "The Silent Signal" (Lubin). In "Dora" (Powers) Florence Barker was Dora. Mr. Olliber and Miss Phillips were the young couple in "Surprising Her Future Mother-in-Law" (Majestic).

O. T. S.—Flora Dorset was Nance, Steve's sweetheart, and R. Hamilton Grey was Secret-Service Steve in the Atlas play by that title.

S. H., NEWARK.—Emilio Gallo was the king in "The Fall of Troy" (Itala). He has never played for Pathé. George Melford is now being seen in some Kalem plays.

M. C., KENTUCKY.—Herbert Rawlinson was the city suitor in "A Fisherman's Faith" (Selig). Mr. Biograph has not "come out of his shell," if you mean giving out the names of their players.

J. P. N., CHICAGO.—"Prince Charming" (Reliance) was taken at Central Park, New York City.

PEGGY, BRIDGEPORT.—Herbert L. Barry was the poet in "The Poet and Peasant" (Vitagraph). Normand MacDonald was the tyrant in "Iron Heels" (Essanay).

S. P.—In "It All Came Out in the Wash" (Vitagraph), Lillian Walker was the girl, but Clara Kimball Young's name appeared in the cast.

FLOSSIE S. M.; G. F. K., CHICAGO; B. D. AND J. L., CHICAGO; A. S., JAMESTOWN; GLADYS R., OREGON, AND G. R., TROY.—Answered before, or against the rules.

S. H., COLUMBUS.—Bessie Eyton was the adopted daughter in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

DOTTIE DIMPLES.—Hector Dion was Phillip in "Phillip Steele" (Reliance). Clara Williams was the wife in "A Fugitive from Justice" (Lubin).

M. H., NEW YORK.—Joseph Gebhart was Jack in "The Gambler's Reformation."

MARIE C. O.—Florence Turner was the maid in "From Susie to Susanne" (Vitagraph). You refer to John Adolfi, of the Gem. Jack Hopkins was the wealthy admirer in "To the City" (Rex).

H. C.—Louise Vale was the lead in "Old Organist" (Rex). Rex releases two a week.

J. F. C., STATEN ISLAND.—We have answered about "Gentleman Joe" many times. Look up back numbers.

J. B.—We haven't heard of the Briam films as yet. They are not Licensed.

PEACHY.—Florence Turner is still playing.

W. A. W., EASTPORT.—Write to the General Film Co., 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

M. S. C., PHILADELPHIA.—Thank you for the picture; also for the information that Ethel Elder is going to play on the stage in Philadelphia.

V. L. R., BRONX.—We failed to get the stamped, addressed envelope. Owen Moore's picture in the November, 1912, issue. Victor is Independent.

I. G., CALUMET.—Arthur Mackley was the ranchman in "The Shot-Gun Ranchman." Augustus Carney is his maiden name.

FLOSSIE, OF BROOKLYN.—Aren't you satisfied with Costello's picture, without complaining about his thumbs? Everybody admires it. Why dont you write to the company, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply to your scenario?

H. R., BROOKLYN.—Leona Flugrath was the little girl in "A Fresh-Air Romance" (Edison). Blanch Cornwall was Rosalie in "Dublin Dan" (Solax).

PETE.—Just plain Pete; and you are in love with Beverly Bayne. Haven't Florence La Vina's present whereabouts.

A JEWEL.—"Shamus O'Brien" (Imp) was not acted in Ireland.

E. M., TOLEDO.—Owen Moore's interview in October, 1912.

G. C. B., SAVANNAH.—"The Red Barrier" was never published in our magazine. Scenarios are divided into scenes.

A. A. C.—Joe in "Soldier Brothers of Susanna" was Guy Coombs.

MAY W., ST. LOUIS.—"What Happened to Mary" series are released by Edison, with Mary Fuller as lead. Too bad, but we cant locate your cousin in the Biograph.

THE PEST.—All of your letters are interesting. Florence Turner was Elaine, and Paul Panzer played opposite her in "Elaine" (Vitagraph).

LONESOME AND BROKEN-HEARTED.—Frank Tobin is with the Selig.

C. C., MONTREAL.—Harry Benham was Lord Mellish in "Aurora Floyd."

E. G., WASHINGTON.—Ray Gallagher was Steve Aldrich in "A Romance of Catalina Island."

L. C. F., NEW BERNE.—The girl with the sweet face in "Political Kidnapping" was Hazel Neason.

R. N. W.—Carlyle Blackwell was Willis in "Village Vixen."

HAPPY JIM, BROOKLYN.—Frederick Church was the ranchman, Arthur Mackley the settler, and Julia Mackley his wife in "Broncho Billy's Heart."

VIRGINIA.—We knew it all the time, but do you suppose we are going to tell? Maxwell is Mr. Anderson's middle name.

NANCY JANE, 16.—Eleanor Caines was Mrs. Felix in "Felix at the Ball." Anna Nilsson played opposite Guy Coombs in "The Fraud at Hope Mine" (Kalem). Madge Orlamande was the aunt.

KATHRINA, PEORIA.—Marie Weirman was Marie in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin). And you, also, love Carlyle Blackwell! Wouldn't it be sad if he had a wife?

A. H. W.—The average reel is 1,000 feet long. Helen is the younger of the two Costello children. Jean, the Vitagraph dog, will probably have a picture taken of herself and family.

A. K., NEW YORK.—We dont know who sends photoplays to the Kalem Co., nor do we know the names of the people they accept them from.

L. F.—Marie Weirman and Harry Myers had the leads in "By the Sea" (Lubin).

P. T., DENVER.—The child in "The Bandit's Child" is unknown. Marshall Neilan was the favorite son in "Father's Favorite" (American). Robert Frazer was Robin Hood in "Robin Hood" (Eclair).

F. E. W., FRANKLIN; J. J. R., WILKES-BARRE; E. R., NEW YORK; NOSEY; COLUMBIA; B. W., CHICAGO; MISS MAY T.; F. G. H., NASHVILLE; A. R. T., BRONX; H. C., HOBOKEN; DOROTHY C. B.; SMITH, NEW JERSEY; H. J. C., EAST ORANGE; AND HAPPY JIM, BROOKLYN, have been answered before.

G. A. W., STATION G., AND M. B. M., BALTIMORE.—Thank you, my children, for sending us the information about Mary Pickford.

The Answer Man desires to thank each and every one who sent us Christmas and New Year's greetings. We wish we could acknowledge each one personally, but that would be quite impossible.

E. D., DALLAS.—Anna Stewart is Anna in "The Song of the Sea-Shell" (Vitagraph). Florence Turner can be reached at the Vitagraph studio.

F. L., CITY.—The name of the little boy in "Little Raven's Sweetheart" (Pathé) we do not know. Alice Joyce is still with Kalem.

A. H. B., NEW YORK.—Better write General Film Co., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, for their catalog.

M. N., MCKEESPORT.—Harry Benham was the second husband in "Aurora Floyd" (Thanhouser). Marguerite Snow was the girl in "The Romance of U. S. Mariner."

COPE, ROCHESTER.—Of course, Maurice Costello expects to take pictures on his trip.

M. D., BROOKLYN.—G. M. Anderson is located at Niles, Cal.

TOMMY R., OAKLAND.—Jessalyn Van Trump was the girl in "Her Own Country" (American). "The Moonshiner's Daughter" was an Essanay and a Lubin—which do you mean? Florence LaBadie was the girl in "A Noise Like a Fortune" (Thanhouser).

XXX.—Please sign your name next time. E. K. Lincoln played the part of Jack Hall in "A Modern Atalanta" (Vitagraph).

DOROTHY D.—Hereafter we will not answer any more questions that come in on postal cards, if they are too crowded. Owen Moore was Hal in "Lady Leon."

A. P., YONKERS.—Herbert Rawlinson was Mac in "Carmen of the Isles" (Selig). Miss Cummings was the girl in "The Passing Gypsies."

M. C., INDIANAPOLIS.—Shall tell the editor that you want a picture of Edna May Hammel.

MARY M.—Not necessary for photoplays to be printed. They may be typewritten.

M. L., NEW ORLEANS.—You refer to Earle Foxe.

IOWA GIRL.—We guess the man you mean who wears glasses in "The Vitagraph Romance" (Vitagraph) was J. Stuart Blackton. If you mean the very good-looking one, that settles it. As we remember it, nobody else wears glasses, anyway. The other two were Messrs. Smith and Rock, officials of the Vitagraph. Ruth Owen was the office-girl.

J. A. C., ROXBURY.—Mildred Bracken was the girl in "The Stolen Grey" (Méliès).

MABEL.—"Alkali Ike's Wife" is not an Essanay title. Guess again.

C. AND V., JERSEY CITY.—We are afraid you can get no picture of Miss Bertram, only those in the magazine. We dont know the nature of Florence Turner's illness, but it seems to have been due to overwork and nervousness. You know she puts a great deal of emotion and personality into everything she plays.

C. McC., BUFFALO.—Yes, "Indian Idyll" was a Pathé Frères picture and taken at Los Angeles, Cal.

BECKY.—We do not accept Motion Picture plays. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was made at Wyoming—the picture, we mean, not the charge.

FLO G. D., HUMBOLDT.—You are right; Kathlyn Williams was Queen Isabella in "The Coming of Columbus" (Selig). We cannot give you that Selig information.

LITTLE MARY C.—William Garwood was the grown-up young man in "The Thunderbolt." William Russell was the other father in "The Little Girl Next Door."

B. G., PITTSBURG.—Howard Mitchell was the brother in "The Country School-teacher" (Lubin). Neva Gerber seems to be Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady.

O. W., PHILA.—Charles Herman was the husband in "His Love for Children" (Reliance). Mace Greenleaf was Charles in "God Disposes" (Solax). "The man that died" in "The Dawn of Netta" (Nestor) was Donald MacDonald, but he is not dead.

DOROTHY D.—"A Tramp's Strategy" was not a Champion.

A. C.—In "At the Stroke of Five" Marguerite Snow was Ellen, Mignon Anderson the sailor's sweetheart, and William Russell the sailor. We think you have the right dope on the exchanges, but we never heard of that case before.

"LOU" L. F.—Howard Mitchell was the bachelor in "The Bachelor's Waterloo."

A. C. P.—Write direct to Kalem for the Kalem Kalendar.

SWEET SYLVIA.—Thomas Santschi was Fritz in "Kings of the Forest" (Selig).

M. A. P. IOWA GIRL.—This is the second postal from you. We dont like to receive questions on postal cards. Isn't the information worth two cents? "Rip Van Winkle" (Vitagraph) was taken in the studio. The bread-line in "From the Submerged" were hired for the occasion; they are not regular actors.

FRANK C. J.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "Fighting Instinct" (Selig). Paul Kelley is a regular player. Helen Costello played in "Six o'Clock." Neva Gerber was Bessie, and Jane Wolfe the other girl in "The Flower Girl's Romance" (Kalem).

H. R., NEW YORK.—Jerold Hevener was Jerry Jenks in "The Overworked Book-keeper" (Lubin). You refer to Carlyle Blackwell.

CHERRY B.—No, Cherry, we wont answer your eleven questions by numbers, because ten of them have already been answered. Willis Secord has left Edison and is now playing in a Broadway production.

W. F. B., BROOKLYN.—You mean Dot Bernard. She is no longer with the Biograph.

H. H., COYTESVILLE.—Yes, G. M. Anderson directs, as well as acts.

F. M. M., IOWA.—Wheeler Oakman played the part of Manley, Phyllis Gordon was Junie, and A. E. Garcia was J. H. Stone in "Saved by Fire" (Selig).

PEGGY, BRIDGEPORT.—Baby Lillian Wade was the child in "Kings of the Forest."

TOMMY R., OAKLAND.—Walter Miller played opposite Mary Fuller in "A Personal Affair" (Edison).

MATTIE.—William Lamp was Captain Wood in "Thorns of Success" (Majestic).

H. R. HAYWOOD.—Dorothy Mortimer was Dora, and R. C. Travers was Isa Stein in "The Old Chess-Players" (Lubin).

THELMA.—Well, you mean Mabel Normand, of the Keystone, and Lilla Chester as the nurse in "The Professor's Son" (Thanhouser). You have Marie Eline placed correctly.

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

A NEW CONTEST IS ON FOR ALL

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO APPLAUD YOUR FAVORITE

MANY of our readers do not know that at this season, last year, we inaugurated a unique contest, which has since been copied by leading newspapers and magazines thruout the country. Thousands of our old readers, however, who took an active part, have been suggesting, asking for, and demanding a repetition of last year's success. As the circulation of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE has outgrown itself some three times in the past year, we feel that an explanation of the Popularity Contest is due to our newer readers.

We realized that certain picture players had become familiar favorites with their friends in the audience, but that no definite expression of favoritism had ever been recorded, and that the applause given to actors and actresses of the regular stage was denied to these portrayers. We resolved, finally, to give definite expression to these facts by asking our readers, and lovers of photoplay in general, to vote for their favorites, the record of this vote to be published monthly, including the cleverest verse and articles of appreciation. The response to last year's contest is conclusive proof of its success—the five winners: Maurice Costello, E. Dolores Cassinelli, Mae Hotely, F. X. Bushman, and G. M. Anderson receiving over One Million Two Hundred Thousand votes. Space forbids giving the detailed vote of the three hundred other contestants, which included every well-known player in the picture world.

And now for the present contest. While its object remains the same, it will be conducted on a much larger scale, and twenty-five prizes will be awarded by THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE to the twenty-five most popular actresses and actors. There will be two first prizes, one for the most popular woman and one for the most popular man.

As the contest is intended as a test of true popularity, and not as a commercial enterprise, the prizes will not be showy or ostentatiously price-marked, but they will all be elegant, handsome and appropriate.

THE CONTEST IS THE SAME AS THE LAST, WITH A DIFFERENCE.

As in the last contest, every letter received will be sent to the player for whom it is written, so that they may know their many friends by name.

During the contest, the Popular Plays and Players Department of the magazine will be devoted to the letters and verses received in this way. There will be five prizes awarded to the writers of the best letter or verse of appreciation received.

YOU ARE AWARDING THE PRIZES YOURSELF.

Every one who reads this notice may vote for his or her favorite. Write the name of the player on a separate sheet of paper, and send it, with your own name and address, to the "Editor Player Contest, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." If you wish to vote for both a woman and a man, write the two names on two separate pieces of paper. Each letter, or slip of paper, counts as one vote for the player. You may also get up a list of names among your friends, each vote obtained in this way counting as one vote for your favorite. Addresses must accompany every name in a petition of this kind.

TEN VOTES ALL AT ONCE.

In every copy of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE there will be concealed a coupon which will count as ten votes. Each person may enclose as many of such coupon votes as desired. The more votes you send, the better chance your favorite has of winning.

AND HERE'S SOME GOOD NEWS.

Several of the players with whom the editor has communicated have expressed a desire to show, in some personal way, their appreciation of their friends' efforts in their behalf. Of course, it is manifestly impossible to write to every actor and actress in the Motion Picture business in regard to this matter, but the following suggestion has been so enthusiastically received by the actors already consulted, that the editor believes he is safe in promising that every person who sends in five hundred votes for a player will receive a personally autographed photograph of that player, as a token of his or her appreciation. In the case of some player refusing this, other adequate compensation will be given. The only condition to the receiving of the photograph is that all five hundred votes must be sent in at the same time.

The date of the termination of the contest, the exact nature of the prizes to be given, and the standing of the contestants up to date will be announced in the next issue of the magazine.

E. C. H., Los Angeles.—Vitagraph did not produce "The Musketeers of Pig Alley." The *Photoplay Magazine* is devoted to Independent stories only.

J. D., Nashville.—Sorry, but we are not able to answer your Kay-Bee questions this month.

S. H., Columbus.—Miss Ray was the girl in "His Little Indian Model" (Pathé), and Thomas Moore was Martin in "A Daughter's Sacrifice" (Kalem).

F. S. Phelps.—Marguerite Snow was the sister in "The Greatest of These Is Charity" (Thanhouser). She also was the sister in "Lucille" (Thanhouser).

Mary, Newark.—Dont think of going on the stage, or in the pictures. Get it out of your system. Without experience you will have a hard row to hoe—or none at all.

F. A. M., Mass.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "Peril of the Cliffs" (Kalem).

Quick, E. N. Y.—Lottie Briscoe was the Substitute Heiress in that play.

A. R., Orange.—Yes, Beverly Bayne was Alice in "The Redemption of Slivers" (Essanay). Clara Williams was 'Frisco Nell in "The Gambler's Wife." Frank Tobin was Robert in "The House of His Master" (Selig). "The Smuggler" (Lubin) was taken in Maine.

E. H. Valdosta.—Jack Richardson and Jessalyn Van Trump had the leads in "The Promise" (American).

"Anti-Flossie."—We are indeed sorry that Flossie has annoyed you. She seems to have disappeared. Too bad! We mourn our loss. Look up back numbers.

J. A., Ashland.—Charles Herman was the sailor in "Cuckoo Clock" (Reliance), and William Lamp was Robert in "Love and War" (Majestic). W. Scott was the brother in "A Sister's Devotion" (American), and Miss G. Gill was the girl.

E. C. H., St. Louis.—Herbert Rawlinson was Bert, Lillian Haywood, Miss Aubrey in "Miss Aubrey's Love Affair" (Selig). Bessie Eyton was the ward. Guy Coombs is still with Kalem.

Intelligent, Antigonish.—Chester Barnett plays opposite Pearl White in Crystal.

Adele.—Edwin Carewe had the lead in "A Girl's Bravery" (Lubin). Louise Kent played in "My Brother Agostino."

L. M. S., Staten Island.—Edith Lyle was the wife in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Reliance). Jack Conway and Eugenie Forde had the leads in "Reaping the Whirlwind" (Nestor).

J. T. M., Boston.—Do you think we are a fool? Save your stamps hereafter. You need rest. So do we.

Tommy R., Oakland.—Harry Beaumont was Jack Gibbs in "The Librarian."

Betty; Jay, Little Rock; Cupid; Emily M., N. Y.; D. S. S. Fan; Marjorie M., Montreal, and Case B. have all been answered.

M. D., Akron.—"Won by High Tide" (Lubin) was taken at Atlantic City. Miss Schnell was the diving Venus in "Aquatic Elephants" (Vitagraph).

Gertrude, Brooklyn.—Warren Kerrigan promised to marry the girl in "The Promise" (American). No, my dear, Maurice Costello is not an Italian.

M. M., Sevarg.—Lois Weber was the girl in "Jack the Ostler" (Rex). Other nine have been answered.

I. F., Buffalo.—Rose Tapley has had many years of stage experience. You refer to Edwin August.

R. L. C., Mich.—Dot Farley was the heroine in "A Plucky Ranch-Girl" (Comet). Comet is located at Coytesville, N. J. Miss G. Gill was the daughter in "Bad Pete's Gratitude" (American).

Olive, New London.—Pearl White was the girl in "The Power of Love" (Pathé). Mabel Moore was Mabel in "A False Suspicion" (Essanay). Magda Foy was the little girl in "The Strike." Marion Leonard has joined the Monopol Co.

Nancy, Wilkes-Barre.—Frances Gibson was the flower-girl in "A Thanksgiving Surprise," and Lila Chester was the nurse in "The Professor's Surprise." So, you see, they are not the same person. Marguerite Snow's picture appeared in April, 1912.

Vivian.—William Garwood was the husband in "Please Help the Poor." E. P. Sullivan was the husband in "Caleb West" (Reliance). Any more husbands you would like to inquire about?

Byron C. W. R. H. S. '14.—Essanay are in the market for photoplays, except Western. In "Tempest and Sunshine" (Thanhouser) Anna Rosemond was Tempest, and Violet Heming was Sunshine. "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter" is not a Vitagraph. Frank Crane was Philip in "Thelma" (Thanhouser).

Hoppytehop, Bangor.—No, we dont know why some actors do so much talking and gesturing when playing alone in a scene. Certainly, people in real life do not act that way. Such acting indicates poverty of expression.

Mrs. H. F., Elliot.—Brinsley Shaw was the pal in "Broncho Billy's Pal." Address your letter to that department, and they will get it.

C. R. B. D.—The blond is William Mason. Your other is not a Vitagraph.

H. M., Brooklyn.—Cines pictures are mostly taken in Rome. Mildred Weston was the wild man's daughter in "Wild Man" (Essanay). She never played with Vitagraph.

All the News of the Kalem Companies

is contained in the KALENDAR, issued twice each month

Full reviews of coming productions, handsomely illustrated. Interesting news items from the Kalem companies in different parts of the world. Latest portraits of the leading players. Special articles on timely topics. Complete casts of characters for each production.

One Year's Subscription, $1.00 in advance. Address

KALEM COMPANY, 235 W. 23d St., New York City

R. R., Rome.—Dont think Kenneth Casey would attend your friend's birthday party. He is a busy boy. You might write him, however. He is still with Vitagraph.

Sweet Sylvia.—Gladys Roosevelt, our writer, is not Colonel Roosevelt's daughter. "The Last Rose of Summer" was taken in Maine.

"Two Steno's."—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan had the leads in "The Family Next Door" (Lubin). Yes, Mr. Fielding is noted for "repose" in his playing.

Lillian R. F.—Mrs. Dunlop was Carlyle Blackwell's mother in "The Plot That Failed" (Kalem). Master Kelley and Veronica Finch were the children in "The Servant Problem" (Vitagraph). Dont happen to know where you could get a position as stenographer.

Roseline, Billie and Jammie.—Herbert Rice is the lead for the Punch. King Baggot was Jim in "In Old Tennessee." You refer to Edwin August.

L. D., Stroudsbury.—Why dont you write to the player you speak of and tell her that she does not know how to make up? It may do her good.

Henry B. R., Baton Rouge.—We believe William Bodie only played in "The Power of a Hymn." We find his name under no other Kalem cast. Gene Gauntier has left Kalem, but you will see her with them for some time to come.

F. G. S., Reading.—L. J. Moran is with Eclair. William Davies was Burton in "A Protegé of Uncle Sam" (Champion). E. Larmar Johnston was Hilton in "Because of Bobbie" (Eclair). Dorothy Davenport was the younger sister in "Dad's Mistake."

Ricketty Rack.—Ruth Roland was Nell in "Death Valley Scotty's Mine" (Kalem). William Bailey and Beverly Bayne had the leads in "Back on the Old Farm" (Essanay).

D. S., Milwaukee.—We hope to have an interview with James Cruze soon. No Kay-Bee's this month.

M. B. M., Baltimore.—The Vitagraph have a magazinelet, *The Bulletin*, for sale. George C. Stanley was Jim in "The Troubled Trail" (Vitagraph). "The Great Steeple-Chase" (Pathé) was a real horse-race, and the jockey who fell really hurt himself.

V. C. S., Detroit.—Hazel Neason is with the Kalem.

Dixie Lou.—Eleanor Blanchard was Maggie in "A Mistake in Calling" (Essanay). Lily Branscombe was Maggie's mistress.

A. M. B.—In "Four Days a Widow," Evelyn Francis was Dorothy Kelley's friend.

W. A. G., Marblehead.—"The Life of Moses" is too old. Cannot tell you about those new plays about to be released.

Plunkett.—Edith Hallaren is still with Vitagraph. Virginia Dare is not. "The Anonymous Letter" is a foreign play. Yes, Clara Kimball Young has had considerable stage experience.

R. M. E., Moline.—Violet Horne was the girl with Vivian Prescott in "Foreign Spies" (Imp).

Mary S. S., Brooklyn.—It is too bad, poor child, that you cannot sleep, thinking of Carlyle Blackwell so much. And love at first sight, too! You know, the Photo-play Philosopher says that "Love is blind, so how can there be love at first sight?" Afraid we cant help you. You have got it too bad.

Blanche L., Illinois.—Vedah Bertram played in "Broncho Billy Outwitted," "Western Hearts" and "Story of Montana." She did not play in "An Indian's Friendship."

G. W., Poughkeepsie.—Ormi Hawley was the postmaster's daughter in "The Good-for-Nothing." Nestor Co. is located at Hollywood, Cal. Tell your friend not to ask Biographs.

N. S., Mobile.—Leah Baird and Maurice Costello are on the front cover of the January issue; Alice Joyce, February. In the story, "The Night Before Christmas," Ruth was Leah Baird, Maurice Costello the father, and Miss Navarro the wife, Helen Costello was the child. Julia Gordon was the duchess in "The Days of Terror."

Wilbur, New York.—So you are interested in Olga, 17. We cant tell you anything about her. She is one of our regular cash customers. Richard Rosson was Tom O'Grady in "O'Hara, Squatter" (Vitagraph).

Y. B. A. Johnson; Minnehaha C. C.; J. B., Jr.; H. P., Portland; Black-Eyed Susan; J. M. S., Staten Island; Celia; R. E. K., Fort Worth, have been answered before.

Bobby R. B.—In "The Mayor from Ireland," J. P. McGowan was Shamus, Jack Clark, Terry, and Gene Gauntier was Bridget.

Rhodisha.—The sheriff in "Misleading Evidence" (Pathé) was Joseph Gebhart.

J. S., Brooklyn.—The girl is Lillian Christy. Mary Fuller was the lead in "Modern Cinderella" (Edison).

I. L., Marysville.—The two plays you mention are not Edisons, but Biographs.

Dixie Lou.—Thomas Santschi was Jim, and Lillian Haywood his sister in "The Pity of It" (Selig). The old hag in "Buster and the Gypsies" was Jennie Nelson.

Twin Sisters.—Howard Missimer was the clown, and Evebelle Prout the circus girl in "Not on the Circus Program." E. H. Calvert had the lead in "From the Submerged."

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"The Mills of the Gods"	Solax
"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
"A Good Turn"	Lubin
"The Joke That Spread"	Vitagraph
"The Substitute Heiress"	Lubin
"A Bunch of Wild Flowers"	Nestor
"House That Jack Built"	Kinemacolor
"A Good Catch"	Essanay
"The Amateur Ice Man"	Lubin
"The Redemption of Slivers"	Essanay
"The Sheriff of Stony Butte"	Bison
"The Awakening of Bianca"	Vitagraph
"The Stubbornness of Youth"	Lubin
"Love's Labor Lost"	Vitagraph
"Coronets and Hearts"	Vitagraph

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VIOLET E. Z.—No, it is not Mary Pickford, but one of the other nameless Biographs.

OLIE, N. TROY.—Beverly Bayne was the wife in "The House of Pride."

OLGA, 17.—Good-morning, Olga, you here again? E. K. Lincoln was the son of the governor in "The Scoop" (Vitagraph). You say "Oh! it must be beautiful to be loved by an assassin!" And you admire George Cooper because he is so "villainous." The cry seems to be: "Let George do it." We tried to translate your shorthand, but we haven't got your system.

GERTIE.—Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Little Organ-Player of San Juan." Thomas Santschi was the padre. Guy Coombs is in Jacksonville.

LITTLE ROCK.—Mary E. Ryan was the girl in "His Western Way" (Lubin) and not Ethel Elder. Send direct to the company for pictures of players.

LILLIE R. L.—William Russell played opposite Florence LaBadie in "Miss Robinson Crusoe" (Thanhouser).

KID WALKER.—William Clifford is not with Méliès. "Neptune's Daughter" was taken on Lake Superior.

PEST writes as follows: "A Happy New Year, and may you live long and happy, and may you bring up your children in the fear and love of God. Amen." We are very grateful, indeed, but please omit the children, of which we have none.

RUTH L. A.—Arthur Johnson was the physician in "The New Physician" (Lubin). Marc McDermott and Miriam Nesbitt had the leads in "The New Squire" (Edison).

F. G. S., READING.—George Reehm was Jack, and Frances Ne Moyer the poor girl in "His Father's Choice" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was Frank in "Harbor Island" (Selig). Yes.

PEGGIE.—We are willing to answer your questions about Motion Pictures, but not about the legitimate stage.

F. E. G., NEW YORK.—We are not certain about players' eyes, hair, etc. That all comes out in the Chat.

E. C. S., SHERBROOKE.—Thomas Moore was Tom in "Battle of Wits." Jane Gale was the dying mother in " 'Twixt Love and Ambition." Edwin August is Smiling Jo in the Powers plays. He appeared in "The Wheels of Fate," "The Tramp Reporter" and "On Burning Sands" (Powers). That's Virginia Chester on the left, in the Christmas tree. It would have saved time and space if we had printed a chart with the players' names. Hundreds of drops of ink has that artist caused us by not labeling the pictures.

JOSIE, OF BOSTON.—You will have to judge for yourself whether G. M. Anderson has a crooked nose or not. You have seen it enough to know. But what difference does it make? Why didn't you send all your letters in one envelope and save six cents?

M. M., FREDERICK.—Florence LaBadie was the girl in "Undine."

NELLIE L. J., AKRON.—Paul Kelley was the boy in "Six o'Clock."

PURCELL.—George C. Stanley was the sheriff in "Redemption of Red Rube" (Vitagraph). Miriam Nesbitt was the wife in "Jim's Wife" (Edison). William Humphrey was the marquis in "A Tale of Two Cities" (Vitagraph). They are pretty old.

E. H., MASS.—Biograph Co., 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

J. X. W.—Haven't heard Florence Lawrence's plans at this writing.

F. E. G., NEW YORK.—Yes, we knew that Maurice Costello's picture was on one page and Edgar Jones' on the other side; you will have to buy two magazines in order to frame both. See? Phyllis Gordon was Helen in "The Vintage of Fate."

A. A. M., NEW YORK.—We printed Zena Keefe's picture in April and November, 1912.

P. D. G. P.—Howard Mitchell was the thief in "The Missing Finger." Bessie Sankey appears to be the leading lady for Anderson.

P. R. L., OAKLAND; J. R. C., PHILADELPHIA; D. SELVA; B. B., NEW YORK; SEÑORITA M. F.; MISS FLORA O. have been answered before.

PAULINE F. R.—Hazel Neason still with Kalem; Mary Fuller still with Edison, and Lillian Walker is still with Vitagraph.

J. R. W.—Mr. Bushman's middle name is Xavier.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The player is Janet Salsbury.

PEACHES AND CREAM.—Mr. Kerrigan has never asked us to have one of his cigarets, so cannot oblige you as to the particular brand he smokes. But do you consider that a proper question? We dont. Harry Myers is with the Lubin yet.

BLONDE, CHICAGO.—Yes, yes, yes, it is Mary Pickford. Should think you would know her by this time, with all the publicity she gets.

CUPID, CORSICANA, salutes us with "Dear Exhausted Creature." Not quite exhausted; there are still hopes of reviving. American Co. is at Santa Barbara, Cal.

V. E. L., NEW YORK.—Martha Russell was Mrs. Marr in "The Return of William Marr" (Essanay). The lead in the Western Lubin is Romaine Fielding, and in the other company it is Edgar Jones.

PERCY, ST. JOSEPH.—No, no! Edna Flugrath is not dead. Augustus Phillips is still with Edison.

E. G., SELMA.—"A Clue to Her Parentage" was the sixth of the series of "What Happened to Mary."

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"A. H. S.," WELLAND, says: "If Miss McCoy is clever, can Bessie Learn?" Let him up, boys, he has a vote in this ward.

R. E. G., ATLANTA.—We believe Miss Roland and Miss Sais both have had stage experience. They both act as if they had.

A. W. J., CHICAGO.—Helen Costello was the child in "The Church Across the Way" (Vitagraph). Jessie Stuart was the lame girl in "A Double Danger" (Vitagraph). Helen Costello also played in "Lulu's Doctor." That play was never fictionized by us.

LOUISE, BROOKLYN.—Read this department monthly and keep posted; we do not recall the play you cite. You had also better read the rules on page 162 of the April, 1912, issue.

E. O., SAN FRANCISCO.—Mignon Anderson was the girl in "Frankfurters and Quail."

FRANK B.—William Duncan had the part you ascribe to Tom Carrigan.

MARY P., CLEVELAND, adds a postscript: "Will not bother you any more this year," dated December 31, 1912. Edgar Jones has been playing with Lubin since last spring.

S. W., OMAHA.—William J. Bowman was Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" (Thanhouser). Leo Delaney was the spy, and Leah Baird was Annette in "Days of Terror." No, Mrs. Baggot is not an actress.

KISSER.—Miss Fannie Midgely plays with Méliès.

H. H., SANDAW.—There is no William Barrett with Vitagraph.

M. M. K.—In "The Pony Express Girl," Marin Sais was the girl, and she and Ruth Roland played in "Death Valley Scotty's Mine" (Kalem).

V. S. M., CHICAGO.—We cannot print Charles Clary's picture. James Cruze is with Thanhouser.

THE PEST.—Reading your letters is one of the delights of our job. You are a regular walking encyclopedia of Motion Picture information. How is it you haven't asked us to write in that album of yours yet? But dont ask, we wont. We are mad now. Mary Ryan was the girl, and Robyn Adair was Robert, while Romaine Fielding was the silent one in "The Power of Silence."

AN INTELLIGENT PITTSBURG FAN.—Mary E. Ryan was the girl in "The Forest Ranger" (Lubin).

P. F., LOS ANGELES.—Come out of it—are you having a dream about Flossie? Flossie isn't Crane Wilbur's wife, but we guess she is willing to be.

SUMMER GIRL, CHICAGO.—Kalem has no permanent Chicago studio. A letter sent in care of the home office will be forwarded.

PAULINE E.—Yes, we can advise you what is the best medicine to cure the stage-fever. Just try it for a week or two; or rather, just *try* to try it. You have about three chances in ten thousand. We know of no Licensed companies who are going Independent. There will probably be no change in the Licensed companies.

BUCK D. V.—No, we fear it was not real snow in "Madeline's Christmas." It was only paper snow.

MRS. F. F. S.—Ormi Hawley and Jack Halliday had the leads in "Shepherd's Flute" (Lubin).

LENORE, ST. LOUIS.—Charles Hitchcock was Herbert in "The Letter" (Essanay). Mildred Weston and Dolores Cassinelli were the girls in "The Money" (Essanay).

INTERESTED.—It was Thomas Santschi.

M. R., JOHNSTOWN.—Edgar Jones was the doctor in "The Physician of Silver Gulch." In "Fixing a Flirt," Frances Ne Moyer was Bess.

I. W., BEAVER FALLS.—Mabel Taliaferro played only in one Selig. You have to be more than pretty to pose for pictures.

PEGGY.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman leads in "Between Love and Law."

F. G. D., NEBRASKA.—Harry R. Morgan played the coach in "The Stroke Oar" (Lubin). Edwin Boulden played the husband in "Holding the Fort."

"FLOSSIE," GRAMERCY PARK.—We believe you know the original and only genuine Flossie. Your letter sounds as if you did.

C. M., SACRAMENTO.—Write Vitagraph for those pictures.

KID LIZ, OAKLAND.—Farle Williams is not bashful in his love-making, as you state. He goes about it very systematically.

E. M., ATLANTIC CITY.—Marie Eline's parents act in the pictures sometimes. Now, please dont write and ask who they are.

G. I. K., CHICAGO.—You need instructions as to how to send in your questions. You must not ask about relationship, ages, vacations of players, etc. We are always glad to answer questions of general information.

L. E. F., BROOKLYN.—The players you mention are regular players. That new concern has not started as yet.

V. H. AND V. S., DALLAS.—Anna Stewart was Annie, and Earle Williams was Dr. Ferguson in "Song of the Sea-Shell."

HENRY B. R.—Hazel Neason was the author of "A Night Before Christmas."

A. B., BUFFALO.—So far as we remember, May Buckley is not on the "Tree of Fame," in the January issue.

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FLOSSIE, BROOKLYN.—Everybody is signing Flossie now. Edith Storey lives where her chat says she does.

PLUNKETT.—Burton King was Burt in "Ranch Mates" (Lubin). Edward Coxen was Tom in "The Chaperon Gets a Ducking" (Kalem). "Where is Henry Walthall?" Keep off the grass.

KITTY W., COLUMBUS; WADE H.; D. J., KANSAS; L. A. M.; D. H., TEXARKANA; MISS JUNIE; TEDDY R.; F. M. M., IOWA; JUDY AND RUTH; F. S. B., ZANESVILLE; P. K., READING; A. T. K., CLEVELAND; PEGGY, MARIETTA; W. V. A.; BESSIE C. I.; INDIAN GIRL; E. M., WASH.; FLUFFY; ALEX; R. M., MASS.; GEORGE, MONTREAL, and RAMONA F. have all been answered before.

E. J. C., BROOKLYN.—The "dark room" where negatives are developed is a room not merely dusky, but a room which has no white light. Red lights are used mostly.

A. H. S., WELLAND.—Rosemary Theby is one of Vitagraph's leading ladies. We know of no "best" company to whom you may send scenarios.

GOSHEN FAN.—Normand MacDonald was the old man in "The Iron Heel" (Essanay).

JANET, MILWAUKEE.—Charles Clary was Steve in "The Fire-Fighter's Love." June, 1912, issue is obtainable at this office.

M. W., MISHANAKA.—Edna Payne was the girl in "A Girl's Bravery" (Lubin). Jennie MacPherson is leading lady for Gem, opposite Billy Quirk. Irving Cummings was the brother in "The Brother of the Bat" (Reliance).

U. S. W., NEW YORK.—Henry Walthall left Reliance some time ago. Dont ask us where he is. Pathé wont give us the leads in "Saved at the Altar." Perhaps they have the names copyrighted so we cannot use them.

MARGUERITE, BROOKLYN.—You refer to Ormi Hawley. Augustus Phillips is one of Edison's leading men.

CHICK AND MICK.—The picture you refer to is a "State Rights" film. Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnelle are with Edison.

PEGGY AND PERCY.—No, John Bunny is not dead. He was only loaned to Hammerstein by the Vitagraph Co. for a limited time.

"RED ROSE," BROCKTON.—Write direct to the American for pictures of players.

HELEN, PORTLAND.—George Melville was Ffolliott, and Sidney Olcott was Conn in "The Shaughraun" (Kalem). The little girl was Henriette O'Beck.

H. V. G.—We dont happen to know the light-haired boy in "The Little Woolen Shoe" (Edison).

H. M., LOS ANGELES.—Florence LaBadie, Jean Darnell, William Garwood and William Russell have gone to California.

W. L. B., WACO.—Frank A. Lyons was President Taft in "The Money Kings" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell was Jack in "The Two Runaways" (Kalem). Gwendoline Pates is still with Pathé Frères.

G. E. L., ATLANTA.—Write Miss LaBadie at the home office.

FLO G. D.—In "The Fatherhood of Buck McGee" we do not know the name of the little girl. In "For the Sake of the Papoose" (Pathé), Miss Mason had the lead. George Cooper was Bunch in "Wanted a Sister," and James Young was Tom.

A. H. S., WELLAND.—Betty Cameron was leading lady in "Brave, Braver, Bravest" (Lubin). Some class to those daffydowndillies you sent in.

M. B., OMAHA.—We are not sure whether the player you mention ever played on the stage; anyway, we dont answer such questions.

MISS JUNE.—Betty Harte was Mabel in "How the Cause Was Won" (Selig). She is no longer with Selig, having joined Universal.

E. M. C. J.—John Bunny and Mabelle Lumley had the leads in "Michael McShane, Matchmaker" (Vitagraph).

C. O. D., LAURIUM.—Mabel Trunnelle is the girl in "A Game of Chess."

F. S., NEW JERSEY.—Evelyn Selbie, formerly with Méliès, is now with Essanay.

S. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—Please give name of the company. Expect to have a chat with Warren Kerrigan soon.

D. N. J., BROOKLYN.—Arthur Johnson was chatted in February, 1912; Florence Lawrence in December, 1911. We never had a chat with Marion Leonard.

NANCY JANE.—Marion Cooper was Nancy in "The Battle in the Virginia Hills" (Kalem). So you think Benny of Lubinville speaks with too much authority. Why not? He is a *very* important and useful lad.

I. E., SOMERVILLE.—Jane Wolfe played opposite Carlyle in "The Two Runaways." Thomas Santschi had the lead in "Opitsah." Sidney Olcott was the priest in "Ireland the Oppressed" (Kalem). Charles Compton was Bud in "The Stroke Oar" (Lubin). And in "A Mother's Strategy" Mary Smith was Mrs. Reeves.

FRISKY TRIXIE.—Your letter was very interesting, and it took us ten minutes to read it. We are afraid we cant do anything for you. Better consult Dr. Cupid. Mr. Costello expects to return to Brooklyn about the middle of September.

A. E. L., DETROIT.—Max Linder is not playing for Pathé any more.

"CARLE," PHILA.—Gene Gauntier was Claire Ffolliott in "The Shaughraun."

VITAGRAPH

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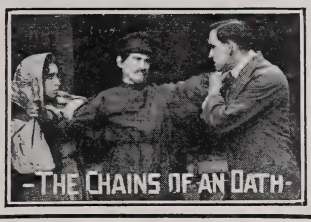
Released Friday, February 14th



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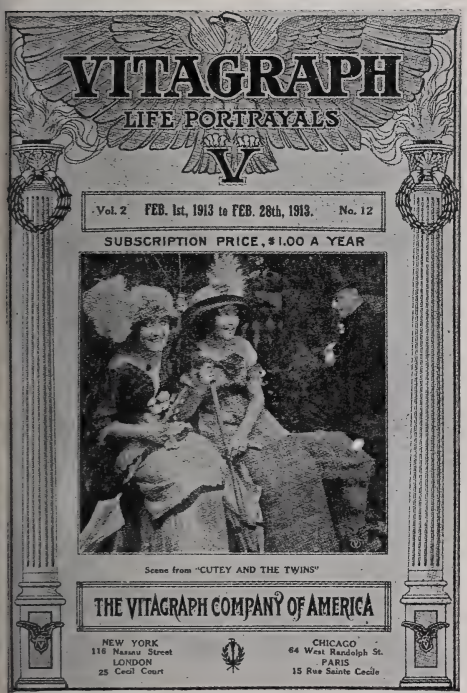
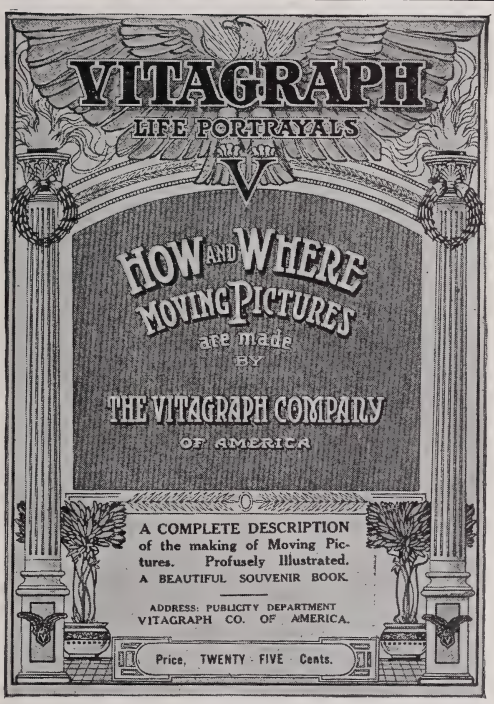
Released the latter part of February

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ELAINE V., ST. LOUIS.—Julia Swayne Gordon was Mrs. Thornwell in "Two Women and Two Men" (Vitagraph).

A. H. S., WELLAND.—Courtenay Foote and Rosemary Theby had the leads in "The Reincarnation of Karma" (Vitagraph).

H. M.—Will see about printing a picture of Brinsley Shaw.

A. C., HERKIMER.—The "Thanhouser Kid" is Marie Eline, and the "Thanhouser Kidlet" is Helen Badley, and the "Thanhouser Twins" are the Fairbanks Sisters.

GEORGE R. T.—Write direct to Imp for King Baggot.

BEULAH, TORONTO.—Marguerite Snow was the bride in "A Niagara Honeymoon."

MARGARET, CHICAGO.—Passed your letter along to the editor for a picture of Julia Swayne Gordon.

MILDRED G., WILLIMANTIC.—As the Greenroom Jotter says, "More sad news." We have heard, indirectly, that Lottie Pickford is married, and is not playing. Too bad.

LILY C.—Start your subscription any time you want to. Earle Williams was leading man in "Church Across the Way;" Rose Tapley, the spy in "The Money Kings."

KATHRYN E., WASHINGTON.—Lester Cuneo was Pete, and Rex de Rosselli was New Stare in "The Ranger and His Horse" (Selig).

CHICK AND MICK.—Say, why dont you sign something else? Some ships permit film companies to take pictures on board. It was a genuine ship in the picture you refer to. Harry Northrup was leading man in "Sue Simpken's Ambition."

MICKEY, MILWAUKEE.—In "Love and Law," Lillian Christy was the girl, Wallace Reid was John Allen, and Edward Coxen was Tom.

F. E. GRAYCE.—Sorry, my dear, but we dont intend to make a list of the good-looking players who are not married. Suppose you are setting a trap for Tom Moore now. Please let this sink in: *this is no matrimonial bureau!*

PATSY, FREDERICTON.—Harry Benham is "the good-looking fellow," but he's married. Cleo Ridgely and her husband have both acted in pictures. We saw one only the other night.

H. A. F., MILWAUKEE.—Judson Melford played in "The Two Runaways" and "The Power of a Hymn" (Kalem).

E. M. C., LOS ANGELES.—Thomas Moore is Alice Joyce's leading man. Warren Kerrigan is with American.

J. R. S., BROOKLYN.—We have already given the cast for "A Night Before Christmas," but, after seeing the play, wish to say that Maurice Costello was John Corbin, Leah Baird was his wife, Miss Navarro was Ruth, and Helen Costello was Helen.

M. H.—William Clifford had the lead in "Making Good" (Méliès). Hobart Bosworth was leading man in "Atala."

MURIEL T.—Most of your questions are against the rules. Just because Earle Williams played in "The Woman Haters" you think he hates women. He does not.

HENRY B. R.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Ranger and His Horse." By "stage child" we mean a child who has played upon the stage. You probably will see pictures of Maurice Costello before September 13, when he is to return to Brooklyn.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Mary E. Ryan was the bride in "His Western Way." Our cards do not tell "just why Romaine Fielding wears so many of them brass things in his leather overalls."

GLADYS B.; FLORA O., NEW YORK; HAZEL J., LOS ANGELES; R., DAYTON; EMILY, CLEVELAND; F. N. D. S.; VIRGINIA; THE MOVIE GIRL; EXPECTANT; ANITA M.; LAUGHING WATERS; F. M. M.; MARION M.; A SUB; E. G., PHILADELPHIA; C. F., BROOKLYN; IRISH; BESS; "PHOEBES," WESTFIELD; DOROTHY L.; MYRTLE B. P.; A. G., JAMAICA; BROWN-EYED KENTUCKIAN; PEGGY; FEATHERHEAD; A. N. F., NEWARK, and TWO BROKENHEARTED have all been answered before.

DOLORES AND BLANCHE.—Please give name of company always. Ormi Hawley was the girl in "Satin and Gingham" (Lubin).

SOPHIE N., WILMINGTON.—Virginia Westbrooke was Maggie in "At Cripple Creek."

(UNSIGNED) HUMBOLDT.—Adele Lane was Edna in "The Sand Storm" (Lubin), and Burton King was Joe. Ruth Stonehouse was Mrs. Brown in "The Browns Have Visitors."

OLGA, 17.—The top of the morning, Olga. Send in your poem for Crane Wilbur, but we cannot say whether it will be printed. Those things take time. We didn't see that Edison. Harold Lockwood was the "handsome Frank Franklyn" in "Harbor Island" (Selig). We are always glad to read your interesting letters. Writing is O. K.

TOM A. F. AND M. D.—Florence Turner still plays for Vitagraph. She is not ill.

H. B. H., EL PASO.—See August, 1912, in this department for difference between Licensed and Independents.

A NEW READER.—But you must sign your name and address; we only publish the initials. You refer to Bessie Eyton.

MISS DE MOINES.—Harry Benham was the policeman in "Big Sister." George Cooper was "Bunch" Andrews in "Wanted a Sister."

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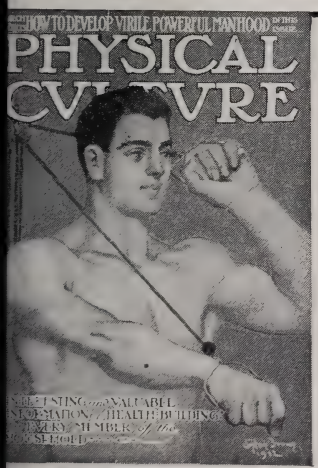

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MARJORIE A. G.—Universal Co. is the head of several producing companies. They have charge of distributing the films, and also of distributing the scripts to the various companies. Warren Kerrigan is in Santa Barbara, Cal.

E. L. H., LOUISIANA.—Mignon Anderson was the girl in "Thunderbolt." Kalem releases four a week. Alright, call Gene Gauntier the "Queen of Photoplay."

J. S., BROOKLYN.—The "i" in Vitagraph is pronounced long, as in "life." That eye never sleeps. In asking Mr. Hoagland, of Pathé Frères, what C. G. P. C. stands for, he says: "Hist, it's a secret."

MARY P., CLEVELAND.—Oh, you mustn't ask about height, width and weight of an actor; thinkest thou that we have nothing to do but go and measure them? Clara Williams was the mother and daughter in "Parson James."

A. W. W. W., CANADA.—Frances Cummings was Sarah in "The Talker" (Lubin). Romaine Fielding was the Cringer in that play. "Rube Marquard Wins" is too old for us to print in the magazine. The stories usually appear in the magazine long before the films are out. We think that all of the advertisers in our magazine are reliable.

A. B., ANNABEL.—Marshall Neilan was the favorite son in "The Favorite Son."

R. S., ROCHESTER.—Vedah Bertram was the school-teacher in "Under Mexican Skies." Well, by the time Maurice Costello retires, you fans will have a new idol.

H. G. S.—For heaven's sake, dont start anything like that! Why dont we start a contest to see who can turn in the largest number of queries?

L. T. X. Y. Z.—You refer to Marguerite Snow.

L. F., SALT LAKE CITY.—The title of Mr. Sargent's book is "The Technique of the Photoplay." Write direct to the *Moving Picture World.*

JEAN R. B., NAPA.—Robert Burns is with the Western Vitagraph, at Los Angeles.

M. E. D., BROOKLYN.—Harry Myers was the lead in "Just Maine Folks." Charles Arthur in "The Last Rose of Summer." Francelia Billington appears to be playing opposite Carlyle Blackwell now.

FLORENCE C. P.—William Duncan was Buck in "Buck's Romance." Myrtle Stedman was the Indian girl in the same play.

ELSIE B. N. AND GINE M. A.—Yes, Harry Mainhall plays leads. Charles Arthur was Charles in "For the Love of a Girl" (Lubin).

P. O. E., ANN ARBOR.—William Russell was the brother, and Jean Darnell the sister in "Put Yourself in His Place."

"PEARL E."—Leah Baird's picture in this issue.

R. M., LEAVENWORTH.—Mildred Bracken was the girl in "Tempest-Tossed."

J. T. O., SAN FRANCISCO.—Please dont write or circulate such reports; Rose Tapley is not Maurice Costello's wife.

DIXIE, BATON ROUGE.—Yes, Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "A Lucky Fall."

CLARIBEL.—William Garwood and Mignon Anderson had the leads in "Frankfurters and Quail." Frances Shannon was Virginia in "Virginius" (Reliance).

LOUISE R. M., NEW YORK.—Bessie Eyton was Mrs. Young in "Greater Wealth."

THE GEW-GAW.—No, Louise Lester is not as tough as she looks in the "Calamity Anne" series.

MARGUERITE L. H.—Harry Myers was Harry, and Marie Weirman was Marie in "By the Sea."

BIOGRAPH FRANK, HOBOKEN.—Yes, pictures have been taken of "Paterson Falls."

A SUBSCRIBER, X. Y. Z.—Do please sign your name hereafter. "The Heart of Esmeralda" was taken at Bat Cave, N. C., by Vitagraph.

WINNIE, LOWELL.—Marshall Neilan was the lead in "A Mountain Tragedy" (Kalem). Oh, we couldn't think of answering your Biograph.

BETTY.—Frances Ne Moyer was the daughter, and William Carr the smuggler in "The Smuggler" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was Bob in "The Trustee of the Law" (Lubin). Richard Stanton had the lead in "Linked by Fate" (Méliès).

F. E. G., NEW YORK.—Marty Fuller is Jack the boy in "His Mother's Hope" (Edison), and Barry O'Moore is Jack grown up. Now dont ask if Marty is Mary Fuller's child. Gwendoline Pates in "His Second Love."

BESSIE C. I.—Get your postals of players and photographs direct from the companies with which they are connected.

S. M. G., BROOKLYN.—Lew Myers was the "Jew" in "The Man They Scorned."

FRANK D., BROOKLYN.—Cannot give you that Pathé Frères information.

FLO, N. Y.—Mignon Anderson was the teacher in "The Truant's Doom."

ANTHONY.—Owen Moore is still with Victor. Yes, Pearl White is as sweet as she looks—at least, *we* think so.

A. W. W., CANADA.—Frances Ne Moyer was the maid in "The Hindoo's Charm" (Lubin). "A Leap-Year Lottery" is an old Lubin.

MISS L. J. C.—Edith Storey is with the Flatbush Vitagraph. "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked" can be had direct from us for $1.50, postage 15c.

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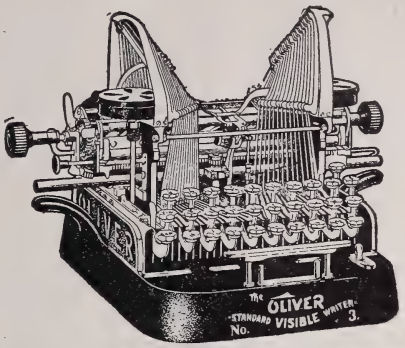

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SUSIE K.—"A Corner in Whiskers" is an Essanay, not a Vitagraph. William Mason, not Carlyle Blackwell, was the young inventor. You are all twisted.

L. M. G., DUBUQUE.—We are afraid your $15 a week as a teamster would not induce Miss Stonehouse to leave Essanay. She is making a little more than that.

JOYCE BLACKWELL.—Thomas Santschi was "Sammy Orpheus" in the play of that title. Edward is E. K. Lincoln's first name, and some call him "Pretty Ed." Bessie Eyton was the lead in "Shanghaied." You've got Myrtle Stedman and Kathlyn Williams all mixed up. We were right in "Fighting Instinct."

WEST END GIRL, ST. LOUIS.—Eddie Lyons was Percy in "Percy, the Bandit" (Nestor). Lee Moran was the lead in "When the Heart Calls." William Ehfe was Tom in "Tempest-Tossed."

M. R. R., HUNTINGTON.—Normand MacDonald was Colonel Zeno in "Ghosts" (Essanay). Charles Huntington and Eleanor Blanchard were Mr. and Mrs. Dixon. Mae Marsh was Carlyle Blackwell's sister in "The Parasite" (Kalem). Where is she now? You are treading on forbidden soil.

FLORIDA.—Miriam Cooper and Guy Coombs had the leads in "Saved from Court-martial." Why, of course, it was a trick picture. You dont suppose an actress is going to let a rattlesnake bite her, do you?

RENO RUTH, N. Y. C.—Your poem is good, but we haven't room to print it. Thanks just the same.

LITTLE RHODY.—So you couldn't solve how the picture of Benjamin Wilson was taken. Well, they were two separate pictures, pasted on a piece of cardboard in that arrangement: one of our "trick pictures."

DONNA JUANNA.—Yes, Mary Pickford is on the stage in "A Good Little Devil." We thought everybody knew that; and now they will.

JEWEL.—Hazel Neason was Faith in "Flag of Freedom" (Kalem). Jessalyn Van Trump is not with Kalem.

L. F., CHICAGO.—Harry Mainhall was Joe in "Sunshine" (Essanay).

JOE, BAYONNE.—Alice Joyce really ran the engine in "A Race with Time."

C. E. K., BATH BEACH.—Dont know of any company that would take your $5,000 and enroll you as one of their leading actors, simply because you can drive a motor-cycle, single or tandem.

W. O. H., WASHINGTON.—Jack Nelson was Paul Worthington, and LaFayette McKee was Col. Colfax in "Loyal Deserter."

MISS A. G., ALBANY.—Your letter was signed all right.

MISS COXEN COOPER, SOUTH ORANGE, says: "Dont you think if you keep on being so witty you will give out after a while?" Oh, no—never! We are a perennial working encyclopedia of wit and humor. We keep it in sacks in a storage warehouse, and we haven't used up the first bag yet. Brinsley Shaw is usually the villain in Western Essanay.

THE GEW-GAW.—We wish you would lose that name and get a new one. William Garwood was John Henderson in "Six-Cylinder Elopement" (Thanhouser). Florence Turner was Betty in "While She Powdered Her Nose."

PATTY AND PEGGY.—Thomas Moore was William in "The Pilgrimage."

SUSIE G.—Irving Cummings was Dr. Randolph in "Men Who Dared" (Reliance). Mary Ryan was Maud in "The Blind Cattle King." Harold Lockwood was Dustin Lains, and George Hernandez was Pike A. Long in "Millionaire Vagabonds" (Selig).

M. J. P., THOMASVILLE.—Leo Delaney was a sculptor in "Rock of Ages." Lillian Christy has left Kalem for American. Arthur Johnson did not play in "Madeleine's Christmas."

CAMILLE, WASH.—Thomas Moore was the millionaire in "A Young Millionaire" (Kalem). Edna Payne was the girl, Edwin Carewe the policeman, and L. C. Phillips was Capt. Dane in "The Water-Rats" (Lubin). Harry Beaumont was Nellie's sweetheart in "Linked Together" (Edison). Marie Weirman and Mabel Harris were the girls in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin). Robyn Adair was the prospector in "The Sheriff's Prisoner." Now, is there anything more we can do for you? Clara Williams was the girl in "The End of the Feud" (Lubin).

PLUNKETT.—Guy Coombs and Miriam Cooper had the leads in "Rival Engineers."

F. F., NEW YORK.—Gertrude Robinson is leading lady for Reliance. We hear that Marion Leonard is back on the stage.

PEGGY O'NEILL.—Yes, to satisfy you, Edward K. Lincoln is a handsome chap, but dont tell the other girls.

M. A. D., RANCH 101.—Louise Lester was Anne Carey in "The Animal Within."

BUNNY.—Harry Morey was Adam, and Leah Baird was Eve in "Adam and Eve."

L. S., MILLVILLE.—Marguerite Snow played both parts in "The Woman in White."

M. E. M.—Mr. Fox was Billy Jay in "All for a Girl" (Vitagraph).

MOVIE LOONEY wishes we would "kid" the inquirers more. Yes, Ormi Hawley.

MERELY MARY ANNE.—Sidney Olcott was Conn, Helen Lindroth was Arte, and Alice Hollister was Moya in "The Shaughraun."

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ARDENT ADMIRER.—Thomas Moore was Bob in "Finger of Suspicion."

SNOOKS.—Yes, we think that Mr. Anderson has more than one shirt. Anyway, we are sure that he can afford to have two if he wants them.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Yes, Mr. Costello and family, etc., have gone to Egypt. They are labeled "The Globe-Trotters."

M. P., THOMASVILLE.—Dolores Cassinelli was Dolores in "From the Submerged." Gaumont is now Independent. "Fall of Troy" was released by "Itala."

MARY G.—William West was the old judge, and Jane Wolfe his wife in "Power of a Hymn." Knute Rahmn was the young judge.

H. K. M. K.—Pathé's "The Last Performance" was taken in Sweden, and the cast cannot be had. They are both Swedish players.

VARIOUS INQUIRERS.—If your answer does not appear, it is probably due to one of these reasons: (a) received too late for this issue; (b) question has been answered before, or is an improper one; (c) letter did not contain your correct name and address.

"MOVING PICTURE CRANK."—Thank you for the compliment. Dorothy Mortimer was the girl in "The Stroke-Oar," and Eleanor Middleton was Marie's mother in "By the Sea" (Lubin).

PAULINE E.—Evelyn Dominicus was the she-wolf in "The Mills of the Gods." Courtenay Foote and Tom Powers both played in "While She Powdered Her Nose."

A. D. H., BROOKLYN.—Irving White was John Norden in "When Love Leads."

MABELLE SEVARG.—Yes, Mignon Anderson was the cook, and William Garwood her lover in "Standing Room Only" (Thanhouser). Mildred Weston was Ruth in "A Record Romance" (Essanay). Francis Ford was Joe in "The Ghost of Sulphur Mountain." What are you doing; hunting up back numbers? If so, be sure and read this department before you write.

GUSSIE.—He must be a new one, "Phillip August"? Guess you mean Edwin, now of Powers, or is it Augustus Phillips, of Edison?

H. N. G., NEW YORK.—We are quite sure the players would not return presents that were sent to them, but we dont think they would care to receive them. First-day runs are much more expensive than commercials.

J. W. S.—Yes, Harry Northrup was the husband in "The Dawning" (Vitagraph).

LILY C.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "Chief White Eagle" (Lubin).

BILLY B.—By no means are Dolores Cassinelli and Dolores Costello the same person. The latter is about twelve; the former about—well, let us say twice that. Julia Mackley was the mother in "The Mother of the Ranch" (Essanay). Lubin release days are Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

L. W. B., N. Y.—Pearl White and Crane Wilbur had the leads in "Pals" (Pathé.) John Brennan was Tom. Herbert Glennon was Bill, and Ruth Roland was Nora in "A Hospital Hoax."

F. W., CHICAGO.—In "A Struggle of Two Hearts" (Lubin), Burton King was Rodney, and Edgar Jones the ex-convict. "Bunny at the Derby" was taken in London, and the fair one of the opposite sex is unknown.

L. H., ALBANY.—You refer to Thomas Moore.

F. W., R. I.—Clara Kimball Young played in "A Mistake in Spelling."

M. J. P., THOMASVILLE.—Baby Slendorn was the child in "Sunshine" (Essanay). No, no! when will you people learn that Alice Joyce is in New York, and that George Melford is director for the Glendale Kalem?

W. H. S. TRIO.—Gus Mansfield was the brother in "The Minister and the Outlaw" (Lubin). If we were to sit down and count the pictures that Crane Wilbur appears in every year, you wouldn't get any more questions answered for three months.

PAULA.—In "The Business Buccaneer" (Kalem), Earle Foxe was Mr. Hastings, and Thomas Moore was Miss Joyce's sweetheart. William Graybill is not with Thanhouser.

J. H., COLUMBIA.—Grace Foley was Baby Elsie in "Strange Story of Elsie Mason."

V. G. AND T., JACKSONVILLE.—Jolly Mae Hotely is just as jolly as ever. She is now in Jacksonville.

A. B., MONTGOMERY.—Charles Arthur was the Village Blacksmith in that play. Brookes McCloskey, Henrietta O'Beck, and Buster Johnson played in the "Buster" series.

T. B. A., NEWARK.—Yes, you may call and look us over, but you will have to do all your looking in less than a minute. We have no time for exhibition.

M. M., MCKEESPORT.—Now, now, dont send in a list of names and ask if your Biograph names are correct. Harold Wilson is with Eclair.

M. G. A., NEW JERSEY.—Clara Williams was the wife in "A Fugitive from Justice." Lillian Walker is at the Brooklyn studio.

V. DU B.—You had better read the rules of this department before sending your next questions.

A. D. M., LOCKPORT.—"A Day That Is Dead" was adapted from Tennyson's poem, "Break, Break, Break," and produced by Edison.

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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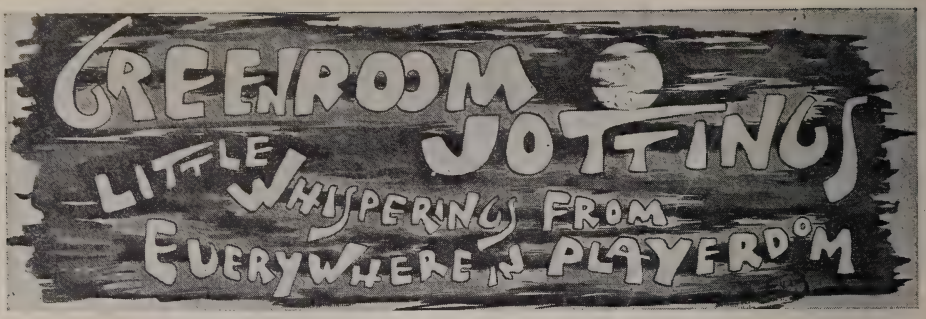

EDNA FLUGRATH (Edison) has just had a real thriller of an experience. In a recent picture she stood on the deck of a burning schooner with 200 pounds of gunpowder beneath her. Talk about the *boy* standing on the burning deck!

Harry Handworth, of the Pathé producing staff, has been putting on some big ones lately. Mr. Handworth has produced four spectacular two-reel subjects in the past few months. Dynamited bridges, wrecked trains and burning houses are daily occurrences with him.

Pearl White is an aeroplane enthusiast. Every Sunday she goes to Hempstead for a fly. She plans to own a machine herself this spring. Every one to her taste!

Helen Case (Nestor) starts in working again after a long absence from the films.

Francis Ford, formerly of Méliès, has gone to 101 Bison Company as a director.

Charles Seay, an Edison director, was a guest of honor at the Theater Club banquet at the Hotel Astor recently, where he gave a talk on educational films.

Powers is producing a three-reel film of "Snow White" in California. Work on this film is complicated, they say, by the popularity of the little folks in the picture with the regular Indians and cowboys of the company. At critical moments it is discovered that most of the young actors are off riding on pintos or whirling lariats.

Hughey Mack has broken into society. His Brooklyn friends recently tendered him a reception and blow-out at the Imperial Hotel. All prominent Vitagraphers danced attendance, of course.

Jane Gail is the most recent acquisition to the Imp force. She is playing leads with King Baggot, and playing them well. Mr. Baggot, by the way, is preparing a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde picture, arranging, directing and acting it himself.

Violet Horner, the "Little Melba" of the pictures, has had a comet-like career with the Imps. A little over a year ago she was singing in the choir of several Brooklyn churches. After one try as a "sub," she was advanced to leading parts, and her popularity is on the increase.

William Humphrey, its director, finally announces the release of "Chains of an Oath," a gripping Russian peasant picture featuring Mr. Humphrey and Miss Storey. We published the story in December, 1911.

Indians are not the only people who can act. In the beautiful "A Ballad of the South Seas," the Méliès Company had real Kanakas (natives) do most of the acting.

Victoria Forde, one of the leading ladies of the Bison Company (Universal), is doing good work. But why shouldn't she? She started with the Biograph!

Brinsley Shaw directed for the Niles Essanay Company during G. M. Anderson's recent absence in the East.

Adele Lane, formerly of the Lubin Company, and her husband, Director Burt L. King, are with Thomas H. Ince's N. Y. Motion Picture Company at Santa Monica, Cal.

Edna and Alice Nash are such real twins that their identities cause the Vitagraph directors a lot of trouble.

"The Golden Gully" (Méliès), taken in Australia, introduces the Barambah ladies and gentlemen as picture stars in their specialties of boomerang-throwing, fire-making and home-building. We are warned that they are cannibals, and our interviewer refuses to pick a bone with them.

Leo Delaney, while being rescued from a flooded cellar in "The Mouse and the Lion," received quite a bad knife-wound. If this hacking keeps up, the photoplayers will demand wooden knives.

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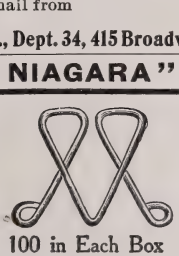

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Those who remember Dorothy Phillips as "Modesty" in the speaking play, "Everywoman," will be pleased to know that she is again with the Essanay Company.

Hazel Neason, formerly of the Vitagraph and Kalem companies, was married to Treasurer Smith, of the Vitagraph Company, early in January.

Ruth Stonehouse, of the Essanay Company, is a graceful exponent of fancy dancing, and the same is true of Carlyle Blackwell, of the Kalem Company. Now, why not have these companies exchange these players, so that they can play opposite each other in one Kalem and one Essanay production?

No, my children, John Bunny and Augustus Carney have not left the pictures. Both recently made appearances on the speaking stage, however.

Wally Van, the well-known society entertainer and actor, has joined the Vitagraph Company, and will soon be seen in "Beauty and the Twins."

Messrs. Kessel and Baumann are rich in this world's goods. Not only do they own the Kay-Bee and Broncho companies, but also over a hundred Indians. With every five Indians a chief is required, the former getting from $7 to $10 a week, and the latter from $10 to $12 a week.

Word has just come to us that the Vitagraph "Globe-Trotters": Costello, Ranous, James Young, Clara Kimball Young and the Costello children have arrived at Yokohama, Japan. Some interesting pictures were taken on the decks of the Pacific liner, *Tenyo Maru.*

Martha Russell, lecturer and late leading lady for the Essanay Company, has joined a new company—the Satex Film Company, of Austin, Texas.

Director Albert W. Hale, formerly with Pathé, Vitagraph and Thanhouser, sends us the best wishes of himself and fellow members of the Screen Club, and announces that he is now stage director for the Famous Players Film Company.

Gossip from Los Angeles had it that more players were needed on the Coast. Later reports state that players are plentiful, and as little as $1 a day is paid them, and seldom more than $5 a day.

The Thanhouser plant at New Rochelle, N. Y., was nearly destroyed by fire in early January.

More new companies: Barrieco Film Company, Cheyenne Features and Ryno Film Company. Like mushrooms, they spring up in a night, but let us hope that they will live longer.

On January 28 the Gaumont Company began publishing the *Gaumont Graphic,* which will be issued weekly. And still they come.

The "Jotter" announces a coming invasion of the Screen Club, that Mecca of picture players, and what he sees and hears there.

Carlyle Blackwell is doing difficult stunts these days. In "The Redemption" he starts as a thug, and gradually manufactures himself into a finished gentleman.

Crane Wilbur, the Pathé leading man, is well known in vaudeville as a writer of one-act plays. Mr. Wilbur is collecting royalties from several successful sketches that are now playing on the big time.

Kathleen Coghlin, aged seven, is the newest child actress. She plays the baby boy parts with Edison charmingly, and is just as nice as a wee little girl.

Octavia Handworth, leading lady with the Pathé Company, is not fond of snakes. In one scene of a recently produced picture play, they had to tie the head of a live five-foot reptile to the young lady's ankle—a ticklish situation, ladies! Miss Handworth squealed a little. Can you blame her?

The Kalem filming of Bronson Howard's famous war drama, "Shenandoah," started in Winchester, Va. (the historical locality), and is finishing at Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. Francis Powers, a director long connected with the Pathé Company, has left that firm, and is now with the Universal.

George Lessey, popular actor with Edison, has left the screen, to become one of the directors of the company.

Vivian Prescott (Imp) on a recent fishing trip caught three hundred pounds of fish —*she says!* Wonder why she confined herself to three hundred!

Chief Phillip, who was severely hurt several months ago when the 101 Bisons were taking a picture, has now recovered and is back with the company. He was cut with the rawhide lariat in a rescue scene, and spent several months in the hospital. His squaw and two little papooses visited him every day.

Whitey Horn (Nestor) falls from a telegraph-pole in his latest picture. Whitey is great at falling over precipices and such.

SPECIAL FEATURES

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Feb. 7, 1913

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A vivid portrayal of Western Frontier days, based upon historical incidents

A party of Western pioneers, while constructing a blockhouse, are guarded by a troop under Captain Steele. Crow, a renegade half-breed, tries to become friendly. He annoys Dot, the wife of Jim, a young settler, and is quickly repulsed.

Crow, infuriated at her scorn, incites the Indians to attack the settlers. The blockhouse is destroyed. Crow captures Dot before the attack and rides off toward the camp.

Jack, the sole survivor, manages to reach the young husband, who is away in the woods, and Jim and Captain Steele recapture Dot from the Indians, and in a hand-to-hand struggle with Crow, Jim avenges the fate of the pioneers.

Feb. 3, 1913

The Millionaire Cowboy

SELIG 2 Reels

A brilliant comedy which smacks of the clean humor of the Western Plains

During a wonderful exhibition of horsemanship and cowboy skill, "Bud," the foreman of the Diamond S Ranch, is handed a telegram summoning him to Chicago to claim a fortune left him by an uncle.

There he falls in love with and marries the stenographer in the office of his attorneys.

After a year he tires of the monotony of the life he leads and wires for the entire outfit to come on to Chicago and wake the town up. They carry out instructions elaborately, much to the embarrassment of Mrs. "Bud." After they leave, "Bud" embraces his wife and, to her great relief, whispers "Never again."

Jan. 31, 1913

A Tale of Old Tahiti

MÉLIÈS 2 Reels

Teria, the daughter of one of the most influential chiefs of Tahiti, falls desperately in love with a young French midshipman.

She pleads with her father to secure him for a husband. The French officers laugh at the idea.

The Chief orders him taken prisoner. He loves Teria, but loyalty to his country demands his return. He is held captive, despite his efforts, until an expedition from his vessel comes ashore and tears him away in the very height of his love, with only her last gift—a flower—by which to remember the sweetest experience of his existence.

Jan. 27, 1913

The Guiding Light

LUBIN 2 Reels

Peter Fife, keeper of the light at Casco Bay, lives alone with his 17-year-old daughter, born blind.

Harry, the girl's lover, saves all of his scant salary and gives it to Fife for an operation to restore Marie's sight. Dick Drayton is caught in the act of stealing the money and soundly thrashed. Bent on revenge, he extinguishes the light. Marie, through her quick wit and fortitude, restores the light, thereby saving Harry and his companions, who are in danger of being dashed on the rocks in the darkness.

The brave girl's reward comes in the form of a successful operation and her engagement to Harry.

Jan. 24, 1913

THE VENGEANCE OF DURAND; OR, THE TWO PORTRAITS

VITAGRAPH 2 Reels

Specially written for the Vitagraph Company by REX BEACH

The vengeance which he nurtured for another enters his own soul. The weapon, which he sharpened with jealousy and hatred and placed in the hand of his daughter, is turned against himself.

He is cut down in the fury of his wrath.

GENERAL FILM CO.

Princess Mona Darkfeather is not a real Indian, as most admirers of 101 Bison believe, but she has studied the Indians by living with them, speaks several Indian dialects, and owns much Indian jewelry, given her by the Blackfoot tribe.

Leo Wharton, Pathé director, contemplates a trip to Saranac Lake region. Wharton will take with him a large company, including Charles Arling and Gwendoline Pates, and will produce some large feature pictures with winter backgrounds.

Francelia Billington has been selected to succeed Alice Joyce in the Glendale (Cal.) branch of the Kalem Company, while Miss Joyce fills her engagement with the N. Y. Kalem Company.

Viola Dane, the little heroine in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," now making a hit in New York, is, in private life, Viola Flugrath, sister of Edna, and once a picture player with Edison, herself.

Mona Darkfeather's new pony, Comanche, is learning all sorts of tricks and feats, and is soon to take his place among the animal leads of the film.

Jack McGowan has piloted a special Kalem company to the hills of Alabama, to do mountaineer and "Cracker" pictures.

Ben Wilson, of Edison, is a great collector of steins. Well, better that than their contents!

Edwin August, with Powers, did a heroic deed lately. Dressed in his best—and you know what that means—he jumped into the water, and went to the rescue of a rowboat that was drifting away from its moorings. He rowed the boat back to shore with a lobster-crate. Truly, Necessity is the mother, etc.

Norma Talmadge in "Just Show People" will show herself in a thrilling flying-trapeze act. Courtenay Foote vows he will cut the ropes, but perishes instead.

Leonie Flugrath, the little girl of the Edisons, has just returned to the company after a season with Charles Cherry in "Passers-by" on the road.

Jane Fearnley, the beautiful blonde leading woman with Imp, was recently rescued from a picture-drowning by a stranger who had seen her realistic struggles from the shore. The rescue was successful, tho the picture was not.

Anna Q. Nilsson was recently thrown from a runaway army-wagon in Jacksonville, Fla., and badly hurt. She is under the best of care, and will, let us hope, soon be herself again.

Louise Glaum (Powers) appears again in a recent film as a boy. She takes a boy's part with delightful demureness, as witness the college lad in "His Friend Jimmie."

Laura Sawyer is passionately fond of pets. During a recent trip to Bermuda, she carried with her cages filled with her rabbits, cats, dogs and squirrels, and several tanks of goldfish.

Alice Joyce has been absent from the Kalem (N. Y.) studio, quite seriously ill. We take great pleasure in announcing her complete recovery, and her return, to show herself to her army of friends.

Edith Storey, Ned Finley, Herbert L. Barry and their field company have returned to the Vitagraph studio, after creating "The Strength of Men," an unusually powerful French-Canadian backwoods photoplay.

Richard Neill has just returned from California with a tale of woe. During the taking of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" he fell so realistically from his horse that he broke his shoulder-bone. And in lieu of a physician, Mr. Neill actually set the bone himself, against the pommel of his saddle!

The irrepressible John Bunny has burst out into vaudeville monolog at Hammerstein's Victoria, New York. It is by special permission of the Vitagraph Company, and he will have to forego a tour in person.

Fred Mace's "Battle of Who-Run" (Keystone) is said to have cost $25,000, the powder and cartridges alone costing $1,000.

Somebody has named Augustus Carney (Essanay) the "Gibraltar of Fun." Then what can we call Bunny?

J. S. Dawley, in charge of the Edison Western players, writes that he has settled for the winter with a finely equipped studio at Long Beach, Cal.

It looked like a conspiracy against the camera-men, but it was not. The Edison people were filming a story of mutiny on a burning powder-laden ship. The photographers were stationed in a shanty on the shore, and the ship was to be blown up. It was. But the concussion was too much for the shanty, which stood right up on its hind legs in protest. The window, at which one of the men had placed his camera, came down with a crash and spoiled the picture, but, by some miracle, the other stayed in place, and all was well.

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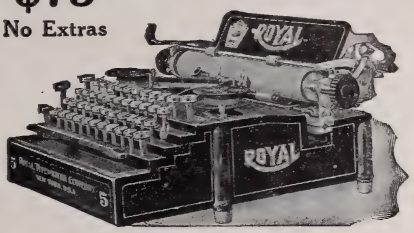

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

(*Continued from page* 126)

GENTLEMEN: I received your December copy of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and was well pleased with same. There is only one thing I dont like about your magazine, and that is: there is not enough said about the Thanhouser, American and Majestic players, who I think are better than all the others. I would love to read a chat with sweet little Gertrude Robinson, of the Reliance; Mabel Trunnelle, of the Majestic, and little Marie Eline, of the Thanhouser, who I think is the cleverest child-actress on the screen today.

I was told that Mary Pickford and her husband, Owen Moore, received the highest salaries of any actors in the picture work. Your magazine says Maurice Costello and Florence Lawrence do. Dont you care; we all know that Mary Pickford has caught handsome Owen Moore.

Please let us hear from some one beside Alice Joyce, Florence Turner, G. M. Anderson, and others. I think they have been given enough praise.

Eau Claire, Wis. Yours truly, VIVIAN.

P.S.—I think a contest for the "fan" sending in the longest list of names would be fine. Also a Beauty Contest.

Country gallants, as well as city ones, are not averse to speaking up for Miss Joyce. "Rube" sends in his opinion, and we take pleasure in printing it:

By gosh! I aint done no work fer days,
Fer visiting those gosh-dinged photoplays;
I'm losing my apertite, too, by heck!
If I dont look out my hum I'll wreck.
Cynthia says, with a look of dread:
You shurely must be off your head."
T'uther night, with Cynthia a-tow,
I tuk her to see the photoshow;
We set fer hours, as in er trance,
As cowboys across the curtain pranced.
Cynthia says, in a high-pitched key:
"Why, this'n 's better 'en a huskin'-bee."
The next picture that come afore our eyes,
From Cynthia brung many long-drawn sighs;
It show'd a villain, with w'iskers like a goat,
A-tyin' a beautiful gal with a rope.
I got right up and said: "By heck!
You tech that gal, and I'll break your neck!"
Says somebody behind, in a voice subdued:
"Sit down and shut up, you bonehead rube!"
I turned around and guv him a look,
I'd protect that gal frum any crook;
Fer aint I cut her photo out uv The M. P. S. Magazine,
And stuck ut up where ut could well be seen?
Fer, next tu Cynthia, this gal's my choice;
I'd leave mu hum fer Alice Joyce!

This comes from Eleanor Lewis, who has just found out the name of her favorite player—George Lessey, of the Edison Company:

Nowadays, 'most everywhere,
It's Motion Pictures, here and there.
"Who's your favorite?" one will cry;
Then I answer, with a sigh:
"I know him well—wish he knew me—
His name? Why, my Edison George Lessey."

This is a pretty one, from a little girl named Lillian Green:

Now when I go to the picture show,
I always try to see and know
If the big, blue eyes will look and see
The wistful ones turned up by me,
To catch a glimpse of my favorite choice—
The sweetest girl, whose name is Joyce!

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E. 15th STREET and LOCUST AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The criticism of C. W. F., of Nyack, regarding unhappy endings, was a match that caused a veritable explosion of theories and comments. We give a few of the pros and cons here. Much good matter has been elbowed out by lack of space:

EDITOR POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS:

I wish to speak in favor of photoplays with natural endings, whether they be sad or happy. The strongest, the most artistic photoplays have been the saddest. Proof of this is Vitagraph's dramas, too many to name; Kalem's Irish plays, and such dramas as "The Price of Ambition" and "The Higher Toll." The wonderful improvement in the photoplay work has been due to the portrayal of life as it is.

Burlington, Vt. L. V. A.

MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE:

I most decidedly do not agree with C. W. F. If all Motion Pictures were on the same lines, with the same termination, interest, in my opinion, would certainly cease. And then all endings are not, by any means, happy in life; why, then, such a contrast to life? A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR EDITOR: Just a line in defense of the photoplay with the unhappy ending. Many a good lesson has struck the home-plate by a fly batted by a sorrowful ending. It would never have done for us to have missed Anne Shaefer's beautiful work in Vitagraph's "Sunset," nor Gene Gauntier's and Jack Clark's brilliant bedroom scene from Kalem's "Romance of a Southern Belle."

Yonkers, N. Y. C. EDMUNDS.

EDITOR MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE:

An audience gathers to be amused; particularly as the present Motion Picture theatergoers are working people, mostly, why should they be put thru scenes of sorrow and sordidness? Why cant life's lessons be brought home as forcibly by a pleasant demonstration as by an unpleasant one? A SUBSCRIBER.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY:

I do not care whether the ending be sad if it is real. Real—that's the word. We do not want a picture of a bass drum rolling down the street, and a crowd of people chasing it. Stuff and nonsense! That was all right when Moving Pictures were first invented, but think of the progress we have made. I believe that "fact is more interesting than fiction."

Chicago. EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

"LOOK WHO'S HERE."

Supposin' they could fix it so 's
To make a photoplay
Wit' only stars in every pose,
De way I'm goin' to say.
Dere's such a crowd would take a roam
Dat cops would have no beat;
Dere 'd only be de cat at home,
An' weather on de street.

Imagin', girls, Costello
Handin' out the lovely guff;
If he was but your fella,
Would you ever have enuf?
Him an' Johnson would be rippin'
Wit' a Florence each apiece;
Bet dey'd keep your features slippin'
'S tho your face wuz stood on grease.

Anderson would come in handy
Pushin' villuns on their back;
Also Panzer is a dandy
When it comes to whale a whack,
And then, for fun, put Bunny in
As Mary Pickford's beau.
The "Bunny Hug" has made a din—
'Longside of these it's slow.

Gee whiz! an' Edith Storey
Might be on a horse's back,
Dat's where she got her glory,
An', by gosh! she was a crack.
An' if Bushman gets an invite,
He'll do things to scare your hair;
But if Mary Fuller's in right,
There'll be tears in your stare.

Dey 'd have to pick Miss Normand
For upsettin' people's face,
An' Crane Wilbur ought to storm an'
Make 'em make him up a place;
An' all we ask of Alice Joyce
Is just stay on and smile.
Miss Hawley may not like the choice—
We'll let her lead the style.

I better stop, before you think
I own this magazine,
I've done it just to try this ink
I made with Paris green.
But, honest, now, would you object
To see them in the "pink"?
If so, our pipes will not connect—
You need another sink.

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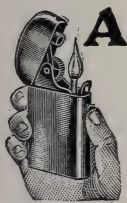

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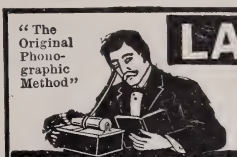

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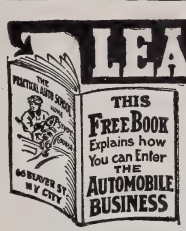

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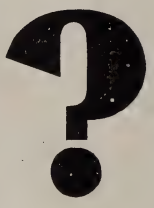

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business, No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $2; in foreign countries, $2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (2 or 1 cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us.

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Western, and New England Advertising Representative:
Pullen, Bryant & Fredricks Co., Chicago and Boston.

New York Office (Adv. Dep't only): Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

After reading these stories, ask your theater manager to show you the films on the screen!

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

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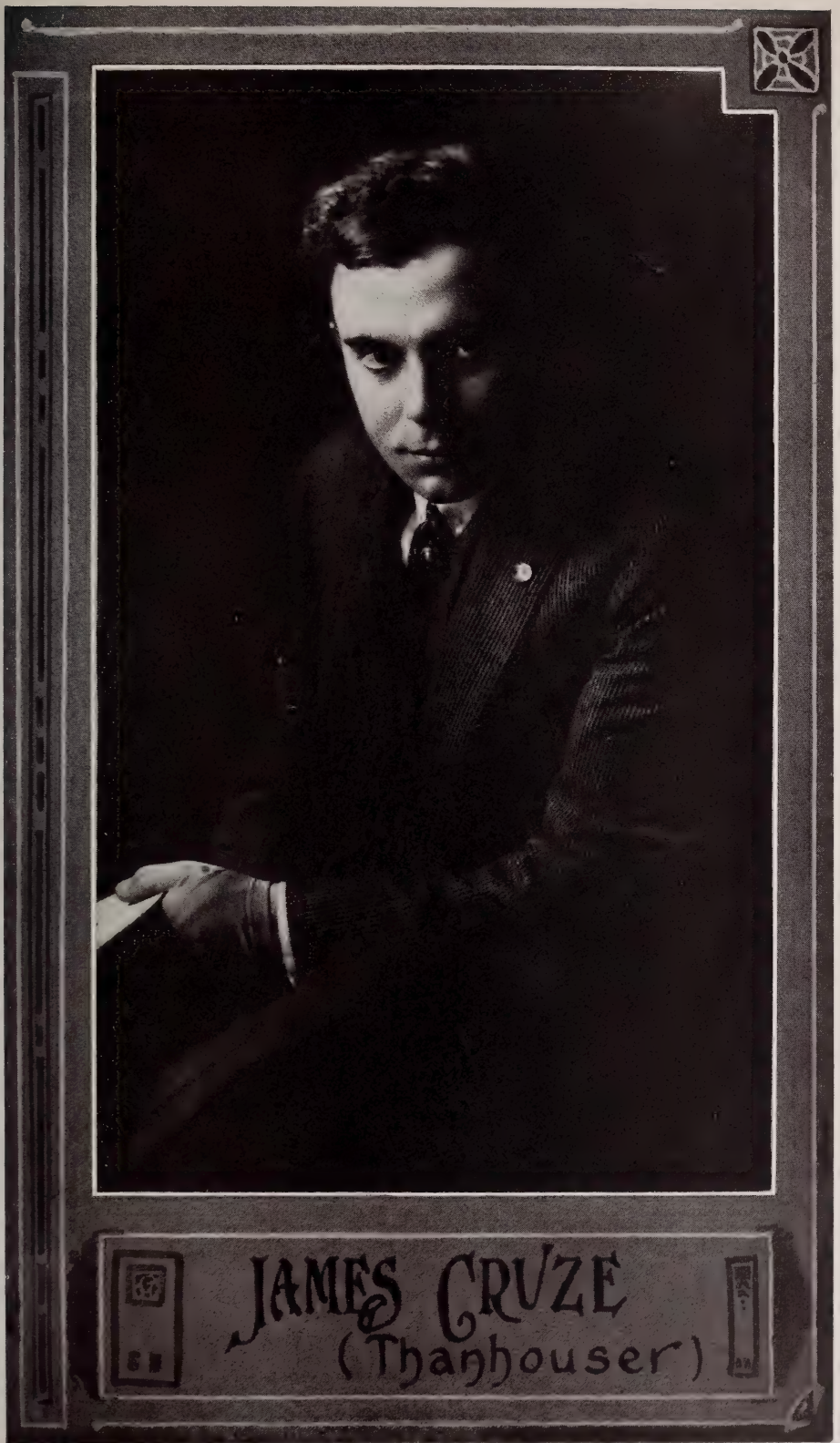
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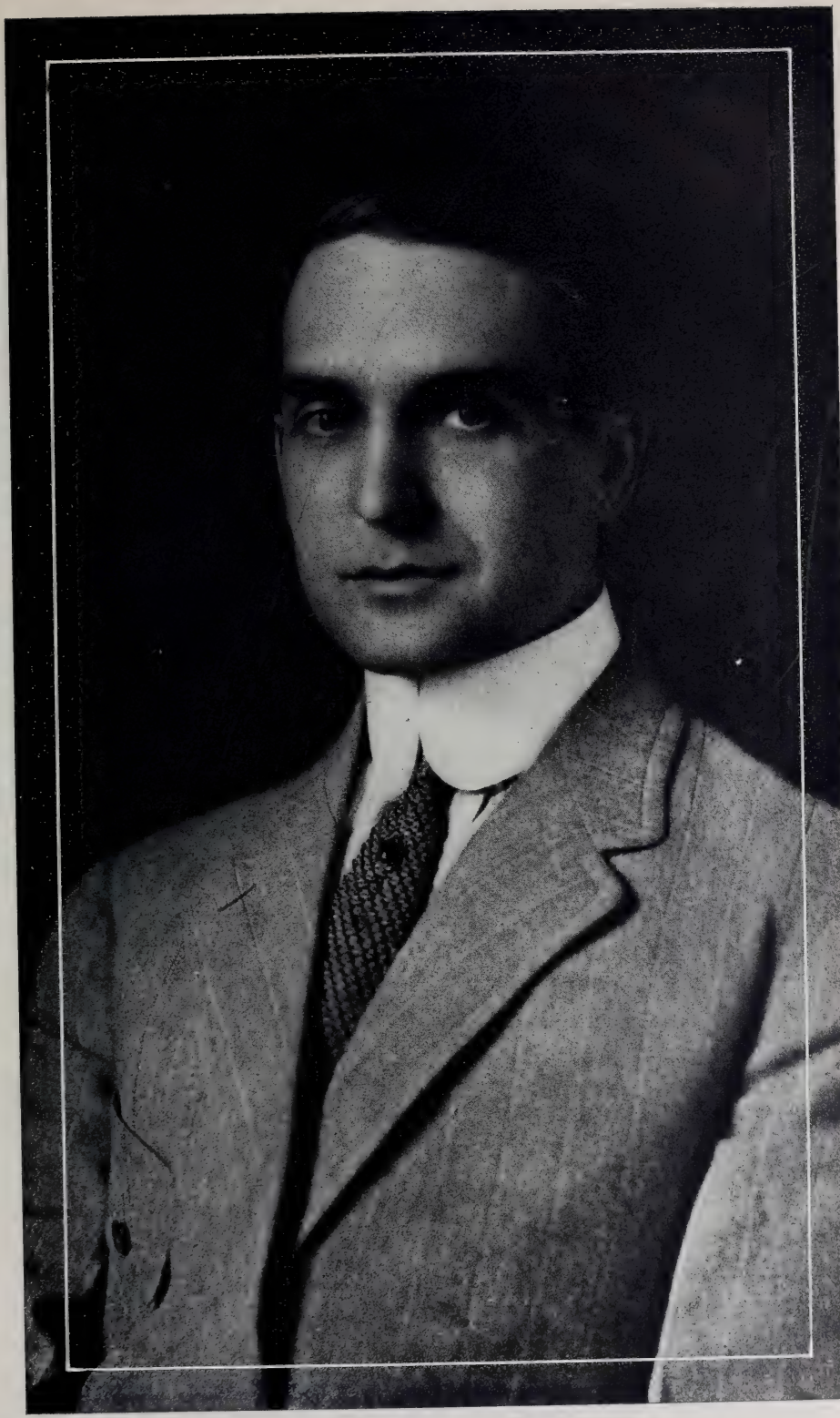

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1913

Vol. V No. 3

The Pathway of Years

(Essanay)

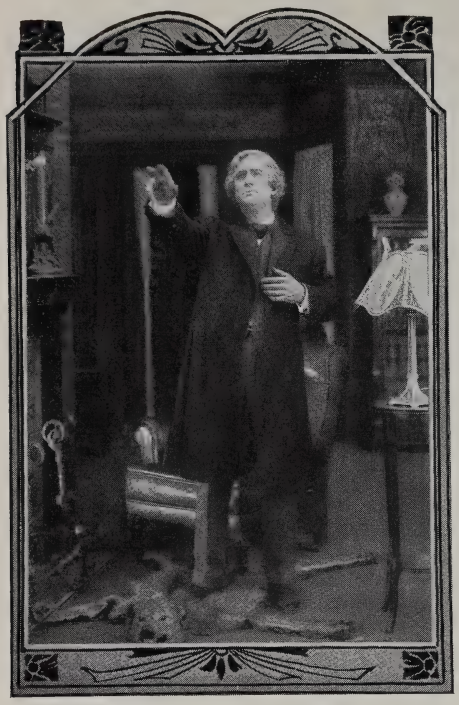
By KARL SCHILLER

I AM seventy. Once that seemed as impossible a thing to me as Death. That was yesterday, when I was twenty and walked six feet two, with my head full of divine conceit and notions of greatness, and my boy-heart swollen big as two hearts with love. Then, the sun rose and set, the cock crowed, the clock ticked, and I am seventy. The years have brought my head nearer the ground, humbled and taught, but they have never erased the love-part of me, Margaret—you've been gone from my kiss for almost forty years, by the calendar, and tonight, before the fire, with the room full of the rustle of echoes and the dimples of lights and shades, it is as if you were beside me, your frail, white hand in my hand, dear. For you never died, Margaret—not really. While there was one heart on earth full of the thought of you, the memories of you, you could not really die.

Eleanor herself is not more alive to me than you. She came in here a moment ago, on her way to some young dance or other, to kiss me good-by, with her soft lips and her girl-smooth cheeks against my hair. Her tall, fine lover was with her. Oh, of course, they dont call themselves lovers, yet. Maybe they dont even know it, but it was in his eyes and her voice, and I know, I know. Those who have ever loved, themselves, can never mistake a lover. I am glad that it should be so—that our Eleanor should have found her woman-heritage. She must stop laughing and begin living, stop waiting and begin working; and that is as it should be, is it not so, Margaret? Such a vivid, fragrant, fierce little girl, our Eleanor—so electrically alive! But to old folks, the dead are so much nearer than the living—the past more real than the present.

"Good-night, Daddy John," she said; "dont be lonely while I'm gone!" Lonely, with *you*, Margaret! But the child could not know about you. Her thoughts are all for her boy-lover tonight. Before she comes home, she will have been kist. It takes a touch-kiss to make youth joyous; the memory of one satisfies old age.

Here is the box where I keep my treasures. I got it out tonight from the dust of its sanctuary in the old, walnut writing-desk. I have the whim to count them over again, and remember a bit, here before the fire. People say memory is cruel, but how terrible it would be to *forget!* I have everything here, Margaret, that has



"THE YEARS HAVE NEVER ERASED THE LOVE-PART OF ME, MARGARET"

been most precious to me in my life. My treasure is not bills, nor gold pieces. Some people hoard their years in bank-books, coin their days into dollars; others squander them in follies; some invest them in a home and children. I have mine here in this little, dusty box, Margaret; my years and yours.

A queer little, dear little, brown, ten-year-old curl—that's the first treasure. How you used to mourn because your hair was too "born-curly" to hang in the stiff, cardboard ringlets the other girls wore! You watered it and brushed it, and wept salt little-girl woe over it, and, after all, it *would* twist and wriggle and misbehave; even now it curls elfinly—see, around my finger. Such a brave, courageous little wisp of hair, to keep on curling after sixty years, and to think that if it had stayed on your head, and you had lived, Margaret, it would be as white as snow now! It is almost unfair that a man's old slippers and his briarwood pipe remain, useful, jaunty as ever, after his very name has gathered dust; that a severed curl of your hair is all I have left of you.

But there, there, this is no way to talk. I had done with such regrets long ago. Youth is an ache, and old age is the cure of it. Yet some aches last longer than others——

You gave me the curl on your first day at school—do you remember, Margaret? I think I cut it off for you with my jack-knife behind the schoolhouse, where the boys couldn't see us and make fun of me. I wanted the curl, but not enough to be laughed at! Boys are queer little beasts, as afraid of sentiment at ten as they are fond of it at twenty. But I liked the curl, just the same. The feel of it in my jacket pocket made me, somehow, anxious to show my prowess by knocking some other boy down. That's the masculine instinct in short trousers, and I soon found my chance.

"Bully" Flynn—I haven't thought of that name for sixty years—pushed you out of his way as he swaggered

"SUCH A BRAVE, COURAGEOUS LITTLE WISP OF HAIR"

"YOU GAVE ME THE CURL ON YOUR FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL"

into the schoolroom, and called you "cry-baby" when he saw your tears. I got a black eye from "Bully," and a black mark from the teacher, but you smiled across, behind your geography, at me—a frightened, shy, "thank you" smile, and I think I grew an inch that day at school.

And then here's your locket, dear. I sometimes wonder whether there will be pianos and flowered-muslin gowns and lockets in Heaven. I sort of hope there may be, and that I shall see you first there, sitting before the keys, in your rose-sprinkled dress, with the locket rising on your round, girlish breast as you sing "In the Gloaming." I should feel more at home in Heaven that way.

The sweetest moment in a man's life—and, I think, in a woman's—is when he tells her that he loves her. When he marries her it is sweet, too; and when his first child is laid in his arms—ah, Margaret, that is a joy you never gave me, my dear one—— But the tenderest moment, I am certain, is when he watches the light in her eyes at his first stammered whisper of love. The clock o' youth ticks heart-aches and heart-happiness, ambitions and braggart plans and raptured day-dreams; then, as the years go by, it ticks more slowly—more faintly. I think my clock is running down now, but until it has quite stopped ticking I shall see you as you were at that one sweetest moment—I was going to say long ago, but Long Ago and Now meet at seventy, and I cannot realize that it's been almost forty years since then. Some people live in week-after-next, some in year-before-last. Old people dont live by the calendar at all, any more than the stars do, or old trees or the mountains. But, anyway, I remember it as tho it were last evening—and I shall remember it so till I see you again, my dear.

"Margaret—I *love* you!" I cried. I remember the surprise in my own

"IT'S BEEN ALMOST FORTY YEARS SINCE THEN"

"I SHALL SEE YOU AS YOU WERE AT THAT ONE SWEETEST MOMENT"

voice, for I'd never thought it out in so many words before, and I remember I was trembling from my head to my big, awkward feet, a six-foot-two tremble of fear of you, you little slip o' a thing, sitting so cool and far-off-seeming on the piano-stool. Then, suddenly, somehow, you weren't far off at all, but in my arms, and they knew how to hold you against my breast as lovers do, tho they had never held a woman so before or since. There has been just one woman in my life, Margaret—just one. There was a ring a little later, and you gave me the locket with your picture—the face is almost kist away now, but you know I do not need a picture of you.

And then—ah, *then,* my Margaret! Ah, well, thank God that Love is longer-lived than Anger, and that the medicinal years heal pain. He was handsome, I'll say that much for him, and yours was such an untaught heart. He was a common cad disguised as a gentleman, but the disguise was good, I'll admit.

Love may be an experiment, or a pastime, or a lifetime. With Frank Desmond it was a habit. His eyes were as fascinating as a place marked "Danger!" or a loaded pistol or a high cliff, and he had a hungry face. Oh, it was natural enough. I never was much of a talker or dancer, and I never called myself good-looking, my dear. Still—strange, isn't it, a man may be willing to admit all his failings and the other man's virtues, yet if the girl chooses the other, he is amazed for the rest of his days at the folly of her decision. Growing old, I've said, is a sort of an erasure. The Supreme Artist uses His bright colors for spring, His half-tones for autumn, and, at seventy, the outlines are dimmed and softened and the angles curved. But here now, before the fire, the old scar throbs a little with an echo of pain.

In the hollow tree-trunk I found it, your note, Margaret. Here it is now. There are tears on it—and kisses.

DEAR JOHN—I am going away. Forgive me, and please try to forget me—I'm sorry, John. MARGARET.

The pity of it, dear—the pity! But, at first, I didn't think of that—of you and your happiness, or unhappiness, at all. It was myself I pitied. Memory is bitter-sweet, at best, and this is the bitter of it. I wonder if you've ever seen a man cry. It's a terrible business, for he cries not from his pride or his heart, but black drops from his soul. I have heard it several times, and it always fills me with awe, like some upheaval of Nature—great wind, the sea writhing in a storm, or a mountain shaken with inner throes.

By the tree which was our secret post-office I fell on my face and cried, your note clutched in stiffening fingers. I think, after a long while—or it may be after a few moments—I tried to pray. I think I asked God to let you be happy—I hope I did, dear. I know I asked Him to help me go on living without you, and I know He

heard me. It is like standing on a hilltop now, and looking back down the pathway of the years to the hardest point of the climb. It is so long past I have half-forgotten the next few years. I went on living—somehow. I got up in the morning, ate, drank, worked, slept, tried not to think about you—tried to *forget* you, dear. But, thank God, I could not. You were with me always. I would wake suddenly, with the half-formed happy thought: "A glorious world with Margaret in it." I saw you everywhere, in everything, and that is how I found you again, Margaret.

The little girl had something of you about her. Maybe it was the hair—great masses of it, curling wilfully around her white little face and great, hunger-soft eyes. Maybe it was her voice: "Violets—ten cents a bunch—fresh violets——"

Of course, I never dreamed the truth of it then, Margaret. You see, I hadn't asked God for a little, shivering, frost-bitten street-waif to be sent to me, but for you. I believe—I'm seventy, and say it solemnly—that all our prayers are answered sometime, somehow. But we do not always know ourselves what we want when we pray. We ask for fame; and God gives us a rose. For daily bread; and He sends us a dream. Afterwards—sometimes *long* afterwards—we found out that that was God's way of answering our prayers—according to the need, rather than the word; and the little violet-girl was the answer to my prayer.

I questioned her, and she told me of a sick mother in a fireless, foodless room. Maybe it was only a sudden good impulse that brought me home with her. Sometimes I think that a good impulse is just the hand of God leading a man. Anyhow, I came—and so I found *you* again, oh, my dear, my dear!

You stretched out your shadow of a hand at sight of me, like a lost child to her mother—your poor, ringless hand, Margaret. Then you remembered. You would have covered your face if I had not prevented. I knelt by the poor bed, and lifted you to my shoulder, and we stayed that way a long while.

"Have — I—dont suppose you've forgiven me—John?" I had to bend low to hear your whisper. Ah, yes, Margaret—long, long ago. "He—left me, in three months"—your voice struggled tiredly with the words —"I — I've — suffered — John——" No need to tell me that, dear. In every sharp bone and hollow that was once a curve I read it. I started to my feet. Food—medicine—but you pulled me back again, nodding toward the child for silence.

"It's—too late—for *me,*" you whispered. "But my baby. John, will you be good to my little girl?"

I could not speak for the tremble of my lips then, dear, but I made you understand, somehow. And then you smiled, and there was my lost sweetheart again. God was good to give us that hour together, dear. I sent Eleanor out for food and a doctor, and, while we waited, I held you in my arms—closely, for you were slip-

"I REMEMBER IT AS THO IT WERE LAST EVENING"

ping away from me on every breath. "I was—so young," once you whispered. "He fascinated me—but—I've never stopped—loving—you—" And then I knew that whatever happened, you were *mine,* and some time we would belong to each other, for God is good, and it must be that way.

When they came back, I was waiting for them, alone, in the wretched

"I COULD NOT SPEAK FOR THE TREMBLE OF MY LIPS THEN, DEAR"

little room, and I took the sobbing child away with me— *home.* A home is more than a place to live in. It is a place to love in. I had never had more than the hope of a home before I brought your little girl back with me to my empty house. And ever since then it has been a home indeed. I think there have been three of us here, Margaret: she and I—and the dear spirit of you. You are nearer to me since you died than when we lived apart in the same world, that I know.

They say the first of life was made for the last of it. It may be so. Now, on the edge of my days, I can say I've had a good life and been happy. There's one virtue old age has that youth lacks, and that is patience. A young heart is restless for its tomorrow to come; an old does not worry about tomorrow, any more than the earth is in a hurry for evolution's change. Yet I'll be willing to go, Margaret. I think I was just waiting for Eleanor to find her happiness. She will have a woman's life, Margaret—love, child-bearing, child-rearing, grief and husband-comfort, and there is no better life I could wish for her, or you.

They have come in now, from the dance. I hear the door close. They have gone into the music-room—and there is the sound of the piano. Hark! Margaret, she is singing "In the Gloaming——" There is new joy in her voice. It is all right with them, then—and I am tired——

How sweetly she is singing—almost as you sang to me. After all, our children are our encores. She will have what we missed, and her children—better things. Listen!—

> In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
> When the lights are dim and low.

It *is* the gloaming, Margaret—the fire is dying down, I think—it is growing very dark—I'll put my treasures away now. What is the use of them when I shall have you? I think it will be soon——

She is singing more softly, in there—my happy girl, with her lover bending above her—the new ring on her finger, perhaps—the new joy in her heart——

> Think not bitterly of me—
> Tho I passed away in silence,
> Left you lonely—set you free——

No—never, dear—never bitterly, not even at the first. And now, at the end—always with love, Margaret—always with love——

Why, white hair and wrinkles are just disguises over young hearts. I'm

seventy, and I'm young. I used to worry a bit, wondering whether you would recognize me, coming to you, so feebly, with the gray hair—and the old eyes—but now I know it will not be like that, at all. They are the old clothes I shall step out of. I think I shall walk to you six-foot-two, erect, strong, and you will meet me in the young, rose-flowered gown—— Ah, I thought so! I see you clearly—you *are* the same. Yes, dear; I am coming —how your face shines on me—so pretty—I had almost forgotten how pretty you are. I — am — coming— Margaret——

The Screen

By NARENA BROOKS EASTERLING

When William Shakespeare neatly said
That all the world's a stage,
It seemed that he had turned the phrase
For every future age.

Then up and lived the Edison man,
And, forthwith, it was seen,
That all the world is not a stage,
But a Moving Picture screen!

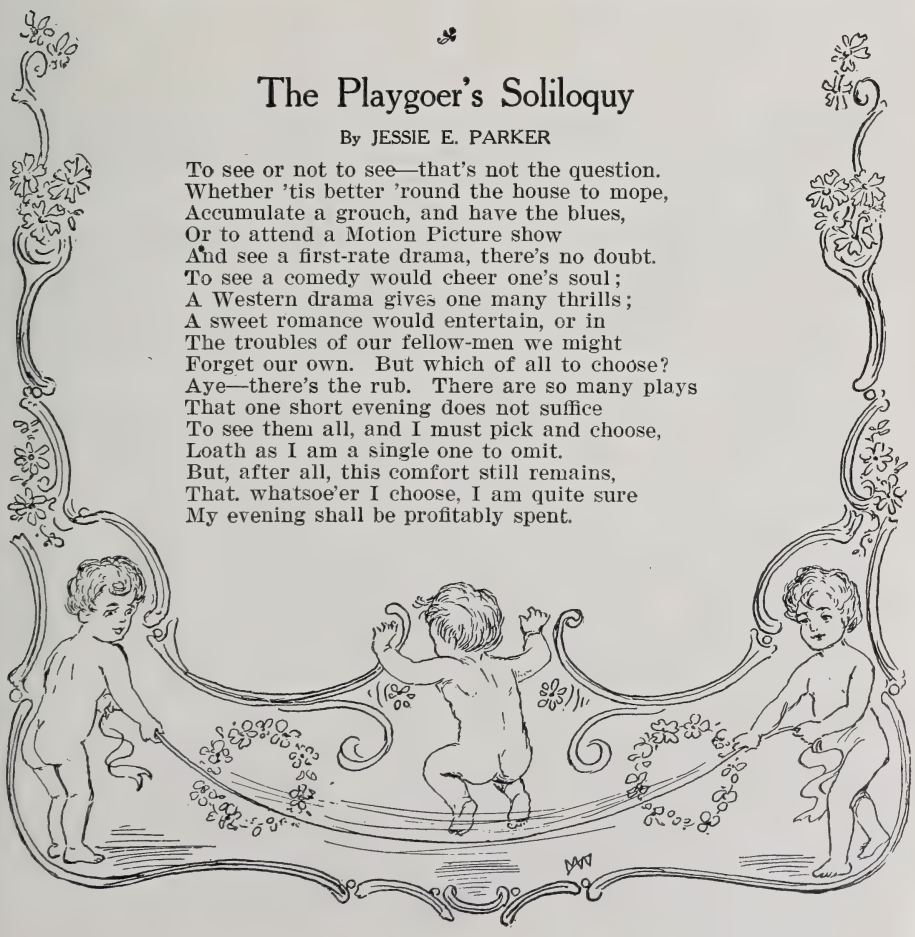
World-wide the screen, infinite the scenes,
War, romance, love and strife!
And the Operator beyond the clouds
Has named these pictures Life.

And to this hustling, modern age,
This world, indeed, does seem
Not like a narrow, little stage,
But a wide-flung picture screen.

The Playgoer's Soliloquy

By JESSIE E. PARKER

To see or not to see—that's not the question.
Whether 'tis better 'round the house to mope,
Accumulate a grouch, and have the blues,
Or to attend a Motion Picture show
And see a first-rate drama, there's no doubt.
To see a comedy would cheer one's soul;
A Western drama gives one many thrills;
A sweet romance would entertain, or in
The troubles of our fellow-men we might
Forget our own. But which of all to choose?
Aye—there's the rub. There are so many plays
That one short evening does not suffice
To see them all, and I must pick and choose,
Loath as I am a single one to omit.
But, after all, this comfort still remains,
That. whatsoe'er I choose, I am quite sure
My evening shall be profitably spent.



ELMER RANDOLPH excused himself for an instant, walked to his heavy study door, shut it, and returned to his friend. The voices of his family in the next room were cut down to threads of distant merriment.

"Smith," he said, sitting down directly before the other, "you and I have known each other as publisher and author for twenty years. We have become a necessary part of each other, and, fortunately, also friends."

He paused, to catch the response in the publisher's eyes.

"Bearing this in mind," the author resumed, "I want you to repeat the statements you made before I closed the door."

Smith swallowed hard with the painfulness of his duty. "It was the thought of these things," he said, "that perhaps made my words unclear. But there is no getting around the truth at the bottom."

Randolph's hands gripped the arms of his chair, and he set his shoulders for a shock.

"Go on—to the end," he urged.

"Well, something is fatally lacking in 'The Woman of Dreams.' The story depends on its dainty filling-in of by-play, on fanciful characters, on a touch-and-go movement as fragile as a web."

Randolph's eyes saddened. "You have quickly diagnosed the case," he replied. "Now for the remedy."

"It does not exist. To put it bluntly, the whole story is crude, raw, literal, like blocking out a picture before the color is applied."

The other relaxed. He shivered as in a draught. Then his hand shot out and held the publisher's arm.

"Of course, you will not say anything to Alma about this," he began hurriedly, almost furtively, "but for the past three months I have been the victim of a curious brain-fag. For a time I resorted to black coffee, and felt that I was running—lame, but somehow. Then it lost its effect, and a numbing fog seemed to work into my brain, clogging the clearness of my work, even affecting my ordinary actions."

"You needn't tell me the whole story," broke in the publisher, kindly. "It's a clear case of nervous breakdown. Knock off for six months, go abroad——"

Randolph's grip tightened on his arm until he winced, and he leaned forward to catch the hurried words.

"That's it, abroad—anything to get out of myself—to be free from this new, inexorable master. But it wont do. I'm supposed to be wealthy—keep a fine house, servants—a loving, prodigal family. And, as a

matter of fact, I'm in debt; this general belief in me has spoiled me with my creditors."

He drew closer, and his eyes became quite wild.

"My own faith in myself has always pulled me thru. But fate is crowding me in that one invulnerable place—my brain. I had thought the realms of fancy limitless, and now I can scarcely grope around in the congested limits of fagged effort."

Smith thought for a long moment, shading his eyes from the other.

"Suppose I leave your script with you," he said, laying a bulky sheaf of papers on the table, "and we'll presume that it never has been written. Advance payments will start from today, and 'The Woman of Dreams' may come along whenever you become your old self again."

Randolph shook his offered hand warmly. "This smacks of rank charity," he said, with an effort at smiling, "and I promise you that in a fortnight the opening chapters of an entirely new story will be in your hands."

Smith patted him on the back, and left him. Once outside, his brows gathered in a frown of thought. "It's no use," he muttered, hurrying toward his busy office; "the man needs rest, rest, rest! It's a certain case of cerebrasthenia, the exhaustion of the higher brain—his attempt to combat it is courageous, but suicidal in the end."

Ten days afterwards, the opening chapters of Randolph's novel lay on the publisher's desk, and he closed his office door to read them in solitude. With the very first sentence he realized that a wonderful change had taken place in the personality back of

the lines. He read on and on in amazement and delight. Here was a fancy, brilliant, bold and sure, yet as dainty and blithesome as the skipping steps of a child.

Smith read the charming fantasy thru to the end, and his eyes glowed softly, like a lover's dream.

"Randolph, Randolph," he mused, "you were always a clever sentimentalist, but not like this. You have you see my condition. I've been a prisoner in here for a week."

Smith quickly took in the tremor of his long, pale hands and the rather vague look in his eyes. "You're slowly poisoning yourself this way," he declared. "You should see the look of you, man!"

Randolph started in his chair, and his eyes slyly questioned the other. "My meat and drink are in the

stolen the soul of a saint and the laughter of a child, to pour them thru your words."

He folded the script into his pocket, slipped into his coat, and hurried to the home of the amazing author.

"It's immense — superb! Randolph," he said, bursting in upon him, "and the finest case of 'coming back' I've ever known."

Altho it was afternoon, the author sat sprawled in his dressing-gown, a week's grizzled stubble on his chin.

"I should have come around with it personally," he said quietly; "but work," he said. "I cant rest or enjoy myself outside of it."

"I wont say a word more; you have accomplished the impossible, heaven knows how! But wont you have a good physician look you over?"

Again the sly look shot from Randolph's eyes, beneath his hand.

"No! A thousand times, no!" he fairly shouted in vehement bitterness. "I am forced to tell Alma there is nothing the matter with me—to deny her the room. Cant you see the life-blood in my work, Smith? Cant you let me alone?"

His voice had risen to a querulous scream, and he seemed anxious to be rid of the publisher. Smith had meant to go over the script and to gloat on its fine, sustained cadences with him, but now he quickly ushered himself out, for once at a loss to understand the whims of genius.

A month passed by—two, and still the regular installments of Randolph's inspired novel found their way to the publisher's desk. The thread of the beautiful story expanded and glowed with the delicate tracery of a master hand. The novel was nearing completion, and Smith, altho he had resolutely kept away from the author, thought it was due him to consult him on the matter of the novel's binding and illustration.

Alma Randolph met him in the paneled and tapestried living-room. He had never seen her look quite so pale or worried before.

"Perhaps it would be better if you did not see him today," she said, with an effort. "Lately he has shown a curious aversion to visitors—even to friends, and I fear you will find him greatly changed."

"Is it your wish?" he asked. "I feel more than a friend's interest in his case."

She hesitated to answer, and he could read the play of some strong emotion behind the mask of her face.

"Go in to him," she said impulsively; "dont show surprise at what you see, and I will wait here for you."

Smith felt the underlying tragedy in her words, and knocked quickly at the study door. Getting no response, he twisted the knob. The door was locked from the inner side.

"Randolph! Randolph, old man!" he called; "it's I, Smith."

For a long minute he heard nothing; then the faint rustle of papers told him that the author was listening.

"Open the door—it's Smith. I must see you on important business."

The rustle of papers stopped. Dead silence from within.

"Are you alone?" The question came sharp and faint, like a distant pistol shot.

"Yes, yes! And in a hurry to be going."

The door slowly gave back a few inches, and Smith edged his way in. He turned, and looked keenly at the man holding cautiously onto the knob.

Surely this sodden, chalk-white creature, with fixed, staring eyes and palsied limbs, could hardly be Randolph! The claw-like hands, the sharp features, the evasive stoop to the shoulders were more like a nightmare image than his former friend.

Yet even as he looked, a semblance of the old smile bared Randolph's lips, and he feebly held forth a chair for his guest.

"Well, old man," blurted out Smith, with an effort at cheerfulness, "we are nearing the end of the famous 'Woman of Dreams.' In a week or two, at most, you will unlock the final secrets of her life, and introduce her to the world as one of its sweetest, dearest women."

The creature's lips opposite to him seemed to repeat his words in a breathless undertone. Suddenly he leaned forward, and beckoned Smith.

"You have no idea what difficulty I have in concealing her," he whispered hurriedly. "Alma is insanely jealous. Only last night, when she thought I was sleeping, she came in, and looked everywhere for her. I could feel her hate for my darling as she tiptoed to and fro.

"As she leaned over my couch to catch the secret from my lips, I rose up and seized her by the hair, working my hands into her throat, to shut off her screams. Ha! ha! ha! how she screamed!"

The peal of repulsive laughter drew Smith upright and shuddering, with the realization that he was dealing with a madman. His one thought was to reach the door before the dangerous symptoms could recur.

"Here is 'The Woman of Dreams'—all safe," he said, thrusting the script into Randolph's hands. "Guard her and take good care of her, my friend, till I come back."

With that, he had deftly slid the key from the lock, whipped thru the

doorway, and locked the door from the living-room side.

As he turned about, breathing hard, Alma met him, with tears starting in her eyes.

"You have seen all?" she said.

"Yes, and heard all. You are too brave and too true to stand this any longer. He must be gotten to a sanitarium at once. The thing in there is no longer Elmer Randolph.

"Believe in me—there is hope," he said, as she followed him with terror-ridden, clinging eyes, "but he must be given over to an eminent specialist. You and your daughters must leave —at once. I will return with the proper authority to take him with me, and to close the house."

A month passed by, until the house with suddenly closed shutters had ceased to attract the comments of neighbors, and the whereabouts of the Randolphs had exhausted the ingenious curiosity of friends.

Alma and her daughters had retired to inconspicuous and cheap lodgings near the sanitarium of Doctor Phillipi, the famous specialist in nervous and mental diseases, where Randolph was confined.

As for "The Woman of Dreams," the script lay under lock and key in Smith's desk, where he had decently buried this child of disordered genius.

As often as twice a day the pale, clear-skinned little Alma had sat in the waiting-room of the sanitarium, waiting for an audience with Doctor Phillipi. His assistants and nurses were courteous to her, and gave her detailed reports as to Randolph's condition, but, try as she would, she could not see the specialist himself.

One day, as she had nearly given up hope, he sent for her, and she was ushered into his private office.

As she faced the brusk, dynamic doctor, with his great, foreign eyes, she could not help feeling the deference of his attitude toward her.

"You have, perhaps, wondered," he began, "at my aloofness, and construed it as a desire to avoid you; yet this is far from the case. And your husband's treatment has advanced sufficiently to apprise you of the facts.

"He is suffering from an acute case of morphinomania, the delusional and delirium disease produced by the systematic taking of morphin.

"To withdraw the drug too suddenly from him would cause a reversion to the highly-wrought condition previous to his forming the habit. Probably the formation of his brain would be permanently weakened.

"I am, therefore, treating him as he mistreated himself—in gradually diminishing doses—until I trust to substitute colored water alone in the fascinating needle."

Alma sat without moving her eyes from Doctor Phillipi's during this long recital. At his last words a tinge of color crept to her cheeks.

"Oh, Doctor!" she said, "I know that the pain must be insufferable—is there no way that I could be near him?"

"No way; not as yet," he said firmly. "A morphin victim must practically be reborn. The shock to his raw nerves is like that of the mother who bore him.

"And yet," he added, under spur of her quivering lips, "when the withdrawal period is finished, and he is a child again in the making, I will send for you."

Under the cold comfort of his mysterious words, Alma again took her seat in the waiting-room. Day after day, her cheeks flushed and her heart beat furiously as an attendant came toward her, but he always passed her by with the message undelivered.

At last came the day when Doctor Phillipi really sent for her.

"He is in the grounds," he said. "Dont hope for too much now—and keep up your courage, little woman!"

There was no need to tell her that; her courage was of the higher sort, keyed up to the snapping point by weeks of false hopes and the dread of a cure that still held Randolph under the sway of the drug.

She saw the frail man tottering along with the irresolute steps of a

child, and her heart's desire was to rush to him and guide him with her arms.

She stood still as he neared her, waiting for his first words of recognition. He approached her with downcast eyes.

As he came opposite to her, he raised his eyes, and looked at her with a dull, vacant stare.

She held out her arms in silent appeal, but he slowly lowered his eyes again and passed on.

It was a question who suffered most, the dismasted wreck of a man, or the woman who stood by, waiting for his call. But she resolutely went back to the Doctor's office.

"It was as I feared," he said, reading the pain in her eyes. "We must save the man's body first, and, after that, pray that love and reason will breathe their way in again."

"Doctor," she said, and the weeks of waiting made her voice big with resolve, "let me stay here with him. Surely gentleness and love and the knowledge of the good that is in him somewhere can do no harm, and may be the means of saving him.

"It is an unusual case," he muttered, half-aloud; "this continuance of dementia, and this devotion wasting her away. Why not?"

"Nurse," he said, turning to a white-gowned woman, "see that this lady is provided for in the nurses' room tonight. And, madam," he added to Alma, "I have perfect confidence in your self-control, no matter what it may be your misfortune to see and hear in this institution."

Alma bowed her head in assent, and was ushered from the office by the silent nurse. A cot was assigned to her in the dormitory, where the gas was already burning dimly.

"Every four hours," the nurse explained, "there is a change of nurses, and, between whiles, others continually coming and going on emergency calls. Sometimes the room is quite deserted, and the corridors are hideous with the ravings of the cases. We take it all as a matter of course, here."

"So do I," said Alma.

The woman gave her a queer look and withdrew. Alma took off her dress and lay down. A curious feeling of something about to happen tingled in her veins and raced in her pulses. Still, the sleeping nurses in the room reassured her somewhat, and she envied their trained nerves.

It was past midnight, and the building lay deathly still. Alma's taut brain could have heard a pin drop in the farthest corridor, and the dropping of it, the most trifling sound, would have brought her relief.

She lay ready to spring up, to cry out, or to laugh, with equal abandon. Finally she rose up quietly, and stole down the dim, iron stairs toward the office—anywhere to get away from the row of lax faces and the eerie sounds that came now thru the night.

A sleepy night attendant was in the office, and she joined him, with the courage of desperation, on his rounds.

His slippered feet brought the echoes tumbling in ghostly showers thru the waiting-room, then passed to the laboratory. With Alma stepping silently at his heels, he tried the door, perfunctorily. It gave way, and they stood facing the gloom of the cavernous room.

Suddenly a sharp click came from among the bottles, and the attendant stepped back, with a smothered oath, banging to the door after him.

Alma was alone in the room with the invisible tamperer!

A path of moonlight clove its way thru one of the great, barred windows, and, with the blood freezing in her marrow, she drew her skirts from its telltale gleam, to step back noiselessly into the deep shadows.

In doing so her arm touched a measuring-glass. It fell to the floor with a heavy crash. As if by signal, a lithe figure bounded out of the farther shadows, and came hopping and careening toward her.

The air flooded her lungs, and her heart-rending screams set the bottles and vials to trembling on the shelves, but still the white-haired figure leaped nimbly toward her.

His hands sought and found her

soft throat. The breath died in her in one last despairing gurgle. With the thick breath of the nameless tamperer beating on her cheek, she sank into merciful lifelessness at his feet.

It was the brusk words of Doctor Phillipi that first sounded, torrent-like, in her ears. "Lie still," he said sharply; "close your eyes, and

feign death. You are surrounded by armed attendants and nurses. The crucial minute in your life, and his, is at hand."

Dimly realizing that she lay on a cot, with bright lights about her, and that something of great moment was about to take place, Alma lay still, scarcely breathing.

Presently there was a commotion at the door, and she felt that a presence was standing over her.

"Elmer Randolph," broke in the staccato voice of Doctor Phillipi again, "you are standing before the body of your wife, Alma, murdered by you in your excess of morphidic fury. Down to your knees beside her, before the hand of God strikes you where you stand."

There was no need of words. The shock that threw the morphomaniac, trembling and sobbing, to his knees, paved the way, by one of Nature's mysterious upheavals, for his return to reason.

"Alma! Alma!" came from the wretched man's throat, and then a burst of sobs that choked and swayed him with invisible fingers.

"Alma! Alma! dear heart——"

Alma could stand the experiment no longer. Flinging her arms about his stricken head, her healing sobs mingled with the call of him she had followed to the threshold of death.

And in the long months that came after, the cure of the man was due to

his own stern will, with the image of his dead wife ever in his eyes.

By special permission of the elated Doctor Phillipi, Alma was permitted to come each day and to walk with the white-haired, rambling-footed man in the garden. But, step by step, his stride grew stronger, and his hand grew less heavy on her shoulder.

It was on a rare spring day that they stepped together into the office, and Doctor Phillipi pronounced the one fateful word: "Cured!"

"And where shall we go? And what shall we do, Alma?" asked the bewildered man, looking out at the busy street, like a child.

"Why tempt it?" asked a lazy voice back of them, and, turning together, they found Smith grinning sheepishly at them.

"I saw you first!" he cried in mock alarm. "And I have no intention of letting go of you. I've sold the serial rights of 'The Woman of Dreams' for a walloping check, and, bless you! she's going to shell out doubloons for many a day to come."

Smith cut a caper of pure joy right under the nose of Doctor Phillipi.

"I'm not jealous," said Alma, not knowing whether to hug him, or to cry behind Randolph's straight back, or to try to do both.

"Dear Alma," murmured Randolph, "how patient you have been—how noble and brave, but I'll make up for it now, my love."

"Yes, Randolph," echoed the happy wife; "but come—Mr. Smith has everything arranged. Come, dear, and how happy we'll all be! Do you know that our daughters have returned? They will be waiting for us. Come!"

From th Photop'ay of JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

JAN LAROSE had come to the door of the Cummins cabin, like a spent and broken herald of the North Wind. John Cummins and his comely daughter, Marie, had heard a cry keyed a note lower than the shrieking gale. Outside they found Jan, beaten to the snow-covered ground, his extremities as stiff and cold as the frozen lake.

The custom of the Northwest prevailed, and Jan remained for the winter. An early spring found him completely recovered from his serious battle with the elements, only to encounter a new conflict with which he found it even harder to battle. The gentle Marie's hand, while in the act of nursing his frost-wounds, had more than once touched his heart-strings.

But there the matter rested, for Jan would rather have had his arms and legs frozen off than to have uttered one word of the terrific struggle going on in his breast. He had never before known the springtime to be filled with so much music and matings and messages. Marie nicknamed him Jan the Silent, while she sang and trilled all the day long, like a hill-bird, yet with a note of sadness to it all that almost moved Jan's stolid tongue.

At length the agony that had been increasing for months seemed about to be suddenly released in a day. Government surveyors had made their camp near the Cummins cabin. One of their number came over one day and asked casually if it were possible to procure the services of a guide. The pay was good, and the man was wanted immediately and for an indefinite length of time.

Jan was standing near the door, feeding that yearning of his with a fading sunset. Marie sat near-by, humming softly and looking at his face, and, when Jan turned and said roughly: "I will go!" the girl gave a little, wounded cry. John Cummins felt the wound, and took his daughter in his arms, and they stood silently watching the surveyor and the new guide striding away down the mountain path.

Next morning, Jan returned to the cabin to say good-by. John Cummins wrung his hand in the way that one man tells another to share his earthly treasures. Then Jan turned to Marie. The look in her eyes was strangely akin to the pain in his heart. He remembered only that she said: "Jan —oh, Jan!" and that a tear dropped on his hand. Then, too, it seemed as tho one little hand had clung to his sleeve even when he was far down the mountainside.

It was several months before Jan Larose returned to the Cummins cabin. That he had sworn an oath never to return, and had broken it, gives some idea of the struggle that had never ceased. Yet several generations of Laroses, born and bred amidst the great, silent snows, and the lonely North, had made of his heart a tomb of emotions that few things on earth could break thru. One of those few things, however, had come into existence during his absence.

Breathing heavily, and with his heart pounding his bosom, he ascended the path to the Cummins cabin late one August afternoon. The voice of Marie raised in laughter made his brows knit perplexedly. He stood for a moment in the doorway before those within seemed aware of his presence. A handsome, rollicking fellow, with his leg in a splint, was hobbling across the room, one arm thrown across the girl's shoulder, while her arm was about his waist.

The deeds that passed thru Jan's mind in that moment were all characterized by violence. He was on the point of rushing madly down the mountainside, never to return, when Marie looked around and saw him. Her glad cry was lost to his ears. His whole life became suddenly obsessed with an enemy, who now stood facing him, with every sentiment reciprocated. Each knew that from that minute it was a matter only of the strength of men.

"Jan! Jan! I'm so glad to see you!" the girl was saying. "This is Clarry O'Garry, who has become a good friend of ours. I have told him all about you. We——" Her voice trailed off into a whisper of alarm as she realized the position the two men had assumed toward each other. She knew how the men of the North both loved and hated, tho it would ever be a vexing mystery to her why it should be so.

O'Garry gave a curt nod of his head; Jan neither spoke nor moved until he turned to leave the cabin.

"CAME LIKE A BROKEN HERALD OF THE NORTH WIND"

The girl had suddenly become the crux of the situation, with mutual hatred as an excuse.

John Cummins sought out Jan in his little shack the very next morning. They greeted with the same hearty handshake that had marked their farewell. Cummins barely mentioned O'Garry, except to say that he had been attracted to the region by the discovery of gold made about a month before. Everybody was gold-hunting.

The last days of summer came, and, with them, an unusual hot spell, accompanied by the worst drought ever known. With the woods filled with prospectors and miners, who knew little of the peril that lay in forest fires, the Cumminses were in daily dread of seeing the mountainside spring into flame thru the careless action of some fire-user.

Jan had in mind an episode of months before, when he had stumbled on a half-cleared bit of lake-shore,

GOVERNMENT SURVEYORS ENGAGE JAN AS GUIDE

Already Cummins had staked a claim and was working it, with gratifying success.

"Will you share it with us, Jan?"

"No—I will get my own." To many, this reply would have seemed ungracious, but Cummins knew Jan and his moods. It took several weeks before he could be persuaded to visit the cabin. O'Garry was absent by arrangement, and Jan spent most of the time smoking his pipe and surveying Marie as she moved about the place. On each subsequent visit, he seemed to be going to say something, but left the place with the avowal unvoiced.

where he had found some curious bits of ore lying amongst the pebbles. At the time, he had looked it over curiously and thrown it away. But now he knew that ore to be gold! For nearly two months he had been unable to find the spot.

Then came the afternoon when the two men met and made their first trial of strength. The encounter had been preceded by a few words from O'Garry's sharp Irish tongue, which were followed immediately by a stinging retort from Jan's huge fist.

The struggle of the locked pair that ensued was silent, except for the deep breathing of men exercising every

ounce of energy and straining every muscle. In their hands was the grip of annihilation; in their hearts the desire to kill. Jan's was the greater strength, but O'Garry's the greater skill, which he used to defend himself. For fifteen minutes they strained and panted, before O'Garry's foot caught in a treacherous root, and he went down, with Jan on his chest. The next moment a wicked hunting-knife flashed high in the air and stayed poised for an instant. O'Garry closed his eyes with a groan, and was greeted, the next instant, with a grunt, and felt himself shoved down the slight grade and rolled into a gully. He opened his eyes and saw Jan in the act of putting up his hunting-knife and walking away. With a wicked look, O'Garry snatched his gun from his pocket and raised it. But he, too, lowered the weapon on a moment's thought. Perhaps the same thought may have crossed the mind of each of them.

Jan could now be seen striding along toward the lake. O'Garry, his gun still grasped firmly in his hand, and the same look of malice in his eye, set out after him. By chance, the canoes of the two men lay but a short distance apart, tho concealed from each other. Whatever the motive of O'Garry, he wanted to get Jan at a greater distance from the settlement. Jan, too, seemed desirous of getting away from civilization. He paddled across a bay, and landed on the other side, picking up the canoe at this point and carrying it inland.

When he had disappeared, O'Garry followed him. It was a narrow neck of land, and Jan had re-embarked and was heading for a natural cove.

JAN IS LOATH TO LEAVE MARIE

At length O'Garry caught up with him. Still smarting from defeat, he had made up his mind to have revenge. He found him crouched in the sand of the shore, sifting some of it thru his hands. O'Garry pondered a minute, trying to decide whether to kill him on the spot, or to challenge him and run the risk of the outcome of another struggle. Suddenly he rose, and took careful aim at the crouching figure.

Jan had become very much excited over some discovery. He searched his

pockets feverishly for a piece of paper, hastily scribbled a few words on it, stuck it upon a broken sapling, and then hurried to his canoe.

O'Garry had lowered his weapon. He knew what the matter was. He waited tremblingly until Jan had disappeared from view, then he sprang from cover and bent down over the same spot. Before his eyes lay gold! Revenge had taken a new trend. He seized the paper with which Jan had staked his claim, and replaced it with a scrap of his own. Now to beat his enemy to the recorder's office, thirty miles away! This was easy, as long as the other should remain unaware of the race. This revenge was safe; it meant wealth in the bargain, and, in the end, it was sure to mean—Marie.

About noon the following day, loungers along the lake front in Mango City espied two canoes being propelled in their direction, as tho the lives of the paddlers depended on it. A crowd of miners, Indians and hangers-on gathered, and began to cheer the contestants onward. They had seen this sort of thing before, and knew that the Government claim-recorder was the objective point and person.

The canoes were beached almost simultaneously. The occupants staggered up the roadway abreast and presented their claims to the recorder at the same instant, and then dropped down exhausted.

Later each of the men appeared at separate times before the officer with the same tale.

"One of you men is a liar," was the conclusion to which the recorder came that evening, "which leaves me with but one thing to do—I'll send my agent to investigate. When he returns, you may come back, and we will talk it over."

Exactly four days elapsed before the agent returned and made his report before an excited group of men in the recorder's office. The two men most concerned stood silently surveying each other, a hatred as deep as their souls marring their features.

"Well, you fellows both seem to be liars," said the recorder, after listening to the agent's report. "No claim seems to have been staked, as far as Bowler here could find out. But seein' that you both seem to know something about it, I'm goin' to give both of you a fair chance at it—and let me tell you the eternal fortune is made for the man who gets there first, if Bowler is to be believed. Both claims are thrown out then, and you will have to set new stakes!"

The two claimants half-crouched, as tho ready to spring thru the door simultaneously.

The recorder raised his hand. "Now wait, and I'll see that you fellows have an equal and fair chance. I'll give you each an Indian and start you off at the same minute. Then luck be with the best man!"

At daybreak the race commenced.

The first leg of the journey was the easiest. It was a twelve-mile paddle right straight down the whole length of North Lake. The advantage came, however, at the other end, where the man who arrived first might enter the narrow stream that formed the second part of the journey. The contestants paddled along at a strong pace for ten miles, saving their strength for the severe tests they knew were soon to follow. Suddenly the Indian in Jan's canoe began to heighten speed and bring that canoe several lengths to the fore. Try as they would, the pursuers seemed unable to gain an inch on them. Jan's Indian went wild with excitement, and paddled with even greater fury, until it seemed he must upset the craft. But they had gained at least ten lengths on the other canoe by this time, and in a few minutes the stream would be in sight.

Suddenly the fortunes of the race were entirely changed by the sudden collapse of Jan's Indian, who went flat on his face in the bottom of the canoe. The pursuers saw what had happened and redoubled their efforts. Jan was obliged to drop his paddle in the bottom of the craft and creep forward and straighten the

limp form of the Indian, in order to keep them from capsizing. By the time he was ready to begin paddling again, O'Garry was less than two lengths behind. Jan strained every muscle to set the now drifting canoe in rapid motion. The other canoe shot past like a meteor; two minutes later it had poked its nose into the outgoing stream and disappeared.

Jan now determined to focus all his attention on the exhausted Indian. With a few deft strokes, he beached the canoe, and then, without a moment's hesitation, lifted the redskin and dropped him bodily into the cold, shallow water. Instantly there was a spluttering struggle, and, two minutes later, they were on their way again.

When they entered the narrower body of water, the others had passed out of sight altogether. The stream was fraught with perils on every side. It was interspersed with countless rapids, and the prolonged dry season had made it shallow and treacherous. Jagged rocks either pointed ominously to destruction or shone greenishly just below the surface, making the channel of passage like a tangled thread, scarcely the width of the frail canoe. Fortunately, more skill than strength was needed now, and Jan's assistant exhibited remarkable prowess in guiding them along.

An hour passed in silence before they arrived at the first formidable rapids that meant a portage. Jan had to drag the Indian along with his share of the heavy burden. But they had no sooner re-embarked than they discerned the other canoe almost half a mile ahead, seemingly encountering great difficulties because of lack of skill on the part of the occupants. This fact gave Jan and his companion renewed hope and courage, which they transferred into renewed efforts. At every turn, they were gratified to note an appreciable gain on the leaders. They now had high hopes of passing them before the next portage was reached. They came to a sharp bend in the river that effectually hid the other canoe from view for nearly ten minutes. At length they espied the stern of it, seemingly at a standstill, less than ten lengths ahead. A turn in the channel brought them abreast of it. It was scuttled and empty! The stream was completely blocked. The channel was deep and the stream rapid at this point, and it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to disembark and get their craft safely to shore. Twenty minutes were lost, which counted for little, since victory seemed assured them now.

Jan and his companion ran almost lightly up the side of the steep incline ahead of them. The sight that met their eyes made Jan's face glow with a dangerous light. Paddling rapidly away in the distance was O'Garry and his Indian! He had not played the game fair, and had, by some means, managed to have a relay canoe placed at a convenient point. The race seemed lost. The present portage meant half a mile thru an almost impassable undergrowth. Passage would have been difficult without a burden, but with the heavy canoe it would take an hour at least, and leave them exhausted to resume their journey. They plowed on for perhaps twenty minutes, when the Indian again slipped limply in a heap. Jan threw himself on the ground, exhausted and at the point of despair.

He had been defeated by trickery —but put it as he liked, he had been defeated! That he had lost wealth somehow did not matter so much. Then it crossed his mind that in defeat he would lose Marie! He sprang up, with a cry of futility on his lips, and shook the Indian fiercely, who now sat up with a curious expression of fear suddenly displacing the lines of weariness.

"Me smell smoke!" he whispered hoarsely.

Jan sniffed the air, but shook his head. "Come, now, none of this!" he said threateningly. "You want to go back—but you cant, not while I'm alive——" Jan paused and put his hand up to shade his eyes, as

he gazed in horror toward the west. What he had taken to be a cloud in the sky was a dense cloud of smoke. "Marie!" he muttered in alarm.

He sniffed the air again. His face whitened, and a look of horror came into his eyes. Yonder burning caldron was the very hilltop where John Cummins had set up his cabin. For a hundred miles the forest was like gunpowder waiting for the match. A few hours was enough for the lightning flames to travel from one end of it to the other.

"Go!" he commanded sharply to his companion, and the Indian sped away as fast as he could run. Then Jan sat down, and calmly awaited the coming of O'Garry.

By this time, the whole western sky was overcast with smoke, and a light wind had risen that carried the conflagration on at a furious rate.

O'Garry did not see Jan until the latter confronted him. Out of breath, he staggered against a tree, his hand instinctively gripping his knife.

"Sit down and rest," suggested

THE DISPUTED CLAIM

Jan gazed at the Indian, in whose eyes treachery already shone. He unsheathed his long hunting-knife. The redskin already had his out and was awaiting attack.

"Well—which is it—come on with me, or fight?"

The Indian said nothing. A steely glitter in his eye was his only reply. Jan braced himself, and then turned for a final quick backward look toward the approaching fire. He gave an exclamation. Running toward him up the hill was O'Garry's Indian, with O'Garry himself but a short way behind!

Jan, quietly; "I do not want it said that I killed a man because he was exhausted. Rest!"

O'Garry took in the situation and complied with his adversary's advice. For at least five minutes they sat, feeding on the hatred in each other's eyes. Suddenly O'Garry rose and coolly felt the keen edge of his knife. "Now come and kill me!" he challenged.

Jan sprang up and had seized the Irishman's knife-hand before he could lift it to thrust. In the vicious twist of his wrist, one of the cords snapped, and the knife went jangling

down the rocky incline. With a laugh, Jan threw his own after it. "I want to tear you with my hands!" he cried, working his hand, inch by inch, toward O'Garry's throat.

But the men knew each other's strength and weaknesses from their former experience, and battled with their minds as well as with their hands. Jan was suddenly thrown flat on his back, and both of O'Garry's hands clutched his throat before he could adjust himself to his awk-

A DOUBLE STRUGGLE

ward position. In a second, the man's breath was cut off. One of O'Garry's great hands lay partly over Jan's mouth, to aid in the process of strangulation; but, in that moment of desperation, it was seized between the desperate man's teeth and bitten until the small bones cracked. O'Garry gave a cry of rage and pain, and lifted the other hand to deal Jan a blow. This afforded the necessary relaxation, and Jan took a deep, choking breath, and seized his adversary's hands at the wrists. In another moment they were rolling down the steep incline, locked in each other's arms. The renewed battle was carried on cautiously, each playing for strength and waiting for an opening. First one was uppermost, then the other.

They had forgotten the forest fire, until a sudden blast of wind swept in their direction, bringing with it a cloud of fine ashes and a suggestion of heat. And they could hear a well-defined roar that told them what to expect. Both men paused, as if by common consent, and, retaining their grip, waited. They lay in a sort of dell, about two hundred feet in width, shaded only by a few saplings and interspersed by several trickling pools of running water. Soon sparks began to fall about them. A few minutes later, a half-dozen points in the leaf-strewn carpet were jetting flames. Then the holocaust from overhead swept the surrounding forest.

The men's eyes had taken on a wild look, that showed all reason was lost in the mad desire for revenge. Jan had burst out into hoarse laughing as the flames began to lick the leaves from the trees and the heat

grew, minute by minute. O'Garry had begun to fight desperately, and Jan, with equal fervor, held him fast and laughed in his ear.

Then came the real conflagration. Even the dell was a caldron of flame. The roar was maddening. Burning embers and even great trees fell about the men. But the strength of the men had been spent—their grip had been relaxed, in the horror of self-incineration.

A great, burning tree had fallen on Jan's legs, which were both burned and broken.

O'Garry lay shrieking, a little way off, with his singed hands laid pitifully across his disfigured face. "My eyes are burnt out, Jan Larose! Dont—dont strike now!"

Even in his agony, Jan laughed. "My God—my legs—a burning tree is burning them off!"

O'Garry's arms suddenly dropped to his side; his hands clinched, and something sweeter than pain came into his face. Jan was watching him. Something new swayed them. This was the tie of brotherhood that binds men in moments of distress. The roar of the great fire had left behind a hissing, smoldering mass of molten heat.

"Speak, Jan Larose—where are you? Reach for my hand!" For a moment, the hands of the two men met and clasped. Next instant what was left of strength in O'Garry's great hands and arms was tugging away at the burning tree-trunk across Jan's pinioned legs. Jan did not hear the low moans of his rescuer, that told of excruciating pain and lacerated hands, for, in that moment, his agony had become too great to bear, and oblivion had come. O'Garry had been calling him several minutes before he opened his eyes.

"O'Garry," cried Jan, "to stay here means death—you get out, do you hear? Follow the wall to your left. I'll keep callin' to you until you reach the river!"

But O'Garry had groped his way back to Jan's side. "Come, Jan Larose," he said, and there was something in his voice that smothered all of Jan's hatred, as water quenches flames; "come, try, with all the strength that God has left in you, to climb on my back. You shall be my eyes."

"And—and"—Jan Larose was sobbing—"you, Clarry O'Garry, shall be my legs!"

Only they two shall ever know the agony of that effort—the sweet agony. And this renunciation of hatred and grievance—this was the superhuman strength that these men showed; that all men *can* show. It took an hour, amidst flaming embers and constant scraping of raw wounds and wrenching of broken bones. But the words at the moment when effort seemed too excruciating, always brought relief: "You are a brave man, Clarry O'Garry!" "Jan Larose, you are a man!" When they did reach the cooling waters of the river, their physical strength failed them completely. In its place had come the greater strength.

That night, John Cummins and his daughter, Marie, fleeing from the flames themselves, found Jan and O'Garry laving each other's wounds.

It must have been three months later before Jan and Marie were married. And that night they all sat around the fire in John Cummins' new cabin, the fire-logs revealing the tale in their happy hearts. Jan broke the silence: "Clarry, will you work that claim with John and me as pardners?"

Something in O'Garry's sightless eyes just seemed to melt, as he closed them and nodded slowly. But he said no word.

Jan's great, scarred hand had sought Marie's, and was caressing it softly, and John Cummins was thinking that the strongest men are the gentlest, after all!

OLDER than the war canoes drawn up and rotted on the beach; fresher in the songs of maidens than the winter bloom of green upon the forests; burning brightly in the breasts, beneath the scars, of wrinkled warriors; in the silent prayers of drudging old wives lies alive the love of Hinemoa, the woman who had dared and won.

It was long before the coming of the white men to New Zealand that she was reared by her father, Umukaria, chief of all the people that lived on the shores of Lake Rotorua. The priests in his villages gave him exact counsel as to her upbringing, offering charms of greenstone to Tiki, the earth-father, and prayers to the Sun, Moon, Wind, Rain, and Fog-souls, that they would treat her with indulgence. But Umukaria thought more closely of her body, daily carrying her over flinty places on his back, and bathing his heiress in the steaming pools of sulphur or of healing salts.

She grew tall and straight, polished and turned, like hardwood, from his ministrations, and even after he had left off singing lullabies, shamed at her size, the light of happy girlhood danced in her eyes. Then, one day, when Hinemoa was thirteen, the chief threw a mat of flax and bird-plumage, soft and glistening, over her bare shoulders, and touched his nose against hers in token of kissing. And, with the new light that was born in her eyes, she was suddenly become a woman.

The word of the ripeness of Umukaria's daughter passed among all the lake folks, to those on the islands, and across the mountains to the dwellers on the sea. The favorite sons of chiefs came from distant places to eat before the *whare* of her father, feast to repletion upon Hinemoa's beauty, and sleep fitfully in the village sleeping-houses. In a day or two, at most, stunned by her coldness, they gathered their mats about them and departed.

Renowned warriors came, with tattooed faces and waving plumes, to dance the war-dance before her, swaying faster and faster, thudding the earth with their heels, and making her breath come quick with the war-lust, but, in the end, they, too, had their day, and left without a choice being made.

Month after month passed by, and Hinemoa still flashed her teeth in friendliness upon the villagers, and turned a lack-luster eye upon her pressing suitors. Umukaria began to fear that, in shaping her beautiful body, he had affixed a heart of stone. And with that, his own heart turned to cunning contrivance, how he could shape hers to his uses.

A league from the shore, resting saucily on the bosom of Lake Rotorua, was the Island of Mokoia. It contained everything that a continent

in miniature should have: shelving beaches, warm bathing-pools, little hills of forests and fruitful valleys cuddled between. Crabbed old Whakaue ruled over it, sternly and thriftily, hobbling around his domains twice daily, to see that his wives were in the sweet potato fields and his old men not neglecting their carving and canoe-making. But his greatest pride lay in his six sons, straight and sappy as *kauri* trees, and tireless as hounds in dancing or in war. Other sons he had without number, but they were the children of slaves, and he counted them only casually and with indifferent success.

Hinemoa's father lay in his carved house, casting his mind about for her welfare, and the thought anchored upon him that right here, within sight of his door, was her cure. Old Whakaue's complete little pocket-kingdom had long been to him as an ulcer on the snowy bosom of the lake, standing between him and the far shore, and ceaselessly hatching canoes and warriors that some day might be turned against him. He pictured the six straight sons of Whakaue, and how the swirl of their paddles sent their canoe leaping ahead of his own. And he knew himself to be growing old, with his blood slowly drying, and soon the ring of war hatchets against his stockades could not make his heart flood quickly nor the song burst from his lips.

So he waited his time patiently, until a death should come among his people, and he could order a funeral feast, to summon the sons of Whakaue.

Presently an old woman died, and Umukaria made much of it, sending his wives to set up a moaning in her house, and inviting all the lake people to the *tangi.*

A messenger stood up in his canoe and sang out: "*Haeri mai! haeri mai!* You are welcome," to the sons of Whakaue.

They lost no time in launching their canoe and speeding across to the festival. Umukaria gave them places of honor, and soon they fell to at the feast, unheeding the wailing calls of the women in the house of death.

There was one who came with them. Tutanekai, a son of Whakaue by a slave, and he was brought along because he played so skillfully on his reed flute that the moaning of relatives would not mar the feast. When Tutanekai entered the darkened house, his stomach yearned toward the smells of rich foods without, but he dutifully placed his flute to his lips and joined in with the notes of the mourners. Hinemoa heard the clear call of the reed, and raised her head from the ground to look at the player. His downcast eyes met hers, and he saw that she was more beautiful than any maiden he had ever looked upon. Softer notes fell from his flute, and the women were comforted and left off their harsh weeping, thinking of the pleasant life of the old woman when she was a young wife. And then the sweet sounds of Tutanekai took them back and back, until she was a child frisking in the blue pools again, with her blood leaping measure to the sparkle of the sun in the spray.

As he played, the mourners looked upon their relative as not dead, and the desire of food and joys crept over them. One by one, they stole from the house. But Hinemoa stayed beyond the others. Such a voice as that in the reed she had never heard in the love-notes of the chiefs or warriors. She looked upon the tall, slight player, with his downcast, shadowy eyes, and love woke in her heart—stirred, and beat upon the walls of its stony cell with a clamor that frightened and fascinated her.

"Who are you," she asked, "that mourn so beautifully, and do not feast with the men?"

The youth's eyes swept her face in shame. "I am Tutanekai, brother to the six brothers and son of the slave woman of Whakaue."

"And are you not strong like other men, and with a heart like theirs?"

Tutanekai's long limbs trembled, and the sinews of his fine body played across his flesh, but he said nothing in his shame.

"Come out to the feast of warriors," Hinemoa said, taking his hand, "and pluck out the woman's heart from your strong body."

But the soft gleam of her eyes ran ahead of the words, bidding him be ever what he was.

When the six brothers looked upon the beauty of Hinemoa and drank deep of her eyes and shape, the lust of the feast sank flat in their stomachs, and they thought only of her. But she drew her mat close up over her

HINEMOA RECEIVES THE GIFTS OF THE VISITING WARRIORS

breast, and parried their glances, looking to the comforts of the downcast one who had mourned.

Night had fallen upon Rotorua, with the stars studding the dome of the silent lake, when the canoe of the six brothers pulled off for the island. They lay upon their backs, puffed and sleeping, and Tutanekai seized his paddle and bent eagerly from his waist, cutting sharply thru the water, as with the edge of his blade.

As the canoe shot over the lake, and the downcast youth breathed deep to the thrust of his paddle, his woman's heart watched from the beach. Hinemoa stood upon the shore and made out the vanishing canoe. Her heart of a man trembled and swirled, like the water grasped on his paddle.

The sun had barely waked the island to another day when the six brothers rose out of their thick slumbers and swam in a steaming pool. There was haste and scanty adorning in their dressing, for Umukaria had set this day apart for a contest of strength and skill, the winner to be given a sacred carved paddle from the hand of Hinemoa, and with it her own long-sought-for self.

Tutanekai stood off among the trees and watched their preparations. He was not bidden to the contest, and the slave's blood in him still held him aloof from his brothers. But as they brought forth their princely mats and flung them in the stern of the canoe, the spirit of crabbed Whakaue, his father, rose up in him, turning his muscles to steel and his mind to cunning. Like a shadow he flitted among the trees and came out upon the beach.

The six brothers stood apart, pois-

ing and testing their war spears. Tutanekai wormed himself along the beach, keeping the canoe between them. Presently he reached it, unseen, and dropped softly inside, burrowing under the pile of mats.

Then he waited, breathing faintly. He felt the sway of the lifted canoe and the shock as it bounded into the water, and soon its steady rock and the rush of water against its sides told him that they were in motion.

There was a great screaming of the sand under him as they shot high on the beach in front of Umukaria's village, the patter of feet around him, and then a stiff silence, as of the heart of a cavern.

"*Haeri mai! haeri mai!* Welcome, strangers from the island," sang the people of the village.

"*Toia te wakae!* Oh, haul up the canoe," sang back the six brothers, and, with heaving backs, the mighty hollow log was run up clear of the water.

Tutanekai did not move, nor during the throwing of spears in a clearing back of the village did he come forth from his hiding. It was just as the six brothers crouched on the starting-line of the foot-race, waiting for the word of Umukaria which should start them three times around the stockade of the village, that the downcast brother appeared and sprang to the line.

Umukaria raised his arms in protest at this boldness of the lowly son of Whakaue, and was about to wave him aside, when the eager voice of Hinemoa shouted "Go!" and the runners broke leash, like nervous hounds.

At the first circle of the stockade the six brothers had drawn away from Tutanekai, who stumbled and ran timidly. At the second, he floundered hopelessly in the rear. Then, as he faltered past them, the old men and children jeered at him, calling him "Lizard!" and "No man's man!" But Hinemoa leaned far over the stockade, and love shone truly from her eyes as she called him on.

Then Tutanekai shed his waist-mat of skin, and his naked legs leaped with sudden fury. The backs of the six brothers were like brown birds in the distance, but he set out after them at such a pace as no runner had ever accomplished before.

From around the far sides of the stockade laughter and mocking turned to cheers. Umukaria, from his watch-tower, was the first to see him overtake the others and speed with them to the stretch of level ground in front of Hinemoa.

It was then, with his broken breath at their heels, and the maiden before them, that the six brothers put forth a last effort, and their bodies rocked with the strain. On they came, hair tossing, hearts pounding, necks corded with veins—the inexorable figure back of them creeping up inch by inch.

As he caught up with the leader and raced stride to stride with him, the maiden could contain the secret of her heart no longer.

"Tutané, Downcast One," she cried, so that it came to him boldly—"speed—speed, for thy prize in me is ready!"

And, at her words, he grew taller and his stride lengthened, till he threw himself across the line before her, ahead of the six brothers.

Then Hinemoa tossed the sacred paddle to the panting Tutanekai, stood close to his heaving sides, and would have followed where he led. But Umukaria stepped, snarling, in between them.

"Go back to the women," he ordered, "and take up the weaving-sticks, for never shall a lover come seeking you again. Let this kick-about of the island people keep his paddle, since he runs to women and away from men with such amazing fleetness."

Tutanekai, shaking, turned to go. Hinemoa watched his broad back quiver with his shame. But all of the villagers and Umukaria and the six brothers had seen her love of him and wondered at it.

And now the *tangi* was come to an end, and the canoe manned by the sons of Whakaue shot back to the

island, conveying the silent Tutanekai. Whakaue, the death-cheater, listened to their story, while the shrewd wrinkles gathered round his eyes.

"Now go away and leave me," he said when they had ended, "all save Tutanekai, the upstart, and I will punish him to his heart's content." So they went away, laughing, never guessing at the truth in his words.

Then Whakaue opened his arms and called Tutanekai into them, hugging him close and whispering that his mother, the slave, would be taken into his *whare* as a wife.

"Go to the thatch hut on the point," he commanded, "and a man slave will accompany you. Day by day, sit in the forest and play your soul into your reed that your brothers may think you sickening unto death. This is the punishment of Whakaue, the wise father."

Tutanekai did as he was bid. Away from the taunts of the six brothers and screened in the forest, he gave himself over to thoughts of the maiden he had won, and who had stood so straight at his side. Sometimes the calling notes of his reed trembled across the water to the six in their urgent canoe, and they stopped to laugh and shake knowing heads at his hopeless madness.

As for Umukaria, he took an exact care that these two should never meet again. By day, Hinemoa sat plying her weaving-sticks under the watchful eyes of the women, and at night, the old chief had his flotilla of canoes

THE NOTES OF TUTANEKAI'S REED TREMBLED ACROSS THE LAKE

carried up to his *whare,* so much he stood in fear of her.

But the carved walls of his house were a sorry locksmith to the swelling heart of the maiden, and by night she roamed as she pleased on the deserted beach.

On the night of nights, as the young moon hung high over the island, flecking it lightly with pallor and casting its paleness in a path across the water to her feet, she stood on the sand and let the ice-cold lake lap at her ankles. Borne by the night breeze, from off the point of the island, a solemn note of sweetness seemed urging her on.

She took off her mat, and the wind caught her long hair, weaving it round her young body. Then the notes called again, and she stepped out into the lake, up to her knees. A third time the call came to her, shivering, and she let herself under the water, swimming out boldly and breasting the chop of the sea.

When she had gone a long way, and the shore lay like a black, unreal smudge back of her, a gasping sigh went up from her, and she stiffened and turned to rigid bronze. Then again, across the water, came the sob of the reed, low and long, and she took heart of courage and prayed, as she swam, to Tangaroa, the god of waters. And, remembering how Tutanekai, the downcast, had sped round the stockade for her till his head was bursting and his breast sobbing, she clove her limbs thru the frigid lake faster and faster, putting her heart in the strokes that would gain him.

She had barely strength to reach the shelving sands of the island, and, as she staggered for a foothold, the notes of the reed died out. But now Hinemoa knew that they were real and not the deviltry of some unfriendly *tipua* of the woods.

Coming to the thicket, she must needs crawl on all fours, so great was her weakness, and, in this way, it chanced that she came close upon the steaming pool of the island. It lay warm, with sides like blue marble in the scant light, and Hinemoa plunged into it with a joyous cry, for she knew that it would warm her into supple life again.

HINEMOA SWIMS TO TUTANEKAI'S ISLAND

And as she lay, like a great fish in its bowl, the slave of Tutanekai came beating thru the thicket on his way to the water.

Hinemoa let him pass, crouching low in the pool, for she was now come to the most perilous part of her adventure. The law of the lake-dwellers decreed that a maiden found in the *whare* or grounds of a man was, by that fact, his wife. She knew not the slave of Tutanekai, and dared not rise up to go with him.

But, as she heard him fill a gurgling calabash with water, and come slopping with it thru the thicket on his

return, she resolved upon an artifice to find out who was his master.

As he came opposite the pool, she raised her head from the water and called, deep and harsh like a man, to him. The slave shied away from this unseen call, and his calabash set to trembling in his hands, but presently he approached her and gave her the drink that she had called for. And when she had half-drained it, she rose up suddenly and dashed it smartly against the wall of the pool. Then the slave set to howling and covering his face, thinking her surely an evil *tipua* that had fastened upon him.

As she sank slowly into the pool again, he burst away, fighting thru the thicket like a madman, till he came to the clearing where lay his master's hut.

When Tutanekai had heard his blundering story of the strange man in the depths of the steaming pool and his prankishness, he seized his carved paddle and set out to chastise him, be he man or devil.

And when Hinemoa saw his tall shape breasting the thicket, she would have cried out to him if she had not thought suddenly of her bronze-skinned shame. So it was that she sank again under the water as he stood on the edge of the pool.

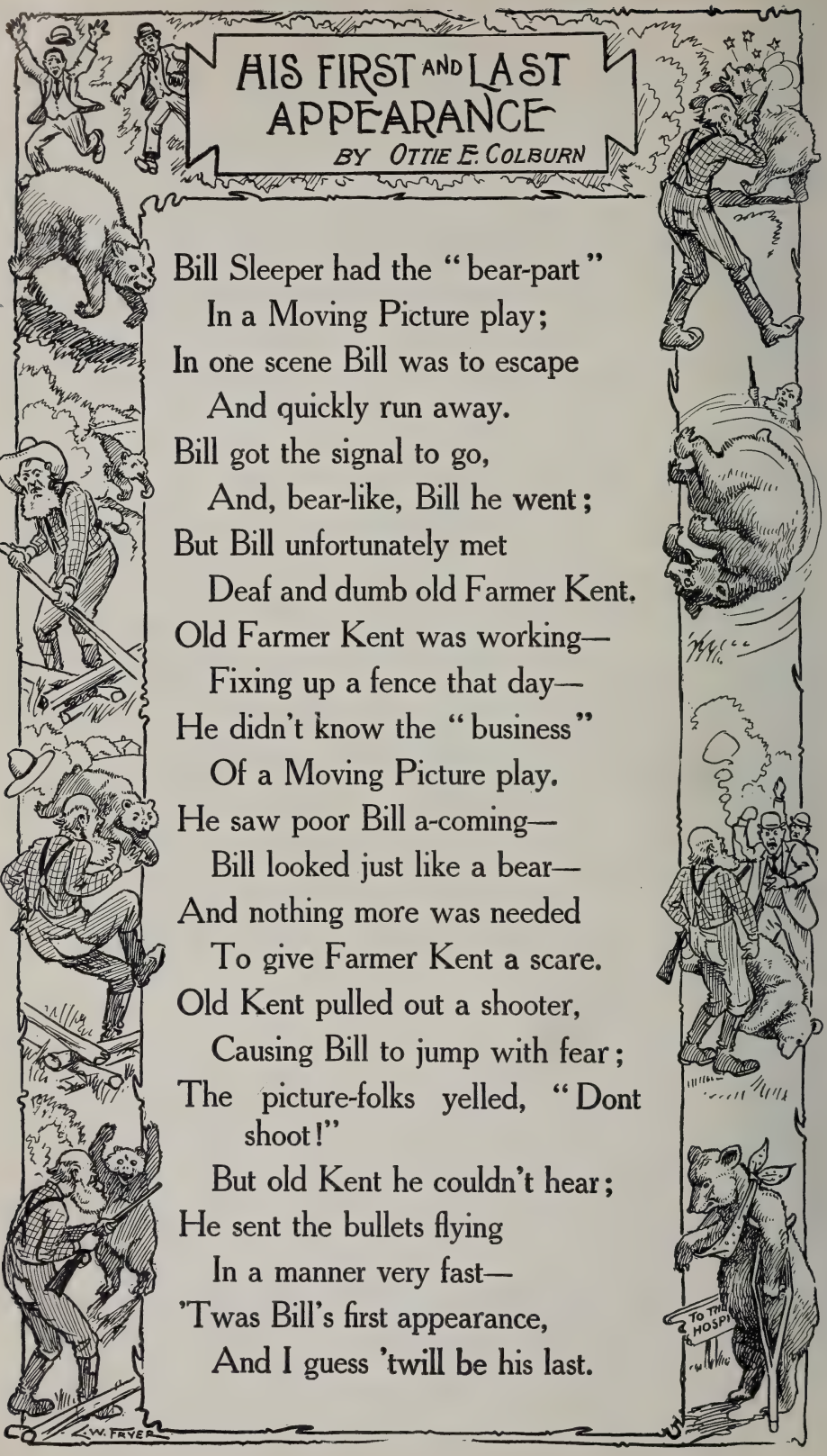
He waited, with his paddle blade poised for a sudden shearing blow. But, as she rose again for air, despairing of his going, he held himself still before the drift of shining hair and the lustrous eyes that shone thru its meshes.

The paddle dropped, unheeded, from Tutanekai's hands. "Hinemoa!" burst brokenly from his lips.

EXHAUSTED AND COLD, HINEMOA SEEKS THE STEAMING POOL

"It is I, Downcast One," she said; "and never more need you look below the level of my eyes."

And, true to her words, her eyes held his, until she crept into the shelter of the strong arms beneath his mat.



HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE

BY OTTIE E. COLBURN

Bill Sleeper had the "bear-part"
In a Moving Picture play;
In one scene Bill was to escape
And quickly run away.
Bill got the signal to go,
And, bear-like, Bill he went;
But Bill unfortunately met
Deaf and dumb old Farmer Kent.
Old Farmer Kent was working—
Fixing up a fence that day—
He didn't know the "business"
Of a Moving Picture play.
He saw poor Bill a-coming—
Bill looked just like a bear—
And nothing more was needed
To give Farmer Kent a scare.
Old Kent pulled out a shooter,
Causing Bill to jump with fear;
The picture-folks yelled, "Dont shoot!"
But old Kent he couldn't hear;
He sent the bullets flying
In a manner very fast—
'Twas Bill's first appearance,
And I guess 'twill be his last.

Thomas a Becket

By LULIETTE BRYANT

A GAME of chess was in progress. The men who bent over the board were moving the pieces of carved ivory with that absorbed intentness which betokens the true game lover. Carefully they studied the board, and carefully the woman sitting by studied the two faces. One of them gave her no reward. The clear-cut features were inscrutable. The high, smooth brow neither frowned nor lifted; the cool, half mocking light in the grey eyes was unswerving; the suspicion of a smile which touched the thin lips never grew to certainty.

The other face, tho partly hidden by a thick beard and low curling hair, gave constant indication of the game's progress. Hope, apprehension, triumph, suspense, dismay, alternated rapidly, changing to an expression of utter disgust as the calm figure opposite made the final move.

"Check, and mate!"

The defeated player petulantly dashed away the board, knocking over the pieces and sending kings, queens and pawns flying hither and thither—an act significant of the tragedy to follow. Then the impulsive player

THE KING AND HIS CHANCELLOR PLAY AT CHESS

turned to the woman, who drew nearer, placing a white arm caressingly about the dark head.

"It is ever so," he said, moodily, his petulance vanishing at her touch; "Becket wins. Should ever our fortunes clash, I doubt not it would go hardly with mine. But go to your rest now. The game is over and I have much to say to Becket before I sleep."

There was nothing in the familiar intimacy of these three to suggest royalty or formal relations of state. But, as the fair favorite left the room, throwing an ardent glance backward to the dark eyes, it was the king, Henry the Second, who spoke, leaning forward in his chair earnestly, his dark face reflecting every thought; and it was the chancellor who replied, attentive, keen, his features reflecting only coolness and intelligence.

"I like not the way matters stand in the church. Some reforms must be made right soon," declared the king, abruptly. "The exemption of the clergy from punishment by the courts is working untold mischief."

"Reform in the church is a delicate problem," replied the chancellor. "The clergy are quick to resent the slightest move which savors of the curtailment of their privileges."

"Nevertheless, there can be no peace nor rest in England until this matter is righted," declared Henry. "If all the priests were good men, it would be well, but it is not so. Shall a man who commits robbery, even murder, be shielded by his profession?"

"Men of the church," assented the chancellor, quietly, "should be equally bound to their king with men of the sword. However, the difficulty of bringing the clergy under civil law will be enormous. Ancient priestly traditions and precedents are stubborn things with which to deal."

"Do you know," asked the king, "that the Archbishop of Canterbury is near his end? I expect daily the news of his death. The new incumbent of that office must be a man whom I can trust, one who is in sympathy with these reforms, and who will keep faith with me. In short, Thomas a Becket, you must be the next Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Becket, his composure shaken for a moment.

"Why impossible?" returned Henry, proceeding with the assurance of one who has gone over the argument many times in his own mind. "You were trained for the church. For years you have been my trusted minister. What more natural than that I should give you this appointment?"

"But my habits, my manner of life——" began the chancellor.

"Are luxurious," interrupted the king, "but not vicious. True, you have lived a life of gaiety and pleasure and your name is a synonym for luxury and splendor. But with it all, you have done much serious work, your name is respected by the people and your king trusts you. Archbishop you shall be!"

A sudden knocking interrupted the conference, and a page entered bearing a sealed packet for the king. As he broke the seals and read the message, Henry glanced sharply from time to time at Becket, who sat unheeding, absorbed in thought. The letter finished, the king stretched out his hand from which dangled a heavy silver chain, supporting a cross.

"The archbishop is dead. Here is his cross of office. You must wear it to-night."

"Wait," said Becket in a low voice, "I would speak with you first." Then, as the king seated himself, Becket continued:

"You say truly that I was reared for the church. My earliest remembrances are of holy things, of reverent, pious training. Do you know of my mother?

"Gilbert a Becket was a London merchant. Upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Land he was taken prisoner by a Saracen Lord, who treated him kindly yet kept him in captivity. Falling ill of a fever, Gilbert was nursed for many weeks by a daughter of the lord and they grew to love each other. Yet when an opportunity for escape came,

he fled, leaving her behind. Only two English words had he taught her, 'Gilbert' and 'London.' Disguising herself, she went from her home and with great hardships reached the seashore. Seeking out the ships, she said over and over, 'London,' until one captain took her aboard. One day, as Gilbert sat in his counting house, he heard a great noise in the street. 'It is a woman,' a clerk told him, 'a foreign woman, with a crowd following her. She is going up and down the streets saying 'Gilbert, Gilbert.' Gilbert a Becket looked out, and there, among the dark, dirty warehouses, in her strange dress, with strangers crowding around her, forlorn and lonely, yet brave, was the Saracen maiden. A flood of tenderness swept over him at such devotion and constancy. He rushed into the street and took her in his arms. They were my father and mother. My mother became a Christian—such a Christian as only one of her constancy and devotion can become. Tenderly she trained me in the ways of piety, and my father obeyed her dying prayer when he educated me for the church."

Becket sat silent again, and the king waited until he continued.

"If you send me into the church," the chancellor said, lifting his steady eyes, from which the mocking light had faded, "I fear for our friendship. Now, we agree in everything, but who can tell what changes may come to me? I feel that I, like my mother, would leave all, risk all, to follow a new light if it came. Let us be as we are, and let another man be archbishop."

"No," cried the king, "the reforms must be made! Only with your help can I humble these rebellious priests. No other man shall have this office."

An instant of hesitation, and the chancellor, returning to his usual cool assurance, knelt before the king. There, unwitnessed, in the king's own chamber, Thomas a Becket received from his sovereign the holy badge of

KING HENRY JEERS AT BECKET'S PENANCE

his new office. Rising from his knees he stood for some time looking silently down on the fateful cross which should lead to estrangement, enmity, death! Then, bidding the king good-night, Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, hastened to his own luxurious home.

Who shall say what visions came to the new archbishop that night? Lying in his richly upholstered bed, surrounded by all the fittings of wealth and taste, did the sainted Saracen mother visit her boy with gentle counsel? Did some flaming angel stand before him, to proclaim the church greater than the king? Or was it but the calling of his own conscience, aroused by the shining silver cross on which he gazed? Certain it is that from that night Thomas a Becket was a new man. Arising early in the morning, he closed his magnificent home, turned off all his brilliant followers, and, clad in penitential robes, repaired to Canterbury where he began a life of the most rigid sacrifice and self-denial.

Henry soon rode to Canterbury to visit his new archbishop. To his amazement and mirth he found Becket doing penance before an altar in the oratory. But jests died on the king's lips as the archbishop turned, for he saw on his face the same look which he had so often worn when he was the chancellor. The archbishop was cool, impassive, undisturbed by the jeers of his sovereign, yet he spoke a few words of dignified rebuke. Muttering a half apology, the king rode away in the midst of his gay retainers; and, as he rode, Becket's words rang in his mind like a refrain—"If you send me into the church, I fear for our friendship!"

Puzzled and vaguely alarmed by Becket's new attitude, the king sought solace with the fair Rosamond, wasting his days in idleness and revelry. Encouraged by Henry's increasing devotion, more favored than the queen her-

FATHER GERALD DENOUNCING THE KING'S LOVE FOR ROSAMOND

"THE CHURCH ALONE HATH POWER TO PUNISH HER PRIESTS"

self, Rosamond grew bolder and more arrogant, until whispers of her conduct stirred the court and brought Father Gerald, the king's confessor, to remonstrate with his sovereign.

It needed only this rebuke to fan the king's smouldering resentment against the church into a flame of frenzy. Recalling all his resolves to make the clergy subject to civil law, he declared Father Gerald a traitor for presuming to question his sovereign's acts, and decreed that he be instantly beheaded. But the men who were dispatched to fulfill this command returned with the news that Father Gerald had fled for refuge to the sanctuary at Canterbury.

"I, myself, will go to Canterbury," said Henry; "Thomas a Becket, on the very night that he was made archbishop, declared his belief that priests as well as soldiers should be subject unto their king. He will not so soon forget his words."

Galloping to Canterbury with a score of his men, the king demanded Father Gerald; but Thomas a Becket, standing, unmoved, with folded arms, before the curtains which concealed the priest, dominated the situation and held back the armed men.

"The church, alone, hath power to punish her priests!" he avowed, calmly.

"Traitor!" cried the king. "How do those words agree with the ones which you spoke but a month ago in my palace?"

"Did I not say," returned Becket, steadily, "'Let us be as we are, and let another man be Archbishop of Canterbury—who knows what changes may come to me?' Now the light has come, and I follow it!"

The king rode wrathfully away with his retainers, and all the way along the fair road to London his mind rang with the words, "If you send me into the church, I fear for our friendship."

Henry was not easily baffled. His next move was to summon all the clergy to a great council at the Castle of Clarendon. There they framed the

FRAMING THE FAMOUS CONSTITUTION OF CLARENDON

famous Constitution of Clarendon, which decreed that priests should be answerable to courts of law for their transgressions. To this council Thomas a Becket had come; but, tho priests and lords wept and entreated, and armed soldiers threatened him, he refused to alter his position. With countenance controlled, emotionless as of old, he passed proudly before the angry king and the opposing bishops, and went out from the gathering, back to his stronghold at Canterbury. There he fearlessly excommunicated all who had supported the Constitution of Clarendon, knowing well that this would so arouse the impulsive king that his life would not be safe in England.

The same night, secretly, the archbishop fled from England into France, where for long years he remained, striving to induce the pope to take an active part in his quarrel with Henry. Failing in this, he became daily more bitter, more determined, more arrogant, and from his retreat in Flanders hurled denunciations and curses at his enemies.

The king, however, was relenting. The anger, always so quick to flash, was also quick to cool. Rosamond dead, his queen estranged, thoughts of his old-time friend came often, and his impulsive heart softened. Thru the French king he signified to Becket his willingness to forgive and forget, and it was planned that the archbishop should return to Canterbury. Becket returned, but the demon of obstinacy had entered his very soul. Learning that during his absence the young Prince Henry had been crowned by the Archbishop of York, his first act on arriving at Canterbury was to declare the coronation illegal, and to excommunicate the Bishop of York and all the priests who had assisted him.

Henry looked forward eagerly to the renewal of his old relations with Becket; but this happy frame of mind was rudely disturbed by the Bishop of York, who came bearing complaints of these new affronts. In astonishment

and dismay the king hastily cried out, "Is there no one in my court to rid me of this man?"

It was enough. Four knights looked at one another and went silently out, riding away thru the woods to Canterbury.

It was evening when the archbishop, looking out from his window, saw the four knights in armor riding down upon the castle. His attendants crowded about him, imploring him to fly. "No," he said, calmly; "do you not hear the monks singing the evening hymn? It is time to go in to the service."

Thru the dim old cloisters, without hurry, the cross carried before him as usual, Thomas a Becket for the last time entered his cathedral, while the knights hammered at the outer gates. His terrified servants would have fastened the door but he forbade them.

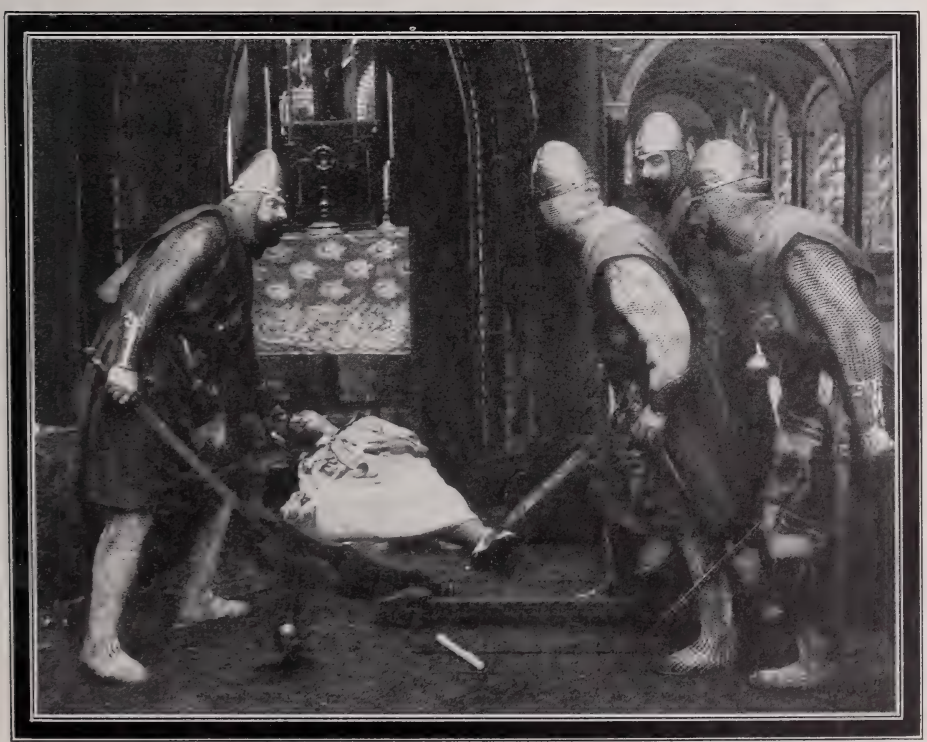
"This is a house of God, not a fortress," he said, sternly.

The church was dimly lighted, shadows lurked in the long aisles, and lengthened the stately pillars. Behind the archbishop burned a row of tall candles, lighting up the great cross beneath which he stood, resolute, defiant, deserted by his frightened monks. As the knights came crashing down the aisle, only his faithful cross bearer stood by his side and saw the emotionless face lighten, heard the calm voice speaking.

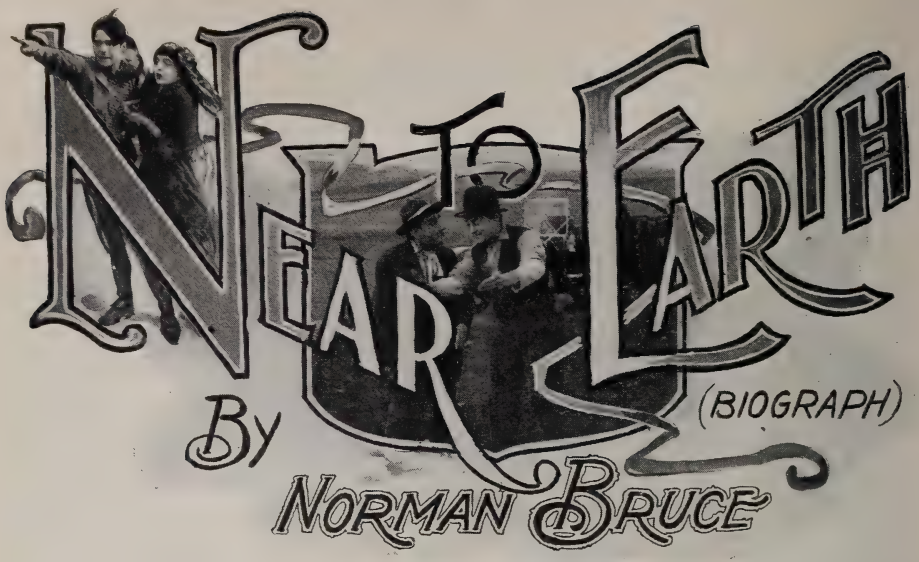
"I follow the light," the voice said, solemnly.

Then the blows fell.

An hour later, Henry the Second, repenting his rash words, rode madly thru the forest to Canterbury—too late! Quarrels were forgotten, even the terror at the pope's sure vengeance was stilled, as the king stood before the altar, looking down on the familiar face, scarcely less inscrutible in death than in life. Memories of the old association flooded back, as he gazed, and a haunting voice seemed to echo—*"If you send me into the church, I fear for our friendship."*



THE DEATH OF BECKET BEFORE THE ALTAR OF ST. BENNET



CRADLED on the mother-bosom of the Mediterranean lies the child-country, Italy; a country of primal passions, hot loves and hotter hates. It has a smile and a snarl; a kiss and a stiletto. It is a treacherous friend and a loyal enemy, and all its heart-throes lie as near the surface as the death in the green, ivy-garlanded breast of Vesuvius, smiling innocent threat against the burning Neapolitan sky.

Where the blue water of the inland ocean lips the land in a soft-tongued, sibilant caress, the ragged village of Maremma tumbles to the sea, down steep, cobble-stone roads and winding, dirty, picturesque flights of steps. A volcano, time-erased, once poured the fury of its temper along the low hills, caking them with basalt and with crumbling lava-rock. Long since, the ugliness has been covered, as Italy covers all her ancient scars, with tangles of creepers and the pink and white convolvulus, and now silver-gray olive orchards clamber sturdily up the stern hillsides, and the free laughter of the fisher-girls pelts the cliffs with echoes. Yet under the wild greenery and blossoming lie the embers of smoldering fires, forgotten fire-pits, lit ages ago when the world was young, and under the laughter lie the embers of other fires—of red love, black hatred and revenge.

"*Ecco!* Look! a devil-fish! May the Saints protect me!"

The speaker scrambled up the shelving slope of the beach, her fingers twisted into the sign of the horn, which, as all peasant folks know, is a cure for the evil eye. Her brown lips, parted over short, white teeth, flashed a smile among the other girls who were gathering kelp and sea-treasures in the safety of the high-water line.

"You keep the Saints busy, Marie," laughed a short, brown-elbowed girl, cheerily ugly and industrious. She paused a moment in her task, to gaze at her friend with the honest admiration of a squat, clever toad for an idle-brained, beautiful humming-bird. Poising a-tiptoe on a rock, arms flung out, wing-wise, to balance herself, Marie might have been some warm-blooded, graceful animal-thing, joying in the wide air and far-stretching sea. Under the coarse, white shift, her rounding breasts lifted the scarlet velvet bodice in quick movements. Her short, dark, gathered skirts whipped about her strong, young body, and the coarse, black hair streamed in the rude fingers of the breeze, beneath the red handkerchief.

"Aye, aye, trouble follows me like a sister," she answered cheerfully. "Only last holy day I broke my rosary falling over the steps of the chapel, and Saint Cecilia has sent me

no husband yet, tho I have burned three beautiful, white candles for her —'tis like enough I shall go a maid to my coffin.'' And she burst into a peal of laughter at the droll idea.

''She speaks with a bold tongue, but who knows—it may be the truth, after all,'' murmured one of the kelp-gatherers to her neighbor, with the rasp of spite in her words. Marie was too pretty to be popular with the maiden part of Maremma who were yet unwed.

''Small chance,'' sighed her friend. ''They say she is bespoke by Gato Felicetti, the farmer, but she will coquette with all the young men to the very altar itself.''

''Gato? Speak of the devil and there he is! Now watch them together. *Madonna mia,* what a look in his eyes!''

The girls drew apart, whispering and tittering, like a noisy flock of swallows, as the tall, square-shouldered, young man approached. His eyes leaped toward the swaying, laughing figure on the rock, out-distancing his eager feet as he sped toward her, looking neither to the right nor left in response to the bold or bashful glances of the other girls.

''Marie!''—his heart beat in his voice, unsteadying it, as his hand found hers. ''Blood of my soul, but you are beautiful! Well, *cara mia,* I've come for my answer. Dont play with me, little one——'' He bent over her, his eyes hot on hers.

''You are hurting my arm, Gato—'' She would not look at him, tho the bodice fell and rose more swiftly, and the red of yielding crept to her temples beneath the lowered handkerchief.

''And you're hurting me. You stab me with your cruelty, and then you laugh. Is it the heart of a woman you have, or of tufa stone?''

The girl lifted her shallow, velvet eyes, and he read his happiness in them, and, with a great cry, caught her strongly in his arms.

''Praise the good Saints,'' he whispered. ''Come, let us go publish the betrothal notice. We will be wed as

''WELL, CARA MIA, I'VE COME FOR MY ANSWER''

soon as the olives are ripe and the grapes purple in my vineyard. Kiss me—kiss me, *cara mia!*"

But the grapes were still green on their trellises and the chestnut woods white-blossomed when Gato brought Marie home to his cottage on the edge of the tablelands above the lisp of the sea. The tall, thin young man, driving the donkey-cart into the stable yard, left his cart and load of faggots in the straw, and hurried to meet them. A brother-look of face related him to Gato, but his eyes, black in the hollows of his cheeks, were patiently wistful with the illness that racked his chest and stripped his bones of flesh. He kist Marie on both cheeks, and wrung his brother's hand.

"Heaven send you happiness, Gato *mio,*" he cried.

"Is she not beautiful, Guisseppe?" Gato's voice thrilled with pride, and his eyes worshiped her. "We must make her happy, this little one; and the house will not be lonely any longer. And then, who knows, mayhap the Virgin will send us *bambinos,* eh, Marie?"

The long, warm days slipped by, dream-like, to the monotonous moan of the pigeons and the night-wail of the brown owls in the olive groves, and Marie was happy. She baked the oat-cakes on the embers, and milked the goats. She flitted like a bright sunbeam about the rude little cottage, sweeping the cement floor, cooking, washing, with a song on her brown lips, and its echo in her girl-soul. But, one day, the song died, and a strange and terrible doubt crept into the place of it. She had baked a cake—a most marvelous cake, with spices and sugar, and she hurried with it, aflame with pride, to show Gato, who was writing briskly in his account-book by the table. But Gato hardly looked at the cake. There was a frown between his eyes and in his voice as he said:

"Yes, yes—but run away, little one. I am busy——"

"YES, YES—BUT RUN AWAY, LITTLE ONE"

Marie could not trust her ears.

"See! I made it, *I* myself, a beautiful cake," she cried, her voice trembling like a hurt child's. Still Gato bent over the paper, his lips moving with his pen, and this time he did not speak at all. Marie turned away silently. The cake she fed to the pigeons in the stable yard, but the new-born doubt she carried in her heart, nursing it day by day, as she watched Gato buried in his work, brood. Marie brooded the sparkle from her eyes and the joy from her laugh, and Gato and his brother worked in the fields and the olive orchard, for there must be *lire* in the purse before winter or there would be no bread and cheese and red wine for them all.

And then came Sandro, big of body, bold and handsome; Sandro, who looked at Marie with hungry eyes and smiled meaningly. Up from the

"THEN CAME SANDRO, WHO LOOKED AT MARIE WITH HUNGRY EYES"

always tender and gentle with her, but sometimes forgetful of her presence. She would rather he had beaten her than forgotten her, she thought miserably, and searched her soul for some way that she might have offended him —but no. She had done nothing. He was simply getting tired of her— that was all. Once he even forgot to kiss her good-by as he drove his ox-team out into the wheat-fields, and he did not tell her that she was beautiful any more now.

Women are strange creatures. They must be told and retold; if not they

beach he came, a wanderer from the romantic wilds of Nowhere; saw Marie in the doorway; stopped for a drink of water, and, before the gourd was empty, had made up his mind. Was there work he could find on the farm, he asked her, great, warm, eager eyes on her face. The glance was a shame and a delight. Marie hesitated, looked slyly at him; then hesitated no longer. She would see. In a moment she was back with Gato, and a bargain was made. The stranger tossed a glance over his shoulder as he followed Gato down

the path—a glance that said much silently in arch of black brow, flash of white teeth and gleam of fierce, brown eyes.

"He *likes* me; he sees I am pretty!" thumped Marie's foolish little heart, under the red velvet bodice. "What a fine man, to be sure, with his great limbs of an ox and eyes like a calf!" She went into the cabin and spent the next half-hour looking at her reflection in the cracked mirror over the deal table. At the end, she nodded her head with sly satisfaction. "Not so bad," she commented. "Gato is a blind pig not to see me any longer. His figs and olives and corn look prettier to him. *O'è!* well, the Virgin send him better sense. Others may not be so foolish as he. That man—he has eyes—he sees I am pretty. *Peste!*"

And, with feminine logic, she burst into a rain of weeping, burying her face in Gato's old coat, hanging on its nail by the door.

The stone lions on the crest of Subraccio were etched like deformed goblin-things against an exuberant sky of crimson and wild color when Marie saw Sandro again. The red passion of the sunset touched everything with fevered fingers, and the air was hot—panting hot and breathlessly still. The far, dim white cliff, with the ruined convent atop, were rosy; the sea, a molten bowl of flame; and the scarlet of the sunset beat in the man's veins and lurked in his eyes.

"Our Lady give thee happiness, pretty signora," he said. His hat swept against the silver buttons on his blue velvet, peasant coat. "*I preti,* but it is a glorious evening, is it not—for a stroll?"

Marie's heart throbbed with excitement beneath the admiration of his glance.

"And—and—is the signor fond of—strolling?" she questioned demurely. The child-desire to toy with danger was upon her, and she raised her liquid eyes to his face for the first time. She had never been so beautiful. Sandro's breath came heavily, and his hands knotted as he looked. But his voice was suave and innocent.

"Ah, yes, and you?" Something gave the words a treacherous significance. The wine of excitement ran in Marie's veins, but she began to move away—up the winding path to the cottage.

"But not *now,*" she smiled. "Gato will be calling for his supper, and the goats are not milked, or the chickens fed. Give you sweet rest, signor—and—perhaps—some time——"

"Some time! Ay, and soon," muttered the man, as he watched the girl run, light as thistle turf, up the steep path. "She is too beautiful for the dolt of a husband and his puny brother. What eyes! and what round, heavy, white arms——"

Marie's flexible conscience berated her soundly for her imprudence. To atone, she was more tender with Gato than usual for several days, and, on the other hand, he had never seemed so indifferent. In vain she wore her gold earrings and coral beads; in vain she smiled and pouted and thrummed upon the guitar: he only scribbled figures on a piece of paper, or consulted Guisseppe in low whispers across the table. In her downcast face, an afternoon or two later, Sandro read his opportunity. He knew that he was safe from interruption. Had not he seen Gato drive away with some foreign gentlemen an hour ago? And here sat Marie alone on the doorstone, her face twisted with bitter thoughts. He approached.

"Marie, *bellissima!*" he murmured. The girl looked up, startled, to meet his hungry eyes. The two stared into one another's faces, wordless, for a long while. In hers he read wounded pride, the longing to hurt and repay; in his she saw burning admiration, the desire of her. At last she spoke, flatly, breathlessly:

"What is it that you wish——?"

In one hot word he answered her: "*You!*"

She was so silent that he believed his point won, and laughed aloud with pleasure. "*Carrissima mia,* flower of the field, we will go away—

far away from the cruel Gato and the hard work and the loneliness. We will be happy—so happy. Come, let us start at once—it grows late—*avanti!*"

He seized her hand, and drew her to her feet, clasping her close to him. The throb of his heart shook her. With a cry, she broke from him, sobbing wildly, and turned to flee.

"No, no! the Saints forgive me. We sin in our throats. No, I cannot. Gato, what would he do——"

She was gone. The man looked after her with baffled eyes, his face drowned in dull blood. Then he turned away, down the path to the beach below, and flung himself, sobbing wildly, face downward, on a stone above the sea.

Gato strode homeward, his heart big with gladness. What a surprise he had for Marie! But she should not know till all was completed. He would go home, put on his best clothes, and go to town. When he came back, and all was as it should be, he would tell her! His air of clumsy secrecy and evasion angered Marie, still quivering from Sandro's looks and touch. He did not smile at her or kiss her. He did not tell her she was beautiful. He simply changed his coat and went out again, unnoting the fire in her eyes. As she watched him go, the fire flickered brighter, higher, until it mounted to her brain.

The man on the rock looked up heavily at the touch on his shoulder; then sprang to his feet, gasping swift words.

"A WEATHER-STAINED VIRGIN SMILED WOODENLY OUT"

"No — never mind — that, now," said Marie, her voice calm with her suppressed anger. "I—have left—Gato. I *hate* him. I will go—with you—if you wish——"

He bent to her lips in a long, fierce kiss that drained the blood of her body into her face. Then he seized her hand, and climbed with her down to the sand.

"Come—we go," he said briefly, and the sand shrilled and hissed under their guilt-hastened feet as they sped

northward toward the open world. Only once did she hesitate. In a turn of the road stood a wayside shrine where a weather-stained Virgin smiled woodenly out on the peasant carts and the women passing to the gleaning field, their babies at their skirts. When Gato had brought her home they had knelt there and told an *Ave* —and now—— But the unreason of fury was upon her, and she went on by the shrine.

"HOW SURPRISED SHE WILL BE, THE LITTLE WITCH"

In the cottage the thin-faced Guisseppe gazed, horror-stricken, on the note pinned to the door. He had found it when he returned from the fields:

> You no longer show me love. I go with Sandro. MARIE.

Then, with a snarl of fury, he seized something bright and deadly-looking from the cupboard and was gone.

It was late when Gato returned from town. The far convent bells rang the Angelus across the drowsy world. Mules' shoes clattered on the cobbles of the roadway, and the clank of goat-bells vied with the throb of the nightingales in the acacia trees. A wind had come out of the sunset, mourning along the gorges and the ilex-wood, sending withering vine-leaves and wisps of straw across Gato's path with the depression of coming winter.

"An apoplexy on the wind!" he cried good-naturedly, struggling against it up the path to the cottage, his arms tightening about the bundles he carried.

"Where can Marie be, that the brass lamp is not lighted? How surprised she will be, the little witch, when she knows how well I have sold my land and sees what I bought for her! Marie! where are you! *Cara mia*—see! Marie!——"

She was not there. He searched the small house over, terror gnawing his heart. Was she sick—had something happened to her? The note tossed to the table by Guisseppe told him what it was that had happened. For a moment it was a beast that raved in the cabin, shouting thick curses, fumbling for his dagger; then, suddenly, he sank into a chair by the table and buried his face in his work-hardened hands. The sobs that shook him came from his soul.

"Ah, Marie—little one—pretty one—and he! Curses and black death on him! But where have they gone? Ah, no, I can do nothing! Oh, Marie—*Marie!*——"

He did not hear the footsteps on the door-stone, in the isolation of his pain. Then they entered and stood beside him. Guisseppe, breathing hard, leaned against the door-post, watching. Marie put out a timid hand and touched Gato's sleeve.

"Gato, *mio*—it is I, Marie——"

He sprang to his feet with a bound. His eyes glared hot hatred on her, his hands sank into her flesh, and he snarled as he bent above her soft throat.

"Ah—so already you have had enough? Where is your lover? You do well to come back to the house you have stained——"

"Guisseppe—found us—*in time.* He flung Sandro—over a cliff——" The words were stifled by the cruel fingers on her throat. With her failing strength she plucked a stiletto from her belt and put it into Gato's hand.

"Strike—that will end the disgrace——" The words were hardly more than breaths. Gato snatched the knife from her hand and poised it over her breast. Then—strange vision—they were together by the seashore again, the white fishing-boats coming in, the gay voices of the kelp-gatherers. They were before the priest, her hand warm and tremulous in his—they were kneeling by a shrine—— The knife clattered, sinlessly, to the floor.

With a hoarse sob, Gato caught her to his breast and buried his face in her blue-black hair.

"I love you—I cannot hurt you, *cara mia!*"

She was sobbing her shame against his heart; stammering pleas for forgiveness—— Suddenly he turned to the table and opened the bundles with impatient fingers. He held up a coat and hat proudly.

"See—Marie—these are for you. Put them on, *carrissima,* and dry your tears. Ah! that is right—quite right——"

He turned to Guisseppe, his eyes alight with pride. "See, Guisseppe," he cried brokenly—"see—is she not beautiful?"

The Call of the "Movies"

By RICHARD WRIGHT

Who wants to go to see the shows
The high-priced theaters run,
When at the "movies" one can have
All kinds of harmless fun?
Who wants to dig up for a seat
Two dollars and a half,
When for a nickel one can go
And have a hearty laugh,
Or travel far in foreign lands,
And witness distant scenes,
Or view the melodramas that
Are acted on the screens?
Who wants to spend all evening
In a space two feet by two,
And find his legs are paralyzed
Before the show is thru?
Who wants to sit three weary hours,
To watch a plot unfold,
Or suffer thru a comedy
With hoary jokes, and old?
The fascination of the films
Is growing every day,
A source of recreation which
Has surely come to stay;
The class of entertainment
To which everybody goes—
The educating, captivating,
Moving Picture shows!

The Greater Love

(American)

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

BETTY sat by the window—waiting. A fear was in her heart—a tremulous, pangful fear—her gaze wandered here and there before her, watching, watching for that which she knew must come—expectant, yet grudging every moment which brought it nearer to her. The dying light of a tired sun caught full her face and heightened the color of excitement there; it wandered thru the straying wisps of her chestnut hair, and turned it all to a crucible of living gold; it faded slowly, and, with its languishing rays, the head of the girl bent forward upon her hands—a bit of a sob shook her body. There was a long, long silence. Then Betty raised her head and looked resolutely before her.

"When he comes," she said softly, and the tremble was in the lips, in spite of her determination, "I'll not let him know how it hurts—that wouldn't be right. I'll be brave and——" She started a bit, and then turned. A second later, she was smiling into the face of a big, boyish-appearing man who stood before her. "Hello, boy!" she greeted him. "I've been waiting for you."

Ed Evans hesitated. There was something of a stammer in his voice as he looked down into the face of the girl before him.

"I—it took me a long time to get ready. I—I"—he paused again—"I——" The words ceased. In a burst of impulsiveness the great arms had swept the form of the girl into their embrace, and the face of the man was pressed close to that of Betty. "I—I just seemed to be all thumbs," he said. "I tried to hurry—I just hated every minute that I lost, because I knew that would mean one minute less with you, honey. I—"

Two soft hands were pressed against his face. Betty's eyes were looking into his.

"I know, boy," she answered. "I know just how it was. I've been sitting here by the window, waiting for you, wishing you would come, yet just hating to see you, because I knew it would mean our parting. Eddie, boy, I know it's for the best; you must go where opportunity takes you. There's a chance out there in the West—and you're going to make the most of it. There's only one thing I ask, Ed—that you dont forget the girl you left——"

Her voice ceased, in the crushing embrace of the great arms.

"Forget?" Evans asked, and his

voice was strange and husky. "Forget? Honey, if the United States doesn't get out an injunction against my burdening the mails with a hundred letters a day, my name isn't Ed Evans! Forget?—why—"

"I didn't mean it, Eddie!" The coquettishness showed in Betty's face. "I just wanted to hear you say that I know you wont. You're not that kind." She started at the reverberating stroke of the town clock, far across the square. "You haven't much time—good-by."

And a minute later, the tears now streaming unchecked, Betty again stood by the window, waving to the big-bodied, big-hearted man she had just kist good-by.

As for the man himself—that night he sat staring out the window of the whirling train, far across the black expanse of hurrying fields without, to where a rift in the clouds let in a bit of the moon's light, and, by some miracle, formed there the face of a girl—a girl with chestnut hair and eyes that were created but once. Ed Evans stirred a bit. He laughed a bit mournfully to himself.

"YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME—GOOD-BY"

"Forget her!" he mused. "There isn't a woman in the world that could take her place for a second—not more'n a couple of seconds anyway, even if she killed herself trying. Gee whiz!"—he stared ahead anxiously—"by the time I get out there to New Mexico, I'll be four days away from her. It'll take four days for a letter to come from her, and four for mine to go back. That's an eternity."

But, someway, the first eternity passed, and Ed Evans found himself within the confines of a one-storied New Mexican village, huddled at the base of towering mountains, with here and there its houses of wood and stone, where lived the "gringoes," with everywhere the adobe huts of the Mexicans, with dogs, innumerable dogs, that ran the poor, sun-baked streets, and, far in the distance, the towering shaft of the mines where, as fieldman, Ed was to receive his employment. There was not an abundance of cheerful prospect in that first glance. A long street, with here and there a gaunt-faced, burnt-copper "greaser" asleep in the sun; the weird song of a woman coming from nowhere in particular; the odor of frijoles and enchalatas. Evans looked in vain for the sign of a hotel. Then he strode forward and nudged one of the sleeping Mexicans with his foot.

"Where's a hotel here?" he asked. The Mexican opened one eye lazily, then shut it again. Ed repeated his question. Both eyes were opened this time.

"*Poco tiempo, señor,*" the drowsy one remonstrated. "Have one li'l

beet patience, you call him. That way."

He pointed to a building in the distance, more pretentious than the others, and Ed followed the directions. Ten minutes more, and he was again in the odor zone of the tortilla and the enchalata. He knocked at the door. A long wait. He fretted in the hot sun.

"I wonder if anybody does anything but sleep in this town?" he growled, half to himself; "you cant get anything out of it. Of all the—"

He stopped abruptly. The girl who stood framed in the door before him was just a bit different from any he ever had seen. Hair the depth and darkness of midnight, eyes which shone with the sparkle and brown of glossy mink, lips voluptuous and full, and a bit of a smile about them that lured. Ed Evans stared a second, then recovered.

"Howdy?" he said. "They told me down the line this was a hotel or boarding-house, or something of the kind. Is it?"

The girl at the door smiled.

"*Si, señor.*"

"Think I could put up here? I'm going to be with the White Eagle people, but I'm going to be out in the range for them a good deal," he added, with an upward glance at the mountains beyond, "so I wanted some place I could——"

"*Si, señor,*" the girl answered again. "You call him boarding-house? Ten Mex a week, señor."

"Ten Mex?"—Ed Evans looked blank—"what's that?"

A laugh from the door. It seemed the girl had weighed him in the balance, regarded him in his every light, and taken him for a friend already. Playfully she held up her fingers and counted on them.

"Ten Mex—Mexicano dollar, *señor.* Five gold—gringo money. I have room for you." She laughed again, and pulled her straying mantilla back from her eyes. "I like you ver', ver' much, *señor,* already. You think you like him, this boarding-house? You think you stay?"

Ed Evans laughed good-naturedly.

"Dont see any reason why I shouldn't," he answered. "Would you mind showing me my room? I'm full of sand as a mortar-box."

"*Prontito, señor,*" answered the girl, and, with a friendly gesture, extended her hand and laid it on his arm. Then, quickly, it was drawn back, her eyes snapped as they fastened themselves on a figure across the street, and her expression and manner changed. "Thees way, *señor,*" she said shortly as she preceded him within.

But quick as she had been, the figure had seen. Hovering within the shade of the *jacal* opposite, José, of the ever-gleaming knife and the ever-ready *pistola,* had seen, and, with seeing, his heart had surged. For José, *mal hombre* as he might be as far as the men were concerned, was *muy caballero* to those of the feminine sex upon whom he chose to smile, and to whom he chose to sing his *canciones de amor,* accompanied by his plunking guitar and the moonlight—*muy caballero* to all except one: Conchita of the boarding-house.

Therefore, should it be any wonder that José, beloved of those who sought him, should turn all aside for one who did not love him? It is the way of nature, and that afternoon, as he slunk from the shadow of the *jacal* and glided down the *Casa Grande*—if Chiquoti's one street may be called that—strange shrugs of the Latin race moved his shoulders and strange oaths of the Latin tongue came from his lips. For José had seen a stranger, and a "gringo" at that, receive from Conchita more affection in one glance than he had been able to muster in months of sighs and *serenatas.* Long he strode, disdaining the tawdry signs of Chiquoti's two saloons and their gringo whisky; José wanted more—the solitude of his own 'dobe and the stupor of mescal.

Three days he watched: in the morning when the Gringo—José knew Ed Evans by no other name—left for his first day at the White Eagle; in the afternoon, when, skirting the sage

and the cacti, he saw him depart upon his first mission; in the short New Mexican evening, before the stars descended to their glowing, almost reachable places in the velvet sky—and gritted his teeth at the sight of Conchita, her hands playing with her mantilla, waiting in the doorway for this new being who had come into her life. Three days he watched, while the blood raced in his veins; slinking, like the dogs of the *Casa Grande*, he walked after them as they strolled the third night; and then, the fourth day, he sought Conchita.

"THIS GRINGO, YOU LIKE HIM, EH?"

"This Gringo, you like him, eh?" he questioned. He had come upon Conchita just at the fence above the arroya. She tilted her eyes to him.

"*Si,*" she answered in the affirmative, with a little smile. "May I not like him, if I care to?"

"You'll like him more, *señorita?*"

A nod of the head.

"*Si!*"

The lips of José drew back from his teeth. His hand wandered aimlessly toward where the butt of his knife showed above its covering. "*Diabla bonita!*" he began in Spanish, and then shifted to his stilted English: "Ver' well, ver' well. Mebbe so you like him. Ver' well."

And he was gone, gone to hurry down the *Casa Grande* toward the mountains, gone to seek the trail higher and higher, to leave it and scramble among the rocks and crags high above. José had not watched three days in vain. He had not seen Ed Evans take the same path three consecutive times and return by it, without knowing that his duties lay in that direction. In the mind of José was the scheming and the cowardice of the true "greaser." Other men he might meet in the open, trusting to fortune that his finger might press the trigger a second sooner, or his knife-gleam meet the sunlight before the

weapon of the adversary was unsheathed—but here was a case for caution. There must be a more stealthy way about it all; more of the accident, yes? José laughed to himself, and rolled a great boulder to the edge of the cliff; strained and lifted it, to test his muscle; returned it to the ground; then sprawled, at full length, to wait.

An hour he watched and smoked his cigarets. Two hours, while the sun dropped steadily toward the ragged edge of the mountains beyond. Three—he started to his feet at a sound far down the canyon. He lifted the boulder; he poised, his eyes gleaming at the form far below. The snarl came again to his lips. The muscles gripped, then sprang to activity—a crash as the boulder went down, a scream from below; and José, *muy cabellero,* strolled away, to wander aimlessly into town; to smoke his cigarets and drink his mescal, and to find out later whether or not his missile brought death or only injury. Neither made much difference, just so it were one of the two. José would as soon maim as kill.

Thus it was that he hid where the black wall of the *jacal* shut out the moonlight, and smiled to himself as they bore the crumpled heap into the boarding-house late that night. Dead? He would see. He crept close to the building. He heard the summons for a physician. He heard the verdict, and listened to the cry or two of pain as the physician began his work. Only a broken leg? Oh, ver' well. There were other times coming, and there were other boulders in the mountains. An hour more, and José plunked his guitar beneath the window of the *señorita* across the arroya. The world was well. There was time enough for Conchita when the second boulder fell.

And while he sang, Conchita sat by the bed of a staring-eyed man, aimlessly fingering the beads of her rosary. Suddenly she looked down.

"You had *Señor* Doctor send him tel'gram?" she ventured. Ed Evans turned his head.

"Yes," he answered, with seeming indifference.

"Who to?" There was a sharp querulousness in the tone. The man laughed.

"To a friend of mine."

"Somebody who likes you?"

"Yes."

"Ver' much?"

"Yes."

A pause. Then Conchita leaned closer.

"I like you ver', ver' much, too," she whispered. Ed Evans covered her hand with his.

"I'm glad of that," he said. "I like you a lot, too, Conchita. We've been good friends, haven't we?"

The sentence was disdained.

"Who get him tel'gram—*señor* or *señorita?*"

Ed laughed.

"That's a secret," he answered.

But four days later, as the sun died behind the black hills, the secret was ended. A girl knelt beside the bed of Ed Evans, and her lips were pressed to his. The straying wisps of chestnut hair touched his cheek. The tender hands of Betty attempted to cool the fevered temples. And Conchita, her breath choking in her throat, her blood congealing in her veins, saw and understood. For just a second all the angry passion of her Latin forbears flared into being. Her fingers extended claw-like, the glare of the tempest was in her eyes—then all faded. Like the little being of the wild she was, she turned and fled; she sought the open, the skies, the low-hanging stars, the shadowy forms of the cacti, out there where the moon's rays descended unshielded, and where the wind was soft and cool. Long she wandered, then stopped abruptly. She laughed happily to herself and the stars.

"Mebbe him sister," she said hopefully. "Mebbe——"

She turned and ran for the huddled little town.

She sought the open doorway, and listened at the door. He was still awake, lying on the bed as when she had left him, dressed. Softly, Con-

chita crept within and knelt beside him, in the moonlight.

"Him sister?" she questioned. Ed Evans turned his eyes.

"Who?" he questioned. "Betty? Goodness, no! She's going to be more than a sister to me. She's going to be my wife. Dont you like her? Dont you think she's pretty? You know," he rambled on, without waiting for the answer, "since I met her, there isn't a woman in the world who could make me think twice about her, not even if she killed herself trying. That's a fact."

Conchita did not answer just then. Her fingers were at her rosary now, and her lips were moving swiftly. Age seemed to have entered her face all in a moment and left the telling imprint of its claws there. A deep breath trembled past her lips, and she reached forward to cover the cool hand of the man with her feverish one.

"I hope you will be ver', ver' happy," she said. "Mebbe some day you find out—about Conchita. Mebbe some time——"

A scream. The sound of steps. The staring eyes of Conchita shot upward. José stood framed in the moonlight, that snarl on his lips again, his knife gleaming.

"Gringo!" he breathed. "Gringo! She like you ver' much, eh? She—"

It was then that the plunge came.

CONCHITA PATIENTLY SAT BY THE INJURED MAN'S BEDSIDE

It was then that the knife went high in the air and displayed its gleaming, glittering circle as it swept downward. It was then that the scream came again—louder as the knife found flesh and the gleam of steel died in the dull of blood. It was then that the eyes of Conchita stared in one great second of anguished agony, then closed as the head dropped forward. For Conchita had been quicker than the knife of José, and her body had formed the protection that shielded the life of the man she loved, willing to give up her own life to save his.

"THEN ALL WAS STILL—DEATHLY STILL"

The steps of those who gripped tight the wrists of *muy cabellero* ceased to echo without. The physician, jealously watching the fading pulse-beats of the one whose life was ebbing, turned to Betty, standing anxious-faced beside him.

"Tell that woman outside to stop her crying," he ordered. "Conchita's trying to say something."

And then, in the stillness, as they leaned toward her, Conchita, the ruddy color gone from her cheeks and the gloss of the mink departed from her eyes, smiled wanly into the face of Ed Evans, and, with one great effort, raised herself toward him.

"You say mebbe woman make you think twice about her if she kill herself tryin'? Oh, ver' well. *Adios, señor—adios, señorita!*"

The man's breath caught.

Then all was still—deathly still—except for the moaning from without, where the old señora had begun again to mourn.

THE commencement ball, the farewell of farewells to the graduates of the college, had passed off with the usual elations and heartaches. Some of the sweetest associations of college life had ended abruptly; others had been projected into the future on the wings of promise.

Such a promise James Abbott had expected to win from May Scott, of the nut-brown hair and eyes and the provoking carmine lips. The choice lay between him and Frank Arthur, but James, with every tribute to Frank's fine nature, clung to the hope that his own more brilliant social attributes would make the stronger appeal to the girl they both loved. When he had led her from the ballroom and asked her the question that welled up from his boy's heart, she sadly shook her head.

"May!" he exclaimed, scarcely believing that the dreams he had so persistently lived in could thus instantly be shattered. The agony in his voice wrung a protest from her.

"Dont! dont, Jim! You make it so hard for me. I like you immensely —you know that—but not——"

"There is some one else—Frank, I suppose?" he said bitterly.

Her head drooped in telltale acknowledgment. He looked at her for a moment, as tho to make one more effort. She was so beautiful, so alluring, so desirable in his eyes—his "one woman out of all the world!" Then the thought of Frank, his successful rival and his chum, intruded. Clenching his jaws together, he turned resolutely and left her.

When Frank came to him that night, blindly happy, with the news of his engagement to May, James managed to conceal his hurt, and accompanied his congratulations with a hearty handshake.

What he experienced was less a sense of envy toward Frank than of defeat for himself. Something seemed to have given way under him and left him floundering aimlessly.

The morning dawned, and, with it, the preparations for departure. "The Three Musketeers," inseparable chums—James Abbott, Frank Arthur and Martin Wynne—at last stood together, gloomy to morbidity at thought of parting.

"'When shall we three meet again?'" quoted Martin, with an attempt at burlesquing tragedy, "'In thunder, lightning, or in rain?'"

"With you heading for the 'wild and woolly,' and Frank making for the land of pie and doughnuts, and me crossing into Dixieland, I dont see

any prospect of our forgathering in the near future."

Frank took from his pocket a notebook, and wrote upon one of the pages. Tearing out the leaf, he divided it into three strips, giving one to each of the boys. Martin read from his slip: "Until we three meet again, June 12th, ten years from today."

"Right-o!" said Martin. "I'll be with you, if I have to ride a mustang all the way."

"UNTIL WE THREE MEET AGAIN"

"I suggest we put these scraps of paper in our watches, so as to have the reminder always with us," said James. "Ten years is a long time to bear that date in mind."

They acted upon the suggestion, and, as they snapped their watch-cases shut, they seized one another's hands and said the final good-by.

At a sloppy table, in a corner of a disreputable saloon, a man, shabby, haggard, stamped with the impress of years evilly spent, sprawled limply. Altho in the haunt of outcasts, there was something about him that hinted at a fall from grace, rather than at a wallowing in native mire.

Another man, coarse and brutal-visaged, lurched up to the table. "Got the whole cosey-corner resoived?" he asked, in a tone that dared one to refuse him an invitation.

"Sit down, if you want to," answered the lounger. "The place is as much yours as mine."

"Is that so? Glad to hear it," threw out the newcomer, truculently, as he pulled out a chair and sat down. He had caught the note of breeding and education in the man's reply, and it had started that irritation that the brutally illiterate feel toward those who have lived on a higher plane.

"Ye're down on yer luck, uh? Ye're lookin' purty low-down, if ye ast me," he continued, in growing curiosity.

The other winced. "Well, there may be deeper pits in hell to fall to, but I doubt it," he muttered wearily.

"What's de matter? Kist all yer cush good-by?"

"Long ago," admitted the other.

"What'll ye have? A swig o' rum 'll put some hope in yer heart," suggested the brutal one, at the same time making a sign to the barkeeper.

"Not for me. I'm done—I'm down and out," came in feeble drone.

"That's jest why ye shud have it," maintained the impromptu host, roughly. "Now drink it down," he ordered, as the drinks were set before them.

The other clutched the glass with a fierceness that told of the gnawings and cravings of a depraved appetite. The glasses drained, the burly one signaled another order.

"My monaker's 'Mike,'" he volunteered, as the fresh glasses were brought. "Wot's yourn?"

"Jim," answered the other.

"Huh! Short an' sweet, an' dont give away secrets. Ever bin in stir?"

"No," answered Jim, not even indignant at the implication of criminality.

"Never done time? Youse is one of the lucky guys, huh?" Mike persisted.

"I never committed a crime," retorted Jim.

"Den, wot's yer doin' aroun' here? Wot's brought yer down to this?" queried Mike, a hard, purposeful light growing in his small eyes.

The wretched man opposite tried to evade those eyes and the question, but the shattered will surrendered, as it had been doing for the past ten years, and, an answer being easier than resistance, he blurted out: "It all started over a woman. I loved her; she threw me down, and married my chum."

A look of disgust overspread Mike's features. "As far as ever I cud see, a dame's a dame. Ef ye cant git one, ye can git one jest as good," he declared. "But," condoningly, "ye're not the only one thet's started wrong and finished wrong bekase of a skoit. This woild down round hereabouts is full of such guys. Wot's bin yer line, Jim?"

"Oh, drink, gambling—anything with excitement to it," he answered dully.

There had been more drinks, and Mike was watching their effect.

"See here, pal," he said at last, with an assumption of friendliness, "ye're dead broke. Why not hook up wid me an' git a little swag?"

The bleared eyes looking out from Jim's haggard face turned questioningly to the speaker.

"Yep; ye're on," was Mike's answer to the mute query.

"Nothing like that," said Jim, in a tone that was intended to be firm.

The other laughed harshly. "When a bloke's got as near the end as youse, a trick or two aint goin' to ruin his reputation. Now listen. I got a job on fer tonight—swell shack, easy boost. Wot's the woid?"

A refusal, tho lacking in outraged emphasis, fluttered among the débris of the other man's morality. Then its feeble existence ended with the next argument from Mike.

"Yer've got to have de cush, haven't yer? Well, come along, den!"

They rose together, and slouched from the saloon.

"Now, please, mother, one more song, and then I'll close my eyes tighty-tight and go by-by."

Mrs. Arthur smoothed the bedclothes over the little figure and drew them up about the rosy, mischievous face.

"Daphne, dear, mother has sung you all her songs. You must go by-by like a sweet little flower. All the little flowers and birdies are sound asleep. So close your eyes; that's a good baby."

Daphne squeezed her eyelids tight over the bluest and brightest of eyes.

"Just sing 'Rock-a-by,' and I'll truly sleep," she promised.

Mrs. Arthur sang, in a low voice, and before the end of the lullaby was reached, little Daphne had fulfilled her promise. Smiling fondly, the mother bent to kiss the sleeping face. But she suddenly straightened up, listening to sounds that reached her from the room beneath.

"Burglars!" she whispered in

terror. "And Frank will not be back for an hour! What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?"

She crept to the door, listened intently, then rushed to the telephone and called up the police station. The answer came back that a detective would be sent over immediately. She hung up the receiver. The stealthy sounds from below rasped her nerves with their sinister significance. After the first thrill of fear, she began to

"My God!" he moaned.

The hall-door opened, and, with a glad cry, May Arthur welcomed her husband.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"A burglar!" she gasped, pointing.

In three strides Frank was within the room. In three seconds he had grappled with the burglar and torn the mask from his face. Frank and May stood in petrified silence, staring at the cowering intruder.

JIM RECOGNIZES HIS OLD SWEETHEART

feel a sort of rage against the intruder, whom she could imagine gathering her cherished belongings. With sudden determination, she took from a drawer Frank's revolver and started down the stairs.

Reaching the drawing-room door, she switched on the light. A masked burglar blinked dazedly in the unexpected illumination. As his vision concentrated on the woman in the doorway, he recoiled. His grasp relaxed about the revolver he carried, and it clattered to the floor.

"Why, it surely isn't James Abbott?" faltered May, scarcely above a whisper.

"No, no!" exclaimed Frank, denying the evidence his eyes forced upon his reluctant judgment. "How could it be Jim?"

"It is Jim," admitted the man, huskily. "I've reached the bottom of the pit tonight. I've been sinking ever since"—he caught himself up, glancing timidly toward May—"well, almost since we left college. But I want you both to know that this is my

first crime. I guess my brain was a little cloudier than usual''—he passed a trembling hand across his brow and eyes—''and the tempter was there, as he always is at the psychological moment.''

The abhorrence that Frank had experienced in the first flash of recognition vanished, and, in its place, flashed a compassionate desire to help his old comrade back to a decent life.

A hurried footfall outside drew May to the door to admit the detective. Before she could prevent his entrance, he was within the room and at the burglar's side.

''Officer,'' began Frank, ''I want you to do me a favor. This man is not a criminal—in fact——''

At the sound of his voice, the detective had released his hold on Jim. His professional authority had dropped from him, leaving him as ingenuous as a child.

''Well, by thunder!'' he cried.

At the exclamation, Frank looked more closely at the detective. ''Martin Wynne!'' he gasped, almost overcome with the providential coincidences of the situation.

The two men met with a long, affectionate hand-clasp. The fresh humiliation of being seen by yet another of his former friends sent Jim shrinking back into the shadows. But Frank turned to him, and beckoned.

''Martin,'' he said, ''life has not been good to all of us; one of us sank, but he has come to the surface again. And now is the moment to inaugurate a new term of friendship among us old pals.''

Jim hung back, but Martin took up Frank's cue and gave to the shamed and repentant man the hearty greeting of one comrade to another.

Frank was suddenly electrified by a thought. ''Boys,'' he said solemnly, ''do you know what day this is?''

As they looked blank, he answered himself: ''It is June 12th, ten years from the day we arranged our reunion.''

Three hands sought their watches, opened the cases, and drew forth yellowed slips of paper.

''Until we three meet again,'' they read solemnly, as with one voice.

They clasped hands in an emotion that rendered words impossible, and thru the heart and mind of each surged a dominant wonder as to the mysterious workings of the Infinite.

A year had passed. James Abbott proved that Frank's faith in him was well-founded. He had been generously offered, and had accepted a position in Frank's brokerage firm, and had resumed the old friendly social relations with both Frank and Martin.

He spent many of his evenings in the Arthur home, for May extended a cordial welcome, and little Daphne insisted that he be her sweetheart. He still felt that May was the only woman for him, but his love for her was carefully schooled to an outward expression of loyal friendship.

During the last few months things had not been going quite so happily in Frank's affairs. James knew of the reverses the firm suffered, but he considered them in the light of the usual speculations, and saw no occasion for particular worry. It was May who forced him to think more seriously of them, and of what they were meaning to Frank. She sent for him one evening, when Frank was to be away on business, as was happening frequently of late.

''Jim,'' she said, ''something is very wrong. If it were ordinary business losses I am sure Frank would tell me. He is terribly worried, and he is irritable with baby and me for the first time since we married. We have been so supremely happy until now——'' Her voice broke, and she covered her eyes with her hand.

''What do you think could be the matter?'' asked James.

''Hush! Here he comes now. Step behind that curtain; I dont wish him to know that I have consulted you.''

But Frank went straight upstairs and returned in a few moments, hurrying out and down the steps.

''Jim!'' cried May, ''follow him! Find out where he goes and what he does. This mystery is killing me!''

"Dont worry, May," he counseled. "You imagine things to be worse than they are. I'll follow him, and you'll find that your fears are groundless."

He trailed Frank to a hotel, thence to a room. From within came the sounds of voices and the slapping of cards upon a table. As he hesitated, with his hand on the knob, a touch on his shoulder turned him about.

"May's jewels!" thought Jim, horrified. He reached Frank, swiftly gathered up the gems, and thrust them into his pocket.

At a signal from Martin, several officers entered, and the gamblers were declared under arrest and led into the corridor. Frank seemed unable to speak. The shock of the raid, the shame of discovery, had stunned him.

FRANK IS ABOUT TO SACRIFICE HIS WIFE'S JEWELS

"Martin!" he exclaimed—"what are you doing here?"

"It's a raid," explained Martin. "We've had information of high play going on here."

"But, old chap," protested Jim, "this is terrible! Frank is in there. Let me call him out."

"I dont dare. I've got my orders," said Martin, regretfully.

He opened the door. Jim immediately singled out Frank, who appeared to be negotiating with the dealer over a handful of jewelry.

He leaned on Jim as he walked. They were passing thru the hotel office when Jim felt him totter and become a dead weight within his arm.

"A doctor, quick!" he cried.

They felt his heart—its beat had stopped. Jim looked wildly at Martin. "Not dead?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; it's all over for Frank!" he replied chokingly, removing his hat.

"Martin," said Jim, appealingly, "cant this be kept quiet? Why should May suffer the additional grief of exposure?"

"You are right, Jim. Our old comrade shall be done by as he would have done by us," said Martin.

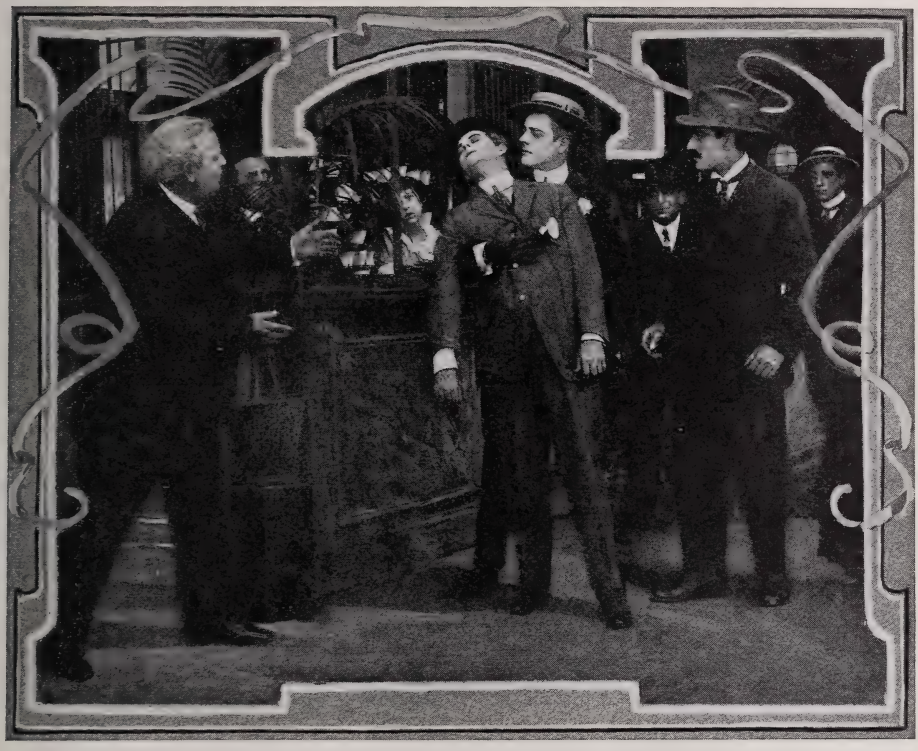
"As he *has* done by one of us," amended Jim, with bowed head.

Another year passed by. James Abbott had taken the helm in Frank Arthur's business and steered it clear of the shoals of bankruptcy. His years of depravity seemed centuries behind him. He worked ceaselessly, advancing, as he knew, nearer and nearer to that vision that had shed its glory over the harassing months when it had seemed that, by sheer strength, he had kept the business from shattering into worthless fragments.

Meanwhile, he had grown very necessary to May. She depended upon him implicitly, and little Daphne felt that her day had not closed properly unless sealed by Jim's good-night kiss.

So, at last, he told May of that love which, even in the blackest of his excesses, had remained a pure, sweet thought, and which had been as potent as Frank's magnanimous friendship in effecting his regeneration.

"I have waited, May, oh, so long, and I can wait no longer," he pleaded.



"JIM FELT HIM TOTTER AND BECOME A DEAD WEIGHT"

"Wont you try to love me—just a little? Please try, my love!"

May smiled upon him proudly and tenderly.

"Jim, I dont have to try—I do!" she answered, with bewitching hesitancy.

Jim caught her outstretched hands. Then the memory of long, painful, desire-filled years was wiped from his soul as his lips met those of his "only woman in the world."

THE GREAT MYSTERY PLAY

The Most Successful Photoplay Contest Ever Devised Has Come to a Close

THE Diamond Mystery has at last been solved. It has taken ten judges hundreds of precious hours, but they have at last come to a conclusion. Nearly three thousand manuscripts had to be read, and about fifty of these were of surpassing excellence. It will be remembered that the judges of this contest were the following distinguished men: Edwin Markham, Will Carleton, Hudson Maxim, J. Stuart Blackton, Emmett Campbell Hall, William Lord Wright, J. H. Johnston, Epps Winthrop Sargent, Edwin M. La Roche and Eugene V. Brewster, and one or more of these gentlemen read each and every one of the solutions that were sent in. We cannot speak too highly of the meritorious work of the various contestants. Some of it was more than excellent—it was superb. But many things had to be considered, and, in the last analysis, only one single manuscript stood the test, and even that one was not perfect in every respect. Honorable Mention is made of the following contestants, whose work was exceedingly good:

Rev. E. Boudinot Stockton, Lillian Baughn, Enid Comings, Emil M. Sharpe, C. J. Caine, Mrs. Janice Hamilton, Lida E. Cranston, Clarence W. Payne, Beulah Kinyon, H. R. McDonald, Alma Herodus, M. L. Compton, M. C. Barnard, Effie A. Kippelman, J. A. Snitzler, Oliver Sir Louis, Bertha M. Barton, Macy White, Alexander Humboldt, Earle C. Cotter, Archie Rice, Ethel Enwall, Samuel T. Horgan, Virginia Dean, Mrs. Hanson H. Leet, R. Cummer Mason, A. D. Bennett, Howard B. Weaver, Rose B. Tillyer, Medora Bowne Pulver, Falk Berlin, Dan J. Piccone, E. Sissingh, Agnes Dion, Sidney Gancey West, Lester Parry, Gertrude H. Lane, Maud Langstaff, J. L. Huges, Edward J. Lucke, Mrs. Jacob C. Riegel, James M. Smith, Fred E. Schroff, Billie Martin, John Boggs, Mrs. Briton Palson, John Miraglia, Miss A. M. Schneider, E. D. Munyan, Frederick E. Lindsey, Blanche Bloch, E. G. Temple, R. O. Nester, Margaret Hunter, Mrs. Wallace Arnett, Samuel Ray, George E. Johnson, Lillian Richards, M. W. Hanna, John A. Porter, Laura Caasedy, Gurney E. Smith, Gus Smith, Jr., Elizabeth De Veny Floyd, Leon H. Dembo, Emily M. Mash, Antonio Tremblay, Gordon G. Planck, Gaston M. Donohoe, Joseph Edward Falkenburg, J. A. Cassidy, J. F. Phelps, Rosaline Safran, Annette Berger, Julia A. Hammond, Robert E. Quinn, Frank W. Taylor, E. R. Carpenter, Ignatius Winfield McGuire, Esther A. Conklin, C. A. Creasy, Maude Bonner, J. A. Bourcy, William T. Carrigan, A. B. Caldwell, Mrs. H. B. Wilson and Charles F. Rosmer

—but not necessarily in the order named. The judges have also handed us another list of names for Favorable Mention, but space forbids printing it, at least in this issue.

And now for the prize-winner. All things considered, the judges have decided that the best solution to the Great Mystery Play was the one submitted by MRS. ALTA STEVENS, who gives her address as "220 South Side Station, Springfield, Missouri," and a check for $100 has been mailed to the lady. We are asking Mrs. Stevens to write something about herself and about how she came to hit upon the unusual solution that has won the prize. Perhaps we can print her letter and photograph in the next issue of this magazine. We will, no doubt, disappoint many of our readers when we say that, at the request of the Vitagraph Company, we will withhold, for the present, the prize-winning solution of The Diamond Mystery. The Vitagraph Company is already at work on the play, and since it depends, more or less, for its success on the keeping of the mystery secret, the magazine feels that it would not be fair to it to tell the public how the mystery is solved: that would spoil the mystery for those who wished to see the play on the screen. We may add, however, that in this case it is the unexpected that happens, and the onlooker will be kept in thrilling suspense until the very last scene before he knows who is the guilty one. We hope to be able to announce in our next issue the date when this memorable photoplay will be released by the exchanges, so that our interested readers may be on the watch for it.

The Gate She Left Open

(Pathé Frères)

By RODOTHY LENNOD

A KISS may be a habit, an episode, or an event. The first kiss is a miracle. Aunt Hettie had seen it coming since the time George Bennet had first braved the discomforts of the ill-laid suburban trolley-line to call on Jessie. She saw its gentle foreshadowings now in the quiver of the girl's fingers around the tea-cups, in the pink expectancy of her face, the unconscious flutter of her glances from the window to the grandfatherly clock, ticking agedly toward the miracle of young love, as it had ticked thru the pains and joys, the births and passings of a hundred years. Outwardly, Aunt Hettie was darning fine, troublous stitches in an old linen tablecloth, with staid, middle-aged joggings of her rocker. Inwardly, Aunt Hettie's gentle mind was blushing, too. She was forty-three and plain prose, but Jessie was eighteen and poetry.

"I'm glad she'll have a *rhyming* life," thought the older woman, wistfully whimsical. "It's a sort of pity that folks cant realize what it means to be old while they're still young. They'd appreciate their youngness more, dear land a-living, yes!"

The girl's hands hovered over her pretty preparations, with a touch like a caress above the cinnamon pinks in the silver vase, her lips atune to her lilting thoughts in a gay little croon of contentment. And the miracle of the first kiss to come brooded like a presence over the sunny, old-fashioned shabbiness of the room. But neither of the two women gave their thoughts word-bodies. They were New Englanders, and in New England one speaks of the price of eggs and the cost of coal—seldom of intimate things like love. Then it came—the brisk man-tread on the uneven walk. At the sound Aunt Hettie hurried to her feet in a panic of haste. Her heart quivered with unspoken tenderness toward the girl into whose joyful young life those footsteps were coming, but she said merely:

"Likely that's your caller, Jessie. I think I'll just go upstairs and catch a wink while you young folks are chattering." She groped for the door with suddenly dimmed eyes, and climbed up the steep stairs to her little, under-the-eaves room. With her went another. It was her Lost Youth, and it whispered of old, half-remembered, half-forgotten things.

In the doorway of the sitting-room stood George; by the table waited Jessie. In the minds of both of them lingered polite words of greeting: "How-do-you-do's" and "I'm-glad-to-see-you's," but they were unuttered for the strange confusion that clogged their tongues. Under the boy's unsmiling gaze, the prattling, telltale color drowned the girl's clear skin. Her quick breath stirred the flowered, muslin gown on her young breast. In a moment he had taken her in his arms, and the First Kiss was born in the mating of their lips.

"I love you, little girl," he whispered in broken breaths against her hair. "I came out here today to tell you so." Which was, of course, not true, but they both thought it was, and, for an hour, they were happy in the age-old, tender way of the world. He had loved her from the first

glimpse of her—he had never cared for another girl—he was the first man she had ever loved——

And then came the Quarrel. The Quarrel is a step-brother-in-law of the First Kiss, and takes advantage of its relationship oftentimes, appearing unexpectedly from behind a chance word, or stumbling into the occasion over a stray phrase. This particular Quarrel fell out of the pages of a volume of poetry that George had brought from the city to show her. It looked very much like the picture of an extraordinarily pretty girl. Jessie would not have cared if she had not been so pretty, but that is an unforgivable sin in another girl. Across the back of the picture was written, femininely: "To Dear George from Ethel." She felt as tho a cloudburst had meanly descended and drenched her out of an ill-tempered, blue sky.

"Who—who is this?" she said, the dampness leaking into her voice. "She's very—pretty."

"Yes, isn't she?" admired George, man-wise blundering into the worst thing he could have said. "I used to be keen about that girl, I tell you, when I was a high-school kid—— Why, what's the matter, Jessie?"

"I—I—dont think she is pretty *at all,*" Jessie quivered. She flung the picture to the floor, and moved out of his arms. "I—*detest*—frizzled hair and d-d-dimples," sobbed she. "You s-said I w-w-was the f-first girl——"

Now, the proper thing for George to have done at this critical point would have been to have taken her into his arms by force and kist her suspicions away, but he was unlearnt in the rules of the game, and made a wrong move. He *laughed;* he actually laughed! Jessie sprang to her feet, with a tempery whirl of skirts.

"If you admire that sort of a girl, I'd advise you to kiss *her,*" she cried reasonlessly. "I was mistaken when I t-told you I c-cared for you. I dont! I—I detest you, and I never—want to see you again!"

George got to his feet slowly, his young face whipped into red by the sting of her words. Then he picked up the picture, dusted it with ostentatious care, put it in his pocket, and bowed formally. He was very young, poor boy. It is a tragic business, this being young.

"Will you allow me to explain—"

Jessie pointed to the door. She felt very much like an ill-used heroine in the play. The knowledge of her own suffering flooded her soul with a terrible and beautiful pain. "Please go away," she said, "and never come back again—I dont want to see you—I dont want any explanations—go, please——"

She stood still, pointing, long after he had stalked out of the room, unable to resist the boy-satisfaction of expressing his feelings by slamming the door. The anger on her face gave way to faltering surprise. He was really going! He was striding down the walk, out thru the open gate, without one backward glance—he was getting on the trolley—*he was gone!* Suddenly Jessie crumpled up into a little, loose wad of woe on the floor, and cried and cried and cried—cried the color from her cheeks into her small nose and her eyelids—cried until there was not a tear left to cry with. Then she stumbled across the room to the desk, unlocked it, and drew out a box.

What stories there are in old boxes of rubbish! What dried, withered dreams in the pressed flowers; what faded hopes in the faint ink of old letters; what prayers in the dim old photographs! Jessie's treasure-trove was nearly as fresh as her grief, and as foolish. There was the ribbon he had liked on her yellow hair, and a hardly wilted bunch of violets, a snapshot and a cocked-hat note. Jessie turned them over and over with dreary finger-tips. She was so absorbed in her luxury of grief that she did not notice her aunt hesitating in the doorway. In Aunt Hettie's soul a struggle was going on. It was like unlocking a door into a secret, holy place, or opening a tear-watered grave. Yet the child, the dear, foolish child, crying from her dear, foolish heart over her pathetic hoard——

Aunt Hettie hesitated no longer, but came into the room, put her arm around the girl's limp figure, and drew her down beside her onto the sofa. For the moment her face was a mother-one. But the first words she said were a surprise.

"Jessie," said she, "do you know why I always have kept the gate in front of the house open?"

The girl shook her head, puzzled.

"So that it will be a sign of welcome—if my lover ever comes back to

me," said the older woman, solemnly. "I sent him away in anger, Jessie, because I saw him walking with another girl. I was young then, like you, my dear, and I sent him away. And, Jessie"—her voice sank, as tho shamed—"there's never been a day go by since then that I haven't been sorry—never a day that I haven't been wishful of him, my dear."

A tender little silence settled over the room, like the gray twilight that dimmed the outline of the familiar furnishings into unreal shapes of fancy and imagining. Jessie's bewildered mind whirled with readjustment. *Aunt Hettie!* As far as Jessie had ever been concerned, Aunt Hettie had been born an aunt, forty and gray-haired. Suddenly the divine selfishness of youth gave place to pity, and she flung her young, warm arms around the older woman's neck.

The Angel of Fate has a sense of humor—a bit ironical for some tastes, but still a sense of humor. The Angel giggled at his cleverness as George Bennet read the address aloud, a week later, from a crumpled, yellowed old envelope in his hand. Of course, it was quite impossible. Yet there it was. *Jessie's aunt!*

There is a queer, second-hand value and luster to names and places connected with the person one loves. The lover's heart leaps at the name of his sweetheart's town in a time-table, the sight of her last name over a shop door, the sound of a tune they have heard together. George's sore heart thudded painfully as he looked down at the old, old letter he had found. The manner of the discovery had been simple. But who would have dreamed of finding such a letter beneath the set of pigeon-holes in the post-office

where he worked? "Funny, isn't it?" murmured the Angel of Fate.

"I'll just take it out to her myself," said George, aloud, carelessly, to whomsoever it might concern. "After waiting so long, she ought to get it as soon as possible."

"And I'll see Jessie; I'll see Jessie," was what he did not say.

A week is a very long time in love's calendar. George was conscious of a feeling of mild astonishment to find that everything about the little cottage was unchanged: the gate still fastened open with a chain red with the dreary rust of twenty-three years; Ragged Robins flaunting their bold color above the nun-like mignonette, and Jessie's face, star-like with gladness, smiling timidly at him from the quaint setting of the old-fashioned room. There is no need for lovers to whisper: "I'm sorry—forgive me, dear." The flutter of their fingers tells it, the shy asking and answering of eye-glances, the tremble of the lips over commonplace words. The vocabulary of the heart is surprisingly limited; but, after all, what was the need of words? There was Aunt Hettie's cold to be inquired after, and Jessie's embroidery to be admired, and tea to drink from the egg-shell cups; and then there was the letter. George drew it from his pocket, and passed it across to Aunt Hettie.

"Look at the old postmark," he laughed. "I expect it's a bill or a dun, or something, that's been outlawed, since you ought to have got it——" He paused, silenced by the gray pallor on the gentle face opposite. Aunt Hettie was staring down at the handwriting on the envelope as one might look, incredulous and horror-stricken, at the ghost of one's long-mourned dead. Then, with stiff fingers, she tore the cover, and read the letter. The two young people drew together involuntarily at her low cry of pain. The letter circled to the floor at Jessie's feet. "Read it" —the words came hard from trembling lips—"read it and see what I have missed."

Silently they bent above the faded writing:

DEAR HETTIE—The girl you saw me with today was my step-sister just returning from school, but you would not let me explain. Write to me when you will see me again, as we must not let a few angry words come between us and our love. JOHN.

Their hands stole together over the last words. It was Aunt Hettie's low, helpless sobbing that recalled them, at last, to the tragedy of the letter. Jessie stole to her, and drew the time-streaked head upon her breast. "Poor Auntie—dear Auntie," she whispered pitifully.

"Twenty-three years," said the gray woman, trembling like a girl; "and when I am old, and it is too late —oh, Jessie, Jessie, never trifle with your love, my dear."

The words rang in George's ears as he climbed the stairs to his apartment late in the afternoon. His uncle, who shared the apartment with him, clapped him on the shoulder, in the man-fashion of sympathy, at the sight of his sober face.

"Never you mind, Georgie," he cried. "Give her a little time to come around, man, and then if she wont, come around yourself."

"Oh, it's not Jessie, sir," said George. Already he had forgotten the tragic week of parting from her. "I was thinking about her aunt—it's the strangest thing——"

And he told the story of the lost letter, and a woman's lost years, with the crude directness and brutality of fact that is a boy's disguise of emotion. A strange sound startled his ear. He glanced at his uncle. The older man was staring straight ahead of him, his lips fumbling with broken bits of words.

"Hettie—my letter—twenty years and more—my God——"

The old-fashioned room shimmered in the caress of candle-light. Its faint yellow touch was kind to Aunt Hettie's lines and gray hair, making her face almost sister-young to that of the girl kneeling at her side. It was

long past their usual conservative bedtime, but the two still lingered, as tho waiting. Outside, the soft, summer night was vocal with flickering moth-wings and insect-crooning, and strangely breathless, expectant of something. Perhaps it was of the footsteps that came swiftly down the walk and passed in thru the open gate.

His arm about her, they slipped together out past the two whom the years had sundered and so strangely restored, into the lyric dusk of the garden, and the air freighted with spice-pinks and moon-shadows and Young Romance. By the gate they paused. Then Jessie unfastened the rusty, patient chain.

THE GATE HAD NOT BEEN LEFT OPEN IN VAIN

Aunt Hettie heard them and rose, her hand fluttering to her throat. They reminded her—— A knock.

"Who—who—is it?"

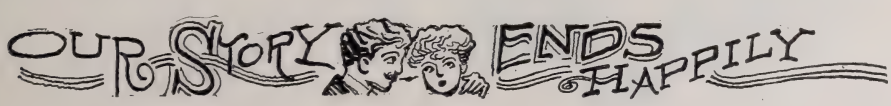
"It is I, Hettie; it is John——"

The door fumbled open, and she was in his hungry arms, her face against his breast. Behind, in the hallway, George beckoned to the bewildered girl.

"It's been open for twenty-three years, waiting, George," she whispered. "But now——"

He bent above the wistful, earnest face. "Now, Jessie, we'll shut in happiness for the rest of their lives—and *ours*, sweetheart."

Their lips met as the old gate, sighing with relief and creaking in every rheumatic nail, swung slowly shut.



AT HOME AND ABROAD THE GERMAN SOLDIERS ARE POPULAR

News item: "Emperor William of Germany has had a Moving Picture theater installed in his palace at Potsdam"

Editorial Note: There has been much said and written about William J. Burns, who is probably the most famous detective in the world, and various writers and film makers have made free use of his name. We can say with authority that this Kalem production is the only one in which Mr. Burns has personally appeared, and the only one authorized by him. We have a letter from Mr. Burns to that effect.

As the daughter of a Washington financier, Mary Archer had been a little spoiled by attentions from the many men who frequented her father's house. Her father was always busy, it seemed. Her mother had died when she was thirteen. For eight years, then, she had been hostess to William Archer's numerous visitors and guests.

Every wish of Mary's impetuous, young heart was in the habit of being gratified. That was one of the disadvantages of having a fond and busy father and being surrounded always by men whose word was literally the law.

Strangely, none of these brilliant men in official life had won Mary's affection, tho they all had her admiration. A young man from their home town—Jim Nelson—was, perhaps, her dearest and closest friend. Then Nelson was given some sort of a position in the South. Soon after this, Congressman Gordon was introduced to the charming hostess of the Archer mansion.

Congressman Gordon was a member of a committee appointed to investigate the wholesale land frauds that were reported in the South. The Government alone had the power to expose and bring the swindlers to justice. For five years the legislative committee had failed to bring in any finding whatever in the case.

Gordon came so often to the Archer home that it became a matter of pleasantry and ripening friendship between him and Mary. They were often seen in public together. It was about this time that they attended an interesting address that was later to result in developments destined to affect their entire future relationship.

The address in question was delivered by the famous detective, William J. Burns. The remarks he made astounded the audience, in their force of disillusionment.

"In the first place, there are no mysteries," began the most famous living detective. He went on with a few comparisons of the modern detective, operating with scientific certainty, with the detective with whom the public has been made familiar thru the writings of popular authors.

"I am horribly disappointed," pro-

tested Mary, after they had formally met the great detective and then passed out into the street. "Whenever the word detective had been mentioned to me, I always thought of hidden mysteries, unsolvable clues and a little, weasel-eyed man with a pocketful of disguises. But now, alas! after seeing and hearing Mr. Burns talk in his frank and open way, my illusions are gone forever."

"Mine, too," agreed Gordon. "But at the same time, I am impressed to the point of certainty that that wonderful man could find out the facts in 'most any conceivable case. If I were a wrong-doer, and I found out that man was on my trail—why—well, I think I'd confess my guilt and save time."

Those words recurred to Mary Archer when a situation had arisen that she resolved to test out, tho it threatened to prick the fairest bubble that had been envisioned in her young life. For just at the time when she had come to look upon Congressman Gordon as the first veritable hero of official life that she had ever met, little things began to happen that clouded the glamor she had created around the young man.

Her father had been the first to frown on Gordon.

"Mary," he said one day, "I have heard things about Gordon that will compel us—both you and me—to let him pursue his ways alone."

"But, father——" began the girl, anxiously.

"Daughter, I can say nothing further. My suspicions may be altogether unfounded. But, if I am to be unfair to any one, it must be Congressman Gordon—not my daughter and myself. I trust you will help me in this serious matter."

Mary met Gordon occasionally here and there, but managed to elude any further appearances with him in public. The fact that Gordon made no marked protest to her—his aloofness did anything but set the girl's mind at ease.

Mary scarcely knew whether she was glad or sorry to see Congress adjourn after a late session and bring a recess to her terrible anxiety. Soon after they went away to her father's cottage at the seashore.

Jim Nelson was a constant visitor at the Archer home that summer. He soon sensed a change in the girl's attitude toward him. At length he proposed to her. She refused him.

"Is there some one else?" he asked.

"Yes and—no," she confessed. "I have promised no one; nor would I at the present time give my hand to any one in the world who asked me for it."

"No matter who?" repeated Nelson, skeptically.

"No matter who."

"Mary, I have heard of a Congressman named Gordon."

Mary was a trifle angered at the inferential tone. "Will you oblige me by not even mentioning his name?"

"I could tell you some interesting things about him, maybe."

"They would not interest me, I'm afraid."

"Gordon has been down in our neighborhood several times this spring. There's a very pretty girl just moved down from the North somewhere."

"And what has that to do with it?" snapped Mary, in a more than interested tone.

"Gordon, I have learnt, makes these people, or the girl, the special object of his calls and visits."

"I think, Jim, that you are jealous."

"I regret to say, Mary, that I have the same opinion about you."

Mary was jealous. Many months elapsed before she saw Gordon again. In the meantime, she made inquiries that brought the matter to an alarming pass.

The wife of one of her father's colleagues told her the whole gossip that had risen around the name of Congressman Gordon. For the first time she learnt that the land frauds were being conducted in connivance with some Government representatives, with power at Washington of sidetracking all anti-legislation and thoro investigation.

The next time she met Gordon he was cordial, but visibly worried and anxious. For the first time in months,

she made a show at being gracious to him, and gave him an opportunity to talk with her alone. No sooner were they alone than she was startled to find that he was bent on asking her a momentous question.

"I've been wanting to see you alone for months past," he began, looking at her with terrible earnestness. "I wanted to ask you to become my wife!" It all came before she could steel herself against the shock. The reply must have been in her eyes, because he said immediately: "Mary——" He was on the point of taking her in his arms.

"Dont—Please dont—yet," she half-confessed. "There are some things I want to ask you. There is—another—girl—in the South—in Leeville?"

Gordon's manner changed. His face paled, and he looked at her searchingly a moment. "How did you know about this—matter in the South?"

"How do you explain it?" she asked coldly.

"I make no attempt to, now. The important thing is, Mary, that you love me. You have shown me that you love me. Can anything change that love for me?"

"I have two things in mind that will keep it forever shut up in my breast."

"And you would not marry me—now—today?"

"No—I could not, under any circumstances, marry you now."

"Perhaps when I come back?"

"You are going South?" asked Mary, quickly.

Again the look that was almost fear came over Gordon's face. "Will you promise never to tell, Mary?" he asked in a lowered tone.

"You need not answer me. I shall make no promises."

"I leave in the morning," were his parting words.

For an hour Mary wept alone in her room. Then she bathed her eyes and went next door to see her friend who knew all the Congress gossip.

"What did you say was the name of the town around which all the land frauds were centering?" she asked.

"Leeville," she was told. That was practically all of the conversation she remembered. "There is not only a leader up here in the capital, but he has confederates in the South."

"GORDON MAKES THESE PEOPLE THE SPECIAL OBJECT OF HIS VISITS"

All the way home the query plagued Mary Archer: "Oh, if I only knew the truth! Now that he has told me that he loves me, I must know it."

She met her father just leaving the house as she entered, bag in hand. His face was sternly set. "I have just received a telegram. I shall probably be away for a couple of days."

"Father," said the girl, unable to hide her anxiety, "you are going South, too?" She did not hesitate a moment.

"Mary," he said, laying a hand on her arm and searching her face, "how did you know this? Who told you?"

"I know nothing, except that something very ugly seems to be going on that fills me with impending fears."

"There, there, my little girl," said her father, gathering her into his arms and clasping her with unusual warmth and tenderness; "dont worry. Perhaps things wont be as bad as they seem. Good-by. My plans are more apt to succeed if you will give no one a clew to where I have gone."

Mary's anxiety was not dismissed when she called on her friend to discuss any new phase of the matter in which Gordon seemed enmeshed.

"My dear," greeted her informer, "you must stay to lunch and then drive around with me afterward to hear the matter of Land Frauds Investigation put forward in the House."

"Have you heard anything new about it?" asked Mary, trying not to show the terrible interest she felt.

"Nothing, except that some member of the committee has employed Burns, the celebrated detective, to find out who the grafters really are."

Mary was looking out of the window when this intelligence came like a blow from a heavy fist.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary? I thought you were only casually interested in the matter?" said her friend, with a naive inflection.

"I must go out and send a telegram," was the girl's only reply. It read:

HON. GEORGE GORDON—Come to see me moment you arrive. Important as life itself. MARY ARCHER.

Then she went home and waited, the minutes dragging by like hours, until the very minute in which the proposed Land Frauds Investigation report was to be debated. She was on the point of bursting into tears because of the anxious strain, when a telegram was handed to her. With an exclamation of joy, she tore it open.

Will see you immediately after the debate in the House. Nothing could be as important as that just now. I have heard terrible news. GEORGE GORDON.

Mary summoned a taxicab and hurried to the Chamber of the House of Representatives. She took a seat in one corner of the gallery, hardly daring to trust her ears. She sat with one hand over her eyes, her whole future seeming suddenly to have been obscured. At length thru the veil of misery came a well-known voice. It was Gordon speaking on the floor of the House.

She listened, and, for the first time, she was overwhelmed by a complete sense and belief in his guilt in the matter of the land frauds. With an eloquence such as she had seldom heard, he was urging the committee to drop, forthwith, all investigation and to table the resolution! The girl grew more and more indignant as Gordon continued with his plea as tho it were for his life. Mary had risen and was gazing accusingly over the rail of the gallery, hoping to catch the Congressman's eye and flash her message of contempt. She hated Gordon with all the hate of one who has been led to love unworthily. At last he did look up, and the message in her eyes and attitude sank deep into his heart. He faltered; tried to pick up the broken thread of his eloquence; stammered along lamely for a second, and was brought to his seat dejectedly by the crash of the Speaker's gavel. An opponent had taken his place. He showed how Gordon had denied practically every statement made less than a week before. He moved that the investigation be carried to the very limit, and that those responsible for any irregularities should be turned over to the criminal courts of the nation.

A vote was polled, and the motion was carried by a narrow margin.

Mary did not wait a moment. She hurried down the stairs. Gordon was

waiting to meet her in the corridor below; his face was pale, his hair hung damply over his brow.

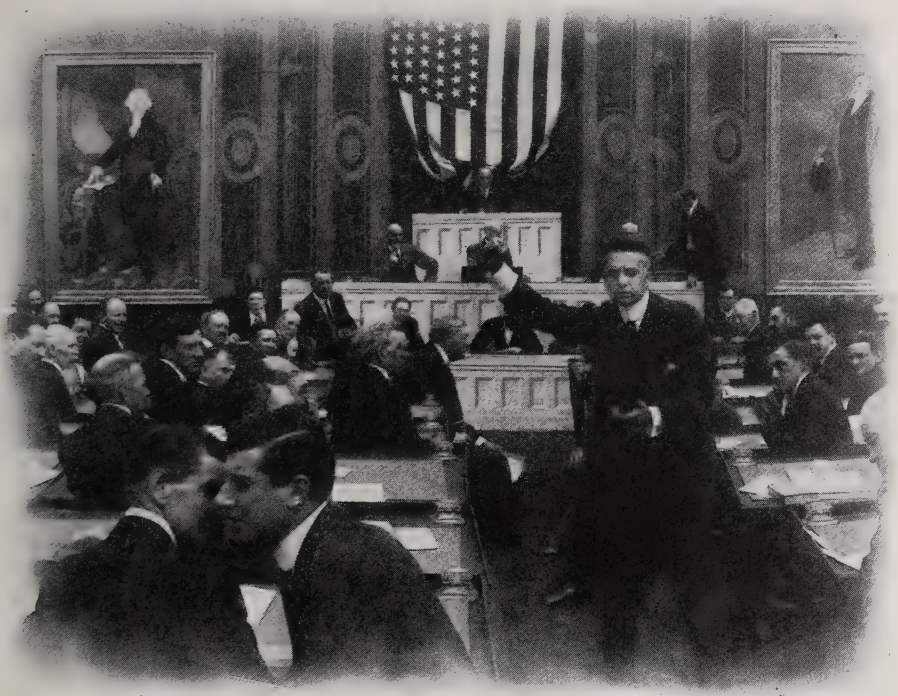
"Mary," he whispered hoarsely, "you know—the whole truth?"

A strong feeling of revulsion filled the girl. "I despise you," she cried, swiftly passing on. She thought he mumbled something like: "I despise myself." Her pity, however, was not strong enough to turn her back to him.

doubt of the crushing significance of it all. But her mind craved definite knowledge, that the suspense of it all might be lifted and allow her to meet the dreaded reality.

But one impression stood out clear and poignant, no matter which way she turned: she loved George Gordon, and must go on loving him, no matter what happened.

How that terrible night passed she could not have told; toward morning



GORDON MAKES AN ELOQUENT SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

At home she was told that her father had returned in her absence, left word with the housekeeper for her not to worry, and that he would get a word or two to her shortly.

But she was seeking illumination! Wherever she went in search of it she was rewarded only by deeper gloom. Her heart alone foresaw the dreadful meaning of all that was happening, thru the half-truths that were blighting her future happiness. Even the instinctive sense of impending misfortune was sufficient to leave no

she had dozed, only to wake in the bright sunlight, with her heart and soul still groping frantically in the dark.

While trying to swallow a morsel of breakfast, a telegram was handed her. She eagerly tore it open.

It has been made possible for you to learn the complete details of the Land Frauds case. Detective Burns' assistants will report this morning at ten. Come to his office. You will be accorded every attention and absolute privacy. You should know the facts before they

are made public. Mr. Burns and one other person only shall be aware of your presence.

The message was not signed, altho Mary suspected who the sender was, and that her feelings were thus being spared. But it meant light, which had come to mean mercy as well.

She was admitted to the detective's private office by Mr. Burns himself.

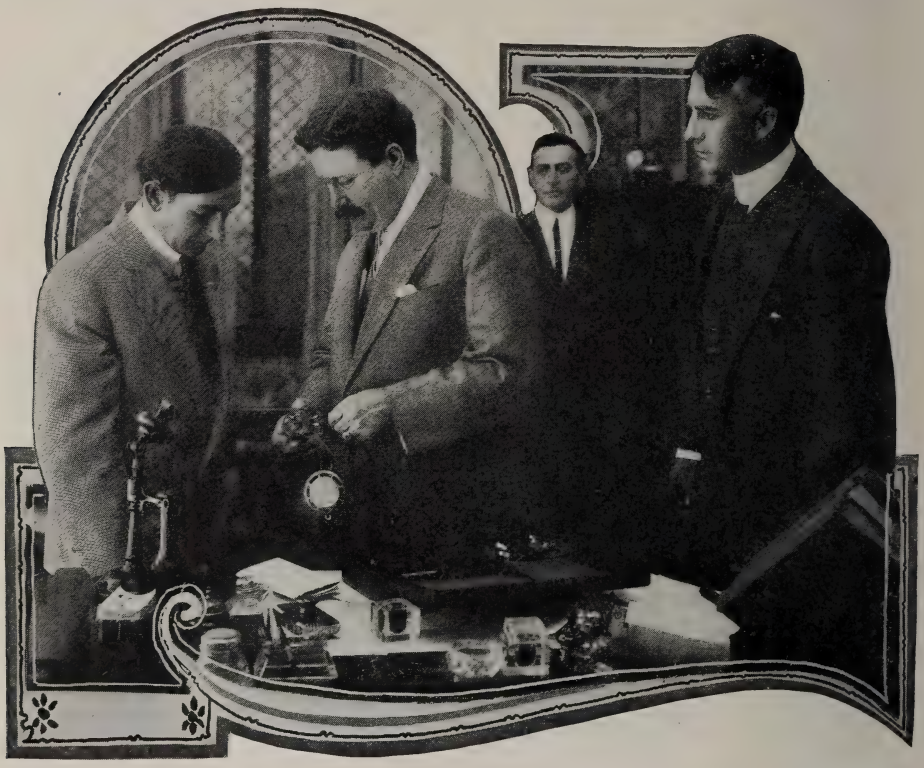
"This way, Miss Archer," he said, leading the way to a small, adjoining room. He had greeted her with a solicitude that nearly brought tears to her eyes. "The door will be left ajar," he explained. "You will learn all that has happened. Wherever possible, I shall spare your feelings. This is a private disclosure before a special Government committee, and will precede a public disclosure by several days, no doubt."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this kindly consideration," she murmured.

She had scarcely seated herself in the inner room before several men entered the detective's private office. There was a moment or two of commotion; then all became silent.

"Now, McConathy, I want you to recite the facts just as you found them. The shorter and plainer you make them the better." Mary recognized Burns' voice.

"I was put on this case last April —the fourteenth, I think it was," began a deep voice within. Mary could see no one without being seen herself, so she stayed huddled in a corner, her face in her hands. "The first thing I did was to have a secret interview with two of your committee, who had resolved to take up this matter at their own risk. Kremlitz and I took charge of the other end of the case. We posed as New England farmers, represented our circumstances as being in pretty bad shape, and managed to buy some of the land



DETECTIVE BURNS PREPARES THE DICTAGRAPH TO ENSNARE THE SWINDLERS

offered for sale at easy terms. The five hundred dollars we paid was simply recorded as a 'deposit,' and instead of a deed we received a mortgage."

Mary could not help but shudder and feel a bitterness toward men capable of such pettiness.

"The next step was easy. We now knew where our valuable land was located. We went down there to 'settle.' It was what we had expected. The 'substantial home' had formerly been a negro's cabin, and it may have been habitable before the war, but scarcely since. The land itself was sand, and would not grow even a sweet potato. We protested to the agent that we had been swindled, that our last cent was gone, and begged him to at least lend us enough to live on until we could make something off of our acre. Finally he consented to lend us fifty dollars if we would turn over the mortgage as security. We begged and pleaded, but he was adamant. Two months later, a family came down from the North, bringing with them a mortgage for our property. The agent asked us to show why we shouldn't vacate at once. We produced our receipt. He laughed, and turned the constable on us, and we had to move. Three months later, practically the same outrage was perpetrated on the family from the North who had staked their last penny on this land venture. They would probably have starved had not money been advanced by a

THE LAND SWINDLERS AND THE DICTAGRAPH

man in Washington here—who does not wish his name mentioned—after the matter had been brought to his attention."

This act strangely brought tears to Mary's eyes. With pride she conjectured who this generous donor really was.

"But any legal action against these wholesale swindles seemed impossible. All the county officials, and even the State officers who were appealed to, refused aid. Next we advanced a step and tried to get the Federal authorities to act. They met us genially, and said that the matter was in the hands of Congress at the present moment, and, of course, in deference to that august body, they must defer action for the present. For five years the proposed investigation had been pending before Congress! The men who pulled the wires were right here in Washington!"

Mary drew in her breath quickly and cringed as tho she had been struck a blow.

The detective went on: "Suddenly matters were made a trifle more difficult thru the fact that our investigations became known to some extent, altho it is not even known yet that Mr. Burns directed the work. People here and there began to proffer secret information. We selected one man in particular, and pumped him first by mail and later in person. He was in the real estate business near the fraudulent operations, and had many interesting facts at his finger-ends. This fellow's name was Nelson —James Nelson."

Mary, with great difficulty, suppressed a cry of pleased surprise.

"Nelson became such a good watch-dog, in fact, that we scarcely thought it necessary to waste so much of our time down there, and stayed up here, working on a finger-print clue that we had got hold of. Nelson wrote us almost daily. For instance, he tipped us off when a certain Congressman quietly visited the neighborhood one day, snooped around, met the daughter of the wretched family that had taken our place and quieted the old man's discontent when he seemed on the point of making a scandal of it by threatening the agent, by leaving a roll of bills where the poor family could easily find them. That was the gist of his report."

Mary shook her head sadly; this information, for the most part, was not new to her.

"Our information from all sources was fairly complete. We were up to our necks on a red-hot clue here when we got a message that changed the whole front of things. This was just three days ago. The old man who had taken our place had been treated the same as we had. The family was dispossessed. The matter had been turned over to another local agent, and to this man the ruined old fellow went. What happened in that interview is not a matter of conjecture, to us at least. We received a telegram that brought us on the spot early the next morning. The old man had been rescued from the agent's office, with a gash in his head that will kill him. The office had been set on fire. We were given a clue to his whereabouts the moment we alighted from the train. This was to be a desperate chase, and we knew that our man knew it. The agent had crept into the hayloft of the very man that was keeping his eye open for us. But he had seen our man leave for the station and had decamped himself. We saw him running toward the center of the town. We were amazed, until we saw him jump into an automobile and, a minute later, drive away!"

Mary was breathing hard now from the excitement of it all, her heartache forgot for the moment.

"Kremlitz ran upstairs of a house across the street, and sighted the road the car took, and I ran across to the garage, and literally forced them to lend me a car. I no sooner turned the corner than I gave the machine fourth speed, and she seemed to be in the air most of the time. The smallest miscalculation would have sent me to heaven in mince-meat form. Still it was five minutes before I caught sight of him. I was gaining on him by

inches. He looked around, saw me, and began plugging away with a heavy shooter. I had to slow down a little, or I would have driven into a telegraph-pole while trying to duck. Suddenly there was a snap! For safety's sake I stopped and got out of the car, feeling pretty sore. A busted tire meant losing my man. To my delight, I saw that it must have been a flying stone that had hit down on us, at just the right speed to catch us at the crossing!"

Mary had leaned forward so far that, in the suspense of the moment, she came near falling from her chair. She straightened up, and wiped the perspiration from her brow, still listening intently.

"There was little time to think. I put down my brake and closed my eyes. The sudden stop saved my life.

"WHEN I OPENED MY EYES THE TRAIN WAS DRAWING AWAY"

the body of the car. I got in again, determined to get the car ahead. It took me five minutes again to draw him in sight. But the pause seemed to have done my car a world of good, because I fairly slid up on my man. I came to a point where I saw I could pass him whenever I chose. I drew my gun and gripped the wheel tight. I was just about to give her plenty of gas, when, to my horror, I saw that we were drawing toward a railroad crossing like lightning, and a lumbering branch-line train was bearing down on us, at just the right speed to catch us at the crossing!"

Mary had leaned forward so far that, in the suspense of the moment, she came near falling from her chair. She straightened up, and wiped the perspiration from her brow, still listening intently.

"There was little time to think. I put down my brake and closed my eyes. The sudden stop saved my life. I was hurtled fully ten feet in the air, and came down stunned in the ditch. When I opened my eyes, the train was drawing away, with a toot. Then I noted that my car lay a wreck almost on the track. I limped down to it, and, to my amazement, saw my quarry's car secreted in the bushes about a hundred feet away. Then I understood it all. He had got safely across, come back, pretended to be the occupant of the smashed car, and had been taken aboard the train that had just left! I jumped into his car,

MARY IS AT LAST CONVINCED OF GORDON'S FIDELITY

without a moment's delay, and retraced the long road we had traveled. I remembered that most of it had been parallel with the track. The train was making up lost time. So was I. I knew I could make as good time, if not better. But the speed seemed to have been all squeezed out of the car. She began missing strokes, and, at last, I had to be content with making about fifteen miles an hour. In despair I let her go, and sat there cursing her with all my heart, and creeping along. Imagine my amazement when, on making a sharp turn, I found my old train standing still and puffing as if it were all out of breath. I stopped the car and ran forward, full of hope again. 'The fellow we picked up seems crazy. He jumped off the platform just now,' I learnt from the brakeman. I was all disappointment in a minute. Then I happened to gaze down the steep embankment and saw a little crowd. In a second I was half-rolling down toward them. Against a tree lay what had been the man I was pursuing. He had crushed his skull. I confess to being somewhat surprised when I saw his face. It was James Nelson!"

Mary gave a little moan. This new horror made her numb.

"Well, that was the first link in the chain. We put things in the hands of the local police, and left at once for Washington. We arrived night before last. We could do nothing, because the principals on both sides of the matter here had left town. By this time everybody concerned had learnt just how matters stood. There was feverish activity on all sides. One of your committee refused to believe the evidence when he was told the name of the well-known person implicated. We had one conclusive test to make, and we made it. Gentlemen, some of you were present when the dictagraph was set up, and heard the hurried conspiracy of the lobbyists. It contains their confession, in fact. The

name of one man amazed you, as it amazed us. There remains but one fact to mention, and that is the historic and unexplainable effort, on the floor of the House, yesterday afternoon, to block a drastic investigation, by one of your committee, who is now present here. Everything else you know, gentlemen."

"And, may I ask, sir," queried one of the men in the room, "if—that is—have the authorities taken in custody this conspiring lobbyist and head of the land frauds?"

Mary leaned forward, and, with all her mind, willed that they had not. Then the blow came, from the lips of Detective Burns himself. He spoke gently, as tho his words could bring balm to the listening girl's breaking heart:

"No, gentlemen, the guilty man has not been taken into custody—and never will be. A wireless from *The Guantanamo* apprises me that William Archer was found dead in his berth two hours after sailing."

"My God! I tried to prevent Mary from this knowledge—what will she do?" were the last words the girl remembered. The voice was that of one both lost and found. Even as she sank into the peace of unconsciousness, she realized that Gordon had played the part of her knight in this terrible affair—loyal, upright, without reproach.

It may have been a week later that a girl, surrounded by all the cares bestowed on an invalid, might be heard speaking to a handsome young man at her side, in that dreamy way that sick persons have after a fearful crisis has been safely passed: "George, dear, I think I know why you made that eloquent appeal on the floor of the House, which, if it had won its point, would have lost your career for you without doubt—but I want you to tell me yourself."

"You, Mary, are my reason," he said softly, taking her hand and caressing it, "no matter what I do."

Yea and Nay

By HARVEY PEAKE

HE wooed and sued with all his might,
Day after day, and night after night,
But the maiden answered "Nay."
He sent her flowers and candy, too,
But in spite of all this man could do,
She would not say him "Yea."

He bought her jewels, he bought her books,
And his words were burning, as were his looks,
But she only answered "Nay."
Then he took her to luncheons and matinées,
And sought to please her in other ways,
Yet she would not say him "Yea."

He dressed himself in the height of style,
With a view to pleasing the maid meanwhile,
But she coldly answered "Nay."
He put at her service a motor-car
That took her near and took her far,
Still she would not say him "Yea."

One happy day they chanced to go
Into a Motion Picture show—
Her lips were framed for "Nay."
But something in the scene displayed
Tugged at the heart of this wilful maid,
And she turned and answered "Yea."

From the Photoplay of BANNISTER MERWIN

"FER the land sakes! What's that?" Aunt Lecty hastily removed her hands from the dough as she made the exclamation, and hastened to the door.

"It sounds jest like a drum," she continued, peering down the street, her eyes blinking with the sharp December sunlight, her face twisted into curious puckers as she listened. "It *is* a drum, sure's I'm livin', and it's comin' nearer!"

"Some of the boys, playing soldier," suggested her tall son, looking up from his weekly *Gazette*.

"Dont sound like boys' play; they's jest one drum, and it's playin' reg'lar drum music—sounds mil'tary like. It's comin' into sight in a minute, whatever 'tis. Well, of all things! Jest come look, Henry!"

Marching down the middle of the main street of the little village was a man, beating a battered, military drum. The long, unkempt hair, that crept from beneath his ancient cap, was pure white; his face and figure bore the marks of age; but his shoulders were thrown back squarely, and he marched with quick precision, keeping time to the beat of the old drum. After him trailed a score of boys, just released from school, and rejoicing in this touch of excitement in their uneventful lives. Doors and windows flew open all along the street, and wondering faces peered forth, but the old man's eyes were fixed on some object that was straight ahead of him, and he kept his way steadily toward it.

"He's a-puttin' straight for the tavern," exclaimed Aunt Lecty. "Let's foller, Henry; every one else is goin' to. But pull the kitchen door to; if that bread gets a chill, it wont raise till doomsday."

Before the long, low building known as the tavern, hung a huge, creaking signboard, adorned with a picture of General Washington, painted, in glaring colors, by some local artist, many years ago. In spite of its crudity, the portrait had borne a real likeness to the great commander, and the washings of countless storms, softening the harshness of color and line, had strengthened the resemblance.

In front of this signboard the old man stopped, gave a stiff salute, and, with eyes fixed unswervingly on the painted face, continued the drum's steady beating.

A village crowd gathered, open-eyed, open-mouthed, wondering. It needed only one remark of the town

wag to turn the current of their thoughts into a flow of rude jests.

"Hey!" shouted the wag, jocosely; "be you cal'latin' to keep up that tappin' till the Gen'ral hisself tells you to halt?"

"No use tryin' to play for your supper there," yelled another; "landlord aint that kind. Might's well look some place else for a meal, if you aint got two shillin'."

The roll of the drum became fainter, wavered a bit, uncertainly, and the stranger's eyes left the kindly, pictured face, to rove over the crowd, seeking a friendly look. Then his pleading expression changed to one of apprehension, as a stern-faced, old man approached, and the villagers fell back before him.

"Who are you?" the newcomer demanded, "and why are you creating a disturbance? Do you want to spend the night in the lock-up?"

Without waiting for a reply, he turned to the abashed villagers, scolding them vehemently.

"Have you nothing to do but to stand here gaping at a vagabond?" he asked angrily. "So long as I hold the chief office of this town, I will tolerate no such unseemly scenes in our quiet streets. Send the old man on his way, and get you to your homes."

They scattered, like frightened sheep, but Aunt Lecty lingered, casting a pitying glance at the old stranger, who stood frightened and trembling, his wrinkled face quivering with emotion as the boys flung parting taunts at him.

"He's jest a weak old man," Aunt Lecty murmured; "the Squire needn't have been so hard. The poor thing's cold and hungry—and that's an old Continental uniform that he's wearin' —it's mean to use him so!"

Obeying a womanly impulse, she slipped back and laid a gentle hand on the ragged sleeve of the uniform.

"You foller the men into the tavern," she advised. "They's always a good fire in the kitchen, and the men

THE VILLAGERS JEER AT THE OLD DRUMMER

set around the stove and talk. The landlord's good-natured—he wont turn you out till you have a chance to get warmed up."

As she turned to hurry homeward, with anxious thoughts of her neglected bread, she saw that the Squire had stopped and was waiting for her. There was a scowl on his face as he spoke.

"I do not believe in encouraging idleness and begging," he began pompously; "all idlers should be driven from our streets, promptly."

Aunt Lecty had a mind of her own, and was not afraid to express it, even to the Squire. Her voice sounded tart as she replied:

"They's them as thinks poverty is a shame and disgrace, and they's them as knows that misfortunes often come to good, worthy folks. I dont know that poor old stranger, but I'm sorry for him. When you're eatin' your good, hot supper, he'll be ploddin' off again into the bitter cold—but I dont s'pose that matters, so long as our streets are kep' quiet!"

Aunt Lecty hurried on her way, leaving the Squire staring, too surprised to speak; he was not accustomed to such freedom of address.

"A very meddling, impertinent woman;" he told himself angrily, as he turned homeward. He hurried along, eager for the comfort and warmth of his fireside. "Supper will be ready," he thought, "and the cook told me to be on time, for she would have hot waffles and syrup; they will taste good on a cold day like this."

"When you're eatin' your good, hot supper, he'll be ploddin' off into the cold!" It seemed as if some one spoke the words into his ears. He started and looked around, hastily, but there was no one near him.

"Nonsense!" he muttered, his thoughts reverting to Aunt Lecty's words. "Women have no sense!"

But the accusing words kept haunting him. He walked slower, paused at last, irresolutely, then turned and hurried back toward the tavern. Aunt Lecty, watching from her window, chuckled.

"I knew he'd go back and do somethin' fer the old feller," she chuckled. "I aint knowed the Squire since he was in kilts fer nothin'. He's crusty and gruff on the outside, but he's a just-minded man, and he'll do the right thing ev'ry time, if some one only stirs him up a little."

In the low-ceilinged kitchen of the tavern a knot of men were clustered around the stove, puffing their pipes in comfort, when a draft of cold air made them turn toward the opening door. The old drummer entered slowly, placing his drum on the table, and advancing wistfully toward the fire.

"Here," called out a sharp voice, "what right you got comin' into the tavern?"

For a moment the stranger hesitated, his face quivering like a hurt child's. Then, suddenly, he threw up his head with a gesture of strange, appealing dignity; his shyness seemed to slip away; his eyes flashed with a new light, and his voice took on a commanding ring as he answered:

"No man has a better right than I have to enter an inn that bears General Washington's face and name. He was my friend; yes, he did me the honor to declare that he owed his life and freedom to me, and he gave me this glove in token of his friendship and regard."

Reaching into his coat, he drew forth a gauntlet glove, holding it up with a proud gesture as he continued:

"Who should be welcome in the Washington Tavern, my friends, if not the friend of the General himself?"

There was something in the old man's dignity, his honest eyes, his convincing voice, that silenced jests, and every man nodded emphatically when the landlord cried: "Well, then, tell us your story, old friend—you'll find us willing enough to do honor to you, if what you say has truth in it."

A door at the rear of the kitchen opened, and the Squire slipped noiselessly into the room, just in time to

hear the landlord's words. The group by the fire saw him start forward, in surprise, as his eyes fell upon the gauntlet in the old drummer's hand, but he held up a silencing finger, keeping in the background, while the stranger began his tale, unconscious of the Squire's presence:

"It was back in 1780, and I was a slip of a boy, fifteen years old. Father had been killed in the second year of the war, and mother and me and my young brother were living all alone, except for a couple of farm-hands. Boylike, we were crazy to be off to the war, too, but they wouldn't take us. Brother was only thirteen—I wish you could see how he looked. He was the bonniest, bravest youngster, with great, black eyes and a mop of soft, brown hair that would curl in spite of him. Mother just worshiped him, and so did I. He had a name, of course, but we never called him anything but Brother.

"We had father's old musket, that had been sent home to us, and we could shoot straight with it, too, for we had spent hours practicing with a target, playing that the British or the Hessians were attacking our home. But the things we cared most about were a drum and fife that we had bought for ourselves. We'd worked with them until we could make first-rate military music, too, and we'd sit for hours talking about how glorious it would be if we could march with the real army and play our tunes. But mother would cry if she heard us mention it, and our father's last words when he marched away had been: 'Take care of mother!' so we knew our place was right there at home.

"Well, at the time I speak of, things were getting a bit upsetting around those parts. There was a lot of Hessians come down thru the State and established themselves in an old, deserted mill, just a couple of miles from our farm. Nobody knew what they were there for; there wasn't any branch of our army in that region, as any one knew of; the Hessians just laid low and didn't trouble no one,

THE HESSIANS INSIST THAT WASHINGTON IS WITHIN

except to forage for a few chickens and a little corn to keep them going. Mother had told us boys to keep close around home, but we used to sneak off to the top of the hill and look down at the old mill, and make big, bold brags about what we'd do if they came foraging around our place.

"One afternoon, I happened to be out in the road, in front of the house, alone. All at once I heard horses coming. I looked down the road, and I believe my heart stopped beating, I flutter, he spoke to her so gentle that she wasn't afraid at all. He asked if he and his men could rest for a few hours in the house—didn't explain at all why he was there; just said they must be on their way as soon as the horses had rested.

"Mother told them about the Hessians, and they all seemed surprised, and the two officers looked pretty anxious. But the General just said: 'Then we must get out of sight at once, and leave after it grows dark;

THE BOYS OVERHEAR THE CONSPIRACY TO CAPTURE WASHINGTON

was so overcome with what I saw. For there was General Washington himself, with a couple of aides, riding toward me. Of course, I'd never seen the General, but I'd heard him described hundreds of times, and I was perfectly sure who it was. They came up to me and stopped, and the General, he smiled down at me and said: 'Do your folks live in this house, my boy?'

"I suppose I turned all the colors of the rainbow, I was so excited, but I had sense enough to grab off my hat and tell him yessir and that I'd call mother. When she came out, all in a we are fortunate to have found these loyal people living here; we can rest, and get safely away on our mission.'

"Our farm-hand—his name was Zeke—was standing close by, his eyes and mouth wide open, for he'd recognized the General, too. He led the horses into our barn, and the men went into the house. Mother began to fly around and cook for them, but I slipped out and whistled for Brother. He came running from the back lot, and when I told him who was there he wouldn't believe it till he went and peeked into the house himself. When he came back, I told him what was

worrying me. I didn't like the way Zeke looked or acted. I couldn't tell why it was, but, somehow, I mistrusted that he was cooking up some mischief. I knew his family wasn't overly zealous about the Colonies' rights, and they was the kind that would sell their immortal souls for a dollar. 'We'll just keep an eye on him every minute till the General gets away,' we agreed.

"But when we went to the barn, meaning to begin right then to keep an eye on Zeke, he was gone, and we couldn't find him anywhere. 'What if he's gone to tell the Hessians?' Brother said; 'let's run up to the top of the hill and look down the road.'

"We was off like a shot, and sure enough, there was Zeke making the best time he could along the road toward the old mill. Without any words, we lit out after him; we knew we couldn't stop him—he was too big and powerful for us to tackle, but we could keep track of what was going on. By cutting 'cross lots, we came up to the mill just behind him, and we kept back out of sight. We saw him stopped, heard a sentry questioning him; then they took him inside, and we crept up under an open window and listened. He was telling them all about it, but they wouldn't believe him at first.

" 'General Washington aint within three hundred miles of here,' one of them said; 'it aint possible—what 'd he be here for, almost alone, away from his army?'

" 'Maybe he aint so near alone, after all,' put in another of them; 'how do we know how many men he's got hid back in the woods somewhere?—maybe they know we're here, too.'

"Well, they argued back and forth, and, finally, they made it up to leave Zeke there, in charge of a couple of men, and the rest of them go up to our house and capture the visitors. They begun gettin' fixed up to start, and Brother and me made a bee-line for the house, to warn the General. I tell you, we made that run in quick time—we knew that every minute counted. When we finally busted into the room and told them all about it, the young officers was in an awful stew. They wanted the General to hide in a closet and let them make a fight of it, and keep him out of danger, but he just smiled and shook his head. 'We'll stay in this room together,' he said, very quiet like. Then he turned to mother, who was shaking with fear—I mean fear that the General would be taken—mother wasn't any coward on her own account. 'Close the door between us and the kitchen, madam,' he said, 'and stand in the front door of the kitchen. Throw them off the track, if your woman's wit can think of any way, but, if not, run out of the back door quickly, and stay out of the way of bullets. Send the lads, now, out to those bushes in the rear, where they will be safe. I'll have the death of no women or children on my account.'

" 'Please let us stay, sir; we can shoot straight,' Brother began to beg, but I grabbed his hand and pulled him out of the room. I'd had a big idea, and I explained it to him in a jiffy. We grabbed the old musket and our fife and drum, and made for the bushes. We kept out of sight when we heard the Hessians coming; we saw them ride around the corner of the house, and we could hear their voices, and knew mother was tryin' to keep them off. But, in a minute, we saw her come running for the bushes, and then, the minute she was safe out of the house, we heard shots, and knew that Washington's men had fired out of the window at the Hessians.

"The barn was close to the house, and we ran for the back of the barn now. From there we could see the Hessians, and two of them had been wounded by those first shots. They had laid them to one side, and was ready to attack the house now.

" 'Now it's time,' Brother said. I can see him now, with his big eyes a-shining with the excitement—that boy wasn't afraid of anything. 'Wait till they begin,' I said; 'they'll be easier confused then.'

"In another minute they started to rush thru the kitchen door. Three

shots sounded from the front room; then, as they fell back a little bit, Brother let our old musket speak, aiming it at the last Hessian in the row—and he hit him, too! Then he dropped the musket, quicker than lightning, and began to blow, like fury, on his fife, while I pounded the drum with all my might. Well, you ought to have seen that bunch of Hessians break and run—they couldn't get away fast enough. They thought the whole Continental army was marching down on them! We kept right on a-playing till they was clean out of sight, and the General and his aides come to the kitchen door and looked out, all puzzled and not understanding what had happened. Then we marched out, still a-playing; and say, when General Washington saw us, he laughed for a minute, as if it was the biggest joke in the world—and it was sort of funny! But he sobered down in a minute, and the things he said to us lodged right in my heart, and they're there yet. I haven't forgot one of his words, and I never will; but they're too precious to repeat—them words was just for me and Brother. And he took off his gauntlets and presented one to each of us. I've carried mine with me all these years; I'm a poor, friendless old man, but I've done one good deed in my life—and the gauntlet's all that's left to me. When I get too sad and lonely I take it out and look at it and think of what he said to us, and the world looks better."

WASHINGTON PRESENTS HIS GAUNTLETS TO THE BOYS

He paused, replaced the gauntlet in his breast, and took up the drum, smiling sadly.

"Thank you all for listenin'," he said. "I'm warm now, and I'll be going along. This is the very drum I played that day. Do you wonder I like to play it now? I've got nothing left of the past—just the drum and the gauntlet!"

"But where's Brother?" a voice cried, and the others leaned forward, eager to hear.

A look of mingled pain and grief

crossed the old face. He hesitated, and, when he spoke, his voice shook pitifully.

"Mother died, and after that Brother and me had a little disagreement one day. It was nothing—it didn't need to amount to a thing, and I was sorry enough when I saw how he felt about it. You see, he was quick-tempered—he couldn't help it—he was high-spirited and proud, and he wouldn't forgive me, and he went off, mad; said he was going to strike out for himself and get rich. I stayed on in the old place, hoping and praying that he'd come back. But he never came. I lost interest in things; everything slipped away from me, and, at last, I took to wandering up and down, tryin' to find Brother. I think he'd forgive me now—he was the best and bravest lad in the world—but I guess I'll never find him. I reckon we'll never meet now till we get to Heaven. I dont believe that all the heavenly music is made with harps. I like to fancy that when I get there I'll have a drum, and I'll begin to play, and Brother will come a-running—or, maybe, a-flying—with a fife, to join in with me, and we'll play the same old tune that we played when we saved General Washington. And maybe the General himself will come along down the golden street and say some more of his beautiful, kind words to us, and there wont be any more hard feelings in that land."

THE DRUMMER RECOGNIZES THE SOUND OF THE FIFE

As he turned toward the door, every man in the room sprang to his feet. "Here," they cried; "dont go; we'll take care of you—stay and eat some supper——"

But some one stepped before them, and laid a hand on the old drummer's sleeve, saying: "I want you to come home with me." It was the Squire, and those who were near him saw, with amazement, that his eyes were wet and his face was working with emotion.

Aunt Lecty, peering out of her

window, opened her eyes in amazement as she saw the Squire and the old drummer passing.

"Kingdom come!" she cried; "the Squire's takin' the old feller home with him—I do declare, it's the surprisin'est thing I've seen in a 'coon's age!"

It was a stately, Colonial home into which the Squire ushered the bewildered old drummer, seating him comfortably before the fireplace, and introducing him to the surprised family as "an old friend of mine."

When the warmth of the fire had exerted its cheering influence, the Squire placed the drum on his visitor's knees.

"I want you to play for us," he said.

As the roll of the drum filled the room, the old man's head lifted proudly, his eyes became dreamy, his face grew sweet and sad with memories. The Squire stole softly behind him, lifted a shining object from the cupboard, placed it to his lips, and joined a high, clear melody to the throb of the drum. With a startled cry, the drummer sprang to his feet and faced the Squire, his sharp old eyes peering anxiously, wonderingly, into the smiling face. Then the Squire reached to the cupboard where the fife had lain, and brought forth a gauntlet glove, holding it out mutely. The two old men looked into each other's faces.

"See," the Squire said at last, and his voice trembled, "here it is—the other gauntlet!"

For an instant the old man stared, uncomprehending; then he tottered forward, with a great sob.

"Brother!" he cried exultantly, *"Brother!"*

Farthest North

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I'm missing civ'lization, and I'm wanting bad to go
Back where there's something else besides this everlasting snow;
I want to see just everything again, but say, a show
Is what I seem to want the most of all.
O! I want to see the lighted
Streets, the crowds go by excited,
And I want to dance a two-step with a little girl I know;
And I'll do a little kissing,
But of all the things I'm missing,
I want to hear the music as I watch a picture show.

This everlasting hardship aint so everlasting bad;
The days, we have to stand it, but the nights, they drive us mad,
A-thinking, thinking, thinking of the good old times we've had,
And we long to chuck the business and to quit.
O! it sure would be a winner,
To eat a home-cooked dinner,
Away from this canned menu that is garnished up with snow;
And to put on a store-collar,
But what beats the rest all holler,
Would be to get a ticket for a Motion Picture show.

I'll be thru my little stunt of work and going back, some day,
With a mighty happy feeling and a solid bunch of pay,
And I'll celebrate my coming in the most appropriate way.
O! the things that I am going for to do!
I will get a shave and shine, a
Meal once more off glass and china,
And on my first night at home again I know just where I'll go.
O! it sure will be my inning,
And you'll find me there a-grinning,
A-sitting in a front seat in the Motion Picture show.

WHEN the good Saint Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, one of them took refuge in the dark soul of a certain Kavanaugh, of the gentry of Claddagh, hard by the Burn o' Bei. And forever and a week afterwards, his descendants, folks say, fine, strapping men and pleasing to the eye, rich in emerald rye-fields and snug with their elegant stone castles, carried snake-souls with them thru the length and breadth of their days.

However that may be, this tale of Kathleen Brogan and her lovers of high degree and low degree is as true as the last words of the Widow O'Hara's cow. And, if you doubt it, you could have the right of the matter from Father McManus himself, if the old man hadn't died ten years ago come Candlemas—the Saints give the soul of him an aisy bed. But 'tis no matter. In Claddagh every one, from Daddy Neil, the besom-maker, to wee Biddy Lory, including those who dont believe it, know it is true, and Kathleen's childher—ach! whist now, and listen with the ears of you wide open to the quarest tale in the world.

'Twas at the mating time o' the year, when the white thorn was in bloom and the curlew calling over the braeside, young Terrance O'Moore, as decent and comely a lad as you would find in a month of Sundays, combed his yellow hair, shut his cow in the byre, and set out for the fair at Shen Ban. The smell of primroses sweetened his lungs as he strode along the turnpike, and the thought of Kathleen Brogan sweetened his soul. Of all the colleens in Erin, none had brighter eyes or more tuneful feet in the reels than she. But she was a coy maid, ill to please and hard to wed; and Terrance tilled his wee bit of sod and ate his oat scowder and porrich with a hunger in the honest heart of him, and so far, work as he would to make a home for her, plead as he might, the best that she had given him was her smile and a "Wait a wee, Terry," that was not *yes,* but, praise the Saints, not *no.* And there was a light, sometimes, in her laughing eyes that might mean —Terrance was not a lad to talk, but his heart was very hopeful as he swung fairward, thru the brave sunshine and the fields of bracken and blue-beaded flax.

At the fair-grounds the folk were gathered from far Croach Beag to far Larue Lough to celebrate the turning of the year. Bright booths patched the field with color; the air was atune to the fiddler's jigs and the shrills of a pipe, and gentry and humble rubbed elbows, brother-fashion, in joyful holiday.

Terrance cleaved the crowd, eyeless, earless to the celebration, until the beating of his heart whispered Kathleen was near. Then he paused. Poor lad—poor lad! For young Squire Kavanaugh was with her; young Squire Kavanaugh was bending, lover-like, over her, and Kathleen was smiling straight up into the bold eyes of young Squire Kavanaugh. There

be many things that take the blue from the sky and the gold from the whinbush, but naught, I'm thinking, can do it so quick as when the colleen one loves smiles at another gossoon. Terry turned white as a Brownie at the sight of holy water, and the taste of the day went bitter on his tongue.

"Shure, Terry, ye're lookin' very dawney the day," called a friend, passing with a moon-faced girl abeam on each arm. "What's moitherin' ye, lad?"

" 'Tis Kathleen an' her fine, new lover," snickered one of the girls. "Musha, an' it's a shame it is, Terry, entirely."

"Hould your tongue," scowled Terrance. " 'Tis pratin' magpies ye are, an' no better." He plunged into the thick of the crowd, heart-sick at the laughter and pleasurefulness around, half-minded to go back to his mare and his potato-field and his branny cow. But no. "I'll bide an' get a word wi' her," he told himself grimly. " 'Twill be no use, I'm afeared—Ach! avourneen—*Ochone! ochone!*"

It was dayli' gone, as we Irish say, meaning the edge o' the evening, when Terrance got his word with Kathleen. It was only a short word at that, for the Squire was waiting, with his fine, brave team of bays, to drive her home, and she was impatient of Terry's detaining hand.

"Is it *him* ye're carin' for, Kathleen agra?" whispered Terrance, the lad's voice of him shaking. "An' me lovin' ye so, an' hopin' an' waitin' these three years—oh, Kathleen, acushla, I'll not be belavin' it of you, colleen *dhas.*"

"He's tellin' me that he's lovin' me, too." Kathleen looked down demurely. 'Tis a situation the best of women love to play with and dally over. The grip on her arm tightened.

"The divil take the black-hearted scoundhril f'r sich words," gasped Terrance, choking with wrath. "Ye must be elf-shot to harken——"

"An' he's wishin' for to marry me," she flashed. "It's out o' timper ye are, Terry O'Moore." Her face softened at the sob in his eyes. "Whist, Terry lad," she whispered, "I'll be dramin' over it the night an' give nayther av the both av ye an answering till the morra. But—th' Squire is the grand, clever man, Terry, and 'twould be fine to be a lady, I'm thinkin'."

If tears had been poison, there would have been never a blade of grass left unwithered on Glenna Hill that night. Face down in the yarrow and hungry-grass, lay Terrance O'Moore, sorrow stridin' his back, sobbing and moaning, a wretched skinful of woe under the hawthorn bushes. Now, in Erin there are hawthorns and *hawthorns,* and some of these are fairy trees and some are not. Those where the Good People gather are called gentle thorns. Now mind, I'm not saying 'twas a gentle thorn that Terrance was lying under, in the black of the night, on Glenna Hill—that you can just decide for yourselves after you read the last word of my tale. We Irish know that the Good People have lived among us for long and for lee, and divil a man or a woman or a childher have set eyes on them. But all the same, they skim the cream from the pots and fret the cows in the byre, and meddle in mortal's affairs by tickling their brains with dreams. Whether or no, 'twas a quare thing that happed, and Father McManus—but, aisy, aisy—all in good time.

A castle is a grand place for the grand folks to bide in, with its spinnet, and servants, and rooms that reach half-way to the sky. But our Kathleen did not find being a lady as pleasureful as she'd thought it. She could not pick one note on the spinnet from another, and was shy of it for fear of breaking the keys. The servants frightened her, and she could not eat the grand, strange dishes they served, for the craving within her for posset and parritch and an honest hot bowl of tea. But hardest to bear was the Squire himself, that fine, clever man who had taken her to a priest and married her there. The manners of him she had taken for gold as solid

as that of a sovereign, but they were only plated, after all, and the plate was wearing thin. At Patrickmas he was cold to her, and at Whitsuntide he was cruel.

'Twas on a brave, chill evening, with the wind sobbing like a Banshee over the chimney-pots—an evening when all decent folks toast their honest shins before the peat-coals in their cottage grates, and the Brownies

GENTRY AND HUMBLE RUBBED ELBOWS, BROTHER-FASHION, AT THE FAIR

put burrs in the old mare's tail and ill dreams in the white sow's ear—when the poor maid saw, at last, into what a bog the Will-o'-the-Wisp of ambition and sinful pride had led her.

"God pity the pore sowls out th' night," cried Kathleen, as a wilder gust snarled down the chimney and set the candles a-flicker in their silver scones. And being a well-taught colleen, she outs with her rosary and begins to tell an Ave. The Squire snatched the holy beads from her hands and dashed them to the floor.

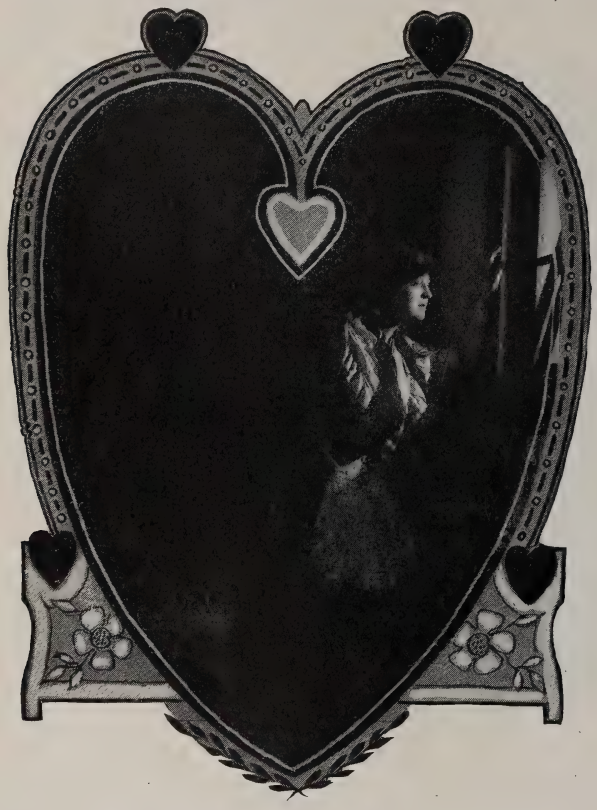
"Divil take your mumblin' an' mouthin'," he swore. "Begorra, I've had all the prayin' I'll swally. Sorra a moment's pace have I had since ye came into th' house wid yer low-bred ways," says he.

Kathleen had no more tears for him. 'Twas too serious for such. But the look that she gave him!

"An' troth, yer honor, ye sh'd have reckoned wid me low-bred ways afore iver ye married me," she said, proud-like and tall and white-lipped as he. And then the Squire threw back his rough red head and laughed lee and long, like the Ould Fella himself.

"Marry ye, is ut, me proud beauty?" he said at last. "'Tis a grand joke ye're afther having, mavourneen. We Kavanaughs dont marry dairymaids, I'll bate ye. Ha! ha! Throgs, no! Sure, 'twas a false priest who married us and no holy man at all, at all, and so ye're no more a wife than ye be a maid, *machree.*"

Kathleen's face went white as a streak of lint, and her poor hands shook like bracken in the wind. Then, before he could check her, with a shriek like a passing soul, she was gone, out into the cold wind and moonlight and shadows, stumbling over the cobblestones of the lanes, across the dangersome turf-damp bogs and stubble fields, by the kirk and the eerie graveyard, the bridge and the burn, till, drenched to the skin and gasping, she came to the wee, thatched cot of Father McManus, shining tight and bright thru the storm. She gleeked thru the casement and stumbled in at the door. The old priest had white hair and a white soul. Before he would hear her story, he poured out a cup of hot tea from his own brown kettle and set it before her, with a pick to eat.



"SHE GLEEKED THRU THE CASEMENT"

"Now, God save ye, my daughter," said he, gentle-like; "what ill brings ye thru th' could and weary wind th' night? Ye're fair jaded, avourneen."

"God save yersilf, kindly, yer Riverince," said poor Kathleen, wringing her pretty hands. "Musha —musha, I'm misdoubtful I've losth me sowl entirely. Sore pity o' me to be belavin' his deludherin' tongue."

And, atween sighing and weeping, she told Father McManus her black story, tho the words of it almost stuck in her throat for very shame.

"'Deed, Father, me heart's bruck intirely," she finished. "All the prayin' an' bletherin' in the wurrld wont lave me th' honest maid I was wanst—*ochone! ochone!*"

"Whist, asthore," said the old Father. He had held her on his knee when she was but a pretty, wee stand-aloney, and he was fair heart-scalded to see her black grief. "Ye did well to come to me, mavourneen, for, plaise goodness, I've comfort f'r ye. God's ways is quare," said the good priest, reverent-like, "but, praise be to Him, ye're as honest a wife th' day as who's-th'-nixt, and this is th' way av it, Kathleen acushla."

'Tis mortal strange how evil things often fall out well or middling in this world. If the Squire had but known—but whist, will ye, and listen without interrupting.

It seems that the day before the marrying of Kathleen and the Squire, Father McManus had been called to the bedside of a dying man, to speak a mass for his passing soul, and the man had confessed that he was to have dressed as a priest and performed the Squire's false marriage for him on the very next day in the world. The Father hurried to Donegal and fetched back the young priest of that parish, and he it was who had

married Kathleen to Squire Kavanaugh, all unbeknownst to the both of them.

"Mother o' Hiven, but 'tis the grand news ye're tellin' me," cried Kathleen, the color creeping back into her face. "Will ye be comin' wid me an' tellin' himself th' same, th' black-hearted craythur, forninst the castle yander?"

Father McManus looked regretful-like at the snug and warm chimney-corner, the brown kettle steaming on the hob, and the fine, warm pot of stirabout in the ashes, for even priests have human feelings. But he was big of heart, and did not hesitate. He threw a grain of turf on the fire, buttoned his old top-coat about his ears, and the two of them started out into the weathersome night.

The Squire was feshed to see who was with Kathleen, but he put on a bold face and a hearty voice, and made the best of it.

"Bejabers, but 'tis a trate t' set eyes on ye, yer Riverince," he cried, the artful man. "Ye're as welcome as the flowers in May. I'm hopin' ye haven't been botherin' th' Father wid our wee bit of a quarrel, Kathleen *a tharsge.*"

Kathleen gave him a look from her two black eyes to show she wasn't to be come over by fair words. "Father McManus has someaut to tell ye, Neil Kavanaugh," she said, with the voice of her like the frost on the peat. "Be quiet wid ye, an' listen, ye ballyraggin' thafe o' the wurrld."

When the Squire heard the Father's story, he was fair taken aback, and had ill work to keep from showing it. But he was a clever man, with one eye always open and 'tother never closed, and he changed his tactics according. "Sure, an 'twas all a weesy joke, yer Riverince," he cried, laughing as merry as the toothache. "Kathleen is th' very apple o' my eye, do ye moind. She's out av timper wid me betimes an' again, and I wid her, as is right an' proper 'twixt husband and wife, but, barrin' maybe a word or two, I niver hurt ye at all, at all, did I, Kathleen mavourneen, Kathleen machree?"

" 'DEED, FATHER, ME HEART'S BRUCK INTIRELY"

And so, with his blarney and pretty speeches, as plentiful as blackthorn bushes and as valueless as horny buttons, Squire Kavanaugh won back the trust and affection of his wife and hushed her suspicions of him. But sheela a whiles did he give up his plans to be rid of her against another

winter came. And whilst they drove together to the market, or knelt at mass, or played picquet of an evening before the blazing chimney-pot, his black mind was busy nursing a newborn scheme that might have been begotten of the divil himself, so wicked it was indeed. And all the time, outwardly he was smiling and blarneying and kissing the poor deceived maid, until she almost forgot to remember Terrance's voice, with the love-shake in it, and the ache for her in his blue eyes, and was even happy enough, after a fashion.

One night, toward the budding of the year, when the moon was round as a shilling and the rabbits were atwinkle under the foxgloves, or lushmores we Irish call them, and the air was sweet with the smoke of turf fires, Squire Kavanaugh took his lowborn wife out for a horseback ride. 'Twas just such a night as the Good People, granting there are such, might have been abroad. Howsomever that may be, for some quare reason or other, Terrance O'Moore had a restless streak on him and could not bide at home. Many and many a night since Kathleen was wed, had the poor lad tramped the heather till the screek o' day. So, maybe, 'tis not so mortal strange that he was sitting on a rock behind a laurel bush at the foot of Croach Beag when the Squire and Kathleen passed that way. He gleeked out atween a crack in the leaves, and this is what he heard:

"Sure, 'tis a harum-scarum path, Kathleen agra," said the Squire. "Bide here a bit, mavourneen, an' I'll thry me luck in findin' another wan."

He turned his bay's head and disappeared. At the same moment Terrance saw three figures stealing out of the shadows toward the luckless Kathleen. With a shout, he was down from the bushes and upon them. 'Twas a pretty sight to see one manbody dealing with three. Two he pushed over the edge of the cliff, splash into the burn below. 'Tother cooled his heels in terrorsome flight, believing a Brownie was after him. Then, afore Terrance could turn to the trembling maid atop of her filly, the Squire himself was returned to see the success of his black plan.

"Ye murdherin' ruffian, to frechten th' loife clane out av a she-body," choaked Terrance, white with the wrath of him. "Ye desarve to be kilt entirely till ye're dead, ye divil-hearted vagabone."

When the Squire saw that Fate had put the comether on him again, his blood boiled to his brain. With a roar of anger, he hurled himself upon Terrance. Kathleen, in fair dint of terror, watched the two of them sway and struggle in the moonlight, and the screams that she uttered would have gone a mile if they would a perch, so loud they were. When at last passers came, they found the Squire on the ground, mortal hurt, and Terrance standing by, holding the swooning maid in his arms.

" 'Tis he," gasped the dying man, pointing a finger at Terrance. "He sthruck me—he kilt me—because he —was wantin' t' marry—my—wife. Ach! water—a priest—I'm dyin'."

But 'twas too late. And if ever the Ould Fella was waiting beyant for a soul, 'twas for this one that passed out, sweating and cringing with terror of death, at the foot of Croach Beag Mountain that very night, the Saints save us all!

But sorra the day some one must swing for his death, for such is the law that bids a good man pay the price for a sinner's killing. And who could that some one be save Terrance O'Moore?

'Twas a Shrove Tuesday, a week and a day later, that Kathleen came, dressed all in widow's weeds, into the kirk, as black and bitter to see as a drab shadow over the wheat. The kirk was gay with brides and bridegrooms hastening to the altar afore the marriageless days of Lent, and 'twas long before Kathleen could speak with Father McManus. As she knelt on the praying-stool, telling her beads, she watched the pretty colleens and their brave sober lads that minded her of Terrance. Och and

ochone! But only last year, and the deal of trouble since then!

"Faix, Father," she sobbed later at the good priest's knee, "I cant slape for dramin' av Terrance. An' they're hangin' him come Friday, *mobhron.* 'Tis the wretched woman I am, driven beyant the beyants. An' 'tis all my sin for marryin' the vile decaiver for his goold and fine castle. Niver a happy breath have I drawn since thin—an' now me bould lad must die f'r the wrong I done him—oh, Terrance, *allanna*—ochone! ochone!"

"Ai, ai, Kathleen, me girl," sighed the good priest, woefully, "sin niver stands singly, God forgive us all."

"They wont lave me see him at all, at all," sobbed Kathleen. "Oh, Father, ye'll be speakin' wid him. Tell him that Kathleen Kavanaugh would give her sowl to save him, f'r she loves him the now, an' always has an' always will, God hilp her—will ye be tellin' me lad thot, will ye, Father?"

"Nay, nay, hould yer whist, Kathleen mavourneen," said the old priest, sternly. "'Tis wild ye're spakin' an' sinfu' words. Mesilf could niver whisper the loike to dyin' ears. Terrance is on the edge of the Beyant, an' mortal love is not f'r him the now. Yer love is too late in comin', Kathleen mavourneen—too late, too late, *acushla machree.*"

Too late! No sadder words than these. All the long night, with the curlew wailing above the roof-tree and the bats and night beasties around her—too late! Thru the blank daylight, with every tick of the clock and beat of the heart—too late! When the happy wife blushes to catch her man's proud look, and the wee childher pass, holding their mother's skirts—too late! And the pity of it, when the silent folk gather about the foot of the scaffold and the hangman waits—too late, *then,* with your love, Kathleen mavourneen!

Like a specter she stood, the poor maid, as Terrance O'Moore went up the steps of the scaffold, straight, brave, a right true man, as he stood there, with the old priest holding the cross high before his blue, blue eyes. Kathleen flung out her arms, like one distraught.

"THE CROSS BEFORE HIS BLUE, BLUE EYES"

"Terrance—Terrance, heart o' me, harken," she cried. "'Tis like enough ye'll not be carin', acushla, to know how I love ye, but say ye forgive me, Terrance, f'r th' love ye wance bore me— Oh, Mary, Mother av Hiven," she moaned, "hilp me afore it's too late f'r helpin'."

Now maybe you'll be after saying that prayers aren't answered that

sudden; maybe you'll not be believing that once in a way a man or woman gets a foreglimpse of what may be coming to them in time to prevent it; maybe you'll just be saying 'twas only a dream and nothing more. But howsomever that may be, 'tis certain that Kathleen opened her eyes as the drop of the scaffold fell with a crash, to find her mother knocking at her chamber door.

"Fie abed, good-for-naught," cried the old woman, cheerily. "Ye'll be atin' yer brekfus at supper-time th' day. An' th' Squire waitin' below, an' Terrance O'Moore——"

"Mither, f'r the love av th' Saints, what is th' day?" whispered Kathleen, holding her breath for the answer.

"Why, shure, an' 'tis the marnin' afther the fair at Shen Ban, agra. An' yer menbodies here at the screek o' day to spake wid ye."

As light as a pea-hen's feather, Kathleen was out of her cot.

"Ach! little mither o' mine," she cried blithely, "go down an' sind th' Squire away, f'r I've naught to spake wid him thot he'd care to be hearin'. But, mither"—her voice grew shy with her joysomeness—"mither, ye might be kapin' Terrance waitin' awhiles."

'Tis long since that it happened, and the old priest is dead—rest him—and buried these many a year. But well he could remember every word that Kathleen had said to him in this tale, and every word that he said to her, and how could that be, pray, if it was all a dream? You could ask him yourself if, misfortunately, he wasn't too dead to tell you, the good, old man.

The moons biggen and wane on Croach Beag Mountain, and the scarlet roan berries swell and shrivel by the Burn o' Bei, and still the Good People gather the praties and cabbages for the poor widow women, and skim the pots of rich folk's cream, and tickle the ear of colleens and gossoons with freakish dreams, as they have been doing ever since pigs was swine in Ireland, and that is for long and for lee.

The Plea of a Picture Play Patron

By HOWARD C. KEGLEY

When I want to see the pictures, I put on my hat and go
Downtown to some place where I think they have a high-class show.
Then I buy a ticket, and I step inside the door and stand
There on the soft green carpet, with my skypiece in my hand,
Until an usher comes, to guide my unfamiliar feet
Down long, dark aisles, and lead me somewhere to a vacant seat;
But ere I start to follow him, I loudly do implore
Him not to seat me near those who have seen the films before.

How often, oh, how often I have gazed upon a reel
Of pictures that gave me the sort of thrills I like to feel,
And grown much interested in the progress of the play,
Only to have some thoughtless person, sitting near me, say,
Addressing a companion: "Oh, I know what's coming now:
The fast express speeds by and kills the farmer's Jersey cow.
The farmer claims the cow was worth a fortune, and he gets
Enough out of the railroad to pay off all his debts!"

Whenever some one near me gives the picture plot away,
I promptly lose all interest and cant enjoy the play.
For when the plot's unraveled, and I know what it's about,
I feel as tho I've seen it all—for me the show is out.
And so, each time I go to see a picture show I say:
"Now, usher, put me where there are no big hats in the way!
And, usher, gentle usher, listen to me, I implore;
Please do not seat me near those who have seen the show before!"

FRED MACE, OF THE KEYSTONE COMPANY

THERE are a good many broad avenues in Los Angeles, that thoroly up-to-the-minute city, and street upon street of beautiful all-the-year-round bungalows—but it contains only one Fred Mace. Lest you do not know him by name, and recall only his laughter-breeding, rosy gills and those flippant little gestures, all his own, and remember him only as "that man" of the Biograph Company who poked such clever and ridiculous fun at Sherlock Holmes, in the "Sherlock" pictures, and whose Algy, the vigilant, blundering watchman, was as odd a creation as the Handy Andy of our fathers, to say nothing of his One-Round O'Brien, the Don Quixote of pugilism, let me introduce him again—Fred Mace, late of Philadelphia and New York, now settled, with his parents to bless him, permanently in Los Angeles.

Fred does not claim to be one of the original cherubs of the "City of Angels," but he is the merriest, most whole-souled, jolliest-faced citizen that they have captured and tamed in many a day. It was not that Fred loved the Biograph Company less, but that he loved the town of his adoption one better, and, too, the little garden patch of flowers by the bungalow's side, and the old folks glorying in his home. Small blame, says I, and "good cess" to him.

But I have put the trunk-rack before the bonnet—Fred has lately come into a car, and talks mostly in the language of the auto—and I must tell you how I met him.

I had gone out to his home, 305 South Union, primed for a write-up, but was informed by his Jap man-of-all-work that he was out cruising in his new car. I turned away sadly, down a country road.

Fred Mace was not to disappoint me, however. A cloud of dust, accompanied by the hum of a well-tuned motor, came to my eyes and ears. Presently a streak of gray machine shot up the road, and stopped in front of me.

A rosy man, about thirty-four, I should say, with merry, gray eyes, crisp, dark-brown hair and an agile shape of some two hundred pounds, jumped down beside me. There was no mistaking the famous double-peaked cap of a Dutch rabbit-shooter, and the joyous, flapping gesture of his hand. It was Fred Mace, out for a holiday—no one could miss his identity.

"Hop in," he said, in a "get-acquainted" voice. "You're the interview man; yes?"

We sped south, toward the coast.

"I just couldn't leave this town," he began, "when Biograph left, so I joined Keystone, with Mark Sennet and Mabel Normand."

We lit cigars. I missed his familiar calabash of photoplays.

"To begin with," he resumed, "as to whether I am married or not, the jury is still out, but I'd love to have a wife and four children in the pictures—expenses are heavy to the breaking point.

"My early education was not neglected," he went on quickly, "critics to the contrary, for, after romping thru about all the schools in Philadelphia, I was graduated as a first-

class M.D., also, later, a D.D.S. (dentist). Dont forget the 'graduated.' I never use these letters, however, except in extreme cases, like giving myself gas and filling my own teeth.

"My eventual call was for the stage, tho, and, among many other plays, I reckon my favorites to be those in which I starred—naturally. The 'Chinese Honeymoon,' 'Piff Paff Pouf,' 'The Empire,' 'Time, Place and the Girl' and the 'Chocolate Soldier' were the most successful ones. There were others conducive to outdoor work, such as walking home—no, dont put that down—— My career was, rather, an escalator of unbroken successes. Good?

"But, as in my adolescent life, I felt that I was filling the wrong cavity, so to speak, and so joined Biograph out here two years ago. Then the Imp Company, and, now, Keystone, since my joining them, the finest of them all. Such is fame.

"As an afterthought, I concede other great photoplayers, however, such as Costello, Bunny, Walthall and Mary Pickford. Mary Pickford, bless her! Since her husband is in far New York, I can say, without fear of contradiction, that she was the sweetest ever."

We slowed down in front of his bungalow; his talk had been so rapidfire I had lost count of time and place.

"Wont you come in and look at my books?" he asked. "Very fond of Whitcomb Riley and Kipling—got some first editions of them."

I thanked him, and spent a pleasant half-hour in his study. I noticed, *en passant*, that here was no littered camp of the proverbial actor, but a well-ordered, cozy home.

A curious thing was that as soon as we had settled down in his study, his talk became less abrupt, more contemplative, less flippant. Maybe it was the influence of his surroundings—the psychology of home. We shook hands cordially at parting. I had almost forgotten a pet question of the editor's and put it, as a Parthian shot: "Have you any theories of life, health, or living?"

"Keep clean," he answered quickly, "even tho an effort at first. You can apply it to 'most everything—health, morals, or a sore back. After a while all the neighbors get the habit, and you can backslide just a little. Keep the break on going down hill, blow your horn (even in your saddest hour), and hire a man to clean your car."

"Is this literal or figurative?" said I, a bit puzzled.

"Arcadia Mixture," he smiled, with a flip of his plump hands; "smoke it in my calabash."

THE TATLER.

ELEANOR CAINES, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

IN the three and a half years that Eleanor Caines has been with the Lubins, she has played all sorts of leads—Western, boy parts, comedy, emotional—but she loves Shakespeare and Dickens. She has played the part of Oliver Twist on the regular stage, for this versatile little lady has been an actress since she was three years old, when she played her first engagement with Madame Eames.

Born in Philadelphia, she was educated at the convent on Chestnut Hill, but at fourteen she was playing dramatic parts in a good stock company, then she played two years in "Robert Emmett," and starred in the "Searchlights of a Great City."

But she does not sigh for the regular stage now. She delights in her work, and talks of it with interesting vivacity. She has very expressive gray eyes and an abundance of light, fluffy hair that throws off all sorts of lights as her pretty head tilts and turns. And, speaking of her hair, there is an interesting story about it, for she actually sacrificed it all once, for the sake of a film that demanded a real hair-cut! It was actually clipped, close to her head.

"Oh, I knew it would grow again," she said, nonchalantly, "and I did some lovely boy parts while it was short."

The feats that this dainty lady does are quite astonishing. Two years ago she climbed a sixty-foot cliff, while the camera buzzed. In playing "The Sheriff's Capture" —and, by the way, she wrote that photoplay herself—she and the man playing opposite were thrown from their horses. His nose was broken, and her arm. Looking at her pretty face, I was glad the accidents were not reversed.

"It didn't spoil the picture, at all," she said; "it made it all the better, more realistic, you see!"

One interesting thing that I learnt about Miss Caines is that she cannot swim, in spite of the fact that she frequently falls out of a boat into very deep water.

"It must take a lot of nerve to fall into the water when you cant swim a stroke," I ventured; "why dont you learn?"

"I cant learn; I'm afraid of the water," she replied, and she seemed to mean it! Verily, there is no accounting for a woman's mode of reasoning. But no one expects a woman to be consistent—and so fascinating a woman as Miss Caines doesn't mean to be.

L. M.

ARTHUR MACKLEY, OF THE ESSANAY

THERE are thousands of persons who watch eagerly for the Western films of the Essanay Film Company, and out of all these thousands it would be difficult to find one who felt completely satisfied if Arthur Mackley failed to appear as the sheriff. In the public mind, he has become so thoroly identified with this character that few ever think to ask his name. He's just the sheriff —that's all, and, when he appears on the screen, the audience settles back, with a satisfied air, knowing that a perfectly consistent and realistic bit of acting will be seen.

"Yes, I'm a little bit proud of the character of the sheriff," he confessed. "I created it myself, as you might say, and it's a satisfaction to know that folks like it so well. Some of our folks say they miss the applauding audiences that they used to know, but it suits me to feel that millions of good, everyday people are enjoying my work, even if I cant hear them applaud.

"You see, I'm a pretty old fellow," he continued, growing reminiscent. "'Twont be so very long till I'm fifty. I was born in Scotland, and educated all over the world. For twenty-four years I was an actor and director on the regular stage; then I came to the Essanay Company, and it suits me all right. I try to put my very best work into everything I do, and I like to watch my own pictures on the screen—it's a great study."

Questioned about his favorite interests and amusements, Mr. Mackley smiled.

"Not very much time for amusements in this business," he said. "I spend seven or eight hours a day between the rehearsing and the real acting. I seldom go to the regular theaters, but I'm extremely fond of music. Most of my evenings are spent in writing scenarios, but, occasionally, my wife makes me go to some social function, and, when I do go, I always enjoy it. And just put this down: I've been married twenty-two years, and the most interesting thing in the world to me is my wife!

"Yes, I like outdoor life and sports," was his answer to another question; "the mountains and the seashore both please me, and I delight in a good sea voyage. Walking and swimming are both enjoyable, and, of course, I'm a baseball enthusiast. Politics? Any party that's honest will do."

In appearance, he is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and weighs about 175 pounds—but why try to describe the sheriff? You all know him on the screen, and he looks and acts the same in real life.

M. P.

MISS MURIEL OSTRICHE, OF THE ÉCLAIR COMPANY

No wonder I hesitated. Surely this slip of a girl, in the homelike little sitting-room on West 144th Street, could not be the whimsical Feathertop, the debonair Robin Hood, the stately Christobel that I had ventured up into the wilds of Harlem to interview—probably a younger sister—but no!

"I really am sixteen whole years and half another," she laughed, "and I haven't played dolls for a long while."

I can truthfully say that she does not show her advanced age. A trifle over five feet high—or low, a wee bit over a hundred pounds on charitable scales, with unruly, light brown hair that surely very recently grew up into a young-lady psyche on top of her small head from a fat ribbon-tied braid, and round, interested-in-life blue eyes—do you wonder that I failed to recognize Miss Muriel Ostriche, of the Eclair players, and late of Biograph, Powers and Pathé, creator of one hundred and fifty parts in her single year of Motion Picture work?

An amazing young lady, truly! But no!

"I really am just a very commonplace person," confessed Miss Muriel, plaintively. "I haven't the singlest bit of a remarkable thing to tell about myself. I'm not even a suffraget! And I've never been a popular actress in John Drew's company, nor a beautiful chorus girl, nor on the stage at all, tho I adore the theater. I never was nearly killed in an auto accident, and never rescued a millionaire from drowning at Atlantic City—so you see I'm almost remarkably unremarkable!"

It is not polite to contradict a lady. The etiquet books all say so. However, I venture to differ with Miss Muriel on this point. One hundred-odd pounds of vital energy and enthusiasm is not commonplace. When she is not working every day, six days a week, she is playing just as energetically, dancing her slippers—number twos—to rags, entertaining her not-to-be-enumerated friends in merry parties in the wee-bit apartment, going to the theater, skating in the cold part of the calendar, rowing in the warm. She is fond of poetry and George Barr McCutcheon, automobiles, chocolate caramels, farming, and her work, and she is charmingly, satisfyingly, remarkably alive.

"Is life worth living?" I asked her. The big, round, blue eyes grew bigger, rounder, bluer.

"*To me it is!*" (Italics do not begin to express the way she said it.)

The little past life that Miss Muriel has lived so far has been in New York. She was educated here within sound of Broadway, and the skyscrapers, noise and bluster of the big city spell *Home* to her, altho she is fond of traveling.

"What do I like to do in the way of athletics? Oh, just swimming, walking, boating, automobiling, driving, baseball, gardening, farming, skating," she smiled. "I'm interested in Christian Science and Theosophy—or would be if I had the time. My work is really my fad.

"Do I believe in the future of the photoplay? Indeed I do! I think it will more and more crowd out the regular drama. No, I dont study my parts before rehearsal, but afterwards I do. I like to see the pictures after they're finished. Mistakes do look awful in black and white, but they help."

As I was leaving, she called me back.

"Oh, by the way, they call me the Turkey-Trot Girl at the studio," she laughed. "That's a bit unusual. And I forgot to tell you how much I enjoyed THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE—but, dear me, *that's* not unusual at all!" D. D.

In the February issue we announced a contest in which our readers would be given an opportunity of voting for their favorite players. The magazines containing that announcement have hardly been received by our subscribers, as this is being written, yet the votes are coming in by the hundred in every mail. Last year we conducted a similar contest and awarded fifty prizes, which were won by Maurice Costello, Dolores Cassinelli, Mae Hotely, Francis X. Bushman, G. M. Anderson, Alice Joyce, Octavia Handworth, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, and others, in the order named, but that contest did not suit us. In the first place, that was a year ago, and players have changed and improved. In the next place, we then reached only a small part of the great Motion Picture public, with our mere 125,000 circulation, while now it can safely be said that this magazine is read, every month, by at least a million people. During the past year many of the younger players have sprung into prominence, and many new faces have come upon the screen. Perhaps some of these new ones have caught up with—even passed—the older ones, in popularity. We want to know. The public wants to know. The companies and the players themselves want to know. But this is not the important reason for starting this contest. We feel that the photoplayers have done and are doing a great deal of good in this world, and that they receive less appreciation than almost any other class of benefactors that we know of. They work hard and tirelessly to please, yet they have no way of finding out whether they have succeeded or not. The players of the speaking stage receive their appreciation across the footlights, but the players of the photoplay receive no applause—at least, if they do, they do not know nor hear it. We feel certain that thousands of our readers are eager to do honor to their favorites, and that therefore they will welcome this opportunity.

Contrary to other contests that have been held in the past by various publications, we do not intend to offer several thousand dollars' worth of prizes to the winners. There will be no steam yachts, automobiles, pianos, etc., offered by us. The effect of such offerings is usually to inspire the players themselves to work for themselves, and to spend their own money, in order to capture the valuable prizes; whereas, our intent is quite the reverse, for we do not want to make this in any sense a gambling enterprise, nor one in which mere money can buy honor. Hence, our prizes to the winners will not be expensive ones, but they will be appropriate, even elegant, and they will be of a kind that will serve as a lasting monument to the winners. While we cannot stop the players from voting and working for themselves, we shall not encourage it, for we desire this to be a contest which the great Motion Picture public is to decide.

The nature of the prizes and the date of closing will be announced later. The standing of the players at the time of going to press will be found on another page. Dont be discouraged if your favorite is not on top, or near the top, the first month. Remember that votes will soon be coming in from far-off lands, including Australia, England and New Zealand, and that it takes six

days for mail to reach this office even from the Pacific Coast, and that several days are required to count and classify the votes.

How to Vote.

Every reader may vote twice each month, one vote for a male player, and one for a female player, but two votes cannot be written on the same sheet of paper. If you wish to vote for John Doe and Mary Roe, for example, you must take a slip or sheet of paper and write at the top: "I vote for John Doe," signing your name and address below, and you may add any lines or verses you please at the bottom of the sheet, or on the other sheets. Then take another sheet or slip of paper and write at the top: "I vote for Mary Roe," signing your name and address below. You will find concealed elsewhere in this magazine a coupon, which, when properly filled out, will count for ten votes more. There is no objection to your sending in a dozen or more votes in one envelope, in case friends or members of your family wish to vote also. While this contest is on, the Popular Plays and Players department of this magazine will be discontinued, and the verses that we have on hand will be used in this department. Following are some of the clever verses and criticisms that we have received:

TO FLORENCE E. TURNER.

I have many, many favorites
Upon the picture screen,
But there is one whom I love best—
The prettiest I have seen.

There's dimpled Lillian Walker,
Who certainly is a dream,
And dear little Mary Pickford,
Who is just as rich as cream.

There's Maurice Costello and Leo Delaney,
Two chaps we all adore,
And there's Earle Williams,
And also Owen Moore.

There's Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Kelly,
Two sweet girls of the Vitagraph,
And then there's dear John Bunny,
Who always makes me laugh.

ut of all the Motion Picture players
I always love to see,
The sweetest girl in the pictures—
Her name is Florence T.

447 East 135th Street, Bronx. Estelle Marguerite Blank.

And here are a few heart-throbs chosen at random—the editor's desk is as full of them as an Ella Wheeler Wilcox poem:

My hero, tall and handsome,
As my favorite I did choose;
I know that you'll agree with me
When I tell you he's James Cruze.

Of all the parts he has taken,
Grandpa, villain, Turk or elf,
I always like him best of all
When he's his handsome self.

Orpheum Theater, Fargo, N. Dak. G. Di F.

Miss "Billy" Storey is simply *great* and *dandy* and *human;* so are "G. M.," "Dimples," Jack Clark, Crane Wilbur, Carlyle, Alice Joyce, Flo Turner, Arthur J. and Francis X. B. A Sophomore.

Miss Marguerite Geraldine Futooye, of Denver, "drops into po'try" on the subject of Marguerite Snow:

If I only had a nickel,
And my carfare pretty low,
I'd spend the last I had
To see Miss Marguerite Snow.

"If beauty means success,
Miss Snow will be a star,"
So said a paper once,
And she's complied, by far.

So here's to Marguerite—
Success where'er you go.
Here's to each one's hobby—
The good old picture show.

Do homage to the little tots—no matter what your janitor says:

Each month a magazine I sight,
To read what photo critics write,
And find that women of all ages
Send praise for the actors by the pages.
Then you'll read some little verse
A man has written telling of his choice.
But few you'll find for the little mites;
They never seem to get their rights.
So I will try to remind you of a few
That have acted in pictures—some old, others new.

Did you see Méliès' Danny in the "Cowboy Kid"?
Now admit, wasn't he great to do as he did?
And there's little Marie Lambert; she cant stay on the shelf,
Once you've seen her act in Art's "His Other Self."
There aren't many—not by a long run—
Can act like Pathé's Mildred Hutchinson.
Then again Pathé can well be proud of their claim,
For the little Indian fellow is a kid of fame.

To see cute Helen Costello in Vitagraph's "Church Across the Way"
Is well worth the admission you pay.
As for Dolores Costello, Adele De Garde and Kenneth Casey, too,
Well, I just keep my eyes opened wide, dont you?
Edison's baby, Edna May Weick, you'd have to
Love her more when she acts in "The Little Woolen Shoe."
Gladys Hulette and Yale Boss, of the Edison Company,
Have the great talent of acting, seems to me.

There are numerous others who act as well
As those I've mentioned, but their names I cant tell.
By reading this you can easily see
How the cute little tots appeal to me.

741 Fairmount Pl., Bronx, N. Y. GRACE EDWINA SEARLE.

In spite of "anachronous fits and misfits," "As You Like It" tends to please, and to raise the standard:

TO THE EDITOR OF FAVORITE PLAYS AND PLAYERS:

I have just read the October number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and I want to tell how well I liked the story of "As You Like It," as written from the photoplay by Marguerite Birch. I studied the book in high school, and all the time I spent on it didn't amount to as much as the time I spent reading it in this magazine. It was so simply told, and the pictures accompanying it were so clear and well chosen, that it was more than just interesting—it was something to be remembered.

Worcester, Mass. "INTERESTED."

George Edgar Frye, the clever jingle-maker of New England, contributes the following to his favorite kiddie:

AN ACROSTIC TO A LITTLE VITAGRAPH ACTRESS.

H ere's to a little miss, the queen of photoplays;
E very one who sees her act, loves her winning ways.
L ike a tiny fairy she flits across the stage,
E ager to fill the rôle best suited to her age.
N othing too difficult, her art can compass all;

C harming in portrayal for one so very small.
O n the screen reflected by Moving Pictures shown,
S weetest of all faces is hers so widely known.
T ime deal gently with her is my most fervent wish,
E ach added year bring friends and heaps of happiness;
L ive as she acts her part, with noble purpose true,
L ove as the Golden Rule, right as the actor's cue:
O n every page inscribed: *"I act my part for you!"*

"Interested" writes an appreciation of the fine work of Brinsley Shaw, who plays villainous parts to perfection with the Essanay Company: "There is none whose acting surpasses his, tho the parts he plays are so unlovable; to act the part of a 'splendid villain' requires talent with a capital T."

S. Weber asks, What's the matter with Guy Coombs? and proceeds to answer the question, as follows:

That you're a very handsome Guy,
Now, Mr. Coombs, you cant deny.
When we see you as soldier boy,
Our hearts swell up with pride and joy.
As the picture ends we say in dismay:
"Please dont take our soldier man away."

"Please, Mr. Chatter, wont you chat with Wallace Reid?" begs "Miss Fifteen," of Montgomery, Ala., and follows up her request with the following verse:

WALLACE REID.

There's a handsome face I've often seen
Focused on the picture screen.
A figure tall and firmly knit,
And clothes that most divinely fit.

Oh, Wallace Reid, the hearts you've smashed,
I fear to tell the number.
If you could know the hopes you've dashed
'Twould spoil your peaceful slumber.

When in your arms the heroine lies,
My own heart gets into a whirl,
And when you gaze into her eyes,
I wish I was a picture girl.

We are pleased to receive the opinion of a real railroad man on some of the railroad photoplays. R. G. Summers, of Cortland, N. Y., a genuine railroader, thinks that the best railroad play ever put out is "The Lost Box Car," and for a second choice prefers "The Engineer's Sweetheart."

J. E. M., of Lenox Avenue, New York City, praises the work of Leo Delaney in "The Love of John Ruskin" and in "Days of Terror," and wishes to know why his name was not shown on the screen in the cast of "As You Like It."

Master Donald Tennant, of Goldfield, Nev., in a letter that is a model of good penmanship and arrangement, states his preference as follows:

Brinsley Shaw makes the best villain, but is not praised enough.
Flora Finch and Biograph's One-Round O'Brien are the best comedians.
Yale Boss is the best child actor. He acts so natural.
Flora Turner is the most beautiful actress.
Gene Gauntier is the best actress in dramatic or tragedy rôles.

A little miss from San Francisco sends a lengthy poem about her favorite, Carlyle Blackwell. We quote a couple of verses:

His eyes, they fascinate me,
His loving way is grand;
He's my hero of all heroes
On the sea and on the land.

But to me he must be merely
A Motion Picture dream,
And never will I see him
Except upon the screen.

Rose Cranford, of Richmond, Va., thinks that Jack Richardson is the handsomest, most fascinating actor of them all.

G. M. Anderson is the hero of this bit of verse, written by Emma L. Wright, of Rochester, N. Y.:

When his day's work is over,
Then, with spirits all aglow,
He dons his best and makes a dash
To the Moving Picture show.
Sometimes it is the Hippodrome,
Again the Genesee;
It makes no difference which it is,
His heart is filled with glee
If on the canvas there appears
A jolly, smiling face
That looks as if it might belong.
To the happy cowpunch race.

No matter what the part may be,
He's right there with the goods,
So well he plays each character,
It cant be told in words.
He might be just a cowboy,
Again a sheriff stern,
Perhaps a generous Indian—
We've others yet to learn.
His name I'm sure we all know,
And, if we dont, we ought:
'Tis Mr. G. M. Anderson,
Whose activity cant be bought.

This is a protest against the cruel and barbarous film—at any rate, that is how the writer classifies this particular film, which we have not seen, ourselves:

DEAR EDITOR: Being an ardent and enthusiastic reader and booster of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, I thought it the best medium thru which to express my complaint. I acknowledge the Moving Picture industry to be noble, uplifting and inspiring, but, recently, I saw a film entitled, "With the Boys of Figure 2," which was a Selig. I know all commend educational films. This proved exactly the opposite. It vividly portrayed the cruelties of branding and lassoing animals, etc. The thousands who witnessed it were thoroly disgusted, and could scarcely suppress their indignation. It was surely a barbarous and degrading picture, altogether disreputable. I wish to state that the Selig is an excellent company, in the full sense of the word, but "With the Boys of Figure 2" reflected much discredit on them, all agreed. I feel sure it must have been an oversight on their part, for, had they known the impression this picture created, I think they never would have released it. I sincerely hope that in future they will not portray such cruel and extremely barbarous films, which only cast aspersions on their excellent reputation.

With best wishes for your success, I remain,

Very sincerely, A READER.

And now for a few specimens of the limber limerick:

There is a young actress named Flo,
Oft seen in the Vitagraph show;
If the players were served all the cash they deserved
She'd be worth a "Wall Street" full of dough.

The Vitagraphs have a grand fellow,
With hair neither raven nor yellow,
Who, if put to the test, would come out very best,
And he's named simply Maurice Costello.

Now of all the very high flyers,
There's none who can touch Harry Myers,
Who's so handsome and grand, and so darling—My land!
And his acting, it never once tires.

Sweet, lovable Lillian Walker.
Who (no rôle in playdom can balk her)
Is wreathed all in dimples, from chin to her temples—
Please send Gladys Roosevelt to "talk her."

Yonkers, N. Y. C. EDMUNDS.

Vivian Rathbun is the author of these lines:

Of all the girlies that I know,
I love you best, oh! Marguerite Snow;
And, oh! you surely are my queen
Whene'er I see you on the screen.

I watch each tiny movement,
And I look for every glance;
I know if I could meet you once,
You'd hold me in a trance.

There is quite a Rudyard Kiplingist lilt to this little poem from the breezy West:

TO LEO DELANEY, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA.

ou're the best of them all;
You're the winner, large or small,
And we love to see your picture on the screen.
As a villain or a beau,
You are surely the whole show;
Hear your praises sung by one you've never seen.

Not alone your eyes or hair,
Nor your charming smile so rare,
Is the reason that the crowd all laugh in glee.
But your acting is so charming:
As a villain you're alarming,
As a hero you can sure have me.

FROM A MONTANA GIRL.

Rev. J. W. Cool, of Lynnhurst Congregational Church, has learnt how to make the children come to church. He founded Sunday evening, when Moving Pictures were shown at the service, an innovation in Minneapolis. Three hundred children, and nearly as many more grown-ups, packed the edifice. The films shown were selected for Dr. Cool by Manager S. L. Rothapfel, of the Lyric Theater, and were "Jepthah's Daughter," a Biblical picture, and a film showing the panama hat in the process of manufacture.

Miss Frances Petry, of Indianapolis, strikes an optimistic note in her little poem to G. M. Anderson:

I'd rather be a booster than a knocker any day;
I'd rather praise than criticise in what I have to say;
And there's one man on whose success I'd gamble any day,
And that is Gilbert Anderson, of the Essanay.

I'd rather be a booster than a knocker any day;
I like to tinge with certainty the words I have to say;
And so, no matter who I see, there's one and only one for me,
And he is G. M. Anderson, of the Essanay.

And now we find a lot of other good ones crowded out: They are written by Bertha C. Leonard, Eva Leach, Nellie Wetleib, Pearl Moore, Guy Mainwaring, R. C. M., Bessie C., Miriam J., L. M. M., J. C. C., Maisie N. Benson, Gertrude R., Mabel Mason, John Jenkins, Roland White, N. M. T., K. L., Lubin-lover.

"Blue Hap" turns to the Quaker City for his favorite, and sings the praise of Jennie Nelson, of the Lubins:

hey may tell of all their favorites,
Tell of whom they love the best,
But the smiling face of my Jennie N.
I choose from all the rest.

Like the beaming Betsy, who "loved ev'ybody," Miss Margaret Dittmann has many favorites:

Mary Fuller is sweet—she is more. I *love* her because she is so innocent and unaffected.

George Lessey is a fine actor, and an example of clean, sturdy manhood.

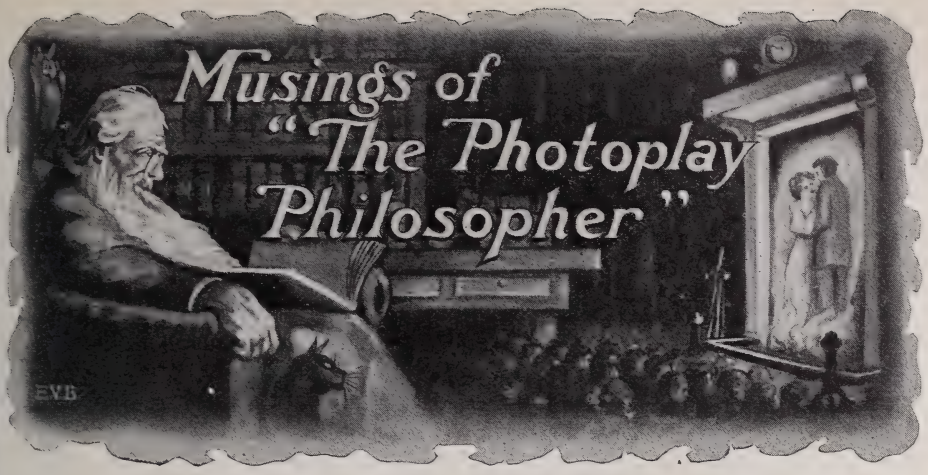
Lottie Briscoe and Arthur Johnson are both fine actors.

Lillian Walker, Leah Baird, Zena Keefe and Mrs. Gordon I delight to see play—and Miss Cassinelli, Lily Branscombe, Ruth Stonehouse and Gwendoline Pates.

(*Continued on page* 172)

Mary Fuller
sketched by
A.B. Shults

OH! THERE HE IS. IS'NT HE A SWEET?
THEY CAN EVEN SPOT ME IN THE DARK
BLESS HIS CURLY HEAD!
I JUST ADORE THAT MAN!
SAY! WHERE DO I COME IN?
OO MA! DOSENT HE LOOK LIKE PAPA?
THANK GOODNESS MY CHILDREN CANT SAY THAT ABOUT ME
OF COURSE THE FELLOW IN FRONT OF YOU THINKS YOUR SWEET REMARKS ARE FOR HIM TILL YOU HAVE TO SLAP HIS FACE OUT IN THE LOBBY.- AND IF GEORGE DOES GET A BIT JEALOUS, WELL, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.
THIS IS ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS WHEN ONE WANTS TO BE ALONE, IS'NT IT TOO BAD PAPA WAS'NT ALONG TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE, MA NOW TAKES A VERY-REAR SEAT AND IS ALWAYS SEVERLY ALONE.
SHE'S DEAD.-GOT RUN OVER WITH A BICYCLE. CRANE GOT DROWNED IN SOME WATER LAST WEEK.- THEY BURIED BFUNNY TO DAY.
WHERE'S LAWRENCE FLORENCE NOW? AND WHAT'S BECOME OF WILBUR CRANE?
WHAT, AGAIN?
I WISH I WAS YOUR BARBER
-AND AFTER THAT THEY KETCH HIM AND THEN JUST WHEN THEY GO TO SHOOT HIM THERE IS AN EARTHQUAKE, THIS — LOOSENS THE ROPES,
PEST!
"GREAT IS THE USHER" KNOWS ALL THE GREAT PHOTOPLAYERS. IN FACT MOST OF 'EM ARE OLD CHUMS OF HIS, HE SLIPS OVER OCCASIONALLY AND MAKES A NIGHT OF IT WITH 'EM, BUT WE'D FORGIVE HIM FOR THIS, IF HE WAS'NT SUCH A MORGUE.
YOU'LL FIND THIS DISEASE IN MOST EVERY PICTURE THEATRE, IT OUGHT TO BE STAMPED OUT, OR RATHER, KICKED OUT. HE CAUSES MORE UNBEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS THAN A WHOLE MIDNIGHT FULL OF CAT MUSIC -AYE, TIS A VOTE.
REAL NOTHING! ITS CANVAS, THAT'S WHAT IT IS, WAS'NT I ON THE STAGE WHEN THEY PLAYED "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"
THEN ADDING A LITTLE WATER COLOR IT SOFTENS THE CANVAS SO THEY CAN SWIM IN IT.
HOW ABOUT THE SPLASH AN THE SOAKIN' THEY GET, MISTER?
OH MISTER! LOOK OUT!
SADIE, BEHAVE IT AINT REAL
GALLAGHER
THEN THERE IS THE FELLOW WHO INSISTS THAT THE WATER IS WOVEN, THAT THEY ARE ONLY BROWN PAPER AND GLUE MOUNTAINS (SOMETIMES CARDBOARD) AND I REALLY BELIEVE HE THINKS A BRONCO IS THE LATEST DOBBY HORSE.
THE POOR DEAR COULD'NT SEE THAT SMITE SMIT WITHOUT ANY WARNING, SHE DID'NT KNOW OF COURSE THAT HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT AND WOULD CLIP HIM ON THE CHIN IN A MINUTE. IT WAS AS THOUGH SHE'D SEEN A MOUSE.



The Sabbath; let it ever be the most joyful and praiseful day of the seven.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Sabbath is the poor man's day.—*Grahame.*

The longer I live, the more highly I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel toward those who impress its importance on the community.—*Daniel Webster.*

O day of rest! how beautiful, how fair, how welcome to the weary and the old! day of the Lord; and truce of earthly care! day of the Lord, as all our days should be.—*Longfellow.*

The green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness where, after the week-days' journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose.—*Dr. Reade.*

If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been, at this moment, a poorer people and less civilized.—*Macaulay.*

The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.—*Emerson.*

These quotations seem to be fairly representative of the sentiment that obtains regarding the Sabbath day. While it is true that there are many religious sects among us that do not observe our Sunday as a holy day, among them the Jews, and that there are many people who recognize no Sabbath at all, still, perhaps a majority accept Sunday as a day of rest, worship, repose, or recreation. There are still churches and sects that insist that the Sabbath must be kept sacred and apart as a day of worship, yet the tendency of the times is unquestionably toward a more liberal view. Those churches that once forbade cooking, driving, secular reading, attending lectures, and all kinds of amusements on the Sabbath have gradually abandoned such ideas, until now we find very few indeed that do not permit these things. Religions, like everything else, are subject to the laws of evolution. As times and conditions change, so change our morals. It was immoral once to kiss one's wife on Sunday, but the next generation thought differently, and the following looked upon the thing as an absurdity. Just what attitude the religions of the future will take on the question of Sunday Observance no man may say with certainty; but, undoubtedly, the individual will be given greater freedom.

There is one thing, however, that stands out strongly: the world is quickly coming to believe that *tolerance* is the real test of civilization, and of religion. That sect which is the simplest in creed, and develops rather than limits thought, is vital and elastic, and will survive and absorb the others. Frederick the Great once said, "Every man must get to heaven his own way." We

must all learn, too, to tolerate and to respect the religions of others. As Victor Hugo says, "Toleration is the best religion," and Beecher adds, "The religion that fosters intolerance needs another Christ to die for it." This being true, a church should be the last to interfere with the doings and opinions of others, however much they may differ from its own. We all have our conception of God, and we all have our ideas of right and wrong. Some of us believe that we should devote the entire Sabbath to worship and to devotional exercises, carefully refraining from all worldly diversions, while others believe that we should make every day our Sabbath, and that we should be just as worshipful and devotional on one day as on another. Still others do not believe in worship at all. It is perfectly proper for us to preach our own religion, and to try to *persuade* the world to our way of thinking, but we must exercise tolerance, tolerance, and again more tolerance! We must not try to force. This religion is a prodigious thing. It was built, and is building, for man's physical, social and mental betterment, as well as his spiritual. Otherwise it fails. We must not seek to pass laws to compel others to worship as we think they should worship. That is a building of intolerance. Would it not be absurd for one church to have a law passed forbidding another church to hold services during certain hours, on the ground that the latter kept people away from the former? If that be true, would it not be equally absurd for any church to denounce *everything* that keeps people from attending its services? Those who desire to worship on the Sabbath must be allowed to do so, and we must do nothing to molest them; but, at the same time, those worshipers must do nothing to molest those who do not care to worship at their church. Many churches realize the significance of this, and their Sunday evening services are given over to intellectual discussion, uncolored by dogma or creed; and the lives of great men, trips to the Holy Land and the East, often with lantern slides, are entertainingly shown. In other words, the church realizes that it must put forth its best effort to be vital, interesting and human.

And this brings us down to the question, Shall the People be allowed to view Motion Pictures on Sunday? Assume that all Motion Pictures are good, and clean, and edifying; assume that all objectionable pictures have been eliminated; assume, for the sake of argument, that they are all religious pictures: would any modern Christian religion try to prevent a man from exhibiting such pictures on Sunday? No. A church might try to induce its members not to attend the picture theaters on Sunday, and it might even preach that it was wicked to do so; but it seems hardly proper for it to *force* people to stay away from such places by threats, by interference, or by having laws enacted against them. This would be *intolerance*. Those people who prefer to attend religious services rather than picture exhibitions, have a perfect right to do so, and *vice versa*. I lay this down as a fundamental proposition: Every person has an indisputable right to worship or to enjoy himself in any manner that he pleases, as long as he does not interfere with the equal rights of others, and he may do so on Sunday or on any other day. If certain Motion Pictures are immoral, then they should be suppressed at all times, not alone on Sundays; if they are *harmful* to the children, then the efforts of the churches should be directed toward making the pictures *helpful* to the children.

Somebody may reply to all this by saying, "Motion Pictures are either good or bad; if they are bad, let the law stop them." Not necessarily so; because they are surely not *all* bad, and they may be made *all* good; therefore

it would not be wise to destroy them, but rather should the effort be directed to eliminate the bad and to perpetuate the good. If, on the other hand, certain pictures can be shown to be not only immoral, but a strong argument for moral betterment, a moral force—and surely there is no more vital and interesting way to preach practical morality—it is the clear duty of the church to abet and encourage the exhibition of such pictures on Sunday, as well as on week-days.

Without being sacrilegious, I may state that there is probably no historical series of facts more dramatic than the life of Christ. It is hypocritical for a pastor to deny that the dramatic elements of His life have not been emphasized and realistically worked up from the pulpit. Motion Pictures convey a much more vivid and powerful impression than the voice alone. Why is it unreasonable, then, that, under the proper guidance, pictures of this kind should not be shown with immeasurable benefit on Sundays? And, marching with the trend of religion, all such pictures as tend to uplift, educate and better their audiences?

As a matter of fact, the people are the best censors. If pictures get to be immoral, the people will stop them, and I have heretofore shown them how they can do so. But the fact is that Motion Pictures are getting better and better day by day, and the time will come when indecent pictures will not be allowed in decent theaters. But, if all Motion Pictures should become perfection itself, and morality itself, still there would be some who would try to stop them on Sunday, altho these same persons will be found exhibiting Motion Pictures in their own churches and Sunday schools, particularly when they desire to treat their members to a first-class, enjoyable entertainment, or when they wish to raise money for religious purposes. We must do away with moral straddles of this kind to solve the question. In conclusion, let me say that I am for the perpetuation of the Sabbath. I believe in it, I observe it, and I usually attend religious services on that day; but I would not try to force others to do as I do.

Grace—Gracefulness; the poetry of motion; that quality or characteristic which makes the movements, form, manner and general bearing of a person charming; beauty or harmony of form and movement; ease and elegance of carriage; excellence and attractiveness of the general appearance when the body is in action; a quality that comes naturally to the French, that comes easily to the Italians, but that seldom comes at all to Americans, particularly to photoplayers.

Perhaps this is a rather severe definition, but it is true. Whatever other charms our American photoplayers may possess, they seldom possess *grace*. Any foreigner will tell you the same. Grace is not cultivated in this country. "Acting," as taught, resolves itself into "be natural." But, when to "be natural" means to be awkward, it is time to teach something else than "be natural."

Only those are happy who make others happy. Only those prosper, in the long run, who help others to prosper. As a general rule, men and things are *where* they are because they are *what* they are; and one thing is sure—we get more happiness from what we put into the world than from what we take out of it.

He who cant, but tries, deserves more than he who cant and wont.

MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

Mr. William Lord Wright, an able writer of the *Moving Picture News*, makes quite a display of some badly spelled letters which were sent to him by Editor McCloskey, of the Lubin Company, which letters accompanied photoplays that had been sent in to that company, each author claiming to be a "graduate" of a "Scenario School." The conclusion that Messrs. Wright and McCloskey seek to draw from these bad examples from illiterate beginners is that schools are worthless. But is that conclusion permissible? I take it that no Scenario School undertakes to teach its pupils the art of penmanship, nor grammar, nor spelling. Possibly these schools should refuse to accept pupils who have not first mastered the English language, and that they should not grant "diplomas" (if they do!) to illiterates; but the fact remains that probably every one of these schools has a good and a complete course of instruction, and that any person of ordinary education and intelligence would be benefited thereby. The fact that a few butcher boys, who can hardly write their names, have been foolish enough to think that they could grow rich in a month by simply learning the technique of photoplay writing, is no proof that Scenario Schools are not a good thing. Mr. Wright's exhibit is not convincing. I still believe that the art of photoplay writing should be taught to the masses, and I know of no better way than by means of schools, expert instructors and books—*all*. If the present schools are not adequate, let the attacks be directed to make them so—not to discourage them.

Most of our actions proceed from the love of pleasure, or from the fear of want—the first often degenerating into luxury, and the second into avarice.

On another page will be found the announcement of the great international exposition of Motion Pictures at Grand Central Palace, New York City, in July. Readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE will be pleased to know that we have secured a booth on the main floor of the exposition hall, and that our friends will be welcome there at all hours to meet the members of our staff, including the editors, the writers, heads of departments, the Photoplay Philosopher and the Answer Man, all of whom will be on hand as much as their duties will permit. Everybody who is interested in Motion Pictures should try to spend at least one day at this wonderful exposition. Everybody of importance in the Moving Picture world will be there, if possible, including the players and directors. Make a note of it, and arrange your plans accordingly.

When we see or hear something, which we are asked to believe, regarding important things, such as religion, philosophy and morals, let us learn first to doubt, and then to inquire, think and reason before we believe. If this had been done by everybody from the beginning, what a different world it would be, and how many fads, fakes and fallacies, wars and famines, tortures and sufferings, superstitions and delusions might have been avoided! We are bound to make error, however carefully we may inquire, but by this method we push the percentage of error closer and closer to the irreducible minimum, and arrive very near the truth.

When you lose your head, try not to lose your tongue.

The Growing Dignity of "The Movies"

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

Film manufacturers, film exchangemen and managers of Moving Picture theaters are strenuously objecting to the appellation, "The Movies." The Moving Picture trade journals and other publications devoted to the industry are publishing editorials denouncing the newspapers and magazines for referring to Cinematography as "The Movies." The Moving Picture, without doubt, is growing in dignity and importance. A few years ago, whenever a crime was committed, or a small boy was found puffing a cigaret, the newspapers blamed it all on "The Movies." Times have changed. Nearly every one of the larger newspapers of the United States devote entire pages in their Sunday editions to Moving Picture news. Magazines and other publications have finally recognized the importance of the Moving Picture, and are giving details concerning the industry.

Two years ago, if a film producer had asked one of the theatrical stars to pose for the pictures, he would have met with contemptuous disdain. Today, actors and actresses of national fame are scrambling to be among those who are posing in the tabloid drama. Mrs. Fiske, James K. Hackett, James O'Neill, Nat C. Goodwin, Otis Skinner, and Lillian Russell are among those stage artists in America who have signed contracts to appear in Moving Picture plays. Madame Bernhardt has set the pace in Europe.

The Moving Pictures are taking a place in religious circles, also. During the latter part of 1912 a number of faithfully portrayed Biblical pictures were released by responsible manufacturers. The most important of these was the production "From the Manger to the Cross." To obtain it, a company of artists was sent to the Holy Land, and the scenes in the pictures are those of Sacred History. Moving Picture machines have been installed in many churches, and Thomas A. Edison is out with a statement in which he asserts that in three years the public school methods of study will be revolutionized thru the medium of Cinematography.

The film producers are sparing neither time nor money to evolve elaborate productions. Special trains, occupied by well-known actors and actresses, have recently been sent across the continent, in order to produce picture plays in appropriate scenic environments. One film manufacturer has sent a company of players thru Ireland; another company has visited Egypt, while still another film manufacturer is personally conducting a company of actors and actresses thru the Fiji Islands, in order to obtain convincing atmosphere and scenery for a series of picture plays.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being invested in equipment on the Pacific Coast by those film-men who make a specialty of wartime and Western playlets. Entire tribes of Indians, companies of soldiers, and rough-riders of Wild West shows have been pressed into service, in order to film massive productions.

Those connected with the profession of Cinematography seem to be concertedly working for the uplift and dignity of the profession. The industry has surmounted many obstacles, and seems to be finally coming into its reward.

Authorities predict that within another year the Moving Picture drama, in five or six reels of film, will have supplanted many of the regular theatrical entertainments at first-class theaters. And the prices of admission will be more reasonable.

The Moving Picture is generally acknowledged to be a menace to theatrical attractions. Poor theatrical entertainments for high prices will never prove effective rivals of Moving Pictures. There is no real reason why Moving Pictures should ever cause worry to managers who produce honest theatrical entertainments. But clear pictures, well selected, at ten cents are better value than doubtful musical comedy at $1.50 a seat.

It is said that within a few months there will be exchanges dealing solely with educational pictures. Many vital questions of the day could well be treated in educational playlets. For instance, there is the crusade against the high school "frats." It is the consensus of opinion among leading educators that high school secret societies are poisoning the civic character of the boy. If this be true, why not an educational film showing the fact that many high school societies exist, in defiance of law, and that no educated or self-respecting body can endorse such action? Then Superintendent Ella Flagg Young, of the Chicago public schools, suggests a department of good manners in the schools of this country. Mrs. Young is quoted as saying: "In high school gatherings I have noticed that the young ladies, tho bright and attractive, lacked that touch of womanly grace for which parents often send their daughters to private institutions. Intellectually, we do good work, but perhaps we fall short in the teaching of manners." There is an observation that could well be acted upon in the proposed Moving Picture school work.

The Adventures of a Picture Star

NOW THE NEXT IS A LOVE SCENE BY YOU AND MISS PAIM. MAKE IT GOOD AND WARM—GET PLENTY OF ACTION AND ARDOR IN IT.
MANAGER
1
MISS PRIM IS A LEMON—BUT I HAVE IT! I'LL MAKE BELIEVE THAT SHE IS MISS PIPPEN, THE GIRL I LOVE.
2
ADORED ONE—MY PERFECTLY PEACHY PIPPEN, I LOVE THEE. MY SWEETHEART, MARRY ME!
3
SOULMATE! 'TIS A PLEASURE TO PRESS MY UNWORTHY LIPS AGAINST THY TINY PEDAL EXTREMITIES. BE MINE BELOVED!
4
OH! MR. LOVESICK, I'M SO HAPPY TO LEARN THAT YOU CARE FOR ME. I KNOW WHERE THERE ARE SOME OF THE CUTEST LITTLE FLATS AND AFTER THIS PICTURE IS MADE—
5
?
OWNE
6

HE WAS TOO REALISTIC, AND NOW HE IS THREATENED WITH A BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies by mail, or a complete list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays, and your full name and address.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Mary Smith was the mother in "A Mother's Strategy."

JOE, BAYONNE, N. Y.—Phyllis Gordon was Junie in "Saved by Fire." Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Last Hold-up." The matter is not with Ruth Roland; it is the fault of your theater if you haven't seen her lately.

CUTEY AND SWEETY.—How nice! Guy Coombs was the bugler in "The Bugler of Battery B" (Kalem).

PLUNKETT.—Virginia Westbrook was the girl in "Love Knows No War." Yes, it's Lillian Walker.

ROSEBUD.—All the players you mention are still alive, with the exception of that Biograph, and that we wont tell.

THE PEST.—Hope you dont lose any sleep over Francis Bushman. Your letters are certainly interesting, and you should change your name.

R. R., ALIAS PEGGY.—Frances Ne Moyer was Marie, and George Reehm was Jean in "Love and Treachery."

C. K. HAMILTON is disappointed because Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson did not get married. You should worry. Oh, yes, often the players get hurt while playing a difficult rôle.

R. L. G., ATLANTA.—Yes, Pathé Frères releases one picture every day in the week.

MAIRLI, MCKEESPORT.—Jane Gale played opposite John Halliday in "The Stubbornness of Youth."

M. ST. C.—The fat woman is Kate Price, and she is as jolly as she is fat. Clara Kimball Young plays opposite Mr. Costello.

ALLOYINS.—No, my child; Olga, 17 is only one of our customers. We cant tell you the color of her hair, but the color of her ink is blue.

"BUCK" D. V.—Logan Paul was George Washington in "The Flag of Freedom." The fire was a real one, and also a warm one.

V. G. C., SYRACUSE.—Mildred Bracken and Richard Stanton had the leads in "Linked by Fate."

CLARA P. J.—There will be a "What Happened to Mary" every month, for one year.

ANTHONY.—Edwin August was the clergyman, and Ormi Hawley was Nell in "The Crooked Path."

HAZEL.—E. K. Lincoln and Edith Storey had the leads in "The Scoop" (Vitagraph).

C. S. G.—You refer to Clara Kimball Young on the Christmas Tree. Edna May Weick is the child with the cap. Ray Gallagher is leading man in "Will of Destiny" (Méliès).

AGATHA.—Martha Russell had the lead in "Twilight" (Essanay). Get your back numbers direct from us.

JACQUELINE AND PATRICIA.—You children certainly have nerve. You ask ten questions, and they all pertain to—oh! what's the use?

MAE OF MALDEN.—Edna Payne was Kitty in "Kitty and the Bandits."

B. L. H., KANSAS.—In "A Woman of Arizona," William Todd was the sheriff.

H. M. G., NEW YORK.—When it comes to "kissable lips," we are out of it—out of our line—send such stuff to the matrimonial department. We dont know anything about Wallace Reid's lips or eyes, and dont care.

GERALDINE F.—We thank you for the Pathé information, tho we knew it all the time, but such news is not for publication. Gwendoline Pates was Violet in "His Second Love."

A RUTHERFORD GIRL.—Frederick Church was Joe in "The Dance of Silver Gulch."

R. J. S., MINN.—Jessalyn Van Trump was Martha Vale in "The Blackened Hills" (American). Gene Gauntier and Jack J. Clark had the leads in "The Wives of Jamestown."

C. H., VANCOUVER.—The players you mention are still with American.

G. A., SPRINGFIELD.—Mary E. Ryan was Mary Barnes in "The Blind Cattle King."

PLUNKETT.—Florence Barker was with Powers last. Nothing doing on that Biograph. Cant you read our rules at the head of this department?

THE LYRIC SISTERS.—We prefer letters. Lillian Christy and Carlyle Blackwell had the leads in "Peril of the Cliffs."

ANNA L. T. D.—Edwin August was the minister in "The Mountebank's Daughter."

KITTY L. R.—Howard Mitchell was the husband in "The Insurance Agent." Dont know why Gertrude McCoy always appears nervous in the pictures. Never noticed it.

MARY G.—Mildred Weston was the girl in "When Wealth Torments."

C. F. D., BOSTON.—"The Cave Man" appeared in our April, 1912, issue, as "Before a Book Was Written."

MARY K., NEW YORK.—Harry T. Morey was leading man in "All for a Girl." We dont know any of the people you mention.

M. P. FAN, No. 3210.—Wire's busy! Julia S. Gordon is with Vitagraph. Belle Harris was the girl in "The Frenzy of Firewater." Do you mean you would like to have the names of all the Motion Picture films that have ever been produced? Zounds!

ANTHONY.—You here again? In one letter you rave about Ormi Hawley, and in this one about Pearl White. Oh! fickle Anthony! Bliss Milford was Miss Brown in "Interrupted Wedding Bells" (Edison).

A. J. S., BROOKLYN.—The reasons we do not print the cast on the head of each story are: We cannot get all of the casts; the story is a story, and not a play; since many of our readers desire it, we might print the casts, if we could get them all, but it does not seem fair to give only two or three casts out of eleven or twelve stories.

V. E. L., NEW YORK.—Betty Harte and Wheeler Oakman had the leads in "How the Cause Was Won." Yes, Howard Mitchell was Count in "John Arthur's Trust."

BABY MINE, WILMINGTON.—Guy D'Ennery was Tom Mason in "The Twilight of Her Life" (Lubin).

E. N. C., PHILADELPHIA.—The player you miss is Francis Ford (Universal).

E. H., BROOKLYN.—Thomas Moore in "Young Millionaire," and Earle Foxe in "Sawmill Hazard" (Kalem).

OLGA, 17.—How do you do, Olga? Cheer up—you always start in "I am so blue." Well, Kempton Green was William Strand, and William Pinkham was J. Clayton, and Isabel Lamon and Dorothy Mortimer were the girls in "Just Out of College." Yes, he is Marshall Neilan. Mamie was Frances Ne Moyer, and her mother was Mae Hotely in "'Meeting Mamie's Mother." Biograph releases three pictures a week. There is only one who reads your letters, and they are very interesting. We got that "Yours respectfully."

E. H., SPOKANE.—Warren Kerrigan played in "The Marauders."

I. S., NEWARK.—Beverly Bayne was the girl in "The Snare" (Essanay).

NANCY.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "Buck's Romance."

E. C., WASHINGTON.—Thank you for the item.

ALICE C. P.—Mabel was Neva Gerber, and William West her father in "The Water-Right War." Miriam Nesbitt was the girl in "A Man in the Making."

J. L. S., ST. LOUIS.—John E. Brennan was Rube in "A California Snipe Hunt."

MURIEL.—You have Ruth Roland placed correctly.

L. E. D.—William Shay was Rudolphe in "Leah the Forsaken" (Imp). William Surrell was the prophet in "Prophet Without Honor" (Rex).

R. A. S., PITTSBURG.—You had better communicate with General Film Co., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

EVELINE K. C.—Alice Joyce has never been on the stage. Kalem is the only company she has been with. The players make up practically the same in the pictures as they do on the stage, but they shouldn't.

RHODISHA.—Robyn Adair was Sinclair, and Mary Ryan the girl in "The Power of Silence."

W. E. G., WHEELING.—How do you expect us to tell you who the people are, on the small piece of film you enclose?

TRIXIE AND DOT.—Guess Leo Delaney lived in Huntington, L. I. Marin Sais was the girl in "Days of '49" (Kalem). In "The Old Chess-Players" (Lubin), Dorothy Mortimer was Dora, and R. C. Travers was Isa.

S. G. M., FITCHBURG.—Maurice Costello has been with the Vitagraph over four years. Dont know why some company doesn't produce "From Kingdom to Colony."

D. J., MICHIGAN.—Evebelle Prout was the daughter in "The Catspaw" (Essanay). Yes, Essanay, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Ill.

T. B. S., ROCHESTER, wants to know what kind of oil Arthur Johnson uses on his shoulders and elbows. Dont know, but it's some good lubricating oil.

FLO H., BROOKLYN.—Yes, to your first three. We know of no way you can get a permit to visit the different companies.

B. AND K.—Thomas Santschi was Bob, and Herbert Rawlinson was Cal in "Shanghaied" (Selig). More praise for Beverly Bayne.

PLUNKETT.—"Out of order" means questions that we will not answer, or that have been answered before. Now do you understand? Yes, to your other questions.

THAN. PHAN, 999.—Romaine Fielding was Fernandez in "Courageous Blood" (Lubin). We cannot tell you about that wig, because we did not see the play, and our cards do not tell us the shade.

F. V. C., HASTINGS.—Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "His Father's Choice" (Lubin). No, you are wrong about Miss Baird.

D. V. P., ST. LOUIS, writes the following, and we are much obliged:

The "Gallery Man" is simply great,
The "Story Man" is a scream,
The "Greenroom Jotter" cant be beat,
And the "Chatter" is surely a dream.
But here is to the "Answer Man":
May your pen speed on in endless wit,
And recall poor Flossie, if you can,
And with us all you will make a hit.

"ALGERNON."—We got you. Marshall Neilan was the prospector. Your writing looks suspicious.

G. W., MINN.—No, Independent pictures are not made under Edison patents. Licensed companies release the most pictures. It depends upon how often the film is used, how long it lasts.

MISS A. R.—We cant help it if Harry Myers makes love so well in the pictures. We will tell him that it incites the young ladies to envy.

CAMILLE.—You refer to Clara Williams and Burton King. The other title is wrong.

"RODISHA."—Does that suit you? We have no more February, 1912, and February, 1913, magazines. Our readers get very hungry in that month and eat them all up.

DAISIES, CHICAGO.—It was the Thanhouser Kid in "Her Fireman."

MARGOT, 17.—Are you Olga's twin sister? Yes. Directors do that to save time. Yes again. You refer to Leah Baird.

E. S., READING.—Earle Foxe in "A Business Buccaneer" (Kalem).

MARJORIE.—Walter Edwin was the husband in "In the Usurer's Grip" (Edison). Write direct to the manufacturers about postal-cards and photographs of players.

UNCLE DUD.—You will have to be more certain about your titles.

EDWARD P.—You dont expect us to look up old publications and see if Alice Joyce was the model who posed for fashion-plates, do you? If you are anxious enough, send us the page and let us get our eagle eye on it.

SYLVA E. M.—Julia S. Gordon was Marion in "The Vengeance of Durand." Cleo Ridgely was formerly with Rex and Lubin. We believe Alice Joyce makes all of her beautiful dresses, as she told us that sewing was her favorite hobby.

MISS MARION.—Yes, Ruth Stonehouse is "just such a great dancer in real life as she is in the pictures." Dont you know that Moving Pictures are taken from real life? The error occurred in this way. George Stuart was on the cast for the little boy in "A Garden Fair," but he was too big, so Jesse Kelly played the part.

M. B. K., NEW YORK.—You refer to Francelia Billington in Kalem, and Zena Keefe in Vitagraph.

POLLY C. R.—Burton King was Burt in "Ranchmate" (Lubin). You refer to Romaine Fielding. We dont know that lawyer you ask for.

KAY-BEE, DALLAS.—Jack Conway was with Nestor last.

J. C. C.—We haven't the cast for that British-American play.

ANNA N. G.—"Shaughraun" means the "Good-for-nothing."

M. P., CHICAGO.—Mabel Trunnelle was leading lady in "The Thorns of Success."

R. E. G., ATLANTA.—You might possibly see Miss Sais if you went to California, where she is now working.

H. H. H., CHICAGO.—Alice Joyce was chatted in August, 1912. "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked" can be purchased direct from us. It is fully worth $1.50.

F. L., ALHAMBRA.—You refer to James Cruze in "Lucile."

BETTY.—Joseph Gebhart was Bull Moose in "Redman's Loyalty." Margaret Joslin was the wife, and the daughter is unknown, Jay Hanna the boy in "On Tough-Luck Ranch" (Essanay). Herbert Glennon was Bill, Edward Coxen the doctor, and Ruth Roland the nurse in "The Hospital Hoax" (Kalem).

"A SUFFRAGETTE."—No, that's out of our line also, whether Robert Gaillord is an Elk. He may be a Bull Moose.

D. H., OHIO.—Well, your letter is dated January 20th, and this will appear in the April issue.

L. A. L., N. Y.—We stand corrected. Jean, the Vitagraph dog, is a "she," and not a "he." Our card index system does not keep an accurate record of the sex of canines.

A. W., CANADA.—George Cooper was the tramp in "Captain Barnacle's Waif" (Vitagraph). The girl was Norma Talmadge. We haven't Florence Lawrence's address at this writing.

PEGGY BWINS.—Mrs. Daly was the governess in "John Arthur's Trust" (Lubin).

HELEN H.—Gwendoline Pates was the girl in "Dynamited Love" (Pathé).

I. L. G., CHICAGO.—In "A Busy Day in the Jungle" (Kalem), Marshall Neilan and E. Brennan had the leads. The latter is the shorter of the two. Florence Klotz is the little girl in "The Vengeance of Durand" (Vitagraph).

SAPHO.—You refer to Herbert Rawlinson.

N. O. H., MANCHESTER.—Beverly Bayne played opposite Francis Bushman in "The New Church Organ" (Essanay). Master Timmy Shechan was the adopted son in "Under Suspicion" (Selig).

L. S., AURORA.—Say, do you think we are a city directory? We dont know the number of Mary Pickford's residence, and if we did we wouldn't announce it. Dont you suppose the poor girl wants some privacy?

GEORGE K.—Yes, to your first two questions.

PEGGY, BRIDGEPORT.—There may be some old films that somebody has stolen, or that have gotten loose from the Licensed exchanges. They cannot buy or hire those films except thru some unlawful or unusual method.

ANNA J. B.—Arthur Johnson was Roy, and Fritz Orlamond was John Borten in "The Amateur Iceman" (Lubin).

E. B., BUFFALO.—You refer to William Bailey.

G. C. B.—Write direct to Kalem for the *Kalendar*, and to Vitagraph for the *Bulletin*.

B. T., MT. VERNON.—Well, Carlyle Blackwell is the only one who played opposite Neva Gerber in "The Flower-Girl's Romance," unless you mean William Herman West, Carlyle's father.

PATIENCE, N. H.—No, G. M. Anderson is not dead.

D. J., GRAND RAPIDS, has had a popular player contest with his friends. According to the report, Warren Kerrigan was first, Francis Bushman second, and Lottie Briscoe third. And, alas, alack, Maurice Costello was No. 16!

BILL M.—The leading woman in "Ranchman's Trust" (Essanay) is unknown.

A MOVIE.—You refer to Marguerite Snow.

N. A. T.—Hazel Neason was Faith in "The Flag of Freedom" (Kalem).

ROSE B., CHICAGO.—Please dont ask questions about age. We wont even tell you how old is Ann.

J. A. D., BROOKLYN.—Kathlyn Williams had the lead in "Harbor Island" (Selig).

MAXIE, No. 20.—Thank you for your interesting letter. "The Grotto of Torture" was taken in Paris and India.

"MERLE."—Yes, the Thanhouser studio at New Rochelle burned, but they are busy building a new one. Address your mail to New Rochelle, samezever.

MURIEL, LONG ISLAND.—Dorothy Davenport and Phyllis Gordon were the girls in "Our Lady of the Pearls" (Selig). Betty Harte was the daughter in "Pirate's Daughter" (Selig).

I. D. C.—From your brief description, we think you mean Mary E. Ryan. Fritzi Brunette is Owen Moore's leading lady.

KITTY B.—You mean Billy Mason and Harry Mainhall, of Essanay.

GERTY, NEW YORK.—Yes, Guy Coombs expects to return to New York some time, but we dont know just when. Yes, John Bunny and Pearl White led the operators' ball, given February 10th.

M. P. M. READER.—We do not attempt to give casts in the magazine; send a stamped, addressed envelope. Robert Gaillord was not cast in "The Vengeance of Durand."

MURIEL.—So soon again? Gus Mansfield was with Comet last.

OLGA, 17.—No, Howard Mitchell was Jaretsky. We hope you passed your exams, Olga. "The Beach-Combers" was a Méliès, and Richard Stanton had the lead. Cannot answer that Pathé.

NITA R.—"Won at High Tide" (Lubin) was taken at Atlantic City.

GERALDINE.—Please dont ask if the poem you sent is going to be published. We get thousands of these verses. Some are set up in type at once; some are held over, and some are sent to the players. It is hard work to tell whether your particular verse will appear, and when.

M. E. A. AND F. E. A.—What are you, a corporation? Look up back numbers for "Count of Monte Cristo" (Selig). Lee Morgan's picture has never been printed.

BETTY GRAY, No. 2.—E. K. Lincoln has been with Vitagraph about eight months. Most of the Western studios are located in California.

R. P. V., UTICA.—We did not see the play you mention, so cannot tell you about the film.

MISS MARION.—Watch out for "Cutey and the Twins" (Vitagraph).

PAULINE T. R., LIVERMORE.—When it comes to the question as to whether we think G. M. Anderson will make a good husband, we refer to many of his admirers. We dont know the reason why Mary Pickford left Moving Pictures for the stage, but we believe on account of more money.

KATE, BROOKLYN.—Harold Shaw is directing for Edison.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—Thomas McAvoy was the clerk in "John Sterling, Alderman."

MARY P., CLEVELAND.—Earle Williams was the artist in "The Dawning" (Vitagraph). Cannot answer that Rex. Harry Northrup was the husband in "The Dawning."

BROWNIE, TEXAS.—Blanche Cornwall and Darwin Karr had the leads in "Hearts Unknown" (Solax).

J. C., SANTA ROSA.—Mae Hotely was the leader, and Walter Stull was Paul in "Down with the Men" (Lubin). R. H. Grey was the husband, and Marin Sais the maid in "Something Wrong with Bessie" (Kalem).

V. M., OTTAWA.—Harry Benham was the professor in "The Professor's Son" (Thanhouser). We do not answer Kay-Bee questions, for reasons given above.

MAC, OF BALTIMORE.—Yes, your play is too old. Think it is Thomas Santschi.

LITTLE MARY C.—Not much chance for you to become a player. You have Crane Wilbur placed correctly.

L. G. C., BROOKLYN.—Talking pictures are out of our line. It must be funny to hear shadows talk, but we hear it is a pleasant novelty.

BLANCHE M. H.—Julia Mackley was the widow in "The Sheriff's Luck" (Essanay). E. H. Calvert was Guiseppe in "Guiseppe's Good Luck" (Essanay).

"DIDO."—George Cooper was One-Eyed Jim in "Billy's Burglar" (Vitagraph).

BETTY C. S.—The "pretty fellow" is Frederick Church.

LILLIAN, READING.—Mildred Weston was Miriam, and Whitney Raymond was Mason in "Miss Simpkin's Summer Boarders" (Essanay). Bessie Sankey is the girl in the Western Essanays.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—E. H. Aggerholm was in "The Great Sea Disaster" (Great Northern).

MARY H.—No, George Cooper is not a natural-born burglar, and has no experience. But he is a natural-born gentleman.

"AN AUSTRALIAN."—James Cruze was the lead in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Thanhouser). No Biographs!

H. D., READING.—Yes, Carlyle Blackwell will remain in California. Harry Myers did not play in that piece.

M. C., CHICAGO.—James Cruze was the musician, and Marguerite Snow was the mother in "Tiniest of Stars" (Thanhouser). Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush had the leads in "Their Masterpiece" (American). Clara Williams was the daughter in "The Sheriff's Mistake" (Lubin). You refer to Helen Dunbar as the mother and Mildred Weston as the daughter.

D. L.—We cannot tell you who was the little girl in "Simple Maid" (Pathé).

ELEEN.—Wallace Reid's picture in February, 1913, issue.

Y. M. DE J.—Mrs. Mary Maurice was the mother in "The Church Across the Way" (Vitagraph). She was not made-up; that is the way she looks when out shopping. You refer to Jack J. Clark and Gene Gauntier. Paul Panzer played in "A Stern Destiny" (Pathé).

ETHEL S. N.—Cleo Ridgely did not play in "Love Thru Lens" (Essanay), but Mildred Weston did.

NITA R.—Edgar Jones was Jim Blake in "The End of the Feud" (Lubin).

A. P. R., HARLEM.—Frederick Church was the Mexican with the guitar in "Broncho Billy's Mexican Wife."

BONNIE.—Sidney Olcott was Conn in "The Shaughraun" (Kalem). There is nothing the matter with his right eye, that we know of, nor with his left eye.

MARIE K., MIDDLEBORO.—Florence LaBadie was Aurora in "Aurora Floyd" (Thanhouser). David Thompson was her first husband, and Harry Benham her second.

VIRGINIA L.—The color of Eleanor Blanchard's eyes is blue, and not brown. This is true, because she has told us so herself. The first "chatter" was apparently so fascinated that he forgot the color of her eyes.

H. M. F., NEW YORK.—Gene Gauntier is located at 737 Tallyrand Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla. You refer to Bessie Sankey. We dont know why Ormi Hawley doesn't play opposite Arthur Johnson. Mr. Lubin probably has reasons of his own.

F. H., FLUSHING.—Frederick Church was Eliott in "The Ranchman's Trust" (Essanay). Guy Coombs is in Jacksonville.

TOOTSIE F. T.—Frank Bennett was Tom in "The Handbag" (Vitagraph). Francelia Billington was the young lady in "The Two Runaways." Edwin Carewe and Edna Payne had the leads in "Water-Rats" (Lubin). Herbert L. Barry was Earle Williams' friend in "The Dawning."

R. R., BUFFALO.—Yes, the Thanhouser Kid.

LILLIAN, OF READING.—Vivian Pates and Guy D'Ennery were May and Tom in "The Twilight of Her Life" (Lubin). Bill Cooper was the son grown up in "Value Received" (Méliès).

R. E. P.—We think it was Arthur Johnson, but the film is too old to look up. The telegraph boy is not on the cast.

DIMPLES.—We have passed your letter to the editor.

FRED R. J.—Warren Kerrigan was the agent in "Calamity Anne's Inheritance" (American).

C. B. U., ROCKLAND.—Sorry we cannot answer your question about the puzzle contest. We received nearly 5,000 answers to this puzzle, and it would be a calamity if we had to go thru all of the answers to see if yours were correct. The correct answers were published in the March issue, and you can see for yourself.

W. J. K.—William Garwood was the fireman in "Her Fireman" (Thanhouser). Edward Coxen played in "The Latent Spark" (American). Your writing is very similar to that of one of our other customers.

E. E. B., TOPEKA.—Augustus Carney was Alkali Ike, Eleanor Blanchard the widow, Lily Branscombe her daughter, and Howard Missimer, Dicks, a widower.

THE C. S. R. H. CLUB.—Whatever that is. Cecil Spooner never played with the Pathé Frères Co., or any other company that we know of, altho several of her former company are with Edison, namely Augustus Phillips, Benjamin Wilson, and Jessie McAllister.

K. B., SCHENECTADY.—No, Kay-Bee and American are two different companies. Tut, tut, about the Answer Man's wife!

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Yes, the picture you mention was a trick picture.

THE KID L. S., BOSTON.—Do you mean "At Bear-Track Gulch" (Edison)? If so, Edna Flugrath was the girl.

A. F., NEW YORK.—Beth Taylor is no longer with Essanay, and we do not know her present whereabouts.

E. C. M., WASHINGTON.—Earle Williams was the doctor in "The Song of the Sea-Shell" (Vitagraph). Charles Clary was Steve, and Adrienne Kroell was Violet in "Fire-Fighter's Love" (Selig).

B. M. H.—Irving White was John in "When Love Leads" (Lubin). Yes, Ormi Hawley has posed as a nun.

"GOOD TASTE."—That's no way to sign yourself. Name and address, please. The leads in Western Edison are Benjamin Wilson and Laura Sawyer.

ADA M. P.—Write direct to Florence Turner. You refer to Julia S. Gordon in "The Vengeance of Durand."

A. J. W.—You are one of the many who are sorry that Flossie has been frightened away by so many imitators. There is no law against using the name Flossie as a *nom de plume*. George Melville was Robert.

M. M., JERSEY CITY.—Harry Mainhall was Joe Roberts in "Sunshine." Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "The Brand-Blotter."

E. M. W., CHICAGO.—We would advise you not to do it. There are now more actresses than positions.

KITTY B.—Stop your teasing. You cant get a picture of the Answer Man. Maybe if you waited in front of the Essanay studio long enough, you might see Whitney Raymond.

HELEN I. M.—Stuart Holmes was Steve in "A Daughter's Sacrifice" (Kalem). No, Mr. Smith never posed for Moving Pictures.

H. N. G., NEW YORK.—Bernard Seigel was Richard Dont, and Edward Carewe was Manning Mulroy in "It Might Have Been" (Lubin).

M. R. R., HUNTINGTON.—Bigelow Cooper was John in "Helping John" (Edison). Charles Arthur was Charles in "For the Love of a Girl."

E. H., NEW ROCHELLE.—Eleanor Kahn was the little girl in "Billy McGrath's Love-Letters" (Essanay). Whitney Raymond was the messenger, as usual—Whitney is the star messenger in the Motion Picture business. William Mason was John, William Bailey was George, and E. H. Calvert was Mr. Bruint in "The Love Test" (Essanay).

B. H. S.—Anthony Novelli was the lieutenant in "The Lion-Tamer's Revenge" (Cines). Betty Gray was the girl in "Gee, My Pants!"

H. C. F., CHICAGO.—Clara Kimball Young's last picture was in March, 1913, issue.

E. N., SANTA PAULA.—No, the Keystone, Kay-Bee and Broncho all come under the head of the New York Motion Picture Co., and occasionally an actor is loaned by one company to another.

MISS BILLY D.—No, you have not bored us, but your ten questions are not at all interesting, nor important, so we cannot answer them.

V. C., MASS.—Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy and the Maid." Send your verses in on a separate piece of paper.

ANTHONY.—We really dont know why "James Morrison looks weak in plays," but we imagine it is because he does not eat Force for breakfast. He is not so weak as he looks.

BETTY.—William Ehfe and Mildred Bracken had the leads in "Tempest-Tossed" (Méliès).

"MAC," KENTUCKY GIRL.—Edwin August is with Powers, and we will pass your request along to Mr. Brewster for a picture.

C. A. R., NEW BRUNSWICK.—Mary Ryan was the girl in the Lubin play.

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Address PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT, VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA
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Miss M. E., Baltimore.—Yes, Florence Lawrence was formerly with Imp. You prefer comedies to sad plays; guess 'most everybody does.

Three Bachelor Maids.—Well, the only thing to do is to write to Mr. Kerrigan. And Carlyle Blackwell is in Glendale, but look out for Olga!

Esther.—"The New Squire" was taken in London (Edison). William Duncan had the lead in "Between Love and the Law" (Selig). No, emphatically no, we do not answer Kay-Bee questions; not because we dont want to, but because their publicity man is neglectful.

M. B., Camden.—Cleo Ridgely was with Rex last. You have the players placed correctly.

R. C. R.—In "Bear-Track Gulch," George Lessey was Jack. "Child Labor" was a Majestic.

Bob B. M.—The average player receives from $20 a week to $500. You pay your money, and you take your choice. Dont know of any of the other league baseball players who have posed besides those you mention.

R. C. Turnesgraph.—Helen Gardner Co. is not affiliated with the Vitagraph Co. in any way. Both she and Mr. Gaskill left the Vitagraph Co. about a year ago. "Vanity Fair" appeared in the January, 1912, issue. The Vitagraph Paris branch is simply a Paris office of the Vitagraph, similar to their office in London.

"Curlilocks."—Charles Kent is still with Vitagraph, altho he has been ill. Others have been answered before. First thing you must learn is to read this department thru every month, so that you wont ask the same questions again.

Ida-Ho.—William Mason was the nephew, Beverly Bayne the wife, and Howard Missimer the uncle in "Springing a Surprise" (Essanay).

V. P., Salt Lake.—Yes, write to the companies direct.

Betty C. S.—You refer to True Boardman. Will also see about a chat with Mr. Kerrigan.

"Naomi," of St. Louis.—Your stationery is very pretty, but we prefer you to write a little larger and not so cramped. We'll have to get specs.

M. M., Bronx.—Guy D'Ennery was Horace in "Literature and Love" (Lubin). Dorothy Mortimer is still with Lubin.

"Juanita."—You refer to William Mason in "The Magic Wand." John E. Brennan played in "Pulque Pete and the Opera Troupe" (Kalem).

A. D.—Fritzi Brunette played opposite Owen Moore in "It Happened Thus" (Victor). Charlotte Burton was the elder daughter. Bobby Tansey was the "Bat" in "Brother to the Bat" (Reliance). Nancy Averil was the sweetheart in the same play. Anna Lehr and James Cooley were Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed in "Bedelia and the Newlyweds" (Reliance).

Flossie C. P.—*Ma chère*, you are not the original Flossie. Zounds! but there are lots of Flossies now—the woods are full of them. Gene Gauntier and J. J. Clark were the leads in "The Wives of Jamestown." Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The One-Hoss Shay" (Lubin).

Conkey.—You refer to Mabel Normand.

Dutchie, Va.—"The Girl in the Manor" was taken at Santa Barbara. Mona Darkfeather was Willow, and Victoria Forde was Sunbeam in "Willow and Sunbeam" (Bison).

J. H., Oregon.—Yes, Miss Mary Holland, 1244 Liberty Street, Franklin, Pa., wrote "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" (Edison). Miss Takagi is of Japanese birth.

Lenore, St. Louis.—Bessie Eyton and Herbert Rawlinson had the leads in "The Triangle" (Selig).

A. T. J.—The castle or dungeon shown in "The Count of Monte Cristo" was built especially for this purpose by the Western studio of the Selig Co. in Los Angeles. "Wood Violet" was taken in Saratoga County, New York.

S. E. T.—Lester Cuneo was the cowboy in "Roped In" (Selig). Barry O'Moore was leading man in "The Lost Kitten" (Edison).

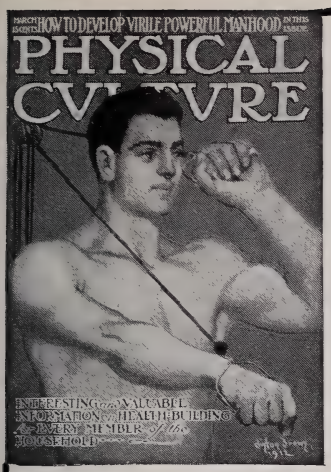
Muriel, Astoria.—Robert Archibald was the office-boy in "Mr. Hubby's Wife" (Essanay).

Flo G. D.—Edward Coxen and Ruth Roland had the leads in "The Woman-Hater" (Kalem). Lyllian Leighton was Mrs. Katzenjammer in the Katzenjammer series.

Idaho.—Jack Richardson and Marshall Neilan were the brothers in "For the Good of Her Men" (American). You refer to Mignon Anderson. Julia Mackley was the widow in "The Shotgun Ranchman." William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "The Double Cross" (Selig).

Lenora.—In "Myth of Jamasha Pass," Jessalyn Van Trump played opposite Warren Kerrigan. You had the wrong title. Expect to print Edward Lincoln's picture soon.

The Triplets.—Barbara Tennant was Dick's wife in "Dick's Wife" (Eclair). Larmar Johnstone was Dick.



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(For reference as to the quality of these binders, we refer you to the managing editor of The Motion Picture Story Magazine.)

KITTY.—Elmer Clifton and Betty Harte had the leads in "An Assisted Elopement."

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Yes, Billy Quirk is with Gem. They are at Coytesville, N. J. "We" is singular. It is singular, isn't it? There is only one person that does the answering, and that is "we."

CINCINNATI RUBE.—Yes, to all of your questions. Arthur Mackley is still with Essanay.

B. E. T. S., TACOMA.—Edgar Jones was the doctor in "The Doctor of Silver Gulch" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi was Mike in "Mike's Brainstorm" (Selig). Irving Cummings was the faith-healer in "The Faith-Healer" (Reliance).

JIM O.—The "good-looking fellow" is Edwin August. Virginia Ames was in "The Mother of the Ranch" (Essanay). Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "A Motorcycle Adventure" (Selig).

"THE TWINS."—In "The Irony of Fate" (Vitagraph), the children were Jane Mayo, Florence Foley, Helen and Dolores Costello. Edwin August was the minister, and Ormi Hawley was Rosa in "The Mountebank's Daughter" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan was the prospector in "A Mountain Tragedy" (Kalem). Keep right on a-coming. Thomas Moore was the surveyor in "A Battle of Wits" (Kalem). Mrs. C. J. Williams was the wife in "A Christmas Accident" (Edison). Which "Triangle" do you refer to, Edison or Selig?

J. I. N., RICHMOND.—Kathlyn Williams had the lead in "Lost in the Jungle" (Selig). It was taken in Jacksonville and Chicago. Selig owns the animals.

J. K. PAYNE AV.—Helen Badgely was the child in "The County's Prize Baby" (Thanhouser). In "Love and the Telephone" (Majestic), Perry Reid and Mr. Newburg had the leads. We cant give you the name of that "cop"; Majestic, apparently, has it copyrighted. The little girl was Edna May Hammel.

A JEWEL.—We will print whatever you want us to use, but your name and address must accompany the letter. We cannot give you a description of King Baggot and William Shay here. This is only the inquisition department, not the description department. See Chats, later. Edith Haldemand was the little child in "A World-Weary Man" (Imp).

N. B., IND.—Robert Archibald was the office-boy in "Mr. Hubby's Wife" (Essanay). Harry Myers was Harry in "By the Sea."

BETTIE S., PARIS.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "The Dynamiters" (Selig).

CHICK AND MICK.—Too bad, but no Kay-Bee and Broncho answers. Those companies are still asleep at the switch.

A. A., NEW YORK.—Bessie Sankey was the girl. William Ehfe was Jerry in "Tempest-Tossed" (Méliès). George Melville was Robert in "The Shaughraun" (Kalem). You place Earle Williams correctly.

W. J. K.—Yes, we presume Miss Lester wears a wig when necessary. No, Warren Kerrigan was not on the "Tree of Fame," in the January issue. Too bad!

OBIE.—Harry Mainhall was Joe Roberts in "Sunshine" (Essanay). Willis Secord was Nelson in "The Battle of Trafalgar" (Edison). Where have you been? Mabel Moore had the lead in "A False Suspicion" (Essanay). In "Old Fidelity" (Essanay), Walter Scott was Buck Taylor. That was a great story, wasn't it? In "Martin Chuzzlewit" (Edison), George Lessey was young Martin Chuzzlewit, and Bessie Learn was the ward. Edison produced "Mike the Miser."

DOROTHY D.—G. M. Anderson was the outlaw in "The Reward for Broncho Billy." (Essanay).

JENKS, CAL.—Adrienne Kroell was Aurora in "Her Bitter Lesson" (Selig).

B. E. T., R. I.—Owen Moore was the minister's son in "Hypocrites" (Victor).

LILLIAN, OF READING.—Edna Payne was the paymaster's daughter in "The Mexican Spy" (Lubin).

LILLIAN S.—We dont know about Vedah Bertram's mother. Possibly Alice Joyce was playing in Washington at the time.

V. C., LYNN.—You will hear from us just as soon as Florence Lawrence makes another engagement.

W. C. G., SEATTLE.—No doubt there have been several plays done in Seattle. Photoplays are written in scenes; see "Ghosts" in our October, 1912, issue.

EDDIE P.—Why two postal cards? Why not send a letter with your questions? Vedah Bertram was the girl, and William Todd the sheriff in "The Story of Montana" (Essanay). You refer to Warren Kerrigan in "Calamity Anne's Inheritance" (American). William Shay is with Imp.

HIRAM, BUFFALO.—Yes, Homer's works are being done in photoplay. We suppose you refer to "Cyclops," who were savage, one-eyed giants, but your writing looks like *sly cops.*

P. N., NEW YORK.—The two nurses were not on the cast.

R. 3, KOKOMO.—We refer you and all others who want information about scenario writing to "The Photoplay Clearing House." See advertisement.

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MARY P., CLEVELAND.—Earle Foxe was the young man in "The Sawmill Hazard" (Kalem). Burton King was Will Lougley in "The Lucky Fall" (Lubin). So you dont like the Milano noses. Everybody knows that a Roman nose is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and besides, a big nose is a good physiognomical sign. Look at Anderson's!

CONCHITA.—Edna Payne did not play in that play.

BUCKEYE YOUNGSTER.—Beverly Bayne was the farmer's daughter in "The Farmer's Daughter" (Essanay). Leah Baird's interview in September, 1912. Edith Storey's interview in November, 1912.

M. N., MCKEESPORT.—Give name of company. Jane Gale was formerly with Lubin.

L. B., PORTLAND.—We believe Harry Morgan is with Lubin yet. Crane Wilbur had both parts.

F. I., NEW YORK.—William Bailey was Tom, and Beverly Bayne the girl detective in "The Snare" (Essanay). Evebelle Prout was the bareback rider, and Howard Missimer the clown in "Not on the Circus Program" (Essanay). Leah Baird was Isabel in "Red Barrier" (Vitagraph).

ANTHONY.—Jack J. Clark was the lead in "The Wives of Jamestown" (Kalem). We dont know why Arthur Johnson is always pouting; do you object? Some think those little pouts are his greatest charms. Some thrive on smiles, and some on pouts.

G. T., CLEVELAND.—Miss Ray was the wife in "His Little Indian Model" (Pathé). So you like Dolores Cassinelli best. We cant tell you about "The Steeplechase" (Pathé).

D. D. S., MOHAWK.—Is it possible you dont know about Flossie? Why, for a long time Flossie was one of our best customers. She had interesting questions to ask and innocent comments to make, four or five times every month, and our readers began to look forward to the answers to her questions. But now, alas! she hath flown away to parts unknown. You probably refer to "The Deerslayer" (Vitagraph). This film has not been released yet, but will be soon.

DIXIE, BATON ROUGE.—Edward Coxen was Tom in "The Chaperon Gets a Ducking" (Kalem). That "Mexican" was Frederick Church. William Mason was the dummy in "'Almost a Man" (Essanay).

CERETO S.—Richard Stanton played opposite Miss Bracken in "The Beachcombers." Ray Gallagher in "The Prisoner's Story" (Méliès).

E. M. A., LEBANON.—Charles Arthur was the brother in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin). The schoolboy was not on the cast, but we think it was Kenneth Casey. Mrs. Clinton was the maid in "It All Came Out in the Wash" (Vitagraph).

A. H., HALIFAX.—Evelyn Selbie was Mrs. Gregg in "The Reward for Broncho Billy" (Essanay). Why, that's Mildred Weston.

BIOGRAPH FRANK.—The idea of asking the first play Lubin ever produced. That's ancient history.

E. D., BUFFALO.—Thomas Moore was Martin, and Stuart Holmes was Steve in "A Daughter's Sacrifice" (Kalem). Knute Rahmn was the brother in "The Power of a Hymn" (Kalem). Wheeler Oakman was Pietro in "The Vintage of Fate" (Selig). Yes, George Melford did all you say he did in that play. Marian Cooper was the girl in "The Girl in the Caboose."

G. O., CHICAGO.—We do not know the player you mention. We cannot tell you about stock companies.

"RED E."—We did not put reverse English in that answer of ours about Leo Delaney's bride. It was simply an outshoot. But we'll tell you this much: Rose Tapley was not the lucky one. You must not ask us to express an opinion on who is the best player and questions of that sort. Marc McDermott has his good points, and so has Augustus Phillips, altho some will prefer little Yale Boss. Francelia Billington was the wife in "Usurper" (Kalem).

F. S., MATAWAN.—Pathé Frères means "Pathé Brothers." *Parle vous français?* Miss Drew was Olga in "The Spy's Defeat" (Essanay).

H. V., CHICAGO.—There was no harm in your notifying the Vitagraph Co. of what you heard, but remember that Slander and Gossip have bigger mouths than Truth.

C. P. B., LOS ANGELES.—Try Keystone.

N. L. S.—Florence Lawrence was the pretty girl in "The Advent of Jane" (Victor).

PEGGY P. F.—Your questions are improper. We dont know when, if ever, Mr. Bunny had the smallpox, and we dont know what he gave up for Lent. He probably gave up pitying those who try to be funny and cant.

H. G. PRYOR.—Some drawing you sent us. Florence Turner is still with Vitagraph, in Brooklyn. What difference does it make to you whether the Answer Man is of the masculine or feminine gender? So far as you are concerned, we are of the neuter gender.

F. E. C., PARIS.—The player you name is not a regular member of that company.

DIXIE LOU.—Louise Lester is "Calamity Anne."

F. E. F.—Harold Lockwood was leading man in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" (Selig), and Kathlyn Williams was leading lady. Baby Lillian Wade was the child.

"JIB JIBE."—William Cavanaugh was the brother in "The Sheriff's Brother" (Pathé).

SUBSCRIBE NOW AND AVOID THE RUSH.

"JOHN! YOUR TEA IS SLIPPING
JANUARY
19
JANUARY
19
HORRID THING!
NOW WHY THIS AGITATION WHEN HIS EYES BEHOLD THE DATE. HAS 'PAY DAY' COME AROUND AGAIN, "CANT BE THE "BEER'S" LATE.
THERE'S SOMETHING UP TO LEAVE LIKE THIS, AND TAKE ALL WIFEY'S GRIT. IT'S SOMETHING HE DONT WANT TO MISS, OR ELSE HE'S HAD A FIT.
"OH DEAR ME! HE'S LOST HIS BEAM, THE NINETEENTH GETS HIS NANNY. HE'S MUTTERING--'OH I'LL GET YOU STEEN,' AND TAKE YOU HOME TO 'ANNIE'.
DRUG
SODA
KEEP OFF
PERHAPS HE DOES IT FOR A SWEAT, I CANT SEE ANY PRIZE. OR ELSE HE'S OUT TO WIN A BET, OR JUST FOR EXCERCISE.
SOLD 'EM ALL IN AN HOUR
MAGAZI
FRESH
DAIL
"HELLO! WHAT'S THIS HE'S ASKING FOR, THAT'S JUST BEEN ALL SOLD OUT. IT CANT BE "FUDGE'S WEEKLY,-NOR OLD BIFFALO BULL THE SCOUT.
AND THIS IS HOW HE LEFT THE GUY, THAT HADN'T WHAT HE'D SOLD. HE DIDN'T LEAVE THE REASON WHY, NOR EVEN DIDN'T SCOLD.
I'LL GET YOU YET
WE'LL GET YOU YET
"HURRAH!
MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
GALLAGHER
"AH! NOW THER'LL BE AN END TO IT, THEY'LL SOON COLLECT HIS NIBS, AND MAKE HIM EXPLANATE THE FLIT, THAT CAUSED THESE ACHING RIBS
"OH WELL" IF THAT'S THE REASON- SAY, YOU CANT BLAME HIM AT ALL. I GET THAT BOOK AND KNOW THE WAY I STREAK FOR A PAPER STALL.
WHEN THIS MOTION PICTURE STORY BOOK, CAN PRINT ENOUGH FOR SALE. SUCH GUYS AS THIS WILL NOT BE TOOK, EACH NINETEENTH DAY TO JAIL

INY.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "Opitsah" (Selig). Taken at Elendale, Cal. Bessie Learn was the girl in "The Totville Eye."

CORA, CHICAGO.—William Russell was Captain Maywood in "Forest Rose" (Thanhouser).

M. I., OAK PARK.—See August, 1912, issue under this department for the difference between Licensed and Independent. Marie Weirman was the girl in "By the Sea."

B. W., BROOKLYN.—Francis Bushman had not joined any company at this writing. We will let you know as soon as he does. Kathlyn Williams was the girl in "Harbor Island" (Selig).

N. L., MOBILE.—Please do not ask Biograph questions.

FLORENCE S.—Edward Lincoln was Dick in "Lessons in Love-Making."

ANTHONY.—James Ross was Pietro in "Nurse of the Mulberry Bend" (Kalem). James Daly and Jack Voshell played in "The Girl and the Gambler" (Lubin). Lillian Christy was not in "Recognition" (American).

YVONNE, MOBILE.—Francesca Bertini was Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé). Romaine Fielding was the lead in "The Power of Silence" (Lubin).

ANNA O. M.—Gene Gauntier was Lady Geraldine in "The Wives of Jamestown."

B. M., ST. LOUIS.—Hal Clements is usually the villain in Anna Nilsson's company.

NED.—Guy D'Ennery still plays with Ormi Hawley. Edwin Carewe is her new lead. The player you mention is still with that company.

GERTRUDE.—Bessie Sankey is the girl in "Broncho Billy's Brother" (Essanay). Octavia Handworth was the simple maid in "The Simple Maid" (Pathé).

S. H. W. N., PA.—Miriam Nesbitt was Madame Jolatsky in that play.

B. T.—Write Norma Talmadge at Vitagraph studio.

F. E. G., RIVERSIDE.—Miss Whitton was the wife in "The Spendthrift's Reform" (Pathé). Adele Lane was the nurse in "Western Courtship" (Lubin). She is now with New York Motion Picture Co. Barry O'Moore was the son in "False to Their Trust" (Edison). You are very fortunate, indeed, if Larry Trimble gave you one of Jean's children. Perhaps the puppy will inherit its mother's histrionic talents.

P. S., MOBILE.—Harold Lockwood was the leading man in "The Lipton Cup" (Selig).

"THE WATCHER."—John Lancaster was the hobo in "A Hobo's Luck" (Selig). William Wadsworth was Cyrus Brent in "This Is No Place for a Minister's Son."

B. D., DAYTON.—William Garwood is the society leader, Mignon Anderson the girl, and Carey L. Hastings the mother in "At the Foot of the Ladder" (Thanhouser). Louise Lester is usually the mother in American plays. Paul Scarden was Aaron, and Harry Frazer was Pittacus in "Hazel Kirk" (Majestic). Mabel Trunnelle was Hazel Kirk.

DOROTHY.—Violet Horner and Thomas McAvoy had the leads in "How Ned Got the Raise" (Imp). You refer to Florence Barker in "The First Glass" (Powers). Blanche Cornwall and Darwin Karr in "The Phone" (Solax).

IMA PEACH.—Ruth Stonehouse was the dancer in "Requited Love."

KATHRYNE R.—"Dynamited Love" (Pathé) was taken in Jersey City.

M. R., MALDEN.—Roderick McKenzie was Roderick in "Roderick's Ride" (Selig).

CUTEY AND SWEETY.—Ormi Hawley wrote the prize essay in "The Prize Essay" (Lubin). Baby Audrey was the child in "Child of the Purple Sage" (Essanay).

D. E. B.—Bessie Sankey was Nell in "Broncho Billy's Promise" (Essanay).

PLUNKETT.—You are apparently afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*. Edward K. Lincoln was his lordship's valet in "The Valet" (Vitagraph). Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "Roped In" (Selig).

H. E. C.—Evebelle Prout was Mrs. Whitney Raymond in "The Supreme Test."

A. B., SYRACUSE.—Early Gorman was the child in "Babies Three" (Powers). We cant give you the most popular child-play; there are too many.

"THE TWINS."—We haven't the child's name in "Omens of the Mesa" (Vitagraph). Baby Lillian Wade was Iona in "Kings of the Forest" (Selig). Margaret Carle was the girl, and Winnifred Greenwood was the mother in "A Freight-Train Drama" (Selig). Evelyn Selbie was the engaged girl in "Broncho Billy's Love Affair" (Selig). *Au revoir!*

EDDY-BEN-PECK.—In "The Professor's Dilemma" (Victor), Nell Rich and Christine Van Buskirk were the girls, and Dyoll King was the man lead. Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan were the leads in "The Mission of the Bullet" (Kalem).

ZACH, BALTIMORE.—No, Zachariah. We think you are wrong in your estimate. You must overcome the law of association. Do not think that because a player always plays a villain he is bad himself; or because a player always plays an heroic part, that he is a hero. Almost any player could become popular if he or she were always given an admirable part.

R. G., FLAGSTAFF.—Edgar Jones was the sheriff in "The Trustee and the Law" (Lubin). Lily Branscombe was Milly in "The Love Test."

VESTA J. S. A.—Richard Stanton was Jack in "Jack's Burglar" (Méliès). Dorothy Kelly was the young lady in "Rip Van Winkle" (Vitagraph).

HEALTH AND DEEP BREATHING.

By D. O. Harrell, M.D.

DID you ever stop to think that the one most important thing in the world to you, and to every other human being—is air? You could live without food or water or clothing for some time; you could not exist five minutes without air.

Although everyone knows that one must have air to live, few people understand the vital connection between their general health and the quantity and quality of the air they breathe. Physicians find that not one person in twenty (possibly not one in a hundred) habitually breathes deeply. We are able to trace directly to that fact a large proportion of the cases of anæmia, nervous breakdown and general ill health which come to us for treatment.

A little knowledge of the functions of the lungs and the part they play in maintaining health and vigor in the human body will show the great advantages gained by using one's breathing power to its fullest capacity. Every time your heart beats, a current of bright, red, *purified* blood is sent coursing through your arteries to every part of your body, renewing the wornout tissues with life-giving oxygen and gathering up the waste in the system. Then back through the veins to the heart again where it is pumped into the lungs, which rid it of its poisonous matter and give it a fresh supply of oxygen. In the course of forty or fifty heart beats, every drop of blood in your body passes in this way through your heart and lungs.

If your supply of air is shut off, the heart goes on pumping just the same, and the blood, laden with impurities, is forced through the arteries and veins again and again, becoming fouler with every circuit. In two or three minutes the brain is clogged —you become unconscious—in a few minutes more the heart itself is unable to go on, and death results. That is what happens when the supply of air is entirely cut off, as in the case of strangling or drowning. *The same thing, to a lesser degree, happens when one habitually breathes in a shallow manner, using only a small portion of the available lung surface.*

In order to secure and maintain vigorous health of mind and body, the first thing necessary is to make sure that the lungs have an abundant supply of oxygen to thoroughly perform their function of eliminating the poisonous matter which is constantly being deposited in the system through the waste of muscular and nervous tissue. The only sure way to do this is to train oneself to breathe deeply.

Many men and women, who have never known from childhood what it is to feel fresh and vigorous as they start for their day's work, who are tired out at noon and completely "done up" before they get home at night, would feel themselves different persons after a few weeks of systematic deep breathing.

There are a number of publications on this subject which give valuable information to anyone wishing to learn how to breathe deeply. One of the best I have seen is a neat little booklet, published by Paul von Boeckmann, R.S., of 1510 Terminal Bldg., 103 Park Avenue, New York City, which may be obtained of the author for ten cents in coin or stamps. It is illustrated with diagrams and written in a pleasing, non-technical style, easily understood by one not a member of the medical profession. Dr. von Boeckmann explains in it several simple breathing exercises worth many dollars to anyone suffering from the ills caused by insufficient, shallow breathing. ***

C. G., ELIZABETH.—The picture is of Alice Joyce on the February cover. Florence LaBadie in "The Star of Bethlehem" (Thanhouser).

A. W., ST. LOUIS.—The picture of Mary Pickford in the April issue is the first we have printed of her in the gallery.

BONNIE D.—Why, Florence Turner is still playing; ask your exhibitor about it.

W. H. S. TRIO.—Bessie Eyton was the girl in "A Fisherboy's Fate" (Selig). Whitney Raymond was Ned Wulf in "Sunshine" (Essanay).

MELVA S. C.—Ruth Roland was Lizzie in "Belle of the Beach" (Kalem). William Garwood in "Her Fireman."

R. H. D., INDIANA.—Harold Lockwood was leading man in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" (Selig).

BROOKLYN HILLS.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "The Skinflint" (Kalem). Kathlyn Williams was the girl in "The Artist and the Brute" (Selig). Yes, Florence Turner was on the Christmas Tree.

B. K. S.—Lester Cuneo was Hort Ingles in "Circumstantial Evidence" (Selig). Joseph Gebhart was Bull Moose in "A Redman's Loyalty."

BETTY.—Edwin August was John Lee in "At the Rainbow's End" (Lubin).

HELEN M.—William Morse was Robert Lucas, and Mina Carlton was Ruth Revere in "The Heart of a Soldier" (American).

D. H. D., ROSELLE.—Try Nicholas Powers Co., 90 Gold Street, New York.

BERT F.—You refer to Mary Ryan in "Who Is the Savage?" (Lubin). It was the Thanhouser Kid in "Dont Pinch My Pup." We haven't a cast for Olga, 17, but she "hails" from New York City. We know that Maurice Costello has only the two girls.

G. E. M.—Miss Ray was the mother in that play. No, to the Lambert Chase stories.

WOHELO.—Beverly Bayne was Nell, and Evebelle Prout her sister in "Nellie and Her Sister" (Essanay). True Boardman was the brother, and Bessie Sankey the girl in "Broncho Billy's Brother" (Essanay). Robyn Adair was the soldier in "A Soldier's Furlough." Which stenographer do you mean? That's Gertrude McCoy.

H. G.—Fine artist! Phyllis Gordon was Junie Green in "Saved by Fire." A. E. Garcia was Harden Stone, and Wheeler Oakman was Manly. Mary Charleson was the girl in "Una of the Sierras."

M. B., SUFFOLK.—Ray Gallagher was Ned in "The Judgment of the Sea" (Méliès). Yes, yes, Crane Wilbur took both parts in "The Compact" (Pathé).

BILL MATTOON.—Guy Coombs was Jim Bludso in that play. W. Fontinelle, Thomas Flynn and Adrienne Kroell were the leads in "Subterfuge" (Selig).

M. P., FREDERICK.—Hoot mon! G. M. Anderson is still playing. He is just as popular as ever.

TRIXIE.—You must learn not to ask such questions as "Is he married? What's his middle name?" etc. William Clifford was the parson, and Dorothy Davenport was the girl in "The Border Parson" (Nestor).

TRIPLETS.—Edgera Delespine was Violet Vere in "Thelma" (Reliance). Irving Cummings and Gertrude Robinson had the leads in "Old Mam'selle's Secret" (Reliance). We are sorry we cannot obtain any information from Kay-Bee for you.

F. K., BROOKLYN.—"Jimmie's Misfortune" is not a Pathé.

G. M., JACKSONVILLE.—James Cruze was Carlyle in "East Lynn" (Thanhouser).

DOROTHY R., ATLANTA.—Gavin Young was the companion in "Mission of a Bullet" (Kalem). Sally Crute was Mrs. Spendthrift in "The Woman Behind the Man" (Solax).

M. B.—Virginia Chester was the white girl in "The Massacre of the Fourth Cavalry" (Bison 101).

GRACE M. C.—Bessie Eyton was Papinta in "The Little Organ-Grinder" (Selig). Adrienne Kroell was the "Laird's Daughter." Yes, once again, Owen Moore and Thomas Moore are brothers. Thomas Santschi was "Sammy Orpheus" (Selig). Hazel Neason was the daughter in "Grandfather" (Kalem). Marshall Neilan was the young man in "The Peace-Offering" (Kalem).

D. S. S.—Rosemary Theby was the nurse in "The Disappearance of the Embassador" (Vitagraph). She is not Mrs. Maurice Costello.

H. F. M.—You refer to James Young in "The Model of St. John" (Vitagraph).

A CALIFORNIA BOY.—You must sign your name, and you must always give the name of the company. Bryant Washburn and Ruth Stonehouse played in "Chains" (Essanay).

JOHNNY CANUCK.—Thomas Moore was the lover in "A Race with Time" (Kalem). Maurice Costello has played as a cowboy. Harry Myers and Marie Weirman had the leads in "By the Sea" (Lubin).

I. M. F.—Why, that's Alice Joyce on the February cover.

H. J. C., MILWAUKEE.—Richard Rosson was the office-boy in "Sue Simpkin's Ambition" (Vitagraph).

E. S.—You refer to Jack J. Clark. Brinsley Shaw was the son in "Broncho Billy's Love Affair."

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"The Mills of the Gods"	Solax
"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
"A Good Turn"	Lubin
"The Joke That Spread"	Vitagraph
"Satin and Gingham"	Lubin
"A New Day's Dawn"	Edison
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"A Good Catch"	Essanay
"In the Power of Blacklegs"	Kalem

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FLO G. D.—Florence Lawrence was Florence, and Victory Bateman her mother in "Tangled Relations" (Victor). George Field was Jack in "A Mexican Mix-up" (Nestor). Thomas McAvoy was Ben. Harry Pollard was Dick in "A White Lie."

R. E. D., LOS ANGELES.—Mabel Normand and Fred Mace had the leads.

I. R. W.—You refer to Betty Cameron.

ALISON B.—John is J. W. Johnston's first name. Frederick Santley is on the stage.

M. M., NEW YORK.—Marguerite Snow was Dove, James Cruze was Eagle, and his sister was the Thanhouser Kid in "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" (Thanhouser). Lillian Wade was the child in "The Lipton Cup" (Selig).

BETTY, OF C. H. S.—Mr. Richmond was the third suitor in "The Modern Atalanta."

R. E. D., LOS ANGELES.—Edward Coxen and Lillian Christy had the leads in "Where Destiny Guides" (American). Irving Cummings was Mr. Steele in "Duty and the Man."

T. N. G., HELENA.—In "The Mexican Spy" (Lubin), Edna Payne was the girl, Edwin Carewe the spy, and Earle Metcalf the teamster.

L. J. C., READING.—Thanks for the ten cents. It has occurred to us that the habit of sending a stamp or coin as a remuneration is a good one, but be it understood that we do not require a stamp or fee. We will answer all questions without fee or reward. However, since the editor will not devote any more than twenty pages to this department, and since the department is growing every day, something must be done, else several pages of answers will be left over each month, and that means that some inquirers will not get their information for two or three months. Hereafter, all inquirers sending a stamp or other small fee will be given a preference, and their answers will appear in the very next issue.

OLGA, 17.—You like to have Crane and Carlyle play together. Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Dangerous Wager." Carlyle Blackwell is in Glendale, Cal.

H. E.—The title is "Mistake in Spelling." Mrs. Costello did not play in that.

H. P., HAVANA.—If you dont think Rosemary Theby is a winner, you dont agree with most people.

CHRISTY M.—Lee Beggs was Walter in "Flesh and Blood."

LILLIAN, OF READING.—Walter Hitchcock was Fred, and Ruth Stonehouse his sweetheart in "The Stain." William Mason was Arthur.

FLO C. L.—Raymond and Albert Hackett were the two boys in "Two Boys" (Lubin). James Young was the son in "The Model for St. John" (Vitagraph).

S. H., M. M. AND E. L.—We will not answer your questions. Robert Gaillord's love for his mother is not a proper subject of inquiry.

DOTTY, HARLEM.—Francelia Billington plays opposite Carlyle Blackwell. Glad to hear that you are true to him.

M. G., ELMIRA.—W. A. Williams was the lover in "At the Burglar's Command." Winnifred Greenwood was the mother, and Margaret Carle the girl in "A Freight-Train Drama."

H. MC., LIVERPOOL.—Edgar Jones was the doctor in "The Surgeon."

R. M., SAN JOSÉ.—Dolores Cassinelli was the Egyptian Princess in "When Soul Meets Soul" (Essanay).

C. H. MORSE.—Perhaps your questions were crowded out last month. We printed a full page in one of the back numbers about the Board of Censorship.

E. C. S.—*The Moving Picture World*, 17 Madison Avenue, New York, will sell you their back numbers. Betty Harte was the girl in "Her Education" (Selig).

JULIETTE B.—We cannot tell you whether Alice Joyce posed for that artist. We have all we can do to keep track of her poses for Motion Pictures.

CAMILLE, N. O.—Ethel Grandin was the girl in "The Deserter" (Bison).

ARTIE L., TRENTON.—A great many think as you do, and perhaps some day the exhibitors will run the same films two days in succession, instead of changing them every day. Very few attend the same theater two days in succession, anyway. When we see a good show, we like to tell our friends to go see it; but now, how can we?

L. L. P., LOS ANGELES.—Wallace Reid is with the Santa Barbara section of the American.

E. A., CHICAGO.—William Shay was Jim in "The Long Strike" (Imp). Hector Dion was Philip in that Reliance. Donald MacKenzie played opposite Hazel Neason in "A Political Kidnapping" (Kalem).

MARY JANE.—The "Reincarnation of Karma" was taken in the studio. Crane Wilbur is in Jersey City, headquarters for mosquitoes and picture stars.

MRS. H. S. AND MRS. C.—We have no record of that Nestor play; sorry. Other questions answered.

EVELYN B.—The third fellow was Marshall Neilan; he is now with Kalem. Mary Pickford is playing at the Republic Theater, Forty-second Street and Broadway, in "A Good Little Devil," as Juliet. The play is presented by David Belasco.

H. G. J., CLINTON.—Harry Benham was Brawn in "Brain vs. Brawn," and William Russell played opposite Florence LaBadie in "Miss Robinson Crusoe" (Thanhouser).

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E. B. N. AND GENE M. A.—It takes three people to form a corporation, you know. James Moore was the millionaire in "The Players" (Lubin). Charles French was the old scout in "Peggy and Old Scout." Dorothy Ferari was Belle, and Alfred Bracci was George in "Trifle Not with Love" (Cines).

J. S. C.; CONSTANT READER; FREE LANCE; F. L. J., IOWA.—We gave your letters to the Photoplay Philosopher, and he is receiving many others of a similar kind. We, too, are opposed to improper advertising on the screens, and it is only a question of time when the public will force the exhibitor to cut out all advertising, excepting that pertaining to the Motion Picture business.

A. B. M., CLEVELAND.—Please confine your questions to plays and players, and not to the Answer Man. We are very modest and sedate. Alice Joyce will now be seen more frequently. She was ill. No, to other questions.

C. B., WILKES-BARRE.—We could not secure the Imp information.

RUBY A.—We expect to have a chat with Irving Cummings soon. We would hate to show him the picture you drew, but it is very good.

CHUBBY.—Yes, Broncho Billy will keep on playing, in spite of the fact that he has been killed. He will die many times yet before he will finally be laid at rest. Alice Joyce has never been with any other company than Kalem.

KELSO M. P. FIEND.—Rura Hodges was the child in "Child Labor" (Majestic). Yes, the picture is of Lillian Walker. That's Warren Kerrigan on page 27 of February issue.

J. R. B., NAPA.—Thanks for the verse. It is good. We would like to use it, but haven't enough space in this department for verses to the Answer Man.

TEE-O-TUB.—Ormi Hawley was the lady of the hills. Always give the name of the company hereafter. We dont know Flossie's address.

MYRTLE F. S.—Miss Mason was the girl in "Her Faithful Yuma Servant" (Pathé).

J. L. S., NEWMAN.—Say, didn't you write us once and say Beverly Bayne was the prettiest of the Essanay girls? And now you say Ruth Stonehouse is. Oh, fickle jade!

M. B. C., PHŒNIX.—May Buckley was May in "What the Driver Saw" (Lubin).

W. A., HENDERSONVILLE.—Your drawings of the Answer Man are very clever, but you did not make him handsome enough. You know we are very good-looking, and we never frown or scowl, as your pictures say. (We are also noted for modesty!)

P. R. M.—Leah Baird and Harry Morey had the leads in "A Woman" (Vitagraph). Courtenay Foote also played in the same play. Willis Secord is no longer with Edison.

E. B.—Which sheriff do you mean—William Todd or Arthur Mackley?

E. M., NEW ROCHELLE.—Guy D'Ennery and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "The Twilight of Her Life."

IOWA GIRL.—No, bon ami, Howard Missimer was not eating candles, etc., when our "chatter" interviewed him (January, 1912, issue). He said he was an Eskimo, and the "chatter" playfully assumed that he was eating those Eskimoan foods.

EDDIE L. B.—We believe you have sent in ten postal-cards this month; why not save your questions for a letter?

A. R. K., IND.—Bessie Eyton had the lead in "A Revolutionary Romance" (Selig). Mary Ryan was Mary in "Courageous Blood" (Lubin).

F. D., ST. LOUIS.—We do not know why in "The Vengeance of Durand" the police and fire department are American, whereas the story called for French. Perhaps Mr. Rex Beach wrote his story first, and then forgot some of the situations when he wrote the play, or perhaps Vitagraph changed things to suit themselves.

M. M., NEW YORK.—Perhaps the Pathé *Weekly* got that wreck. Watch out for it.

PLUNKETT.—You ought to know by this time why we dont print Biograph answers. We have explained in back numbers. The company will not give out any information about their plays and players, nor are the names on those foreign pictures correct.

A. M., OSSINING.—Vedah Bertram was the girl in "The Desert Sweetheart."

JUDY G.—See the Popular Player Contest for answer to your question. We dont know about Costello's father or sister.

JEAN, 14.—Yes, Gwendoline Pates really went up in the airship. Hal Reid played opposite Florence Turner in "Jean Intervenes."

N. M., TREMONT, says: "If it's any of my business, would you mind telling me how in the world you find out all this stuff?" If we were to tell you all we know and how to do it, you could do it as well as we, and then we would be out of a job. But we will tell you this much: We keep an elaborate card-index system, in which is listed all of the plays, players and casts. We have eight or ten Motion Picture trade papers on hand which we learn by heart. We have eight or ten ponderous tomes and encyclopedias, and we send out about one hundred letters a week to the different companies, asking them to tell us what we dont know.

H. E. T., MOBILE.—The aunt in "Her Nephews from Labrador" was Victory Bateman, and the uncle was Eugene Moore.

J. L. S., NEWMAN.—Winnifred Greenwood was Molly in "The Lost Inheritance" (Selig). Marguerite Ne Moyer was the girl in "The Suitors and Suit-Cases" (Lubin).

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GERTY.—We haven't the name of the public school Ormi Hawley graduated from, if any at all. Write to her direct for such information. She may, then again she mayn't.

E. O., SAN FRANCISCO.—Marguerite Snow was May, and the Thanhouser Kidlet was the child in "The Repeater" (Thanhouser).

G. M. P., ARLINGTON.—Owen Moore was the artist in "Angel of the Studio." Edna Payne was the girl in "Gentleman Joe" (Lubin).

BLANCHE B. B.—Wallace Reid was the strong man in "Kaintuck" (Reliance).

FLUFFY.—Darwin Karr was Dr. Kenyon in "Hearts Unknown" (Solax).

G. E. T.—Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush had the leads in "God's Unfortunate."

CAPPIE.—Glen White was the criminal in "A Man" (Powers).

KITTY B.—Frank Fernandez was the ticket-agent in "Wrongly Accused" (Méliès).

NADINE K. P.—You refer to Bryant Washburn in the Essanay pictures.

L. C. P., OTTAWA.—Arthur Mackley was the sheriff you refer to. Charles Clary and Kathlyn Williams in "The Strongest Mind" (Selig). And that was Ruth Roland in the three plays you name.

BIJOU, BALTIMORE.—We strongly advise you to leave out the vaudeville. Experience proves that pictures alone will fill your theater, provided you get good pictures and run your show well. It's all a question of management. A good show will pay if it is in the woods. A bad show wont pay, if it is on Broadway, in the center of traffic.

BLANCHE M. H.—Miss Ray was the mother, and Paul Panzer the cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Baby."

L. M. N., WILKES-BARRE.—Edgar Jones was the minister in the first question, but the second minister is a Biograph. We did not get the picture you enclosed.

L. H., MONTGOMERY.—Gwendoline Pates was Miss Wayne in "The Reporter."

MOVIE PATRICIA.—Powers is in Los Angeles.

GEM THEATER.—Dont know how many there will be in the Alkali Ike series; he is one of Essanay's famous characters.

I. D. M., MT. HOLLY.—Harry Myers' picture was in May and September, 1911.

A. L., BROWNING.—We dont mind telling you that we are getting good and mad. If people persist in calling us names and in writing foolish questions, they mustn't be surprised if we flare up once in a while. We haven't room enough now to answer long questions, so please dont ruffle our feathers, because it takes too much space here to curl them.

H. L. S., SANDWICH.—Julia Mackley was the sick girl in "Broncho Billy and the Bandits." Jerry Hevener was the Lubin man. Adele De Garde is the girl in "The Old Kent Road."

TEACHER, OMAHA.—Yes, G. M. Anderson. We dont agree with you about Simplified Spelling. You seem to think that spelling, alone of all human inventions, after so many changes, is now to be kept forever exempt from change. Customs, laws, religions, arts, sciences, morals, ideas, words and everything else are subject to the immutable law of change; and, if anything in the world needs changing, it is our spelling. If you are offended when you see an unaccustomed spelling, it is a mere emotion. Shake it off, and be reasonable. Economy requires that we reject useless letters, because the teaching, learning, writing and printing of useless letters costs untold money and time.

DIX.—Why, that's a good name. Crane Wilbur was the butler. Hal Wilson was the editor in "A Leap Year Proposal" (Vitagraph). Jack Richardson was the thief and Warren Kerrigan the cowboy leader in "The Thief's Wife" (American).

MARY PICKFORD'S ADMIRER tells us that Reva Greenwood and Rita Davis are both playing on the stage.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Yes, Alice Joyce really made the flag in "A Flag for Freedom."

KITTIE, OMAHA.—Mignon Anderson was the telephone operator in "My Baby's Voice" (Thanhouser).

JIMMY V., NEW YORK.—Edith Halleran was the maid in "Nothing to Wear."

C. H., BRUNSWICK.—Mr. Frazer was Baptiste in "Silent Jim" (Eclair). Darwin Karr, Lee Beggs and Blanche Cornwall played in "Flesh and Blood" (Solax).

I. I. S., ST. LOUIS.—Jane Fearnley was Mercy in "The New Magdalen" (Imp).

E. R., VA.—Edna Fisher was the girl in "The Oath of His Office" (Essanay). James Cruze was the fireman in "Her Fireman" (Thanhouser). Tom Mix was the pony express rider in "Saved by the Pony Express" (Selig). You can get the back numbers you want.

SAPHO.—Hazel Neason was the girl, and Earle Foxe the butler in "The Telltale Message."

S. C. H., COLUMBIA.—Mrs. J. J. Franz was the mother, and J. J. Franz the son in "The Raiders of the Mexican Border." Alex. Francis was Silent Jim in "Silent Jim" (Eclair). Miss Goodstadt was the girl in "For the Honor of the Firm."

MINNIE.—Brinsley Shaw was the snake. Will print a picture of Courtenay Foote.

LOTTIE W.—George Beatty was the lover in "An Aeroplane Love Affair" (Pathé). No, he is not a regular player. Phyllis Gordon and Herbert Rawlinson had the leads in "The Trade Gun Bullet."

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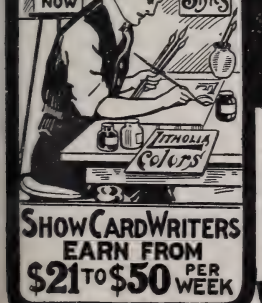

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M. S. C.—Earle Foxe was the diamond thief in "The Combination of the Safe."

BETTY G. P.—Your letter was addressed to the wrong department. The M. P. photographs will be furnished to those who enclose the necessary cash. Why dont you read the advertisement? Write direct to this magazine. Yes, there are lots of pictures of Costello, Alice Joyce and others you mention.

W. J. K.—There are two Mr. Frazers, *mon cher*. There is a Chick Morrison in "Western American." Helen Smith was the child in "The Reformation of Sierra Smith." Now, be nice, and dont ask how many cars there were on the train in "The Law of God."

F. J. S., LOS ANGELES.—We are sorry not to oblige you with answers to Broncho, Kay-Bee and Keystone questions. These companies have neglected to answer our questions and to furnish us with the casts. They apparently do not want you to know the answers.

M. L. S., AUGUSTA.—George Reehm was Jack, and Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "His Father's Choice" (Lubin).

BUFF.—"The Signal of Distress" (Vitagraph) was taken at Nyack, N. Y. Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "A Lucky Fall" (Lubin).

J. H. M., JERSEY CITY.—Natalie Carlton did not play in any of those plays.

M. J. P.—Miss Gardner was the wife in "A Quaker Mother" (Vitagraph). Guy Coombs was the lead in "Fraud at the Hope Mine" (Kalem).

E. C. M., ST. LOUIS.—Owen Moore and John Charles were the rivals in "The Lie."

ANTHONY.—We are surprised, brother. You have got things terribly twisted, and we wont print the scandals you relate. Mattie was Mattie Ruppert, and Early was Early Gorman in "Mammy's Chile" (Powers).

F. W. A. S.—Burton King was the minister in "A Struggle for Hearts." James Cruze and Marguerite Snow had the leads in "The Other Half" (Thanhouser).

ANNA B.—Maybe you mean Marshall Neilan. Yes, get Ruth Roland's picture direct from Kalem. We wont answer your questions if you ask such silly things as "What kind of perfume does Ormi Hawley use?" Zounds! etc.

A. C. H.—In "Two Women and Two Men" (Vitagraph), Earle Williams was James, Edith Storey the girl and Julia S. Gordon Mrs. Thornwell.

FRANK M. T.—Jane Gale was the daughter in "The Stubbornness of Youth" (Lubin).

PAULINE.—In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Vitagraph) Miss Tobin was Eva, Miss French was St. Clare, Mary Fuller, Eliza, and Florence Turner was Topsy. We have no vacancies for stenographers. We have about thirty-five employees.

DOLLY PRIM.—No, you need not be afraid; send your questions along any time. Do not be afraid of being treated disrespectfully. People of refinement like you who write respectable questions will receive the utmost courtesy. If some of our answers are somewhat slangy or tart, it is because the inquirers do not always deserve respect.

W. E. T., CONCORD.—Edward Coxen was the cowboy and Lillian Christy the girl in "The Trail of the Cards" (American).

FLOWER E. G., NEW YORK.—That Majestic player was Arthur Finn. James Craig was the detective.

ANTHONY.—*Auf wiedersehen!* We are very fine today, thank you. Crane Wilbur and Octavia Handworth had the leads in "The Receiving Teller" (Pathé).

RETA M.—Phyllis Gordon was Olga. Lynette Griffen was Betty in "Baby Betty" (Selig). Edna May Weick was the little girl in "The Little Woolen Shoe" (Edison).

E. N. B.—In "The Tongueless Man," Jack Adolfi and Violet Reed had the leads.

F. M. M., IOWA.—George Larkin was Teddy, and August True was the girl in "The Girl from the Country" (Eclair). In "Taming Their Parents" (Lubin), Jennie Nelson was the widow, Dorothy Mortimer her daughter, William Orlamond the widower, and Charles Compton the son.

H. C. R., NEW YORK.—Carlyle Blackwell played the lead in "Princess of the Hills," and it was taken in California. Think your idea of a Motion Picture book very good.

A. V. P., TORONTO.—William Garwood and Marguerite Snow had the leads in "Put Yourself in His Place" (Thanhouser).

A. G. R.—Howard Missimer and Dolores Cassinelli had the leads in "If Dreams Came True" (Essanay). Some companies make from 50 to 150 copies of each film, to be distributed all over the world. The exact number is kept secret.

W. F. B., CAL.—Glad that you still see pictures with Vedah Bertram in them. Life is short, and art is long.

READER, PAULINE R.—Yes, and we again say that Mr. Anderson did not play in "Tomboy of Bar Z."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—Sorry, but we cannot give the addresses of Nancy Jane and Henrietta "G", Dolly Dimples and Flossie C. P.

C. J., JR., BIRMINGHAM.—Warren Kerrigan was the lover in "A Green-Eyed Monster." No, Kay-Bee is Mutual, and Bison is Universal.

BESSIE AND MARIE.—Robert Grey was Dr. Snow in "Strong-Arm Nellie." Edward Smith was the fiend in "Wrongly Accused." William West was the father in "The Village Vixen."

SPECIAL FEATURES

MOTION PICTURES released through the General Film Company are the cleanest and most entertaining that the industry offers. Every one must pass rigorous inspection by the National Board of Censorship before it starts on its way to the public. Expense is no consideration in their production. A recent release, "From the Manger to the Cross," a reverent motion picture life story of Jesus of Nazareth, was made for the most part in authentic locations in Palestine and Egypt, and cost the round sum of $100,000 to produce.

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Look for these recent multiple-reel features.

Pickwick Papers

Feb. 28, 1913 Vitagraph, 2 Reels

Part One records the Adventures of the Honorable Event, and introduces Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Jingle, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Tupman, Dr. Slammer and all the familiar members of the Pickwick Club. These gentlemen are involved in the Honorable Event, which is brought about by the rascally Jingle. Dr. Slammer and Mr. Winkle are prepared to fight a duel, but a most extraordinary and humorous situation arises by the timely discovery that Jingle and not Winkle is the man who insulted the Doctor.

Part Two embodies the Adventure of Westgage Seminary. Pickwick, at the suggestion of Job Trotter, Jingle's chum, goes on a wild-goose chase to the Seminary to prevent Jingle from eloping with one of the girls. Trotter and Jingle are thus given a chance to get away and escape the discovery of their rascality. Sam Weller, Pickwick's faithful servant, is much in evidence in the laughable adventure.

Mother

Feb. 24, 1913 Pathé, 2 Reels

Tom Dawson, having written his mother that he has been made ranch foreman, loses his job on account of drink. Not having the heart to tell her of his misfortune, he writes her that he has been elected sheriff. He steals two horses, and suspected, has to flee, pursued by the sheriff and his posse.

At this inopportune time his mother decides to visit him. Arriving at the little town, she tells the boys she has come to see her son, the sheriff, and proudly displays his picture. When the sheriff returns they explain the circumstances to him, he pins his badge upon Tom and allows him to masquerade as sheriff until his mother returns to her home. As the train fades away the sheriff's badge is removed and Tom is confined to a cell, while his mother is in happy ignorance of his plight.

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GENERAL FILM Co

E. G. M., San Francisco.—You must have the wrong title, as that is not a Kalem, and Paul Panzer or Charles Ogle do not play for Kalem.

N. M., New York.—A. E. Garcia stole the pearls in "The Lady of the Pearls." Dorothy Davenport and Phyllis Gordon were the girls.

M. J., Winona.—Gladys Field is back with the Essanay. Darwin Karr and Walter Edwin played in "A Modern Cinderella" (Edison).

I. E. E., Mass.—Miss Ray played in "Victims of Fate" (Pathé). She was also the wife in "His Little Indian Model" (Pathé). Carl Winterhoff was Steve in "A Man Among Men" (Selig).

Oleo Margarine.—Adele Lane is with the New York Motion Picture Co. Most M. P. players come from the stage. Lottie Briscoe was the mother in "The Spoiled Child" (Lubin). We dont know whom you mean when you say "The cutey with the dark eyes and wavy hair." The woods are full of them.

K. C., Cleveland.—Broncho is taking pictures in California.

E. and A. W., Norfolk.—Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior had the leads in "Two of a Kind" (Majestic). Florence Turner left on Washington's Birthday to give lectures in the different theaters.

C. H. E., Falmouth.—Thomas Santschi was the priest in "A Little Indian Martyr."

Birdie Charmeuese.—Miss Witton played opposite Paul Panzer in "The Spendthrift's Reform" (Pathé). Helen Gardner is in her own company. "Cleopatra" was a state rights, and is rented to certain territories, and not shown the same as the regular releases. There is difference of opinion as to its merits.

Idano.—In "The Boss of the Katy Mine" (Essanay), True Boardman was the foreman, Virginia Ames his wife, and Brinsley Shaw the boss. Octavia Handworth was Violet in "His Second Love." Mary Ryan and Romaine Fielding had the leads in "His Western Way."

E. H., New York.—We are sorry we cannot locate Beth Taylor.

Flossie.—Well, well, Flossie, welcome to our city. We and everybody else have been anxious about you. You say you were giving us a rest. We dont know that word. Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Usurer." We are trying to make the publication date the 15th hereafter.

S. W., San Francisco, wonders if Mr. Anderson actually shot the bottles in "Making of Broncho Billy." She says that since the pistol was pointed directly at the camera, no camera man would have taken such a chance if they were really bullets, and she thinks that the bottles were broken by some other means. We dont know much about the bravery of that camera man, but we do know quite a good deal of the marksmanship of Mr. Anderson. Hence, we boldly assert that Mr. Anderson actually shot those bottles.

F. P., Woodland.—We strongly advise you to give up the idea of going on the stage or in the pictures.

Y. Z.—Regarding the Costello photographs in January number, you may not have seen the hairs, but you certainly could see the heirs. We dont know whether it was the photograph or the dyer who concealed the gray hairs. Mildred Weston was the daughter in "Mandy's Rebellion" (Essanay). James Young was Col. Birnell in "The French Spy" (Vitagraph).

B. B., Wyo.—Harry Benham was the engineer in "The Time of Peril" (Thanhouser). See ad pages for the Ridgelys.

J. S., Bridgeport.—No, Mary Fuller is in New York. Dolores Cassinelli is with Essanay.

M. C., Cleveland.—Jack Standing was the hero in "A Romance of the Sixties," and he is now on the stage.

W. J. K.—We dont answer questions of religion. What difference does it make whether the player you mention is a Catholic or a heathen? Let's keep religion out of this department. Jean Darnell was the inventor's mother in "The Race" (Thanhouser). Harry Pollard was with Imp.

R. M. E., Moline.—Carlyle Blackwell played in "The Redskin Raiders" (Kalem). Violet Horner was Mrs. Patterson in "Aunt Diana" (Imp).

Lottie D. T., Goldfield.—William Russell was the country lover in "In Time of Peril" (Thanhouser).

Vera P. S.—Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "An Interrupted Wedding" (Kalem).

S. & L., No. 8.—Thomas Santschi was Joe Harker in "The Great Drought." No, Benny from Lubinville did not play in "The Wooden Bowl"; that was Albert Hackett. Benny plays mostly on the telephone switchboard.

N. W., Houston.—Carlyle Blackwell was the artist in "The Wasp." We have printed none of the plays you mention. Yes, to the Miss Joyce question. Beatrice Behrman was the sister in "Billie's Sister." Florence LaBadie was the daughter, and Joseph Graybill was Pedro in "A Love of Long Ago" (Thanhouser).

A. W. W., Canada.—Florence Lawrence has played with Biograph, Lubin, Imp and Victor. John O'Brien was the opponent in "Spike Shannon's Last Fight."

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N. O. H., MANCHESTER.—Edward Boulden and Elsie McLeod were the young couple, and Alice Washburn was the aunt in "Aunt Miranda's Cat." Winnifred Greenwood was the foster-mother in "Under Suspicion" (Selig). William Mason was the detective in "The Eye That Never Sleeps" (Essanay).

PLUNKET.—Write to Mr. Kerrigan direct; we dont know.

No. 666, ST. LOUIS.—Whitney Raymond was the grown-up in "An Error's Omission" (Essanay). Miss Glaum and Mr. De Grasse had the leads in "The $2500 Bride" (Pathé). Bryant Washburn was Jacques in "The Shadow of the Cross" (Essanay). He also was Tom Oliver in "White Roses" (Essanay).

DOROTHY R.—Marion Ferrel had the lead in "A Fairyland Bride" (Reliance). Virginia Westbrook and Arthur Finn had the leads in "The Winning of Helen" (Majestic). Herbert Rice was the husband in "She Wanted a Husband" (Punch). Irving Cummings was the hero in "Fires of Conscience" (Reliance).

J. W. C., SEATTLE.—William Dunn was James Ridley in "Vengeance" (Imp). Miss Phillips was the mother-in-law in that play.

VIOLET VERE.—We have said before that Miss Joyce has had no stage experience, and that she has been with no other company besides Kalem.

MERELY MARY ANNE.—Whitney Raymond received the bill in "The Virtue of Rags" (Essanay), Bryant Washburn the collector, and Francis Bushman the old man.

E. A., GREENVILLE.—We do not know where Robert Conness is.

E. P. H. S., AUGUSTA.—Jack Hopkins and Louise Vale had the leads in "Paul and Virginia" (Rex).

THE KID (L. S.).—Certainly, if you send a stamped, addressed envelope you will receive your answers much quicker.

H. L. G., BROOKLYN.—Lily Branscombe was the daughter, E. H. Calvert the representative in "Bringing Father Around" (Essanay).

C. F. D., MOBILE.—We dont know much about Horatio's philosophy, but we do know that your letter is mighty clever and interesting. Have passed it to the editor.

ELLEN M. C., MARIETTA, thinks that we are a "mean, horrible old thing!" and that because we said most girls wore false hair, we are "bald and wear a wig." She also thinks that we ought to mind our own business. Tut, tut, miladi! Yet, you keep on asking questions. Ruth Roland had the lead. Yes, she is pretty, and she is as jolly as a bachelor-maid could be.

F. C. P.—Clara K. Young was the daughter in "A Mission of Diplomacy" (Vitagraph). Write here direct for back numbers.

A. W., GLACE BAY.—Helen Gardner was Abbasah in "The Miracle." Clara K. Young was the music-teacher in "The Flat Above." "A Heart in Rags" was taken in Chicago. Selig has a studio in Los Angeles. Cines is a Licensed company, releasing thru George Kleine, of Chicago.

C. E. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—Thomas Moore was Martin in "A Daughter's Sacrifice."

BILLIE.—Miss Billie Baer is leading lady for Gem.

M. D., AKRON.—E. H. Calvert was Austin in "The Girl by the Brook" (Essanay). Yes, "Won at High Tide" was taken at Atlantic City.

IDANA.—No, there are no chances of the American becoming a Licensed company, but there are chances of all Licensed companies becoming Independent—some day.

BABE.—In "The Tribal Law" (Bison), Wallace Reid was José. William Duncan plays opposite Myrtle Stedman.

G. E. W., ATHENS.—Mignon Anderson was leading lady in "At Liberty—Good Press-Agent" (Thanhouser). Virginia Westbrook was the maid in "The Winning of Helen." Darwin Karr was Captain Lorenzo in "Fra Diavolo" (Solax).

BERTHA M., HARLEM.—Harold Lockwood was the lead in "The Governor's Daughter" (Selig).

P. W., NEW YORK.—Jack Clark's mother is not playing any more in the pictures. Hal Clements was the farm bully in "The Farm Bully."

S. H., COLUMBUS.—Violet Horner was the wife in "The Bearer of Burdens" (Imp). Yes, very often pictures are made a year or more before being released.

E. M. B.—We do not answer questions about the stage.

R. E. T., BROOKLYN.—Thanks very much for telling us that Mrs. Maurice was Anna Stewart's mother and Rose Tapley was Zena Keefe's mother in "Her Choice." We secured the incorrect information from Vitagraph's own casts.

LILY AND ROSE.—Yes; Ruth Stonehouse was Ruth in "Billy McGrath's Art Career."

GERTIE.—Yes, we are glad you pulled thru with your examinations. Herbert Barry was Lord Rintoul in "The Little Minister." Guy Coombs is just as nice as he looks.

EDDIE L. P.—That was Chester Barnet in the Crystal play.

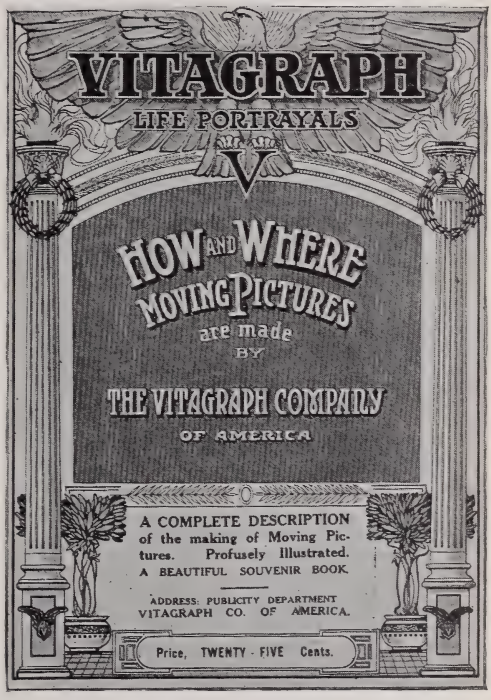
BABE, LAN.—George Gebhardt is the Indian in the Western Pathé's, and a good one.

E. A. L.—Well, the reason you dont hear so much about Mary Fuller, Mildred Bracken, Florence Lawrence, etc., is that they are known to everybody, and are not asked about so much, but they all have their admirers.

VITAGRAPH

"Red and White Roses"
IN TWO PARTS
Released
Monday, March 10th

"The Strength of Men"
IN TWO PARTS
Released
Wednesday, March 19th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B. M., WINOOKE.—Yes, a player may remain a Catholic when he joins the pictures. What next? 'Fraid there is no chance for you.

B. L. H., CLEVELAND.—E. K. Lincoln was the spy in "The Line of Peril" (Vitagraph). Arthur Johnson's picture was in the following issues: August, 1911; March, 1912; March, 1913, and Chat in February, 1912.

A MILLVALE GIRL.—But you must sign your name and address. We wont answer any more. No, we have gone the limit. That was on the Christmas tree.

W. T. H.—We are sorry we cannot answer that Biograph; it is too old. W. T. H. closes his letter as follows: "With compliments and best wishes (intermingled with my heartfelt sympathy) for the Answer Man." Condolences appreciated.

R. W. T., CHICAGO.—We cannot give you the name of the first Independent company. Nor can we give you the names, in order, of the first ten Licensed companies.

"BEE," RUSHVILLE.—"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but exceeding small" means fate, or one's destiny, and tho one's fate may be reached slowly, it is unavoidable and thoro.

H. A. G., HUNTINGTON.—You refer to Dot Bernard, formerly with Biograph. She is with the Poli Co.

H. M., MONTROSE.—Helen Gardner and Charles Kent had the leads in "Death of King Edward the Third." Yes, extra features cost more.

C. T. S., WASHINGTON.—George Lessey and Bigelow Cooper were the clerks in "The Ambassador's Daughter" (Edison). Peter Lang was Peter in "Peter's Pledge" (Lubin). Marc MacDermott was the lieutenant in "A Clew to Her Parentage" (Edison). Adrienne Kroell was the Italian girl, and James Fowler was the artist in "The Empty Studio" (Selig). We, too, think this is "'nuff sed."

LOLA S.—Warren Kerrigan was the best man in "The Best Man Wins" (American). Marshall Neilan was the jilted lover. George Siegman was the officer in "Duty and the Man" (Reliance). Burton King was the minister in "The Struggle of Hearts."

MRS. H. T. S., BROOKLYN.—Mrs. Kimball was the mother of the Little Minister. In "The Bravery of Dora," Edna Payne was the girl, and Earle Metcalf the half-breed.

GERT AND BERT, NEWARK.—Well, it's time you knew them both. Ethel Clayton played in "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Wonderful One-Horse Shay," and Edna Payne played in "The Water-Rats," "Gentleman Joe" and "The Moonshiner's Daughter." Now are you straight?

THE TWO TWINS.—G. M. Anderson had the lead in "The Moonshiner's Heart." True Boardman was the outlaw in "Broncho Billy and the Outlaw's Mother."

L. P. T., PHILA.—Dont ask us why some of the players walk down to the camera to say their lines. Only bad directors permit it.

SADIE C., LOWELL.—Harry Benham was the floorwalker in "The Floorwalker's Triumph" (Thanhouser). Ormi Hawley was Nell in "The Crooked Path" (Lubin). That was Mary Ryan in "Which Is the Savage?" Yes, she had an awful temper.

PEGGY A. J.—Oh, you must sign your name and address. Dorothy Mortimer was Dora Brand in "The Old Chess-Players" (Lubin). Once more, Francesca Bertini was Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé). William Duncan plays opposite Myrtle Stedman in the Western Selig's. Edith Storey was Chloe in "Before a Book Was Written."

H. E. N., LOWELL.—*Ne fronti credere;* in other words, trust not to appearances. If Carlyle Blackwell stole in the picture, that does not infer that he is a thief. He was only taking a part. We did not see the film. We cant see everything.

H. A. T., COLORADO.—Lillian Christy and Edward Coxen had the leads in "Rose of Mexico" (American). Cleo Ridgely was Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast" (Rex). Roy Watson has played with Selig.

H. J., CLINTON.—Harry Benham was the father in "The Boomerang" (Thanhouser). Mr. Kerrigan has two names—Warren and Jack. Choose.

C. L. C., BRIDGEPORT.—Marian Cooper and Guy Coombs had the leads in "Saved by Court-Martial" (Kalem). Edith Storey was the girl in that Vitagraph. Mary Ryan was Mary in "The Blind Cattle-King" (Lubin).

TOMMY R., OAKLAND.—What did we tell you? Dont ask whether Marty Fuller is any relation to Mary; we dont answer about relationship. Kempton Green and William Pinkham were the fellows in "Just Out of College" (Lubin).

A. H. S., WELLAND.—Gene Gauntier's first release is "The Daughter of the Confederacy," released thru Warner Film Co., 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

LOLA S.—Grace Nile was the daughter in "The Miller's Daughter" (Thanhouser). Francis Bushman joined the Vitagraph, we believe.

M. O., BRIDGEPORT.—Write to Mary Eline direct to Thanhouser. We cannot tell you about that Broncho.

THE TWINS, OF MILWAUKEE.—Cy Morgan was the ball-player in "Making a Baseball Bug." Marie Weirman was Ellen in "The Old Oaken Bucket" (Lubin). Yes, Tom Moore was the doctor in "The Nurse at Mulberry Bend." That was Baby Audrey in "The Sheriff's Child."

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R. T. B., New York.—Edith Halleran was the maid in "The Woman" (Vitagraph). She is getting to be the maid of all maids.

Gertie.—That "merely interested" seems to be a trademark with you and Olga. Clara Williams was Virginia, Frank De Vermon was Colonel Gordon, and Franklyn Hall was the negro in "Trustee of the Law" (Lubin). Oh, yes; Edgar Jones was the sheriff. Francelia Billington was the girl in "Mayor's Crusade" (Kalem).

Anthony.—Thanks very much for the tie. It is pretty loud, tho, for an old man like us. There will be twelve stories to "What Happened to Mary"—one each month. Sadie Calhoun and Edna Payne were the girls in "Price of Jealousy." Howard Mitchell was the man.

R. C. G., Atlanta.—Lucile Lee was Luce Dean in "Papa Puts One Over" (Vitagraph). Marin Sais still plays with Kalem.

Lily C. C.—Arthur Mackley was the miner in "The Miner's Request" (Essanay). Kempton Green was Winter Green, and Isabelle Lamon was Mrs. Green in "What's in a Name?" (Lubin).

G. A. J., Dallas.—Mary Stuart Smith was Mrs. Dearborn in "Higher Duty" (Lubin). Edgar Davenport was Congressman Lord in "The Senator's Dishonor."

A. W. W., Glace Bay.—Eleanor Blanchard had the lead in "A Mistake in Calling" (Essanay). Frank Dayton and Lily Branscombe were her employers.

Merely Mary Anne.—Edward Lincoln was the actor in "How Fatty Made Good" (Vitagraph). We dont believe the player you mention gets a salary with four figures every month, but you cant prove it by us.

R. M. D., Bath.—Lottie Briscoe was the leading lady in "The Insurance Agent" (Lubin). Edna Flugrath was the teacher in "At Bear-Track Gulch" (Edison).

C. L. B., New York.—Ruth Stonehouse, Beverly Bayne and Mildred Weston were the girls in "When Soul Meets Soul" (Essanay).

N. C. H., Ohio.—Hazel Neason was Faith in "Flag of Freedom." Flora Finch was Madame Legrande in "Freckles" (Vitagraph).

Helen V., Newark.—Yes; Lillian Walker has played in cowboy pictures. Beth Taylor is not with Essanay.

A. J. B., Columbus.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Dangerous Wager" (Kalem). Sue Balfour was Kathrine in "The Bells" (Reliance).

Bobby P. B.—Dorothy Davenport was the girl in "Pierre of the North" (Selig). Bessie Sankey played opposite G. M. Anderson in "Broncho Billy's Brother."

J. C., Dubuque.—Yes; George Cooper was Jim in "Billy's Burglar" (Vitagraph). Paul Kelly was the little boy in the same play.

Anna and Flo.—Certainly a self-addressed envelope may be typewritten. A scenario is a skeleton or framework of a play. If it is an M. P. play, it is usually called a photoplay when it is carried out in detail; but "photoplay" and "scenario" are practically synonymous.

R. M. C.—No; Mae Hotely was not the girl that Harry Myers hugged and kist in "Just Maine Folks." That was Ethel Clayton. Wasn't she fortunate?

E. J., Muskogee.—We are sorry, but we cannot answer your Kay-Bee questions. They are still asleep.

Bess, of Chicago.—How do you do! Rura Hodges was the child-actress. Your envelope reached us all right.

C. E. K., Bath Beach.—Well, in any event, we cannot secure the position for you. Write to any of the companies.

J. S., Brooklyn, says he is "gone over Ormi Hawley." You will have to give the name of the company.

Hazel, 19.—Yes; Florence LaBadie has played in Biograph.

Laura A. G., Chicago.—Al E. Garcia and Eugenie Besserer had the leads in "The Miner's Justice" (Selig).

K. A., Newburg.—Edwin Cartridge was Dick Cartridge, and Ernestine Morley was Mrs. Cartridge in "On the Threshold" (Lubin).

May, Brooklyn, writes that we should tell all the girls that Crane Wilbur has his thoughts upon one and only one, and that is she. We dont know about that.

J. R., Brooklyn.—Here goes once more: Dolores Costello is the older, and Helen is the younger.

H. M. says that Helen Marten was the girl, Joe Levering the hero, and J. W. Johnston the villain in "Saved at the Altar."

Brownie R.—No, thank you, we dont care to print an interview with Flossie. She only appears in the Inquiry Department. Thank you for your clipping.

Jack, Philadelphia.—Jean Darnell was the widow in "The Poor Relation."

Anthony.—Yes, Anthony; Pearl White had the lead in "Heroic Harold." As for her being your "darling sweetheart," we dont know about that. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought. She may have another Anthony.

J. E. M., Chicago.—Francelia Billington was the wife in "The Boomerang."

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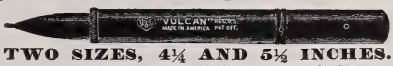

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

H. T., NYACK.—Pauline Bush was the daughter in "The Recognition." Which tall man do you refer to?—perhaps Howard Missimer. James Cooley was Walter's rival in "The Better Man" (Reliance).

A. H. S., WEELAND.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "Euchered" (Selig).

STOWE, ST. LOUIS.—Dont blame the actor because he talks so much to himself and acts like an acrobat and points where he is going, and all that nonsense. The director may have told him to do so. Some of these directors ought to be peddling potatoes.

ST. ELL, ST. LOUIS.—Why dont you communicate with The Photoplay Clearing House?

LEO B., MONTREAL.—George Ober was Mr. Girard in "Marriage of Convenience." Frank Lanning is still with Pathé.

K. V., CORONA.—Sorry, but your title is not a Vitagraph. Come again. Flossie is from Los Angeles.

E. D., ASHLAND.—Winnifred Greenwood was the wife in "A Freight-Train Drama" (Selig). Earle Metcalf was the insane lover in "Gentleman Joe" (Lubin). Yes, to your last question.

M. L., CINCINNATI.—Sorry, but Solax refuses or neglects to give us the information.

F. M., OSWEGO.—Isabelle Lamon was the daughter, and Ormi Hawley was the blonde in "The Scandalmongers" (Lubin). How can E. Dolores Cassinelli be Maurice Costello's wife? She is not; we will tell you that much.

E. D. A., SAN FRANCISCO.—Herbert Rawlinson was the boy in "The Black-Hand Elopement." Phyllis Gordon was the girl in "The Altar of the Aztecs."

M. F., BROOKLYN.—George Lessey was Jack Turner in "At Bear-Track Gulch" (Edison). Laura Lyman was the mother in "Child Labor" (Majestic). Miss Drew was Olga in "The Spy's Defeat" (Essanay). Phyllis Gordon was Helen in "When Helen Was Elected" (Selig).

ALHAMBRA.—Yes, you are right; Marguerite Snow was Lady Isabel in "East Lynne," and Florence LaBadie was Barbara.

R. W.—Arthur Johnson was the blacksmith, and Lottie Briscoe the widow's daughter in "The Heavenly Voice" (Lubin).

ROY E. G.—Jeanie McPherson was with Powers, opposite Edwin August last. Write to Miss Sais direct.

DAVINA.—Vivian Pates was May, Guy D'Ennery was Tom, and Clarence Elmer was John in "Twilight of Her Life" (Lubin). Marc MacDermott was the son in "The Unsullied Shield" (Edison). Miss Mason was the mother in "Fate's Decree" (Pathé).

ROSEBUD.—Pathé will not tell us a thing about "The Elusive Kiss." Your name is all right, but you must give your name and address.

THE TWINS, MILWAUKEE.—Charles Martin was the rejected suitor in "The Line of Peril" (Vitagraph). Edna Payne was the girl in "Private Smith" (Lubin). Dorothy Black was Ruth, when she was eight years old, and Edgar Jones was Jack in "The Girl of Sunset Pass."

W. J. K.—One of our cash-envelope customers wants your address. She thinks you are her long-lost cousin. "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" (Thanhouser) was released January 28, 1913. Wallace Reid was the father in "A Rose of Old Mexico." Dave Thompson was the Eagle's retainer in "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest."

E. O. B., LANCASTER.—Yes, the cook was a real negro. Leona Radnor happens to be with our company. She is a writer for this magazine. Ruth Stonehouse was Fredrica in "The Spy's Defeat."

A. W., SAN ANTONIO.—We were not there when the Thanhouser studio burned. The facts, as you state them, are pretty true.

R. L., ROCHESTER.—Isabelle Lamon was Mrs. Hall, Edna Payne was Marie, and Clarence Elmer was Mr. Hall in "The Higher Duty."

ANTHONY, NEW ORLEANS.—Yes; Alkali Ike was better in the Western pictures, so he has gone back to California. So you would be happy if Pearl White would become Mrs. Pearl Anthony? We charge one million dollars for every match we make, so beware.

F. H., NEW YORK.—James Morrison was Hidly, and James Young was Paul in "A Marriage of Convenience" (Vitagraph).

B. H., CALIFORNIA.—Edward Coxen was Dick in "When Destiny Guides" (American). Lillian Christy was Virgie.

R. C., ATTLEBORO.—David Thompson was Conyers in "Aurora Floyd." William Russell was Manly Feet in "The Little Shutin'" (Thanhouser).

TRIXIE C., ATLANTIC CITY.—William Russell was Don in "The Ring of the Spanish Grandee." J. W. Johnston was Penworth in "The Reporter" (Pathé).

D. F., BELLEFONTAINE.—Lila Chester was the nurse in "The Professor's Son" (Thanhouser). No; Monopol is Independent. Demetrio Mitsoratz was the father in "At the Stroke of Five" (Thanhouser). Such a headache!

PEGGY O.—Jessie McAllister is with the Edison. Ben Wilson.

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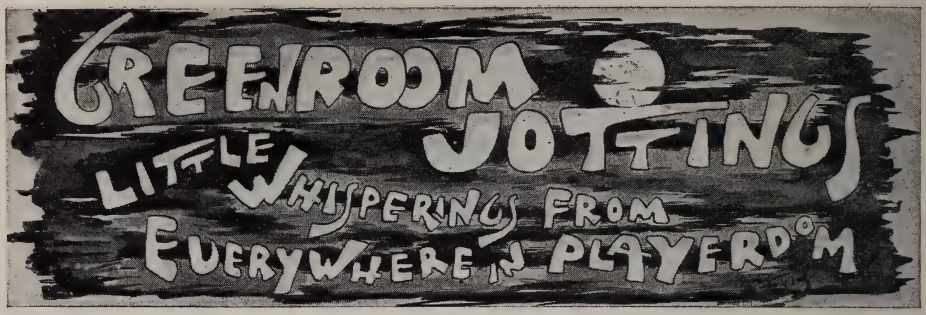

FLORENCE TURNER has left the Vitagraph Company for a lecture and vaudeville tour. The screen will miss this famous "Vitagraph girl."

Arthur Johnson recently received a letter without name or address on the envelope, but merely a picture of himself pasted on instead. Which shows that he is quite as famous as were Benjamin Franklin, "Citizen of the World," and Mark Twain—"God knows where."

Joseph W. Farnham ("Gordon Trent") is preparing a beautiful, suede-leather, 100-page souvenir for the first annual ball of the Screen Club on April 19th. His address is 133 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City, and he would not refuse any contributions from those interested in the Motion Picture industry.

And now they are asking for another popularity contest for the "best team work." Fritzi Brunette and Owen Moore have been suggested, by more than one, as the best team. What a pity that the firm of Johnson & Lawrence, and the firm of Blackwell & Joyce, had to fail!

Augustus Carney, the famous vest-pocket edition of John Bunny, has gone back to the Western Essanay Company.

We are all still curious to know what finally happened to Mary Fuller.

The Vitagraph "Globe-Trotters," including Maurice Costello, James Young, Clara Kimball Young and the Costello children, recently arrived at Cairo, Egypt. Thence they go up the Nile to Thebes, taking Biblical subjects en route. The Holy Land will be their next destination.

Now that the baseball season is preparing to open, Fritzi Brunette (Victor) is training her lungs for "rooting" purposes.

Francis X. Bushman, formerly the Essanay star, is still lecturing, but a little bird whispers that he may soon be seen in Vitagraph pictures.

The Rex people are figuring that their "Thou Shalt Not Steal" will make the psychologists open their eyes.

Marshall P. Wilder writes us: "It's jolly to be able to spend an hour or so with you in THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE each month. I am on the road now, but am hungry to get back in the pictures."

They are now saying that the personalities of G. M. Anderson and John Bunny are better known than those of kings and presidents. Anyway, they are more interesting to most people.

Watch out for Lloyd Lonergan's "An American in the Making" (Thanhouser), which, they say, is one of the best of the educationals.

Lubin has bought the picture rights of Charles Klein's speaking plays, including "The Lion and the Mouse."

Princess, the Vitagraph's tigress, is hardly ladylike. Julia Swayne Gordon will appear with her in a society photoplay, "The Tiger-Lily," in which Princess raises havoc in the ballroom scenes.

The Vitagraph's lion, Nero, will soon become popular on the screen, but he is not at all so in the studio. He recently seriously injured his trainer, and few players care to act with him. Charles Kent hopes to be friendly with him long enough to film "Daniel in the Lions' Den." They say, furthermore, that the visions of endless suppers on Hughey Mack and Bunny are an awful temptation to Nero.

Excelsior, a brand-new company, announces Arthur Finn and Alice Inwood in "A Cadet's Honor."

Muriel Ostriche is leaving the Eclair Company to join forces with Reliance.

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE **10**

Gertrude Robinson picks up her skirts, as it were, to leave Reliance for Victor. Victor always was a lucky fellow!

E. P. Sullivan, the famous actor, will shortly give his interpretation of Mathias in "The Bells" for the Reliance Company. When the late Sir Henry Irving first presented this play in London, many hardened theatergoers were quite overcome with emotion.

Tom Gallon, the author, has dramatized "The Man from Outside" for Irving Cummings, of the Reliance Company, who will perform a remarkable double lead.

Ruth Roland and John Brennan make lots of fun out of their parts in "Parcel-Post Johnnie." A jolly team, these two.

Dolores Cassinelli received eight proposals of marriage, all in one week, and not in the pictures. One of her admirers was a German baron.

Barry O'Moore shows considerable versatility in an Edison play soon to be released, which traces his life from a schoolboy to an old man.

William Lord Wright is writing Motion Picture paragraphs for a syndicate of Sunday newspapers. Incidentally, he and another scenario expert of national fame, A. W. Thomas, have been engaged by the Photoplay Clearing House, an institution connected with this magazine.

The friends of Winnifred Greenwood are complimenting her on her work in "The Sands of Time," a Selig allegorical theme.

Vitagraph has added a whole menagerie to their staff of actors. Just what salaries these new players are getting is not stated.

Eleanor Blanchard (Essanay) received a parcel-post package the other day which quite took her breath away. It contained a flesh-colored, plaster-of-paris cast of a hand. Good thing it was not a black hand.

James Vincent, of "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" fame, is back with the Kalem Company. "Prisoners of War" will record his first reappearance.

Victoria Ford (101 Bison), so often attacked by highwaymen in the pictures, was recently attacked by one in real life at Universal City, Cal. She behaved like a real heroine, as usual, altho she had only nineteen cents in her purse.

Ben Wilson (Edison) writes us interestingly from Long Beach, Cal. He says in part: "In looking thru the principal piece of literature I have, I ran across a skit stating that I was a collector of steins. For the love of Mike, how did you discover it? I certainly would hate to commit a crime and have you put on the job as a detective. I have a very fine collection of steins—about 75. . . . How in thunder you dig up all the information you give out I cant conceive. More power to you! Your magazine is great—very newsy and interesting. I liked the arrangement of my picture in January issue—very classy, barring subject."

The latest from the Kalem studio is Alice Joyce as a foreign princess, the play being based on a recent European romance.

Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Company, according to measurements, is said to be a rival of the famous Venus de Milo.

Jack Warren Kerrigan recently broke four fingers while trying to drop from a tree onto a bandit in "Ashes of Three" (American).

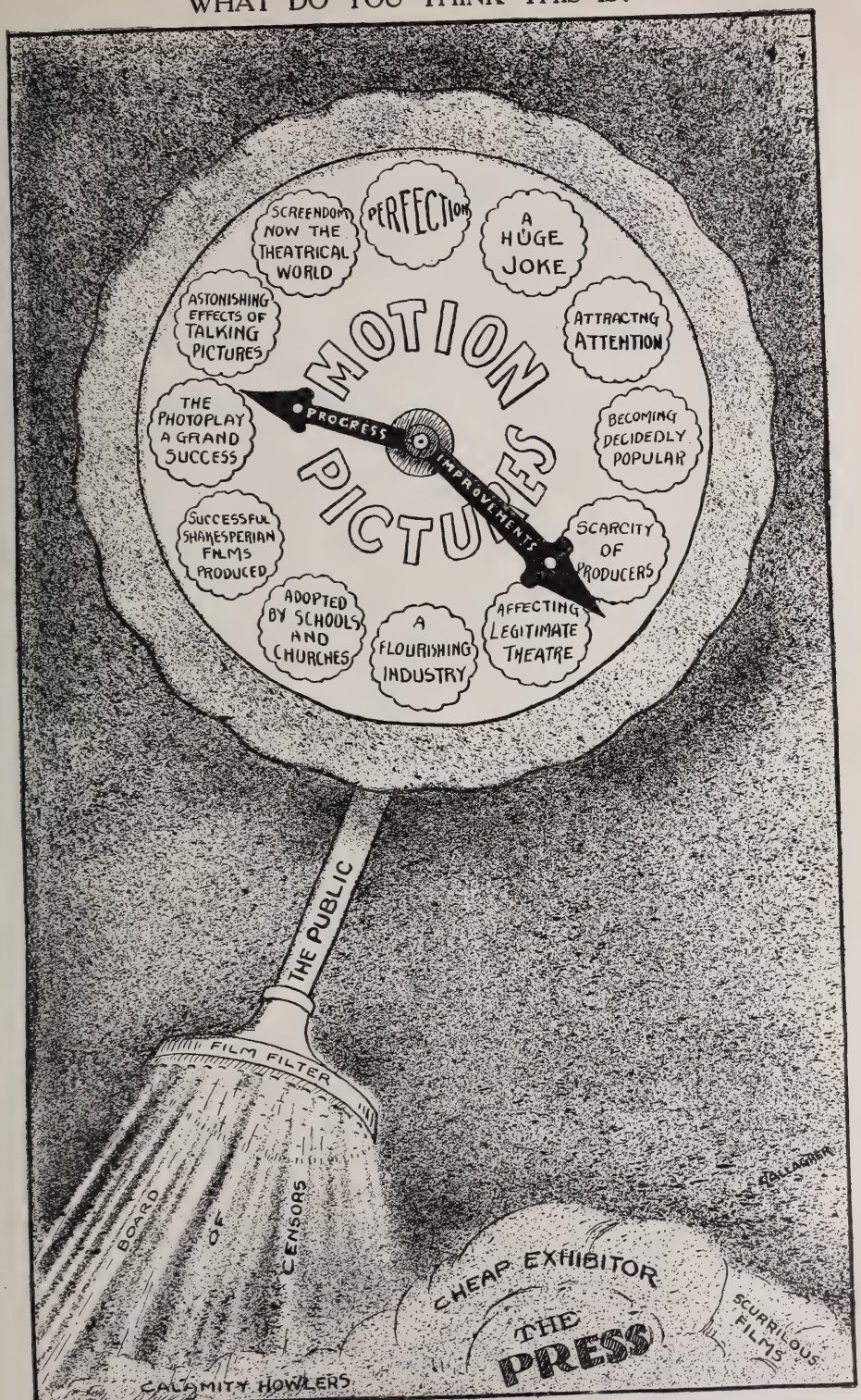
Uxtra! Uxtree! John Bunny and Rose Tapley have gone to Washington to join the suffragette hikers! Bunny, rigged as a "loidy pedestrian," will have a special pageant of his own for the camera.

William Humphrey (Vitagraph) announces the coming appearance of Edith Storey in "Empress Louise," with Miss Storey as the Empress, Julia Swayne Gordon as Josephine, and Earle Williams as Talleyrand. The costuming and properties are those of Julia Arthur's famous stage production.

Norma Talmadge is overbusy with her Belinda series of pictures. "Belinda the Slavey" and "Sleuthing" will show her at her best as the adventurous servant-girl.

Sydney Drew, the well-known actor, has joined the Vitagraph forces. He will be shown first in "The Still Voice."

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS?



Another prize contest. To the three persons supplying the best title and description to this cartoon, in 100 words or less, we will give three prizes—a leather book of photoplayer pictures, and two yearly subscriptions to this magazine. Address Clock Puzzle Editor, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tom J. Carrigan is back with the Selig Company.

Rosemary Theby and Harry Northrup have had some cruel buffets in getting in "Out of the Storm." On account of the open winter, the Vitagraph studio yard is three feet deep in mud.

Carlyle Blackwell seems to be a decided success in character work. In "The Honor System," his conception of a reformed convict is said to be a triumph.

Bryant Washburn (Essanay) was recently presented with a silver loving-cup by the Gold Seal Club of Chicago.

Several enthusiasts want us to start a contest for the most popular villain. Why not have a separate "Gallery of Picture Players" for them, and call it the "Rogues' Gallery"?

Will those popular players never cease getting hurt? And now Wallace Reid (American) is on crutches, having been thrown from his horse.

Harold Lockwood, Henry Otto and Eugenie Besserer are receiving congratulations on their work in "Diverging Paths," a Selig play, in which a strong line of demarkation is drawn between the right and the wrong.

Beverly Bayne recently went to Minneapolis on a mysterious, two-weeks' vacation. Meanwhile, there will be no changes in the Essanay staff, but there may be a change of name.

James K. Hackett announces that he will enact "The Bishop's Candlesticks" this spring for the Stellar Company.

The newest picture beauty is Marguerite Courtot, of the Kalem Company, and she is only sixteen years old. Watch out for her in "The Grim Toll of War."

Jack Kerrigan is now wearing store-clothes, having discarded his chaps and open shirt to play dressed-up parts for a time.

The youngest photoplay director is said to be Herbert Brenon, of the Imp Company. The youngest leading woman is said to be Mazie Hartford, of the same company. The oldest leading woman is—rather a tame winter we've had, wasn't it?

Albert McGovern, formerly with Lubin, then with Powers, is now directing for Pathé Frères.

The question is: Who was the toastmaster at the dinner of the Screen Club in honor of King Baggot, its founder—John Bunny or Arthur Johnson?

Martha Russell, formerly of the Essanay Company, and now of the Satex Company, of Austin, Tex., is supported by the following company: Robert Kelly, leading man; Leopold Lane, character man; William H. Barwald, heavy and character; P. Herbert Jack, juvenile and heavy; Virginia Duncan, second lead and heavy; Mrs. Leona Soule, character woman; Marion Herbert, ingénue; Herman Lewis, character and property man.

Ray Myers is now playing leading parts with Francis Ford for 101 Bison.

And now those Jersey City folks are claiming that they have Venus de Milo beaten, and not Kathlyn Williams, but Octavia Handworth, is her modern counterpart.

Paul Panzer, long connected with Pathé Frères, has quite surpassed himself in an interpretation of a character from sunny Italy in a play just finished by the Rooster firm.

Gladys Field is back with Essanay. Hooray!

They now want us to start a contest for the most popular director. What next? One enthusiast says that Harry Handworth would win, and, particularly, because he has done so much for the uplift of Motion Pictures and is largely responsible for the high moral tone of most of the Pathé plays.

Crane Wilbur is still receiving many letters a day in commendation of his dual work in "The Texas Twins" and "The Compact."

Cute little Mildred Hutchinson nearly fell out of a Pathé hydroaeroplane piloted by Mr. Coffyn recently. Suggestive name!

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO. - - 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 122.)

It is to be hoped that the "somebody else" will not object to this frank declaration:

MY FAVORITE.

ong I've known and loved her well,
A nd yet my love I cannot tell,
U nless these lines should reach her eyes.
R enown has she, and more, by far—
A las! she is a photostar.

S he's seen on the screen at the photoshow,
A nd she's loved and watched for by all who go
W here Edison films on the screen are thrown.
Y outhful and sweet in these pictures she's shown.
E very one, now, if he looks long and well,
R ightly can guess what the first letters spell.

G. A. H.

We were unable to collect and classify all the verses, letters and ballots that have been coming in in recent mails. As we go to press, we are able to give the returns according to the first count only. No doubt, when this is read, the following list will have been greatly altered, the figures multiplied, and the relative positions of the players greatly changed. Hence, next month, when this page goes to press, it will probably bear but little resemblance to this one. Please note that no vote will be counted unless bearing the signature of the voter. Voters are requested to send all communications intended for this department to "Editor Popular Player Contest," 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE STANDING OF THE PLAYERS

Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	1,836	Gene Gauntier (*G. G. Co.*)	133
Florence Turner (*Vitagraph*)	1,330	Beverly Bayne (*Essanay*)	120
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	1,320	Robert Vignola (*Kalem*)	119
Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	1,260	Harry Beaumont (*Edison*)	116
Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	1,129	Blanche Sweet	115
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	1,125	J. J. Clark (*G. G. Co.*)	114
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	920	Frederick Church (*Essanay*)	111
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	880	Augustus Phillips (*Edison*)	111
Whitney Raymond (*Essanay*)	855	Marc McDermott (*Edison*)	110
Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	840	Leah Baird (*Vitagraph*)	110
Florence Lawrence	677	George Gebhardt (*Pathé*)	110
Edward K. Lincoln (*Vitagraph*)	570	Mabel Normand (*Keystone*)	106
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	508	Louise Glaum (*Nestor*)	101
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	480	Julia S. Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	100
Gertrude Robinson (*Victor*)	477	J. B. Budworth (*Majestic*)	100
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	460	Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	100
Clara Kimball Young (*Vitagraph*)	440	Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	100
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	438	John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	30
Paul Panzer (*Pathé*)	430	Edward Coxen (*American*)	25
Francis Bushman	420	Frank Dayton (*Essanay*)	24
Gwendoline Pates (*Pathé*)	397	Betty Gray (*Pathé*)	20
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé*)	350	Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	20
Pearl White (*Crystal*)	330	Octavia Handworth (*Pathé*)	14
Marguerite Snow (*Thanhouser*)	320	Bessie Eyton (*Selig*)	13
Muriel Ostriche (*Reliance*)	260	Roger Lytton (*Vitagraph*)	12
Pauline Bush (*American*)	229	Dorothy Kelly (*Vitagraph*)	12
Romaine Fielding (*Lubin*)	226	George Lessey (*Edison*)	10
Howard Mitchell (*Lubin*)	211	Bessie Learn (*Edison*)	10
Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	210	Mrs. Mary Maurice (*Vitagraph*)	10
Edwin August (*Powers*)	202	Kenneth Casey (*Vitagraph*)	10
Mary Pickford	170	Marie Eline (*Thanhouser*)	10
Florence LaBadie (*Thanhouser*)	159	William Russell (*Thanhouser*)	10
Charles Arthur	135		

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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It is impossible to give a catalog and price list, but we may say that the prices of these pictures and drawings will vary from 25c. each to $2, and one or two, like the Christmas tree, will be $5 or more. You may send us any amount you please, say 25c., or 50c., or $1, or $2, or $25, stating about what you would like, and we assure you that you will get your money's worth and more too. We cannot, however, guarantee to give you just what you want. You may ask for the title-piece of "The Vengeance of Durand," which, by the way, measures about 9x24, and it may have been sold (price $2). Or, you may ask for any scenes containing photos of Florence Lawrence, and we may have none left. Hence, it is advisable for you to state several pictures you want, and we will try to accommodate you with at least one that is on your list and we will come as near to the others as we can. In case you want a certain picture or none, send us the amount you wish to pay, and if we cannot supply that certain picture at that price we will return the money to you. We have no regular scale of prices; you must leave that to our sense of fairness and business honesty. Here is a model letter to guide you in sending in your order: "Art Department, Motion Picture Story Magazine, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.: I enclose $1.00 for which send me one dollar's worth of photographs. I prefer pictures in which Alice Joyce, John Bunny, G. M. Anderson or Crane Wilbur appear, but if I cant get these, send me what you please. I prefer mounted pictures with designs around, and would rather have one or two large handsome ones than four small ones."

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CLEO RIDGELY and her husband, J. M. RIDGELY, who are making a trip from Brooklyn, N. Y., to San Francisco, Cal., by horseback, under the direction of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, are, at date of going to press, in Atlanta, Ga.

They are not trying to make a record trip, and frequently stop from two days to one week in the cities thru which they pass.

Below is given the route which they will follow:

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Birmingham, Ala., March 15th
Bessemer, Ala., March 20th
Tuscaloosa, Ala., March 23d
Fork, Ala., March 25th
Meridian, Miss., March 30th
Jackson, Miss., April 5th
Vicksburg, Miss., April 10th
Delta, La., April 15th
Monroe, La., April 20th
Shreveport, La., April 25th
Marshall, Texas, April 27th
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Corsicana, Texas, April 29th
Terrell, Texas, April 30th
Dallas, Texas, May 1st to 5th
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STORY MAGAZINE

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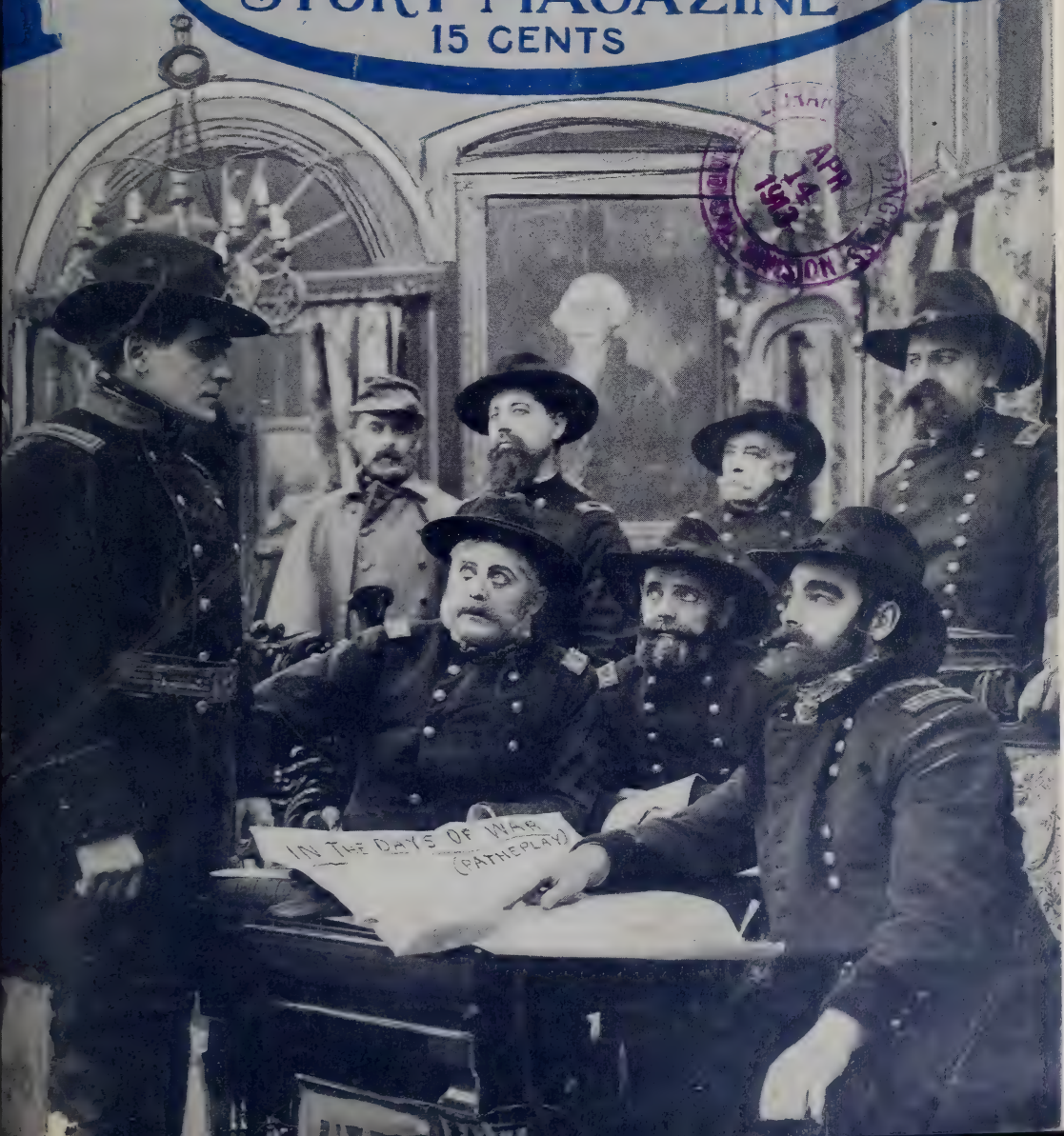

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(Note: These stories were written from photoplays supplied by Motion Picture manufacturers, and our writers claim no credit for title and plot. The name of the playwright is announced when known to us.)

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.

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J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $2; in foreign countries, $2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (2 or 1 cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us; these should be sent to the Photoplay Clearing House (see advertisement).

Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both the old and the new address.

STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

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Edwin M. La Roche, } Associate Editors.
Dorothy Donnell, }
C. W. Fryer, Staff Artist.
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After reading these stories, ask your theater manager to show you the films on the screen!

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

LOIS WEBER
(Rex)

MAATA HOROMONA
(Méliès)

(The native leading woman in "Hinemoa")

ELEANOR BLANCHARD (Essanay)

EDNA PAYNE
(LUBIN)

PRINCESS MONA DARKFEATHER
(Universal)

FLORA FINCH (Vitagraph)

MARTHA RUSSELL
(Satex)

MIRIAM NESBIT (Edison)

CARLYLE BLACKWELL.
(KALEM)

RUTH ROLAND
(KALEM)

LILLIAN WIGGINS
(PATHÉ FRÉRES)

VIRGINIA WESTBROOK
(PUNCH)

MILDRED GREGORY
(Lubin)

EDISON
EDNA
FLUGRATH

MARY CHARLESON
GEORGE STANLEY
WESTERN VITAGRAPH PLAYERS

ROMAINE FIELDING
(Lubin)

EDWARD BOULDEN
(Edison)

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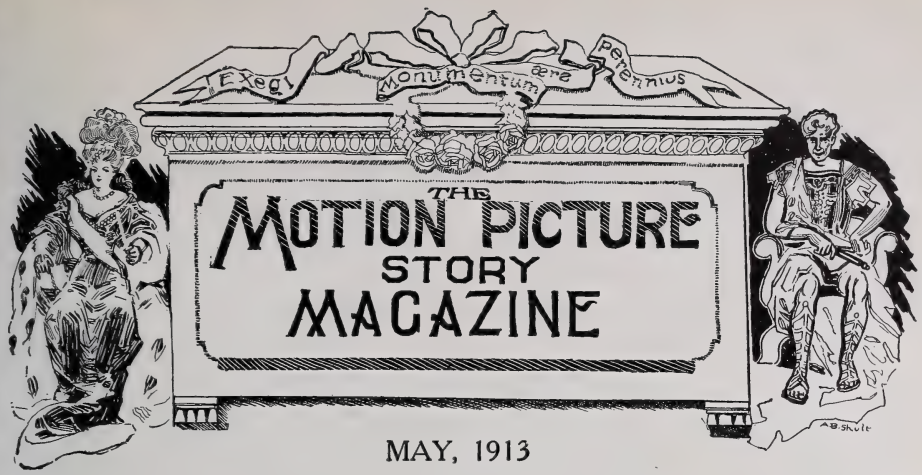


MAY, 1913

Vol. V No. 4

Diamond Cut Diamond

(Lubin)

By FRITZ KROG

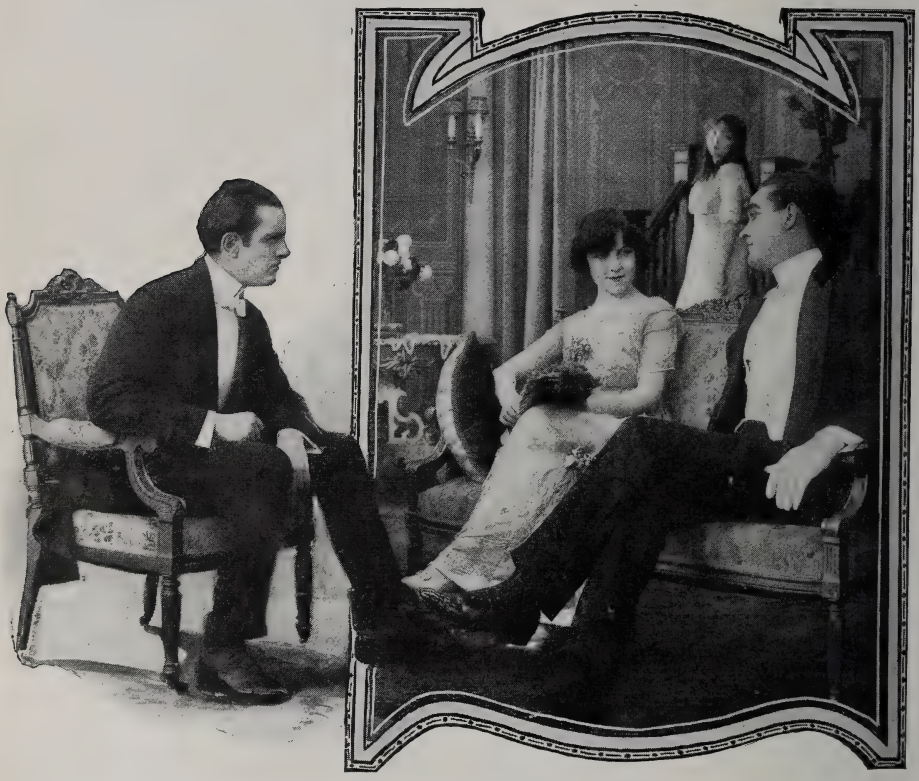
This story was written from the Photoplay by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Had little Jo possessed one modicum less of that rare courage with which Nature often endows little women, perhaps to make up for their lack of inches, hers might have been the common tragedy of the little sister. But she had that courage in so generous a measure that the bare thought of tragedy never crept into her mind. Not even the months of neglect and snubbing at the hands of her proud and selfish sister, Bella, and the two suitors, Atwood and John Sargent, had shaken her faith in herself. What it meant to little Jo, in tears and heartaches, to be thrust into the background every time one or the other, or both, had called at the house, only other little sisters, who have been eclipsed by other older sisters, are duly qualified to tell. But what it had meant to little Jo when the news came that John Sargent had been landed behind the bars, nobody except little Jo could tell, and she would not tell, because she knew that she could never get him out if anybody should learn how much she wanted to get him out.

Days she watched and waited for an opportunity to prove his innocence. She knew that he had been falsely imprisoned. She knew that Atwood was at the bottom of the fraud. She knew that he had lured John into the gambling-den, in the first place, to bring about his disgrace. She knew that Atwood had trumped up a charge of attempted manslaughter against him, so that no amount of bail could free him even temporarily. She knew that all this was part and parcel of the fight to win Bella. In her heart she knew all these things. John had declared them to be so, over and over again; and she knew he had spoken the truth. In her heart she knew, because she believed in the goodness of John Sargent, in his manliness, his sincerity. And she loved him, despite his infatuation for Bella.

But to prove that he, a struggling young mining-engineer, unknown and without influential friends, had been the victim of Atwood's machinations —Atwood, the rich and powerful owner of newspapers, the overlord of

election precincts and the pet of society—to prove that he had engaged in such a wild and daring enterprise as the false imprisonment of a fellow-man; to prove this to the satisfaction of a cold, matter-of-fact court of law was quite another matter from knowing in the depths of her heart that these things were. Little Jo had read of such occurrences in stories, but in her wildest flights of imagination she had not dreamed that they would ever be present in the real chapters of her life.



LITTLE JO IS NEGLECTED BY BELLA AND HER SUITORS

That Atwood had revealed his rascality out of love for Bella did not surprise Jo so much as the revelation that John wanted his freedom mainly to succeed in the cause which had taken it from him. When Jo visited him in his cell, he spent their precious minutes asking questions about Bella, and when, at length, she came to him with a wavering faith, he paid no more attention to little Jo, other than to twit her for being a much too solemn little miss, even if she were in the presence of a hardened criminal and in the shadow of a jail. He smiled, too, one day, when she told him, with her whole soul in the words, that he must be of good cheer: she was thinking, day and night, for a way to help him, and watching and waiting for an opportunity to make him a free man again.

"Go to it, little Hawkshaw," he said lightly, and began talking of Bella.

Perhaps on that very same day, perhaps on another, for Jo did not remember the occasion afterwards, he spoke casually of Blake, whom she never forgot as long as she lived. There were occasions, during her closest acquaintance with him, when she would have been glad to forget him, as she forgot the exact time when

she first learnt of him. But he was so necessary to her plans—he and his odious friendship.

When John spoke his name she wondered why she had not thought of him before. He was the reporter who had covered the story of the gambling-den raid, the beginning of John's troubles, and she had seen him, at times, in the jail. That John did not consider him of importance in the case made little difference to her. He might know something, she considered, and he presented, at least, a hope.

It was a great drain on little Jo's stock of courage to make Blake's acquaintance. He was the kind of man good women despise whole-heartedly. He was a rat, unclean of mind, unwholesome. Little Jo shuddered the first time she looked into his eyes, tho she scarcely knew what the bold stare meant, with which he took in her prettiness. But she was not lacking in courage. She went bravely to lunch with him, and smiled at him across the table. She made appointments with him on street-corners and met him, sometimes at night, in the garden back of her home.

"SHE KNEW THAT ATWOOD HAD TRUMPED UP A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MANSLAUGHTER AGAINST SARGENT"

At every meeting she won more and more of his confidence, until, one eventful night in the garden, she ran away from him, with his boast ringing in her ears that he knew all about the Sargent affair. He had said no more, and, besides, she knew he was too crafty to tell more.

As she crept into bed, tired and unstrung with the ordeal of having learnt so much, she wondered if she could match her craft with his. Thru the whole of that night she wondered and wondered.

That she had run away from him would not undo the work she had done. She knew she could easily bring him to see her again. But what to do at their next meeting puzzled her thru the weary watches of the night, and not until near morning did a plausible plan present itself. It was almost fantastical in its boldness, and the difficulties which beset it would have weakened any but the stoutest heart.

A forthcoming masquerade party, which had drifted unbidden across her fagged mind, had suggested it. She almost laughed as she thought of it, and only the recollection that John's freedom might depend on it sobered her. In this mood she arose, tho it was just past three in the morning, and, stealing downstairs into the library, took from a desk there a bright, nickel-plated revolver. Gingerly, between two fingers, she carried it to her room, and laid it on her dressing-table beside a package which she had brought here the day before.

This she opened, and lifted out a wig and false beard.

That done, she seated herself at a little desk in one corner of the room and wrote a note to Blake. It was very short, containing a simple invitation to call at the house that night. She added that no one would be at home except herself, and that if he would come thru the backyard she would meet him there at nine o'clock.

As she had expected, he came promptly on the hour, and she met him close by the garden wall. Never had his thin, bony face, his thick lips and close-set eyes been so loathsome to her as when he thrust his head over the wall and leered expectantly at her. She laid her fingers on her lips, and motioning him to follow, led the way into the house and into her room.

"You will be wondering," she said, turning on the light, "why I am so mysterious."

He had followed her without question, and he grinned now as he blinked about the trim little room, with its girl's knick-knacks, its desk, its dresser and its bed.

"Well, you've got me guessing," he admitted, with another of those smiles which little Jo had learnt to hate from the depths of her soul.

"IT WAS A GREAT DRAIN ON LITTLE JO'S STOCK OF COURAGE TO MAKE BLAKE'S ACQUAINTANCE"

"I want you to try these on," she continued, and held forth the false beard and wig.

He looked his amazement.

"Come," she said, with a smile, "I want to see how they'll look. Brother is going to wear them at the *bal masque.*"

Perhaps he took her strange re-

quest as a whim, or as a gentle hoax, for he shrugged his shoulders, and when she wet the disguise with her lips and clapped it on his face, he made no resistance.

"How funny you look!" she said, and pushed him to the mirror—"there!"

As he gazed at himself, she dropped a little wrist-bag, which she had been carrying, into his pocket, and, stepping quickly to her desk, took from it the revolver.

"Throw up your hands!" she commanded sharply.

So quickly and so cleverly had she managed the whole affair, that the blank look of surprise with which he had first viewed the disguise had not departed from his face when he turned, to find himself staring into the barrel of the revolver. Behind it he saw the most determined little woman and the most resolute blue eyes he had ever encountered. Yet he could not fathom her intent. He merely looked more amazed than ever.

"Throw up your hands," she repeated, "or I'll fire!"

"Is this part of the joke?" he began.

"We'll see," she replied, and, with a quick movement, tore open the drawer of her desk and spilled its contents on the floor.

At the same instant, she began screaming at the top of her lungs:

"Burglars! Help, help!" Her voice rang with protest.

"You're carrying this too far!" he exclaimed, making a step toward her. "You'll stir up the whole neighborhood!"

"Dont move another step!" she commanded sharply, and fired.

The bullet struck the floor at his feet. He staggered back, holding up his hands in horror.

"Dont," he cried, "dont do that again!"

"Listen," she continued rapidly—she needed all her courage now—"you're right, that the whole neighborhood with be roused. Here's somebody now." She sighed with relief.

The door behind her had been opened, and her father, an elderly gentleman with a gray beard, stood on the threshold, and over his shoulder looked Bella, dashing, imperious Bella. Little Jo had never been so glad to see her.

"I have caught a burglar," Jo gasped. "Search him."

Blake, cowering beside the dresser, was like a rat cornered. While they were going thru his clothes, two men, who had heard the shot, came in from the street. They helped hold Blake, who had grown frantic in his protests of innocence. They found little Jo's wrist-bag in his pocket, and, considering his disguise and the disarrayed desk drawer, bound him hand and foot and sent for the police. But Jo had not finished with him. The most important part of her scheme remained to be carried out.

With a fierce, irresistible energy, she cleared the room of all but herself and her victim. Her father and Bella were reluctant to go, but she fairly made them do what she asked. There was no stopping Jo, now that she saw success within her reach.

"Now, then," she said, turning on Blake when they were alone, "I want you to write a full account and a *true* account of how John Sargent was imprisoned. If you do that, I'll see to it that you are not arrested."

Sullenly he acquiesced, and she undid his arms so that he could write. As much her will, her vehemence, her courage made him write as her threat, for they were stronger than it. The letter, carefully framed, became one of Jo's most cherished possessions in later and calmer days. It was not long, but perhaps no stranger document was ever written under stranger circumstances. It told, in full detail, how Atwood had lured John Sargent into a gambling-den with a forged letter; how John had been arrested there during a raid planned by Atwood; how, when John had secured bail and had gone to Atwood for redress, he had been led into a quarrel, which Atwood had used as an excuse to secure his arrest for assault with

intent to kill; how Atwood had paid Blake to help him; how Atwood had bribed a certain policeman to carry out his wishes; how he was planning to approach a certain judge to secure John's conviction. All these unscrupulous proceedings have become ancient history in the city where Jo dwelt. For weeks afterwards the papers were printing the story. But Bella was doing with it. She knew. And, with a fresh strength coming from that knowledge, she sped to the city prison. The turnkey, who had come to know her from her frequent visits there, admitted her, with a smile, and, as if to make a mockery of her pain, told her that Bella and John Sargent were waiting for her.

As little Jo stood just within the

"JO, I'VE JUST BEEN TELLING JOHN HOW YOU WON THE DAY FOR US"

to little Jo, her revolver pressed on Blake's head, the record of villainy upon villainy, growing under his hand, seemed like part of a weird, intangible dream, in which she herself was one of the gossamer figures.

Perhaps from this sense of the unreality of it all, or from the excitement when the police arrived, she allowed the paper to get out of her hand, and when she wanted it again, she learnt that Bella had taken it. Little Jo did not stop to ask what doorway of the bleak little room where visitors may meet the unfortunate dwellers in this house of shame, she saw Bella standing by John's side, reading the precious paper with him, and there was so much joy and so much light in their faces that her wonderful courage forsook her at last.

Perhaps she had never before quite worded her feeling for John Sargent. Perhaps she had half-believed it was a desire for justice and fair play that had been behind all her midnight-

ponderings and waking thoughts during the last few weeks. But now she knew, with a certainty that gripped her heart and blurred her eyes, that it was the man himself—the big, broad-shouldered bulk of him, the eyes, the straight, fine hair, his strong, gentle hands. And now his look was all for her beautiful sister, all his thoughts and his love—— Without a word, she turned to leave.

"Jo!"

It was Bella's voice. In sheer amazement little Jo halted and, facing about again, saw her sister hastening toward her. And yet this did not seem at all like her sister. There was none of that selfish, proud light in her eyes which little Jo had learnt to know so well. Her very head seemed to have lost its domineering poise, and when she spoke there was none of the old autocratic command in her voice, but it was soft and sweet.

"Jo," she said, taking Jo's hand in hers with a wonderful tenderness, "I've just been telling John how you won the day for us."

In a maze of emotions, little Jo could make no reply. She had need of none, for just behind Bella stood John Sargent, his arms outstretched. With a cry of joy, little Jo leaped into them, come to her own at last.

There were no words—what need of them? In the presence of Life's Great Moments words shrink back, ashamed of their helplessness. A man does not thank his mother for bearing him, or his sweetheart for saving his honor. A girl does not thank a man for loving her. But the long, restless nights; the days filled with baffled experiences; the loathsome companionship with Blake—all these things were as tho they never had been. His kiss, shy, tremulous on her unbelieving lips, was full measure of atonement.

Bella left them then. As she passed the turnkey at the outer door, he remarked how she was crying. But there was a light behind the veil of tears, which denied that she wept for sorrow. It was for joy, the supreme joy of humankind, the joy of having done the "square thing."

"Egoism, Sure Enough"

By LEON KELLEY

O me the passing millions bow,
The while my shadows flare and flicker,
As thru the field of light my sinews plow,
Causing a million hearts to beat the quicker.
For I am marvelous; I am supreme,
A little instrument with mighty power,
And in my wake there flows a golden stream
Of riches, ever widening hour by hour.
Long am I as the shadows, and as thin,
Inflammable, translucent, coolly smooth;
Across the dark, like comet-flash, I spin,
The sad to gladden, the downcast to soothe.
My thoughts are visible, enlarged tenfold,
Telling of red-eyed war, and love and hate;
Of haggard poverty and wealth, of young and old;
Of human joys and woes, and Chance, and Fate.
I show man's wistful eyes strange lands afar,
Strange lives that move across the heaving sea;
I teach the wonder of the things that are,
The greater wonder of the things to be.
Eternity, my power's only bound,
The earth itself my kingdom and my realm;
A monarch, I, of all the world around—
I am the mighty and exalted film.

It was almost eight o'clock by the big, gold watch which you pulled out of Father's vest pocket by tugging at the heavy, gold chain. You were a little late this morning, you and Sister Betty. It must have been because you stayed awake long after lights were out last night, turning a deaf ear to the expectant elves and goblins creeping about in the shadows while you and Betty discussed the present you should take to the Pansy-Lady in the morning.

The Pansy-Lady was your teacher at the little schoolhouse down the road. She had another name which 'most everybody called her by, but you and Betty had given her this one the minute you saw her, because her eyes were just the color of the purple pansies Betty liked best, and her hair was *just* the color of the yellow pansies you liked best. To her face, of course, you always called her Teacher, but when you thought of her and talked of her, you and Betty, she was the Pansy-Lady.

Last night you had announced that you were going to give her that queer, brown apple-thing you had found in the woods while hunting for pussy-willows, and Betty had declared that the thing was no good, and, anyway, it might be full of ants and worms; that you'd better take a real apple, so the Pansy-Lady could eat it. You did not think it half so interesting to take a real apple; why, you had taken those and oranges and stuff like that ever so many times all winter long, and, besides, you knew it was not full of ants and worms. But Betty had been firm, and so, after carrying the discussion to the point where your giving in would seem most graceful, you had agreed not to take the Thing. Anyway, you would like to see what was inside that thing, and now you could break it open for yourself tomorrow!

So it was rather later than usual when you had composed yourself for sleep. As a result, fully half of your shredded-wheat island had to be left floating in its sea of cream next morning. And you scrambled into your coat, grabbed your hat and books, stuffed the biggest, reddest apple into your pocket, submitted, absent-mindedly, to parental kisses and admonitions as to mud and pocket-handkerchiefs.

Betty was already half-way down the walk as you ran down the steps. You gave a hasty glance in the direction of the Pansy-Lady's cottage, and then became absorbed in a studied search for the first crocuses, leaving Betty to do the preliminary waving. When the Pansy-Lady was within shouting distance, however, you were the first to gain her side. Then, with

you and Betty holding her by the hands, you three traveled along to school, and the Pansy-Lady had a busy time of it keeping up with your rapid-fire of conversation, mostly questions.

"That's my Father's bank," you told her for the hundredth time, waving your arm proudly toward the building full of windows on the corner.

"It is!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, and my Father let me hold five hundred dollars in bills in my hand, all at the same time!" you boasted.

"My!" she breathed awfully.

"Um—um! they felt awfully nice, too; smooth and rattly and very thick," you informed her, with a superior air.

"Gracious! you talk like a regular miser," she said jokingly.

"What is a miser?" put in Betty, curiously.

"A miser is a person who has lots and lots of money and spends all his time trying to get more. But he always keeps it for himself, and never helps other people with it. There's a miser over there on the other side of the street now."

And, looking across, you saw old Sol Smith, who, you had heard your Father say, was the meanest man in town, and hadn't contributed a cent toward the new church-steeple. Whereupon, you decided not to devote your life to making money, after all, but, instead, you would turn your attention to becoming President.

"What makes him so bent over?" Betty demanded.

"Counting out his money all the time," the Pansy-Lady told her.

After that you and Betty tried to sit up very straight in school and at the dinner-table, and, when Father came home, you watched to see if he sat up straight, and when he did, you decided to let him go on owning the bank.

OLD SOL, THE MISER, INCURS THE CHILDREN'S DISLIKE

When you got to school you had to divide the Pansy-Lady's hand with lots of her little boys and girls, and stand by while she manufactured kisses for the little girls. That was one thing you never ceased to wonder about—why it was that girls had to be told every day that she loved them. Boys didn't. They just knew by the way she looked at them when they brought her presents. Girls were queer things, anyway, you decided.

THE SCHOOL-BOARD DECIDES ON A NEW TEACHER

Perhaps when they grew to be as tall as the Pansy-Lady they would have more sense.

There was a decided satisfaction in being in the Pansy-Lady's class. Lessons were never so important that she couldn't stop and talk about your polliwogs, or what made the goldfish die, or the latest fire, or the circus. When she asked questions, she looked at you as tho she really would like to have you answer them, and, straightway, the answer came popping right into your head and right out of your mouth—just as easy; whereas other teachers put on such a scowl and an answer-me-if-you-dare look that you felt like sulking 'way down in your seat and being disagreeable all the rest of the day, or else—you were ashamed to own it—you were a little bit afraid of them.

The geography lesson was going splendidly this morning. You had answered three boundary questions in succession, and your heart was thumping away excitedly, and your backbone was stiff and straight with pride, when an unprecedented thing happened.

If you had only been blessed with an extra sense in your nose, like a dog, for instance, you would have sniffed the danger in time to have warned the Pansy-Lady, for you had been loitering about the station the day before, when the two-ten train was due, and had seen old Farmer Brown drive up and stamp around the platform in a far from cheerful state of mind. You had seen him welcome, in a most perfunctory manner, a strong-minded looking female with a rasping voice and much baggage,

who, according to postoffice gossip, was his wife's sister from Vermont, come to live with him.

Not being blessed with this extra sense in your nose, the only effect her coming had on you was to turn your nose up a little more, in instinctive contempt and hearty dislike. And so you could not know that, all the way home in the buggy, she had kept up a continual chatter on every subject, from guinea-hens to patent headache pills, until poor Farmer Brown was distracted, and that once in the house, she began on Mrs. Brown, talking her deaf, dumb and blind, so that by night they were both exhausted. Indeed, they were so desperate, that when she proposed that they appoint her as school-teacher in the district school, it seemed the very best way to get rid of her.

So the school-board was called in on short notice, and at once agreed to Chairman Brown's proposal, particularly Miser Smith did, since Anastasia Sproul was willing to teach for less money than they had been paying the Pansy-Lady.

Thus it happened that, all unsuspectingly, you turned around in your seat at the sound of approaching footsteps, to see Anastasia, escorted by the school-board, come sailing down the aisle. Instantly your nose went up in the air, and your hair fairly bristled with antagonism. You surely thought you never had seen a face that looked so much like a ruler—one unfalteringly straight line from the tip of the stiff quill in her hat, thru the deep frown exactly in the middle of her forehead, down her long, straight nose to the tip of the pointed chin—the whole marked off in inches, halves and quarters by the stiff brim of her hat, the three short wrinkles across her forehead, the long line of

THE "PANSY-LADY" BIDS FAREWELL TO HER PUPILS

her straight, black eyebrows, the narrow slits of her sharp, beady eyes and the uncompromising line of her thin lips. A face that was all punctuation marks, you noticed, and you promptly drew it on your slate.

Just as you made the final dash that marked her chin, the voice of Chairman Brown smote upon your ears, saying:

"I therefore take pleasure, my children, in presenting to you your new teacher, Miss Anastasia Sproul."

Rage and tears struggled for mastery in your face, and at that moment you came nearer understanding why girls cry than you ever had before in all your life. But when you saw the Pansy-Lady extend her hand, tremblingly, in polite greeting to The Ruler, and saw The Ruler rudely ignore it, and then saw the beloved pansy-purple eyes well over at the insult, you swallowed your tears in one big gulp and became a MAN—a being of rage and fire and thunder!

The tears stuck in your throat, tho, and there they had to remain, because they could not go down and you would not let them come up. If you put your hand on your throat you could feel them there. That night you felt of Father's throat, and found that he had a lump of tears, too. You wondered what had happened to make him swallow his tears, but you were sure that it could not have been half so agonizing an experience as yours. Anyway, now you knew you were a man—you thought as a man; you raged as a man; you suffered as a man—you had swallowed your tears! And, thereafter, there remained a firm bond of sympathy between you and Father.

With anger hot within you and crimsoning your very forehead, you lived thru that morning of slaps and yanks and bitter words. Afterward you and Betty trudged very quietly homeward, hand in hand. That was one of Betty's particularly good points—she knew when to keep still. By the sympathetic pressure of her hand you knew that she understood and it wasn't necessary for you to go into any wordy explanation that couldn't explain. She knew that you were trying to think up something, and you knew that she would bide her time and be ready to help when you needed her.

It was Miser Smith who gave you the idea. You saw him trudging home from the cobbler's, studying the ground as he walked, doubtless hoping that he would find a roll of bills, and you thought that he and Anastasia were about the two most horridest persons you had ever seen. And, with that, an idea suddenly sat right up in your mind. If they were the two most horridest persons in the whole world, why weren't they made just to inflict themselves upon each other?

You stopped short in the middle of the sidewalk and looked at Betty, and she stopped short and looked at you. Then you whispered your idea first in one ear and then in the other, to make sure that she got it. Her eyes grew 'most as big as dinner-plates, and she gripped your hands tight and began jumping up and down with delight.

That was just the encouragement you needed. You ran across the street to your Father's bank and demanded a pass-book to play with from the old cashier, who would have given you his left ear if you had happened to want it. Then you and Betty ran back to the schoolhouse, creeping up quietly, to make sure that no one was around. And there, under your superior mathematical supervision, the deed was done which placed in the bank, to the credit of one Anastasia Sproul, the immense sum of $15,000.

Betty wrote in the numbers, because her figures always looked better than yours. Somehow, girls always seemed to be able to wield a pen more firmly than boys. The reason for this you had not yet found out, but it was on your list of questions to be investigated, along with "Why do boys ever have curly hair and what becomes of the polliwog's tail?"

That night you went to sleep with the bank-book tucked under your pillow, and you felt quite like a grown-up man guarding a golden

treasure. Betty saw to it that you were up betimes in the morning, and she it was who led you out by the back door and around thru the fields in a great hurry—so that you would be sure not to miss the miser, she said, but you knew it was because she was afraid you would be lonely for the Pansy-Lady, and you loved her all the more for thinking of it. Girls have an extra sense about some things, you concluded; at least, some girls have.

Then you and Betty ran on to school, and, in the middle of the morning, when The Ruler was pronouncing you all dunces, who should come thumping into the room but old Sol Smith, carrying a bunch of primroses. The Ruler turned sweet as molasses at the sight of him, and when he admitted that he'd "like to have a word, private-like, with Miss Sproul, or Miss Anastasia, if he might make so bold as to call her by

THE "PANSY-LADY" IS ASKED TO RETURN TO SCHOOL

You and Betty kept peeping around the corner by Father's bank, until, at last, you saw the miser 'way up the street. Then Betty ran out and put the bank-book just where he would be sure to stumble upon it if his miserly eyes should happen to pass it over, and then you both hid behind a telegraph pole to watch the fun. And, sure enough, everything worked out just as you had planned it! The miser came along, with his eyes glued to the ground; picked up the bank-book, and was soon gloating over the information it contained.

that name," she gave the class a recess hour on the spot.

That was the signal for you and Betty to get ready for a circus, so you hid behind the desk and heard the whole thing.

"I brung some sweets to the sweet," he began, offering his nosegay, and you thought that primroses had just about as much sweetness to them as The Ruler and Sol combined.

"Oh, Mr. Sol!" she simpered. "How generous you was to bring me such ex-pensive posies!"

You wondered how Sol was going

to take such a sarcastic remark as that, but he was busy trying to get down on his knees gracefully at that moment, so it went over his head.

"Anastasia! On m' bended knees I'm tellin' yeou that I love yeou; I've loved yeou from first sight"—here you almost spoiled everything by starting to shout out: "First sight of your bank-book, he means," but Betty pinched you in time.

"Oh, Solly-Polly, this is so sudden!" she said—and, looking over the top of the desk, you saw her fall stiffly into his arms.

Just here a lot of the children got looking in the window, and if you hadn't signaled to them to keep still, you might have missed the best part of your scheme, for when Anastasia came to her senses, she didn't let any grass grow under her feet. Not she! She made her plans quickly and well. She arranged for an elopement that very evening, because "it would be so romantick-like." And Sol was only too willing to agree, thinking, of course, of the money, as you and Betty knew.

You were both on hand for it, chuckling with delight in the shadow of the porch, as bag and box and bundle bounded down upon poor Sol, followed by the angular Anastasia herself, who hurried him off to the minister's, without so much as giving him a chance to straighten his necktie.

And you both were on hand the next morning when Sol tried to get his dear 'Stasia to draw her money out of the bank and transfer it to him, only to be met with the startling reply: "Somebody fooled Lovey; 'Stasia hasn't a cent"—and that was funny, too.

But best of all, you both thought, was to watch the school-board, shamefaced and apologetic, crossing the meadow to the Pansy-Lady's cottage; and then, in a few minutes, to see the Pansy-Lady herself come hurrying out. You and Betty ran all the way to the little, white bridge to meet her, and she gathered you into her arms and wept over you and kist you both. And you decided, then and there, that you would receive kisses once a week thereafter, preferably on Monday, as that was the day you felt cleanest, coming, as it did, after Sunday.

The Great Mystery Play

As announced in the April issue of this magazine, the prize of $100 for the best solution to "The Diamond Mystery" photoplay was won by Mrs. Alta Stevens, of 220 South Side Station, Springfield, Mo. In acknowledgment Mrs. Stevens says, in part: "Accept my sincere thanks for the $100 check, and kindly convey my appreciation and gratitude to the several judges who so generously gave of their valuable time to the reading of 3,000 contesting manuscripts. Again I thank you, and wish you every success in promoting the interests of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE in particular, and of the Moving Picture industry in general. Writing is not my vocation. I have been too busy in educational fields, and have written only to give vent to the urge of the soul within that, at intervals, compels me to give expression in story and poem to the thoughts that otherwise would not be stilled. At the age of fifteen I wrote plays for our literary society. These were void of the technique of the drama, yet, because of their human interest, they "took" with our society. I became interested in photoplay writing last summer, and began the serious study of the technique of the silent drama. I diligently studied books on scenario writing that were worth while, and some that were not worth while. I also frequented picture play houses, and then, last November, I came across your magazine containing the Diamond Mystery Play contest. I felt sure that that play had been written by a master hand. I studied the play religiously, scene by scene; then wrote a brief history of every character and the motives which might have made the special suspect desire to dispose of the invention. . . . I have no recent photograph of myself." Mrs. Stevens goes on and gives the reasons for arriving at the conclusions that proved to be successful, but this part of the letter we shall not print, for the reason that the Vitagraph Company, which is now at work making the film, desires that the solution of the mystery be kept secret for the present. In the June issue we shall take pleasure in announcing when the films will be distributed for exhibition.

How Chief Te Ponga Won His Bride

BY EDWIN M. LA ROCHE (MELIES)

As night followed night, Te Ponga stood apart on a hill, watching the glow of great fires on the skyline. In his own sleeping camp, the stars alone dropped a masked, blue light.

What were left to him of warriors were tireless, and the strongest in all the river and hill country. Day by day, in ambuscade, in open battle, in hurtling assault on the Waikato villages, his once valiant army had dwindled and shrunk—shrunk to two bare crews for his ancestors' broad war canoes.

Te Ponga, "The Darting Spear," took it upon himself to be their solitary night sentinel. The great, closed ring of signal-fires, from fortress to fortress on the distant, hemming hills, would lick the toughest hearts into ashes. The vainglory of a young chief, the thirst for women and slaves, had brought him, with his foolish Awhitu men, down the river, eating into the heart of the enemy's country. Now, even the river was closed back of him. His handful of survivors lay cradled in that sterile-bosomed valley of sure death.

Te Ponga, silent and straight-standing in the long, ruddy night, counted all things—counted his followers, his canoes, the strength of his enemy, his narrowing chances of even life. There was no pity due in the closing scenes, given or taken: cool, old Hau-auro, "The West Wind," would cut them down in the forest like drooping fern-trees, or line them up against his palisades—a living target for his spearmen. And so would pass out the last strength of the Awhitu, leaving the women and old men at home to sing their glory into unreality.

Now and then Te Ponga turned his face on and across the sleepers. Thru the long hours, the emotions of one who stands at the gateway of eternity worked upon his features, and he would have waked the resting men, to prepare them, with cheerful words, for their end. But he drew his mat close against his shoulders, holding his breath and waiting for the dawn.

At last it came—a faint light blearing the stars and shrouding the sleepers in somber gray. The ring of fires paled to traceries of smoke as the sun's rim shot, spear-like, above the hills. And with its clear coming, a something of desperate buoyancy danced in Te Ponga's heart. He raised his head, and from his throat came the shrill screech of the *kaka* parrot, the sentinel of breaking day.

The Awhitu warriors awoke, full-eyed, in the young light. With the night-sprawl gone from their limbs, and the low words passing among them, they looked better fitted for the deed that pounded so hilariously in the breast of Te Ponga.

He started down the hill toward the canoes, and the slender line of light-brown warriors, naked, save for the

loin-cloths of war, followed in his wake.

"Now, Tangaroa, great god of waters," invoked Te Ponga, "and Tane, who watches over the forests and canoes, bring us safely on our mission."

So praying he leapt lightly into the stern of his carved canoe, and it skimmed bird-like over the river with the impetus of twenty pairs of arms in faultless rhythm.

Nothing of fearsomeness showed its head on the shining river, its banks slumbered as in peaceful times; but Te Ponga knew that each quivering clump of bulrushes held a hidden death in the shape of long, snake-like canoes drawn up in the belly of the rushes, and that the glossy, flanking foliage of karaka trees was studded with the tattooed faces of his mortal enemies.

Coming to a lake-like widening of the river, he ordered his paddlers to turn in toward the shore. The companion canoe spun on its heel to follow. Together they raced toward the sloping bank.

Nearer and nearer they edged—nothing to warn them, save the placid, mocking note of a bell-bird deep in the forest. It was then that the love that Te Ponga's men bore him showed strong, like a woman's, for the paddles never flinched, just drove on and on to the fate that lay lurking and waiting for them under cover.

As the canoes shot high on the shore, quivering like gaping fish, Te Ponga listened for the first sounds of the Waikato. His warriors formed in a half-circle, peering into the vault of the woods.

But no sounds of men came. The silence of the Sea of Women lapped them round. Then the exultant chief took heart of courage, scoffing at fate, and shaking his thrusting-spear in the face of the forest.

"Come," he said, stepping forward. "Tane has heard us—we will journey unharmed up to the gates of the great hill fortress of Hau-auro."

The march thru the silent places began. Te Ponga striding ahead, with his spear grasped midway, colored his mind with the red fires on the hills against the black of overnight, and the empty house of his ancestors stood as a hollow ghost of spent years back of them.

It was soon to be over—this giving up of his body in the evergreen forest, and he thought not of the sudden method of it; rather of the safe arrival of his spirit among his relatives.

The journey of the few continued all thru the morning, with only the rush of pigeons or the call of parrots as their fellow spoilers of the quietness.

Te Ponga figured that they had come within striking distance of the fortress of the Waikato, and still there were no signs of life.

Without a warning to his tribesmen, he leapt ahead of them, and, ripping off his dogskin cloak, began a ceremonious waving of it to and fro.

Plumed heads and blue, carved faces started from the bush. Spears, in nervous hands, trembled for a thrust. Yet no hostile move was made. Here was a young chief, with a handful of giant men, dropping down in their midst, and his signs showed a desire for peace.

"Sons of the West Wind," called Te Ponga, "I am the Darting Spear, splintered with fighting and sodden with blood. And even now I am come with a bodyguard to share a *tuku-kai* with your chief."

They stared in amazement at the unheard-of news.

"Hurry back to the village," ordered Te Ponga, "and prepare the way for my coming."

The gathering swarm of Waikato warriors darted ahead of the little band, each eager to be first up the hill with news of the arrival.

And news it was, of a verity. Hau-auro sat before his carved and painted *whare,* sunning his sagacious bones on the feathered mats of his ancestors. His white beard fell as far as the snowy plumage under his haunches. Puhihuia, his daughter, sat by his side, weaving with rapid sticks. She

was the ripe date of this ancient palm-tree, the cube of amber flung out on whitened sands.

Around her supple waist a kilt of fine-beaten tapa marked the swelling shaft of her clear, bronze shape. In her hair, glistening ruddy in the sun, lay a circlet of petal-like feathers. Her smiling eyes caught and held the half-lights of the forest as she turned them, in fondness, on the burnt-out ancient crouched by her side.

For a moment neither spoke. Then Hau-auro took his thin hand from his beard, and beckoned Te Ponga to sit by his side.

"You speak true," he said; "a feast of welcome is due to *all* that remains of the Awhitu."

And Te Ponga, looking into his clear eyes, knew that he had laid his words upon the truth, and that lying words in answer would but belittle his measure in Hau-auro's mind.

HAU-AURO RUBS NOSES WITH TE PONGA, IN SALUTATION OF THE VISITING CHIEF

Then thudding feet and hard-drawn breaths came on the wind to them, and a stream of running warriors brought the news.

Hau-auro never ceased stroking his velvet beard and smiling, white-faced and sly; but Puhihuia clapped her hands, and her face suffused with blood, like the dye of bright berries, at the word of Te Ponga's coming.

Presently the knot of Awhitu warriors approached, stepping proudly, and the young chief stood full before his withered enemy.

The sounds of gong and drum, struck by invisible hands, broke his silence. Girls, in rustling, flaxen kilts, and bearing baskets of steaming *kumara,* swayed before the men of Awhitu. Puhihuia herself, her basket neatly covered with leaves, set food before Te Ponga.

He saw the tremble of her hands, counted the look in her deep eyes, and, with it, the awe of Hau-auro stilled in his breast, and the exultant throb of his young heart came again.

The maidens withdrew, and the two

chiefs ate in silence. For many days the sorrow in Te Ponga had kept him from good eating, but now, with his conqueror nibbling busily before him, and no surety of another meal to stay him in this life, he fell upon the sweet food of Hau-auro, and swept it greedily from under his host's very fingers.

It was delicious, this food snatched from the jaws of death, perhaps torture, and Te Ponga could hardly keep down the wild song in his heart.

ding his heels, rolling his eyes and calling in screams on Tu, the great war-god.

And when he had come to an end, panting, exhausted, with the earth ground into a fine dust beneath him, Puhihuia unlocked her breath again, knowing that Te Ponga was greater and stronger than any five men in her father's fortress.

With the sun setting behind the hills, Hau-auro led his guest to a

TE PONGA, CHARMED WITH PUHIHUIA'S DANCING, ANNOUNCES THAT HE WILL NOW DANCE FOR HER

Then, as the sun went marching toward the west, at a signal from her father, Puhihuia came forward and danced alone, with great charm, weaving her body in fantastic postures, swinging faster and faster, to the whip of her young blood. And when she had finished, stock-still, with hands on soft hips, Te Ponga leaped up, and the lust of battle shot into his fine eyes. To the deep-drawn cries of the Awhitu he danced, terrific and goblinesque, working his long, knotted legs with the fury of hailstones, thud-

whare on the skirts of the village, for it was not in his plan that he should sleep in the village sleeping-house.

Te Ponga glanced around the range of hills that shut in the valley, and, behold, in the dusk not a signal-fire shone! He knew that he was now as nothing in the mind of his enemy, and that his every move had been reckoned.

But Te Ponga hated his own faint heart worse than a coward. Against such a veiled foe as old Hau-auro,

more than war-lust and trained sinews were needed. And he wished that he was become old and cunning and crafty in his hour of need.

Then the sweet thought of Puhihuia came to him, with her ruddy hair, like signal-fires, blowing before him again, and he thirsted from the desire of her.

Where there is a spring, there is a gate leading to it thru the palisades, Coming to the opening, she found it unguarded and slid thru. The figure followed suit. And it was not until she came to the steel-clear spring that Te Ponga caught up with her.

There, by its ferny bank, stood these two sentinels—a warrior and a maid. Te Ponga sought no signal-fires, save those in Puhihuia's eyes. The desire of death passed from him

PUHIHUIA IS PERMITTED TO GO FETCH WATER FROM THE SPRING FOR TE PONGA

and this set Te Ponga to thinking. A calabash of water lay by his sleeping-mat, and this he carefully emptied.

Going to the door of his *whare,* he called thru the village for water.

Hau-auro was forever playing at sleep, and heard the strong voice of his guest. It suited him that Puhihuia should go to fetch the water from the spring; he could afford to tease the snared youth till the morrow, and then——

Puhihuia stole toward the gate. A crouched, lithe figure followed her. under their spell, and a love of her calmly took its place.

And Hau-auro's daughter read what was passing in the condemned man's heart, and the wary part of her, which was in her from the old chief, fought with the love that stood waiting.

Without words, she held him with her look, until he knew that she was won.

Then a great sigh came up from his naked breast, and he reached out and sought her young shape, pressing

her willing, fluttering heart to his exalted one.

An hour later, Puhihuia passed thru the gate again, with a gurgling calabash of water in her hands and the love-catch in her heart. But this last was something that Hau-auro had long since forgotten to look for.

At a still later hour, Te Ponga crept, like a shadow, thru the useful gate. After leaving Puhihuia, he had winged his way to the river bank, where he had busied himself, mysteriously, with the canoe flotilla of the Waikato.

A new day dawned, and Hau-auro rolled lightly from his mat, as chaff is thrown from grain, but no more lightly than Te Ponga.

As a farewell to his guests, the old chief had planned a procession of youths and maidens to accompany them, with sunny looks, thru the forest. Perhaps not quite thru; perhaps to a certain curtain of brush where men with stone axes stood—— But Hau-auro has long since bitten the dust, and Te Ponga went to his funeral *tangi,* and, in the presence of Puhihuia, appeared to mourn him; so why slander him further?

It is safe to say that the escort of youths and maidens started as planned, with Puhihuia among them. And she turned out to be the soft spot on which the murderous plan came to grief.

The soft shapes of girls, in rustling kilts of flax or palm, hemmed in the warriors of Te Ponga, thru the forest trail, in a sweet prison of song and low laughter. Puhihuia walked by his side, with unashamed love for him showing from her eyes.

Yet if the forest showed only this gentle procession, and its dove-calls one to another, to the wary Te Ponga an unpalpable something of terror hung in the air. The deep wells of Puhihuia's eyes gave out to him a glut of love and a chill of fear.

Nearer and nearer they came to the heavy brush in the heart of the woods. It was then, suddenly, Puhihuia gave a soft cry and started running away

PUHIHUIA ASKS LEAVE TO BE OF THE MAIDENS TO ESCORT TE PONGA IN THE FAREWELL PROCESSION

CHIEF TE PONGA STOOD LOOKING AT PUHIHUIA, FORGETTING THE SWIFT PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY

from him, her eyes filled with fear only.

Te Ponga, never glancing back at the consternation of the maidens, and spurred on by war-cries from the thicket, ran swiftly and evenly where she led. His men followed, in a broken, frightened string.

Then Puhihuia came out upon the bank of the river, where stood the canoes of Te Ponga and the flotilla of his enemy. The young chief and his warriors joined her, and, as they stood irresolute, the piercing cries of Hau-auro's men echoed thru the forest in pursuit.

"Ah, Darting Spear!" called Puhihuia, "my life without thee is become as an eel's in its clay."

Then he stood looking at her, forgetting the swift pursuit and dwelling on her loveliness.

Suddenly he drew a great breath, and caught her up in his arms, running swiftly to the war canoe of his ancestors.

And as his paddlers pushed out on the shining river with them, Hau-auro and his men, with axes, broke cover from the forest and rushed down upon the shore.

"To the canoes!" shrilled the old chief, and his blood-hungry horde rushed to their waiting flotilla.

With a rush and a roar the pursuit canoes were launched, as Te Ponga and his men restly idly on their paddles.

Then a strange thing happened: the mighty canoes of Hau-auro each filled with water, and his men sank to their armpits at their paddles.

Te Ponga's light laugh floated ashore to the sly old man, and struck him as with the edge of a paddle. But as the brown backs of the Awhitu bent to their work and their canoe-song rose high and clear above them, he smiled, in spite of himself, at the loss of Puhihuia and the gain of a stalwart son-in-law to his remaining years.

A MODERN PHOTOPLAY THEATER, SHOWING THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF ITS PATRONS. DRAWN FROM LIFE BY C. W. FRYER

This story was written from the Photoplay of KATHERINE VAN DYKE

In every studio of the Quarter he was known as Angelo the Dreamer.

And when he burst suddenly upon a gay group making merry in an atelier, just off Montmartre, and announced: "*Voilà,* I have now seen the vision of visions!" he was greeted with a gale of laughter.

He was passed a glass of wine, while his friends gathered round him in mock solemnity. "Comrades—to the vision!" cried a glowing beauty, raising her glass. All followed her example. Angelo still held his, the red liquor spilling and running, unheeded, over his long, slender fingers. His eyes were half-closed in rapture, as they gazed thru the murky skylight toward the fleecy clouds beyond. The toastmaker stepped close to him and gently raised his glass to his lips, and, involuntarily, he drank, with a half-wry face. "Drink, and then, mayhap, you will see her more clearly!"

"But you do not understand—I have not yet seen her——" He was interrupted by laughter and a cry of "Bravo!" "She is here"—he laid his hand on his breast—"it is a great inspiration, a vision, a miracle! I have seen her, and yet"—he gave a gesture of futility—"she has fled! I have seen her, and yet she is not here. I know now, as no other since the ancient masters knew, just how the Madonna, the Mother of Sorrows, looked. Yet, *mon Dieu,* I cannot tell you her beauty; I cannot paint her—"

"Then what do you propose to do?" inquired the girl at his side, amusedly.

"Why, I shall seek a woman to be my Madonna; a woman who has the joy of motherhood, the sorrow of bereavement, and the shelter of an overwhelming love there in her eyes!"

Again was Angelo lost in the maze of his vision. At first he did not hear the words of the girl almost pleading in his ear: "Angelo, I, Susette, might be your Madonna—would you but have it so." Again the others laughed. "Come!" said one of the number, withdrawing. "Angelo has found his Madonna; let us return to our déjeuner." She gave a wink in the direction of the grotesque pair in the center of the room. Susette flushed, and laid her hand on Angelo's arm. He looked down at her vaguely, questioning.

"You, a common model—my Madonna? It is impossible!"

Susette looked deeply hurt for a moment, then burst out weeping. Angelo shook his head just once, and took the girl in his arms, and the two stole out together, unnoticed by the others.

That was Angelo. A man who had

dreamed rather than lived; had loved to be loved, but had never loved a woman; had become the best-known artist in all the Quarter, and yet had never touched even the hem of Fame.

Still there was something almost spiritual about the man that never quite permitted open ridicule. His

Susette returned to her friends late that night even more tearful than when she left them. Angelo had given way to her pleadings, and had set about to paint her as the Madonna. In less than an hour, he had suddenly thrown down his palette, with an oath, and left his studio, without a word of

"ANGELO, I, SUSETTE, MIGHT BE YOUR GREAT MADONNA—WOULD YOU BUT HAVE IT SO"

friends were impressed, at length, to the point of believing in him and his dream—until again his dream would vanish before he had ceased to dream it. That his heart and his soul were ravished by marvelous visions, no one doubted, but he never translated them into the terms of that Art which he claimed as his special muse. Always they remained visions, not realities.

explanation. Susette had waited one, two, seven hours for his return!

A week later, Angelo was seen in another part of the Quarter, still in search of his Madonna, whereupon Toto, an old flame of his, prevailed upon him to permit her to sit for him. A quarrel was ensuing, late that afternoon, upon the high-spirited Toto being told that he saw "nothing but

the ugliness of the world in her devilish eyes," when a light tap was heard on the studio door, which stood half-open.

"Enter!" called Angelo, who continued to gaze sulkily out of the window. It was fully a minute before he turned, to find Toto staring, with malignant aversion in her eyes, at a woman who stood looking timidly toward him. Angelo was transfixed by the innocence and purity in that gaze. He moved forward, solicitously, and took the note that she extended toward him. All it said was:

Here is your great Madonna! HENRI.

Angelo crumpled the note and looked eagerly into the girl's face; then he took her by the hand and led her to a settee by the window. He was still gazing at her, rapturously, when Toto, ignored and furious, tore from the room.

There was something so alluring and in harmony with his dreams in Maria's coming, that Angelo was enthralled. Furthermore, she was possessed of the ideal face for his *chef d'œuvre*. He forgot all his former failures, in the glorious prospects to be realized in Maria. For a week he painted zealously, indefatigably, selfishly. And Maria uttered not a single word of protest, tho, at times, her rich, creamy complexion became whiter than the lily, and her supple form wilted from intense fatigue and long fasts. But even in this, Angelo saw qualities that won his admiration. Here was a model, at last, willing to

"FOR FIVE DAYS HE SKETCHED FEVERISHLY, UNTIL, AT LENGTH, EVERY LINE OF THE MADONNA'S FIGURE WAS LIMNED"

scale the heights of his own eccentricities.

For five days he sketched feverishly, until, at length, every line of the Madonna's figure and pose was limned to his satisfaction. Then, for the first time, he came to analyze the face. For one whole hour he pored into the large, brown eyes that shrank, again and again, from his searching gaze. He saw that a new light and shaded softness had come into them since she had first come to him, but, to his infinite disappointment, he found none of the wonderful depths of the great Madonna there. *"Mon Dieu,* you, too, have failed me!" he lamented, letting his brushes fall to the floor.

"Failed?" cried Maria, in a new agony of despair that he had never heard from a woman's lips.

"You do not understand, my Maria," he explained, his sympathies, as usual, softening his manner. "You are perfect—your figure, your pose, the outline of your face, the color of your eyes—but the *expression* of your arms, your body, your face and, above all, your eyes—it is not that of the Madonna! In your eyes there seems the love-light, but it is narrow; it sees but a group, possibly one man, and not the whole world; not the Man of your own flesh and blood; not the life of the multitude! Come, Maria, let us go and see the life!" He took her by the hand, that had grown cold in the knowledge of her failure, and gently adjusted her plain hat upon her abundant hair. "Paris has in it the types of all the world. We shall see them all, and drink deep of their sorrows and absorb much of their joys. We shall take the sorrowing mother by the hand, and join heart and hand with the wanton pleasure-seekers, who find but grief at the end of their quest. Come, let us first spend a merry evening in the Café de Cœur Joyeux!"

The Café de Cœur Joyeux was, almost nightly, the scene of the Quarter's gayest parties. This was the one place left to the students, artists and their models that had not been invaded by the tourists in their quest for local color; consequently, it jested and quarreled, laughed and cried, naturally and without exaggeration.

Angelo and Maria found a masque in full swing, and, being among the few unmasked present, they were conspicuous from the moment of their entrance. Angelo was greeted at once by a handsome young fellow, who apologized for his atrocious French by saying that he was James Townsend, an American, who had shared Angelo's joys and sorrows during their student days—and that he knew Angelo, yet always managed to forgive him! The last remark was addressed to Maria, with a wink. He had heard of Angelo's vision and was ready to treat it with the same levity that he had a hundred other visions in days gone by. But, to his surprise, the girl was serious, to the point of actually sharing Angelo's dream. From that moment, he began to look on the girl with something of pity.

They had not been an hour together, when James Townsend realized the reason for this feeling of pity that amounted almost to tenderness. He and the wonderful girl had been chatting together while Angelo, totally obsessed by his own matters, was talking gaily to a couple of young students. From Angelo he turned his inquiry to Maria, who, seemingly, had been forgotten by the artist, except when her beauty entered into the conversation and Angelo and his friends surveyed her critically. Townsend made a resolution, that was strengthened by a sudden, boundless feeling that filled him with a thousand new emotions. Despite the fact that he cherished a friendship for Angelo that was unique, he would not stand by and see her sacrificed on the altar of his egotism. Besides——

His conjectures were interrupted by the rhythmic dancing of one of the masked women who had been circling closer and closer about their table. At length she paused, directly in front of Angelo, and bowed. One

of the students stepped forward, with mock solemnity, and placed a wreath of roses on her brow. The dancer snatched it off and handed it to Angelo, indicating that the honor of placing a crown should be given to him. Angelo looked at it absently a moment, still obsessed with the topic of conversation, which had been his Madonna. Then, intending to dismiss the frivolity, he turned and laid the crown on the head of Maria, and resumed his chat.

But, suddenly, a wild cry rang out, and Angelo looked up, to behold, in the dancer, Toto. She had torn the mask from her face and had drawn a stiletto. Townsend had his back to her, and did not see the woman moving rapidly toward Maria, who seemed fascinated, as tho by an approaching serpent. Two seconds more, and Toto had raised the dagger and poised it to strike. Maria drew back in horror, thereby exposing herself to the blow. The knife flashed. Townsend glanced around and sprang forward, but the table lay between them.

What happened came like a flash. But instead of seeing the fair breast of Maria pierced by the jealous woman's dagger, the horrified group beheld a bulky form interpose, like a rocket, and saw the dagger enter the man's neck, followed by a crimson jet gushing thru the lips of the wound.

"THEN, INTENDING TO DISMISS THE FRIVOLITY, HE TURNED AND LAID THE CROWN ON THE HEAD OF MARIA"

That Angelo should have done it seemed a miracle. But no miracle interposed to save him from the blow. Maria was the first to come to his aid. Townsend was by her side, and he now saw what Angelo had come to mean to Maria.

A doctor pronounced the wound dangerous, if not fatal. Maria, calm and masterful, took complete charge. But Townsend would not be eliminated, and insisted upon attending to all the rougher details. Angelo was removed to his own studio.

It was three weeks before Maria's careful nursing brought him out of danger, and it was a sunny day in May when he first opened eyes that were not flaring with delirium. Maria was sitting by his side, her hand holding his, scarcely expecting such a happy surprise. She was not looking at him at the moment; did not see the dawning reason after weeks of oblivion. Quickly everything came back to him; last of all his vision of the Madonna. He studied her face. It had grown thin and haggard; something of a larger sorrow and hope had come into her expression. He longed to rise and paint now, while that almost beatific expression clothed her face.

She had become conscious of his thoughts, as it were, and turned her great, brown eyes upon him, and, in that moment, with the cobwebs of visions newly swept by delirium, he saw clearly what was in this woman's heart. And when she knelt by his side and stroked his hand, weeping all the while in her joy, he lifted one of her hands and kist it. To him there was something soothing in it all; to her a joy that heaven could not surpass. Twilight came and went, and soft moonlight found them thus, just touching the hem of the great Happiness.

"IT WAS THREE WEEKS BEFORE MARIA'S CAREFUL NURSING BROUGHT HIM OUT OF DANGER"

She told him something of his illness, and he sensed her great sacrifice

and felt that some compensation was due. In payment for nursing him back to life, he resolved to break one of his most solemn vows.

"Tho I can love only my ideal Madonna," he said, "I ask you to be my wife, because of all you have done for me."

It matters little what other women might have thought of such a concession as this. Maria loved him for aught or all that he might choose to bestow upon her, and they were married.

In another month Angelo was himself again—that old, visionary self that had won for him the name of the Dreamer. Realities began again to fade, as it were, and only his visions to hold sway. Maria was once more the model. With feverish impatience, he had her resume her sittings, tho she was scarcely able to sit erect an hour at a time. And, at length, he gave up in despair. The wrong light was in her eyes; only the pallid ghost of the vision was in her face!

For weeks he fretted, in and out, and, at length, informed his wife that life with her was unendurable. Maria said not a word in reproach. When he had made preparations for departure, she kist him good-by, saying that she would await his return. Angelo went forth in search of his great Madonna, and, knowing Angelo, no one wondered, tho none knew the deep pain he had left in the heart of Maria.

As the months sped by, Maria could not always understand how Angelo could have sent her an allowance of so many francs every week. It came so regularly. Regularity and money had never been among Angelo's virtues. Wisely perhaps, she never questioned herself as to just what Angelo's virtues were. All she knew was that she loved him—and that he had rejected her as his Madonna!

James Townsend had mysteriously disappeared, or, at least, had failed to appear, ever since the day he had called and learnt that Maria and Angelo had been married. He had been the only cloud on that day's great happiness, when he had left them in the evening to enjoy their first nuptial supper alone.

Just as suddenly as he had disappeared, so Townsend returned nearly seven months later. He found Maria sitting alone, sewing. There was a quizzical expression on her face that reminded him a little of Mona Lisa. Alone, yet triumphant; deserted, yet as tho she were never without a com-

"I? LA, LA! I AM HAPPY. I SEW, SEW, SEW"

panion. Townsend could not understand it.

"I have been to America," he explained. "In fact, I've just run over for a few days. Frankly, Maria, I wanted to see you—I knew of your trouble and——" He seemed unable to continue, without saying the wrong thing.

"And, of course, you have not seen Angelo?" she asked, as tho Angelo had just stepped out.

"I dont want to," he retorted.

"Ah, I thought you understood him," chided Maria, wonderingly.

"Maria, I have come to think that it is you I do not understand."

"I? La, la! I am happy. I sew, sew, sew. I hear from my Angelo every week."

"You hear from him?" cried Townsend, in surprise.

"Yes," replied Maria, proudly; "he sends me fifty francs the first of every week."

"Oh, I see," said Townsend, queerly. "And you think some day he will return?"

"That and—something else"—she tossed her hands, filled with sewing, enigmatically—"are my only happiness—and you, Monsieur Jacques. We shall never forget you—Angelo and I—Monsieur Jacques."

And Townsend left the brave woman, with a hopeless expression on his handsome face.

"What a woman!" he mused. "Eventually, I've got to come over and find another man for her—her Angelo, who sends her a weekly allowance and plays the vagabond all over France!" He gave a contemptuous swing to his shoulders.

A day later, he took the return steamer for America.

The American returned again, prepared to devote a year, if necessary, in a search for Angelo. He hurried to Maria's studio home. The place was surrounded with an air of quiet, and a doctor met him at the top of the stairs. "She is very, very ill. Are you her husband? No? Then it would be advisable to get him here. If she recovers, she should be moved at once to a place where the air is clearer and purer."

From the moment of Townsend's appearance, luxuries began to surround the sick woman. He waited around, patiently, for days, devoting his evenings to looking for her vagabond husband. A week passed before he got a clew of the man's whereabouts; by that time the crisis had passed. Angelo had gone to a little village in Brittany colonized by painters. Townsend made certain arrangements that were to see Maria comfortably installed in a little villa in the environs of Paris the moment she could stand the journey, and then set out in search of Angelo.

He was told in the artist colony that Angelo had left for Paris at least two months before, half-starved, half-frozen and his life-hopes almost shattered, because he could not find the true subject for his great Madonna.

Townsend hastened back to Paris, and began a search that lasted nearly a month before his efforts were rewarded. One fruitless day he was prowling about the dismal interior of one of the old cathedral churches that kings may once have visited and withdrawn their royal patronage. By a strange coincidence, it lay less than a mile away from the little cottage in which Maria now rested peacefully.

Underneath a window hung a dark painting that a century before had been called the greatest Madonna in France—then forgotten. A long-haired painter stood before a dilapidated easel. Townsend was impelled first to rush up to him, but changed his mind, and stood several minutes as tho admiring the painting. Angelo did not look up.

"I do not think that such a fine Madonna," commented Townsend, casually.

"It is not a great—*the* great, modern Madonna," replied Angelo, without taking his eyes from his work.

"I know where the true subject for the great Madonna may be found, tho," continued Townsend.

Angelo looked up; the next moment he had embraced Townsend and held him in a strong grip, as tho he were about to run away.

"Listen," he was saying; "I lie when I say that Madonnas are what I seek. I am hungry here, here"—he beat his breast dramatically—"but I have committed a crime. She whom I want above all things I have wronged. I left her to be devoured by the wolves and jackals of Paris. When I awoke it was too late to return. I was afraid to look upon what I might find. This"—he lifted his arm toward the

picture—"has been but a pretense for months, to shield my cowardly heart. For a year have I painted cheap Madonnas to keep from starving. If you can say something that is not ill news, say it—but tell me nothing otherwise, I implore you!"

Townsend only shook his head, and they left the church, leaving the easel still standing, never to be reclaimed.

It was of old times they talked, before the days of Maria. Each was glad to eschew the latter subject. At length they arrived before a little

"AND IN A CHAIR OF CLASSIC MODEL ANGELO SAW A WOMAN SEATED"

"Brace up, Angelo," comforted Townsend. "I have found, at last, *the* great Madonna! If you do not agree with me, then I shall ask you no further. But come, see this wonderful person. After that you will hear all the news, good and bad."

"Ah, dear friend Jacques, to be with you again is worth much, and I shall be glad to do anything you ask. But is the news so terrible?"

cottage. Townsend led the way up the path.

"You will wait here until I return." He left Angelo lamenting over his uncouth appearance.

Maria always wondered over the warmth of Townsend's greeting on that occasion. There was something of a tender yet fierce passion in it that he had never before shown. On her brow he left a kiss that burned

for weeks. Having made complete arrangements for the setting inside, he returned to Angelo.

"Now you may go in—never mind me!" he said almost brutally, as Angelo gave him an inquiring look.

And in a chair of classic model Angelo saw a woman seated. The dying day had placed a golden aureole of sunlight in her hair, and she was looking down at something drawn close to her bosom, in a way that made Angelo forget everything else on earth. It was his vision recalled, repeated, revealed! This was the face he had dreamed, the expression he had sought in vain, the eyes—the eyes——

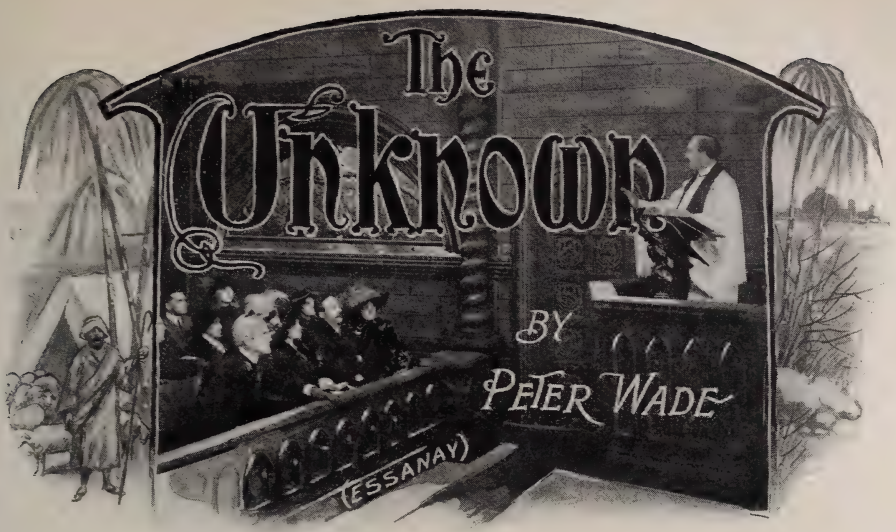
He was moving closer, softly, his hat crushed in his hand, as tho in the presence of the Mother of Sorrows herself. He believed this but another of those visions, those intangible dreams. He came so near that he could touch the Madonna, but, as he raised his hand, a tiny cry sank deep into his heart, and she looked at him—she, his Maria, with the wonderful look. And that look said, because it was too deep for utterance: "My love, Angelo—my love—my love!" And she raised the tiny bundle for him to see, but he could not see just then, for his eyes were blind with mist, and the sobs in his heart came to his throat in choking gusts. And it seemed now that a sudden glory shone about his Maria that would never be erased from his aching heart. And tears were flowing from her eyes, too, and tho her lips moved and no sound came, he understood the words—she was holding the child—their child—toward him; and what she said was: "Our love, Angelo!"

And down the dusty road trudged a man who would go on for the rest of his life with only an aching picture in his heart of the great Madonna.

The Safer Way

By GEORGE B. STAFF

I never tracked the forest ways
  Of elephant or bear,
I'd rather go to photoplays
  And see the pictures, where
Great hunters take the risk of it
For our especial benefit.



WORD had come up to Marie, the lady's-maid, that her mother was waiting below in the servants' hall. The message had sped to her in that unaccountable manner peculiar to servants in a great household—so noiselessly that it would have slipped by a sentinel on each stair-landing.

The silent girl was on duty—a matter of getting her mistress out of the house; and the fetching of toilet articles, with a pat here and a tug there of the costly demi-toilette of the evening, kept her mind and hands full to overcrowding.

As Mr. Hoight bustled into the dressing-room, armed with his top hat and cane, Marie discreetly turned out the electric portable before her mistress' mirror. It was a tacit signal that her part of the toilette had been performed to the minute. She left the room a half-minute after them, reaching the opened double street-doors in the nick of time to fold Mrs. Hoight into her opera-cloak. Such is the charming mystery of high wages and trained nimbleness.

The doors had barely closed, with the whirr of the big limousine at the curb gusting thru them, when a smile stole across the girl's face—an unguarded and belated flashing of small teeth, in acknowledgment of the message winged up to her from below.

The butler caught it, from the shadow where he stood, and charged it to her credit in liberal figures. He even held a door open, for Marie to descend below. She slid thru it without seeing him, and went quickly down the stairs. The good-looking head of the servant household stared into the depths at her trim shape, sighed, and rubbed the credit off his mental slate. And so much, and no more, for the little undercurrent, which must not be taken for the tide of the story.

A tall woman, with perfectly white hair, rose from her chair as Marie entered the servants' hall, and strained the girl to her breast. At a glance one could see that she had once been very beautiful, and even as she held the lady's-maid against her, a pink tide, as delicate as the tint of Chinese porcelain, suffused her cheeks.

"Tell me first, are you better?" asked the woman, holding the girl's face framed in her hands.

Marie smiled again, a humorous, confident curving of her lips that spoke more than words.

"Indeed I am," she affirmed, "and I like my place so well." She lowered her voice unconsciously. "Such a strutty, good-natured, loud-talking man is Mr. Hoight; and Mrs. Hoight —well——

"Perhaps we had better go up to her rooms," she went on; "the walls have ears in a house full of servants."

They quietly left the basement and ascended to Mrs. Hoight's dressing-room. As Marie put away things and tidied the silver on the dressing-table, her mother watched each quick, deft move.

"As I was saying," resumed the girl, "Mrs. Hoight is a case—sometimes I like her, and then, again, I think I cordially hate her. If I were sure of the housekeeper's word, who says that Mr. Hoight married her for her barrels of money when he was just a handsome young foreman in her father's mills, I might feel more sympathy for her. She's a perfect cat for jealousy; and I think he sometimes swears under his breath at her, even when he's smiling at her. But that's considered proper with society people, anyway—feel daggers and look like honey. Hello! that's funny! There's Henri back with the car already."

MRS. HOIGHT'S TOILETTE IS AT LAST COMPLETED

The purr of the motor on the pavement sifted thru the closed windows plainly. Marie switched out the electrolier, and the room lay in soft shadows, lit only by the little, cut-glass portable. A quick step came on the stairs and along the hall. "Mercy!" whispered Marie, "it's Mr. Hoight."

As the door was flung open, Marie's mother drew herself into one of the long shadows. A remarkably handsome man, perhaps forty-five, with heavy, iron-gray hair and the jaws and brilliant eyes of a fighter, stood in the opening. The half-light blurred the outlines of his face, but as he spoke, sharp and short, the woman's breath caught in her throat.

"Marie," he said, "Mrs. Hoight neglected to wear her necklace—the diamond one. I've come back for it. Get it from the safe, please."

The girl went to the wall, and they could hear the dull click of the ratchets in the lock, under her fingers. Then the man seemed to feel another's presence in the room—a hostile presence, for his brilliant eyes narrowed like a great, wary tiger's.

Near the window embrasure he could make out the shape of a woman, a familiar shape that he had once measured with his strong, encircling arms. There was no mistaking the mass of curling hair, now white, once brown and shot with gold lights. He could not see her eyes, but he could feel them on him, searching him thru and thru. And he knew that she knew, and was holding herself back in the shadows from him.

How many vague years ago were those now suddenly brought back so close to him—a hundred, a thousand; or was it yesterday? There was a little girl-child, too, in her arms, in the mill cottage doorway. A child that had sunny hair like her mother's, and his eyes and open smile. He remembered crying when she lay, white and bleeding, with a big gash in her chubby cheek, and crying again,

with joy, when the doctor said it wasn't serious.

If only the shadowy thing in the window would speak and break the spell! It was so trying, to face down his memory, with this silent witness reading his thoughts. Why didn't she make a scene? Why hadn't she sent him tearful letters, or set a blood-sucking lawyer on his track? And what was she doing here now, like a ghost in his house?

He felt the beads of perspiration jetting his hair and dropping down on his thick eyebrows, but was powerless to speak or leave the room. The world seemed to whirl. Was that her hand on his arm for an instant, supporting him? The slight jar of the safe door against the wall shook him like a heavy detonation. Then Marie crossed between them and placed the radiant necklace in his hands. He grasped at it, and turned and fled from his all too-powerful memory, or from something real that he dared not investigate.

As Marie stared after him in blank wonderment, she felt the same soft hands against her face and the same calm eyes search hers again. She patted her mother's arm, and the whimsical smile unfurled across her mouth.

"STRAINED THE GIRL TO HER BREAST"

"Yes," she exclaimed, "I've never seen him act so spooky before—guess he was hounded some about the necklace. Life isn't all peaches and cream."

The hands against her trembled so that she reached up and took them in hers.

"Good-night, dear. I must be going; I'm afraid I'm keeping you up."

"Mother," said Marie, earnestly, "promise me one thing. Dont do so much sewing. It's killing you to work the way you do—just now I felt your hands tremble—you are as white as a sheet. The help here think I'm a tightwad, and I laugh at them in my sleeve. I'm going to bring you a nice little bit at the end of my month."

The big house gradually took on a charmed stillness, and the girl quite lost herself in the pages of the "thriller."

Presently the purr of the motor under the windows again brought her to her senses, and she jumped up, to peer thru the curtains. There was something unusual the matter, for

"WAS THAT HER HAND ON HIS ARM?"

"It isn't work, girl. It isn't money. It's——"

"Because you think so much of me. Wasted love, and you'll never get it back."

Marie gave her mother three big hugs, to show her woman's inconsistency, and sat down to read a novel against the return of her mistress. She wasn't expected to be up till three in the morning, but she was particularly restive that night, and her bedroom next to the cook, who had nightmares, held no charms for her.

Henri had gotten down from his seat and was bending into the door of the limousine.

Then, under her eyes, she saw the whole wordless little tragedy of married life acted out—saw Henri's back stiffen as he supported a weight, and saw him lift the lifeless figure of her mistress from the car. Mr. Hoight stepped hurriedly out, and, together, he and the chauffeur carried the woman up the steps.

Marie did not lose her presence of mind; tho she shook like a coward, she

ran thru the long corridor and down the stairs, switching on lights as she ran. She met them at the door.

"Ah, Marie!" exclaimed Mr. Hoight, a look of relief coming into his haggard eyes, "Mrs. Hoight was suddenly overcome while singing, and recovered enough to get into the car. On the way home she fainted dead away. Run up to her room, and get her bed-things ready."

"I have been up," the girl said; "everything is ready."

"Good! Call James! As soon as we carry her upstairs I am going for the doctor."

The struggling procession started up the broad stairway, Marie in advance. The ghastly, beautiful face of her mistress lay back over the men's arms, and the necklace slipped off her throat, tinkling and slipping gleefully down the polished wood. Mr. Hoight kicked it viciously from under his feet. He had never faced death before, and the good and evil in him both rushed terror-stricken to the surface.

"IT ISN'T WORK, GIRL. IT ISN'T MONEY. IT'S——"

They laid her on her bed, with its lace covering thrust back, and presently she opened her eyes wide and plucked feebly at her bare throat.

"Fred—mercy—air!" gasped the woman; then lay still, quivering.

Suddenly she rose up and pulled herself partly across the bars of the headboard, her strong body bent taut with torture. There the end came, like the snapping of a thread; almost grotesquely, savagely.

As for the man, he flung himself on her, bursting with convulsive sobs.

The whole thing was so sudden—a swift blow in the night, that wealth nor an army of physicians could not ward off. A death in a cave, from a spear wound, a thousand years back, could not have been worse.

Marie stayed on in the stricken house for a week. It was Saturday, and on Sunday she was to go.

She had seen little of Mr. Hoight since his wife's terrible death, tho once, while she was putting away some of her late mistress' dainty things, she had glanced up, to catch him staring strangely at her. What made her wonder more, and deeply, were the marked changes that had come over him. His former swagger had dwindled into a slow, stoop-shouldered walk; his deep voice had sunk into a husky whisper; even his brilliant eyes had lost their luster.

Her trunk had already gone to her mother's little pair of rooms, and she passed her last night in the great house, thinking only slightly of her future and a good deal of the solemn events of the past week.

She had little to do now, and Sunday afternoon came around all too slowly for her. She was sitting on her bed, staring out, for the last time, over the fine expanse of back garden, with its snug-clipped shrubs, when a tap came upon her door. Marie knew the hand behind that tap; it was so

lingering and soft, almost as if a cat's tail had brushed against the panel.

"Yes, James."

"You're wanted in the master's library—he's there."

"Thanks. You needn't wait for me to come out, and show me the way down, and hold the spring-door. I've been here over a month, you know."

Marie was smiling, in spite of herself, as she thought of James' wounded expression. He usually recovered so quickly when she smiled toward him, that she couldn't help teasing him just a little now and then.

She heard him moving off, and, after an interval, followed him below. She discreetly knocked at the library door. No answer; only a nervous cough. But she had been sent for, and Mr. Hoight was in there, so she opened the door and went in.

He was seated at a reading-table, in his street-clothes. As the door-lock clicked, he seemed to count her steps toward him, but he did not raise his eyes nor speak. She noticed that, while his position was easy, his hands gripped the edge of the table. This seemed strange, and then, all at once, his words jumbled out at her:

"Marie, I have been to church—St. George's. I have always had a pew there, and, somehow, today I remembered it. The organ was playing softly when I entered. Somehow it recalled the organ in a little, cross-roads church of years ago. Then the minister preached a very long sermon, and I dreamed more of the old dream. After that, before I realized it, the people in front of me were on their knees, praying, and I was doing the same. How strange it was, and how real! Musty years that came back all at once to me.

"Did I pray? Hardly; but the pictures of long ago kept coming, brighter and brighter, until I was a lusty young millhand again, with a lass kneeling by my side. And, at home, a mite of a girl was playing alone in a ten-foot garden. That's all now. Tomorrow you will understand, when you take me to your mother."

"THE PICTURES OF LONG AGO KEPT COMING, BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER"

She stared at him, not understanding in the least.

"It's true; not a dream — just a bit of life," he said. "And I saw her the night I came back for the necklace. She's older; and the mite's a woman now; and God has kept tempered the wind, to both of them, somehow."

His voice humbled, and his eyes begged her to understand. But still she stood slightly swaying before him, the unbelief of midnight and shadows and strange words vague in her gaze. His eyes fell, dreading the look, and he waved her gently away.

"Tomorrow you shall understand —Marie."

Tomorrow! Word of wonderful possibilities. One is ill—tomorrow he will be better, God willing. One has done a wrong, but tomorrow shall right it. In the little sitting-room, prosperous with sunshine, poverty-

marked, she sat, white-haired and gentle, her eyes patient with years of denied tomorrows, facing the two in the doorway. In her look was no anger, hatred, reproach. It was impersonal, strangely like a spectator, waiting for the play to begin.

"*Nettie!*" It was more a cry than a word. Mr. Hoight held out aimless hands. The gesture was that of one reaching impotently to another across a gulf.

"THE GESTURE WAS THAT OF ONE REACHING IMPOTENTLY ACROSS A GULF"

"*Nettie!*—so it *was* you—that—night, in the shadows. I wasn't sure—the hair—so white. Your hair wasn't white when I saw it the last time—Nettie——"

The woman with the blanched curls and faded eyes smiled painfully—the smile that is a contortion of the soul. But she said nothing, waiting.

"Nettie—of course, I'm not asking you to forgive me"—the bruised words came with difficulty from the travail of his lips—"you couldn't do that unless you—were—God Himself——"

The pain in his eyes seemed to pierce her frozen isolation. The scales of a woman's justice are strange things. One moment of suffering and repentance balanced against eighteen years of shame and struggle. The scales hesitated; then swung downward in his favor. With a sobbing laugh she had bridged the gulf and was in his shaking arms.

"But—you—cant—forgive me—" The words trailed pitifully. She raised her patient eyes, afire now.

"I can *love* you," she cried. Her hands, seamed with toil, crept to his cheeks, drawing his face down. "I have never stopped—*that*—dear."

Marie tiptoed from the room. She did not quite understand, even yet, but she knew somehow that where they stood, those two, the forgiven and the divinely forgiving, it was holy ground.

A Home Mission

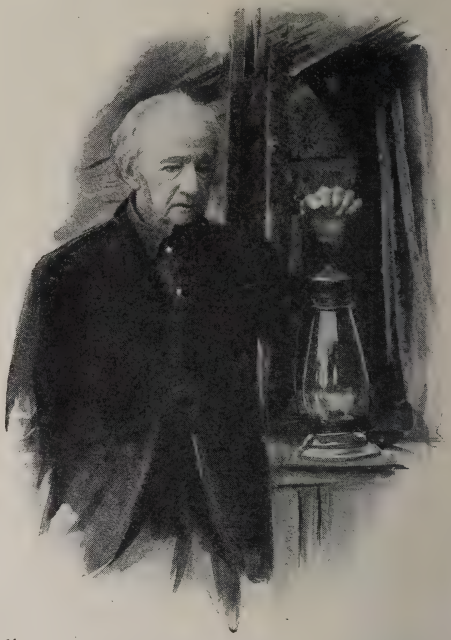
By MARIE EMMA LEFFERTS

It was at the close of Sunday-school,
When the minister asked each boy
How many remembered to bring ten cents
To add to the Yuletide joy
Of those who suffered, far from home,
To help in a foreign land.
"Now, will those who have not forgotten
Quietly raise their hand?"
All chubby hands but one were raised,
And that belonged to tiny Ned.
"So, my boy, you did forget?"
"I spent mine, sir," the culprit said.
The minister's kindly eye grew stern:
"I will speak with you, Ned, alone;
So, after Sunday-school is dismissed,
Come to me before going home."
Thus tiny Ned lingered till all were gone.
"Now, my boy, the truth I would know.
You say that you spent the money?"
"Yes, sir, I did, at the picture show.
Oh, but, sir, you must not be angry;
I'm sure you will say I did right.
You see, I was on my way to the store—
And—and it was Saturday night.
Well, sir, I hate to tell you,
But maybe you know about Dad;
He is not altogether to blame, sir,
'Cause it's drink, sir, that made him bad.
But last night, when I saw him standing
Outside of—of the same saloon,
I ran right across the street, sir,
And I got there none too soon,
For the wheel of a wagon struck me,
And threw me hard to one side;
But it didn't hurt me a bit, sir,
For Dad's arms held me tight, and he cried.
Well, sir, I was so happy,
I said: 'Come, Pop, it's my treat, you know.
If you're glad I'm alive, just come with me
Into the picture show.'
And that's the way it was, sir;
But the best is yet to come:
There was one picture, Parson,
Called 'A Home Destroyed by Rum.'
It showed a drunken father,
And a wife and child forlorn.
I looked up quick at Daddy,
But, sir, do you know he had gone!
I ran home fast as I could, sir,
And, as I opened the door,
I heard Dad say to mother:
'I will never drink any more!'
I felt kind of sick and shaky,
Ma and Pa both put me to bed;
Then they knelt close down beside me,
And prayed God to bless their Ned.
Now, I have told you all, sir,
And was I so wicked, then?"
"My boy, I, too, can only pray:
'God bless you, Ned! Amen!'"

OVER the stark Sierras, where the mountains mate with the sky,
The frail clouds trail across the peaks, and day and night float by;
Breathless Day on the hilltops, dim Day in the pine-glade's gloom,
Night a garden of starbuds and the silver-flowered moon.
Winding up thru the foothills, rock-strewn and dusty-pale,
Over the cliffs and the canyons, clambers the mountain trail;
And where the trail toils steepest, on its way to the Gold Bug Mine,
Stands a rude, unpainted cottage, green-strung with the passion-vine.
At morning-break and at even, thru the doorway might be heard,
In a solemn voice and awestruck, the reading of God's word.
"Daddy Jim," they called him, with his wife and his little maid,
Long had dwelt in that cabin under the pine-tree's shade.
He white-locked and time-marked, she with her mother-face,
And the little maid a wildwood child, with a wistful elfin grace.
Ceaseless, over the far peaks, strange winds are born and blow
From the strong sweet soul of the mountain on the fevered flats below.
Like cathedral bells in the pine-tops is the solemn surge of their song:
"Praise God!" they sigh along the sky; "Be clean of heart and strong."
All day long in the valley, men chatter and sell and buy,
And the pulse of the world beats madly under the pulseless sky.
But by night and by day on the hilltops, above the valley's din,
Men dwell with the beauty of God without and the peace of God within.
So dwelt this humble family, living simply day by day,
With the latch-string out as a welcome to all who passed that way;

And a lantern, hung in the window, sent its friendly finger of light
To guide the weary wand'rer, adrift in the pathlesss night.

Like an eerie wood-thing a-dance in the sun and the shade,
Thru the charm of her childhood fluttered the little maid.
Eyes star-bright with mischief, hair the sport of the breeze,
Frowning, laughing, and mocking, they called her "The Little Tease."
Down over great pink rock-falls, where only the chipmunks go,
Cheeks as vivid as roses, she passed like a thistle-blow.
Over the arrowy torrents, plunging in showers of spray,
Leaped the maid on the stepping-stones, as swift and as sure as they.
The wild folk knew her and feared her, magpipe and fox and bear;
Some she pelted with pebbles, some she trailed to their lair.
Heart untaught with a sorrow, eyes ungentled with tears,
Tall she grew and round-breasted, under the touch of the years.
Over the Book in the evening, Daddy Jim bowed his head;
"Honor thy father and mother and thy days will be long," he read.
Little she heeded the reading, tho her looks and her manner were meek,
And her brown eyes melted with mischief thru the lashes that lay on her cheek.
Whining along the canyon, rang the coyote's mocking cries;
Over the desolate ice-peaks the sunset dims and dies;
And up the stumbling trailway comes the tread of eager feet—
The father closes the Bible and the mother turns in her seat.
Giantwise in the low door, stood the bashful mountain lad;
The heart of him shone in his honest eyes, tender and true and glad.
He bowed to the father and mother, but his glance was all for the maid,
And he stood before her in silence, afraid and yet unafraid.
The love of a lad is a holy thing, but the lips of a lad are dumb,
So he stood in silence before her, and the slow words would not come.



"AND A LANTERN, HUNG IN THE WINDOW, SENT ITS FRIENDLY FINGER OF LIGHT"

Mockingly laughed the Little Tease, tossing her saucy head:
"My burro's a better talker; he can bray at least," she said.
Hot anger stained his forehead, he seized and held her tight,
But she slipped from his grasp like a shadow and was gone thru the mild moonlight.

After her sped the lover, thru the tendrils of silver mist,
And still she flitted before him, like a teasing will-o-the-wisp.
The white-petaled cup of the primrose trembled beneath her feet—
No startled fawn of the mountains was lighter or more fleet.
On like a naughty moonbeam, astray in the aspen trees,
Till only her laughter was left him—he had lost her, the Little Tease!

"LITTLE SHE HEEDED THE READING, THO HER LOOKS AND HER MANNER WERE MEEK"

The bloom was on the summer, balsamic, brown, austere;
The bare black hills were fruitful with the ripeness of the year.
Up the steep trail from the valley rode a stranger, cautious-slow—
Now he scanned the distant snow-peaks, now the timber-line below;
Long black cloak of finest broadcloth, silk hat tilted on his hair,
Lordly gazed he on the prospect with a condescending air.
Suddenly his hat was pelted helter-skelter to the ground;
The Valley Man dismounted, looking high and low around.
In the broad arms of a chestnut, lightning-wrenched and thunder-wried,
Laughing from her eerie hiding, a little maid he spied.
Colorful as the pink penstermon was this gipsy of the wild,
With a woman's round allurements and the elf-face of a child.
Thru his weary, world-worn pulses he could feel the quick blood thrill,
Never town-maid half so lovely as this naïad of the hill;

Bowed his deepest bow before her, smiled he, then, his sweetest smile.
"Grant me leave," he said, "O wood-nymph! for my horse to rest awhile."
Twilight wand'ring to the lowlands, thru the leagues of scented air,
Passed the Valley Man still talking to the mountain maiden there.
Over the stern Sierras the night comes drifting in—
Night the reward of virtue, Night the protector of sin;
Homeward she faltered wide-eyed, thru the fair, faint afterglow,
Wond'ring at what he had taught her, and the more there was to know.

"THE VALLEY MAN DISMOUNTED, LOOKING HIGH AND LOW AROUND"

Scarcely she saw her mother, scarcely she listened and heard
The father's stern voice soften in the reading of God's word:
"Let us love one another, for God is love," he read—
Her breath came quick with secret thought, "Tomorrow, the Valley Man said!"
Around the humble cabin wailed the strange wind before dawn,
She freed the latch-string behind her, glanced back, then hurried on.
Gone thru the yellow ore-dust, down the gulch, grey-green with pine,
Over the rusty mountain brook, over the timber-line.
Below on the open highway, winding down to the plain,
The Valley Man was waiting; she was in his arms again.
Hot and fierce his kisses rained down upon her mouth,
And her lips were eager for them, as a starved plant after drought.

"You are mine, I will love you always," he whispered soft and low—
"Always, and always, and always," the sad winds seemed to blow.
In a whirl of dust came the stage-coach, and off again down the hill—
"Always, and always, and always," the echoes whispered still.

"Gone, our baby, our daughter! Gone, our own Little Tease!"
The stricken father and mother sought God's comfort on their knees;
But when the last prayer was faltered, the last petition was said,
Daddy Jim turned, in the silence, to find the frail wife dead.
Awful the look of the old eyes, as into her face he peered;

"SHE FREED THE LATCH-STRING BEHIND HER, GLANCED BACK, THEN HURRIED ON"

With a curse, he flung down the Bible—*"God is love!"* the old man jeered.
He and the grief-marked lover dug the grave of the grief-killed wife,
And he came back home to the cabin, to brood on his ruined life.
The dust grew thick on the Bible, the door was latched and tight,
And no more the friendly lantern sent out its gospel of light.

The air is clean on the hilltops, it is sick on the fevered plain,
Where the Dark and the Day are brothers, and Pleasure is kin to Pain.
All night the red lights beckon, under the star-pure skies,
Where there is no soul to music, and laughter has mirthless eyes;

All night there is drinking and eating, and the shuffle of dancing feet,
Till the women's paint grows garish when lamplight and daybreak meet.
In the hotel hall he left her: "I'll be back in a little while."
Her heart turned faint with its beating, under his meaning smile.
Men and women, passing, turned to stare at the mountain maid,
Till her cheek was shamed with her blushes, and her heart was cold and afraid.
Then swift to her feet she hurried thru the door where he had gone,
Fright-spurred down the long, dark corridors, and on and on and on.
And then his voice—she heard it, and the sight that stung her eyes
Left her white-lipped and heavy-breathing, shrinking back in her surprise.
Full-lipped, with opulent bosom, ah! surely she was fair,
The girl in the arms of the Valley Man, his hot cheek on her hair—
Fair as a poison-flower that has smiling death in its face;
And, oh! her bare throat's ecstasies! and, oh! her bosom's grace!
Over the soul of the mountain maid, like a healing torrent came
The scorch of bitter repenting and the cleansing fires of shame—
Out, out into God's safe darkness, with God's kind stars overhead,
Thru the dull-faced, gaping crowds, fear-driven, on she sped.

"'ALWAYS, AND ALWAYS, AND ALWAYS,' THE SAD WINDS SEEMED TO BLOW"

Twelve moons had waned on the highlands, twelve months had died on the plain,
Before the maid of the mountains saw a friendly face again.
All day from sunrise to sunset she toiled for her honest bread,
Tho the song of her soul was silent and the joy in her heart was dead.
The air of the plains was stifling, she could not breathe it at first,
And the thought of the pine-breath at dawning was on her like a thirst.
Wind of the peaks in the willows, wailing its wistful tune,
And the aspen's arabesques of twigs against the copper moon;
The tremble, toil and the tumult of the foam-flecked mountain streams—
All night, in her troubled slumber, they went roaring thru her dreams.
But the shame of her sin was upon her, and she dared not lift her eyes
To where the distant mountains reared their crests against the skies.
Then the world grew wistful with springtime, even the world of the plain—
The heart of the maid remembered, and the memory was a pain.
There it lay withered before her, the fragile toy of an hour,
Pale as the first spring sun-rays, a rosy arbutus flower.

Long she dreamed o'er the blossom; then she lifted her head:
"I will arise and go to my father, and ask his forgiveness," she said.

Up thru the dense, sweet bracken, up by the roaring flume,
Where the silver-green sage-bushes wave their braggadocio plume;
The pines were like Gothic spires to her valley-tired eyes,
And the sound of the wind in their tall tops was like bells against the skies.
The bold cliffs tripped her awkward feet as she struggled up the trail,

"AND SHE STARTED BACK IN TERROR FROM A MOUNTAIN LION'S WAIL"

And she started back in terror from a mountain lion's wail;
But, oh! the mercy of night-time that was not an echo of day!
The stars were the beads of a rosary, and the mountains seemed to pray.
The peace of their holy faces, like a blessing coming down,
Washed from her soul the turmoil and the troubled taint of the town.
Once more she was free in spirit, once more she was whole in soul,
As she sped up the well-known pathway, toward the gaining of her goal;
Then—and she paled in the darkness, and her heart was stilled with fright—
There before her the cabin; but where was the old-time light?

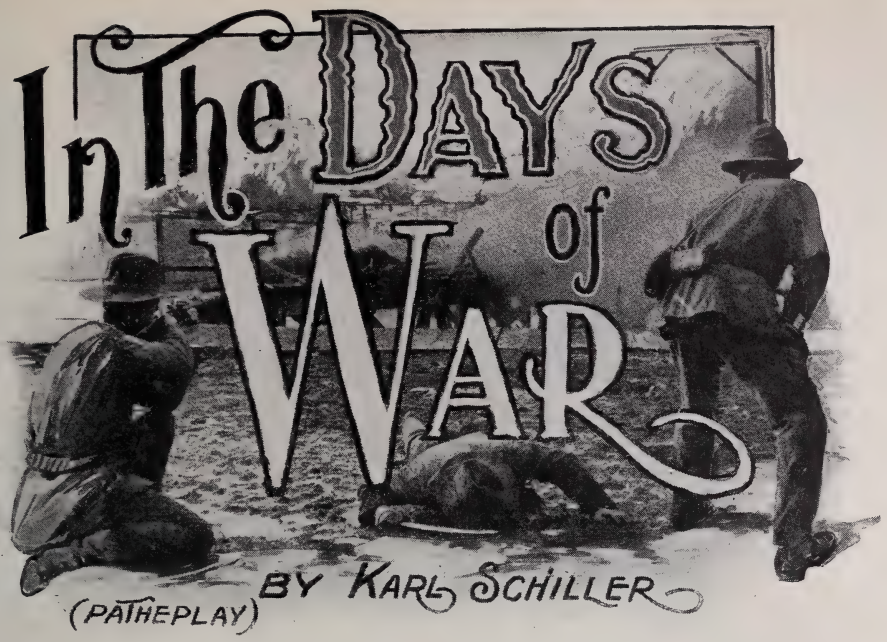
An hour before the mountain lad, like a silent shadow had crept
In thru the cabin window, as the sad old father slept.
Softly he opened the Bible, dusting the covers with care;
Gently he placed the old hand on a page, and left him there.

When Life is too hard for the bearing, and Death is a blessing, it seems,
God sends man the mercy of slumber and the tender boon of His dreams.
Gone for a moment the sorrow, the loneliness and the pain,
Gone the unfaith and the hatred—Daddy Jim was happy again.
A quick step tripped thru his sleeping; he opened his dim old eyes,
And they fell on the open Bible, with a start of awe and surprise.

"HIS BABY COME HOME FROM THE NOWHERE, WITH THE TEARS IN HER ELFIN EYES"

Stooped he then o'er the chapter, as he stooped in believing years—
"God shall wipe away weeping, and there shall be no more tears."
On the door of the cabin faltered a rapping, soft and slow,
And a voice crept into his sad heart, like an echo from Long Ago.
Dazed, he drew out the latch-string; then the mountains rang to his cries—
His baby come home from the Nowhere, with the tears in her elfin eyes.
Woman-wise she stood there, child-eyed and girlish-slim—
"Thou hast given me back my daughter—Lord, I thank Thee," said Daddy Jim;
But a little later, as they rose from their reverent knees,
With a shake in his voice as he kist her, "Good-night, then, my Little Tease."

Over the stark Sierras God's seasons come and go,
The dawn is clear on the mountains, the world lies far below;
There where the trail is steepest glows a friendly rudder of light,
To guide the weary wand'rer, adrift in the pathless night.



Most written romances end at the beginning. The hero courts the girl, marries her, and their story closes neatly, with a period; whereas, in real life it is just commencing with a question mark. Marriage might be respelled "Chapter I." What comes before is the preface; what comes after is unfolded slowly, as the leaves of the Book are turned over one by one. Carefully—my hero and my heroine—turn them carefully, or you may tear them, such fragile pages has your Book o' Life! Well for you if, at the end of the last chapter, you may read reverently: "And they have lived happily together always."

"I, James, take thee, Marion—" the heavy fragrance of the orange-blossoms on her dark ringlets—a strange hybrid scent, as tho with the sweetness were mingled the faint, bitter tang of tears!

"—for better, for worse—in sickness and in health——"

Solemn words these, that catch a lover's breath. His fingers close strangely about her fluttering ones. Please God, he *will* be good to her, make her happy. Many a lover has donned his manhood with these words:

"Till death us do part——"

Those who have just found Life know death as a mere concept; parting as an impossibility.

Then the voice of the minister, impersonal as tho the Church herself were speaking, or the Law—"I now pronounce you man and wife."

"*Father!*" cried Marion. She lifted her bride-bright face to his working old lips, her wet eyes suddenly wistful—"Kiss me again—for mother, dear," she whispered. "*So!* Now, Brother Jack, your turn, and yours, Uncle——"

"And *mine*, sweetheart!" Her tall boy-husband laughed; unrebuked, he gathered her, wedding finery, frail flowers and all, against his breast, bending to her lips. "The first kiss I ever gave *my wife.*" The words were tangled unheard in her hair, as the friends crowded about them, laughing, jesting, shaking hands. Fringing the group with vivid color, bobbed the negro servants, turbans tilted over wide, gleaming smiles.

"Wish y' joy, missus—wish y' joy, mass'r!"

"Thank you, Delphine—thank you, Sam!"

Beyond the veranda, the southern day drooped to the miracle of the sunset, touching the listless land with a thousand faint rays, like tender

finger-tips. The subtle light stained the tall pillars faintly rose and flung an unreal glamor about the group waving good-by handkerchiefs and aprons as James and his bride passed down the steps, out of the placid present into the fair-promising future, from the dear Now into the dearer Yet-to-Be.

"Good-by! God go with you! Write soon and dont forget us——!"

band's rough Inverness cape. Then wistfully: "I wonder when I shall see it next."

Perhaps there was prophecy in Delphine's words as she curtsied, among the servants on the lawn.

"Mis' Mar'on done ma'ied a mig'ty nice man," she commented sagely, "but"—the red and purple turban shook disapprovingly—"dere's one thing Ah don' like: he treats us

"UNTIL DEATH US DO PART"

Forget them! Marion's eyes were misty as she looked back. Unreally beautiful it was, with the heartache that is the birthright of Beauty: the wide, green lawn; moss-bearded yew-trees; the proud, white pillars; the air steeped and husky with the essence drained from sun-warmed flower-petals, and the faint, fine evening light soothing it all.

"You must be my home now, dear," she whispered against her hus-

niggers jes' lak' we was as good as white folks!"

"South Carolina has seceded!"

Marion stared into her brother's white face with the puzzled expression that greets undreamed-of news. Men on the battlefield meet death with the same silly wonder on their faces—the nation wore it when the wail went up from Washington: "Lincoln is shot!"

Jack's horse, foam-smeared from rude riding, panted sobbingly by the picket block. But its owner did not seem hurried. Tragedy is never out of breath—always dignified, terribly calm. He tapped his boots with his riding-whip as he looked intently at her and repeated slowly: "South Carolina has seceded, Marion. *Do you realize what that means?*"

The little girl in the high-waisted flower-frock and pantalets, peeping at her uncle shyly from the ambush of her mother's skirts, burst into a shrill wail of pleased terror, burrowing her corkscrewed hair into the protecting folds of crinoline.

"SOUTH CAROLINA HAS SECEDED!"

"Hush, Betty!" Marion stroked the child's head with absent fingers. Suddenly the color drained from her face.

"Jack—it means—it means——"

"*War!*" It was her husband's voice, exultant, behind her. She would have hidden her face against his breast, but he pushed her aside gently. Women are blessings of peace—war is a man-affair.

"It means war, then—and I'm glad of it; man alive, it's high time. War! I'm—d——d—glad—of—it!"

She had never heard her husband swear before. It awed her more than her brother's impassive calm or the stunning tidings themselves. Strange how, in great tragedy, it is the little pricks that sting! This man's dearest in the world lies dead in the next room, and a lost collar-button is a keen distress; that man's fortune is swept away, and he complains, querulously, that his breakfast eggs were boiled too long.

James Adams drew a long, hard breath. His eyes looked, prophet-like, into the distance, visioning. "It's a war of justice, a war of humanity—God's war!" he cried buoyantly. "I fight under the Northern flag."

Like the embodied wills of the North and the South, the two faced each other in a deadlock of eyes. Sudden hate flashed, lightning-like, across John Chase's face. He turned to the door——

"Wait!" James held out his hand. "This isn't our quarrel, brother. Let's shake hands like friends before our consciences force us to be enemies——"

The other disdained the motion. When he spoke it was the voice of his ancestors, the composite defiance of generations, dust long ago.

"I am a Southern gentleman, suh —and no traitor." The words tinkled against the waiting air like ice. "Marion, are you my sister or your husband's wife?"

She drew her little girl closer and broke into feeble, helpless sobbing. It is always the women's hearts that are wrenched asunder when men quarrel —bleeding the black tears so much harder to shed than mere blood.

James Adams answered for her, his

JAMES GOES TO THE FRONT, LEAVING HIS WIFE IN HER FATHER'S CARE

arms about her loverwise, his voice breaking with the hard words he must say.

"Marion—wife," he cried, "you must go home with your brother. You will be safe there and cared for, and I—I go the other way——"

"No, no!" she panted, breathless with dread. Her hot cheek was against his, her frantic lips stifled his words. "You must not leave me—James. What is a war—what is an idea—what is *the right* beside our love, dear? You must not go—you shall not——"

He held her agonized face gently between his two big hands, looking down into it, sadly smiling, until the shamed color drowned her skin from throat to hair-line and her wild eyes softened with the mercy of tears.

"That is better, sweetheart," he whispered. "You know we are never parted—'until death us do part'—you remember, dear? If you're in danger I'll come to you, whether it's possible or not—and you will come to me. Distances dont separate lovers—nor days. Kiss me, dear, like my own brave girl."

And so Marion Adams came home again to her father's house. But the roses had crumbled on the sun-dial, glaring starkly upward to the cold winter sun, and a wild wind was working havoc among the autumn-rusted leaves of the sycamores, whirling them, in savage, gusty arms, down

the long linden alleys. The child, conscious of the great incomprehensible wings of dissension beating the air, clung to her mother's hand, quiet because she could not understand. The white-haired, grief-lined old man that they called her grandfather—the rolling eyes of the little picaninnies, gathered, like fairy-book imps, to admire her fair skin—the comings and goings of stern men in gray uniforms—all these things were strange. But when her mother knelt by the bed that night to hear her "Now-I-lay-me," and, instead, fell a-weeping quietly, head buried in the pillow, she began to understand dimly, and assumed her woman's heritage of sorrow by flinging comforting arms about the shaking head and whispering: "I'se here, mama—isn't I *some* help—jes' a little?"

General Hooker's headquarters, in 1863, was a poor cradle for the brilliant schemes born and nursed there. The blurred light of a snowfall sulked in smokily, bringing the sting of the cold with it, till the blue-coated officers, gathered about the table, beat their gauntleted hands and stamped their cowhide boots, vainly wooing warmth. The General stooped painfully over a rough-sketched road-map, trailing one finger craftily along the printed hills and valleys. Outside, a sentry shadowed by, with snow-muffled tread; within, the monotonous murmur about batteries, camps and strategy went on, strangely like, James Adams thought whimsically, the undertone of far-away, unheard artillery. His eyes were absent, as he turned them on the huddled group. Four months and more since he had had word from Marion. That is the worst of war—the *not knowing.* At home the women go about their daily work with a tense, listening look of face. At the front, the men bravely charge a suspected thicket, teeming with the silent threat of death, and quiver and whiten with dread of the post-carrier who brings the infrequent letters to the camp.

The rapid hoof-beats of an orderly spattered now thru the conference about the table. In he came, his rough blue cape powdered white with the storm, and flung down a bunch of dispatches before the General. Adams touched his arm timidly.

"Nothing—for me?"

The rider drew a crumpled newspaper from his pocket grudgingly. A marked paragraph focused Adams' quivering gaze. He read it in swift gulps; his hands stiffened about the flimsy thing.

"My God—and I'm not there!" The slow words drew the faces of the other men toward his, quivering and colorless. Seeing them, Adams brought himself to a rigid salute.

"My little girl, sir," he answered Hooker's questioning frown—"she's dying, the paper says. May I go, sir?"

Hooker's frown deepened. A sick child! What was that to be considered when there were batteries to be taken and battles to be fought? He drummed impatiently on the board-table.

"Nonsense, Major Adams; you could not possibly get thru the Confederate lines. They're drawn about us taut as a string——"

"Give me two days' leave, sir, and I'll report to you for duty on the third," cried Adams, earnestly. "For God's sake, sir! I promised my wife to come if she needed me——"

"Very well." Hooker scrawled a line on a scrap of paper and thrust it into his officer's hand. "You're taking desperate chances—but—go."

Gray-clad in Confederate homespun, Adams galloped thru the storm. The air was wild with white—a swaying curtain before, about him. Thud! thud! his horse's footfalls, choked with the sandy drift beneath. Spectre-like, the horse and rider floated dimly on, across snaky pools, bridged with infrequent ice-spans; under cotton-wood boughs, moss-strung and clogged with strange Tennessee snow. Once a squirrel, barking huskily from a hollow log, caused his horse to shy in panic; often his anxious eyes, peering

thru the lattice-work of flakes, discerned sentries in sycamore stumps and ambushes lying in wait behind harmless boulders. The woods began to thin out, fading into cotton-fields, with a low log cabin here and there. Then, on the hill before him, the Chase mansion loomed, white against the pallor of the sky. He tied his horse to a hidden sycamore. Then, a gray shadow sliding thru the other shadows, he crept across the lawn to the casement windows. He peered in —firelight twinkling on the haughty mahogany and Chippendale — an empty room. He entered and stood listening. Footsteps! Dropping to his knees, he crouched beneath the piano. A yellow girl, important with jingling key-ring and long taper, came in, humming softly "Dem Golden Slippers." He heard her move about the room, lighting the candles; then a swish of skirts that drove the blood to his heart—Marion!

"You may go, Delphine——" The dear, familiar, golden voice of her!

She wandered aimlessly to the piano, fingers fluttering to the keys. Suddenly he felt her grow tense—a quick breath! She had snatched something from the mantle-shelf and was stooping down to his hiding-place——

"Come out or I shall shoot——" The revolver fell from her relaxed fingers as she swayed forward and into her husband's hungry arms.

"James — James — *James!*" She could not say it enough, smothered against his cheek, his hot lips on her hair, her eyes, her throat. Then swift anxiety tore the joy from her face. She drew back, looking at his gray uniform.

"But—if they find you—oh, James, you must go, dear. I am frightened!——"

He caught her arm, impatient of her fear.

"Betty?" he gasped. "What of her?—they said——"

"Almost well, thank God."

He breathed deeply, as tho he had not taken air into his lungs during all the long, terror-spurred ride.

"I must see her——"

"Come, then, dear—softly——"

The bedroom was lustrous with the peace of candlelight. A familiar wrapper of his wife, a silken thing with lace-falls at neck and sleeve, hung over a chair; the even breathing of the child, asleep in the trundle bed, cheeks pink-creased like a slumbering rose, purred thru the silence. The home-gentleness of it all crept to the soldier's heart achingly. Arm about his wife, he knelt by the little girl in parent-adoration.

"Marion, where are you, Marion? John is here with some brother officers!"

"*Father!*" she gasped. Her whisper, the mere shadow of a sound, reached him. "You must go—out of the window—quickly, dear——" He caught her to him in a last swift, stifled embrace.

"*Marion!*"

"Yes, yes, father, I'm coming"—she tore herself away frantically. "Go, go—sweetheart—and God keep you——"

One more kiss burning on her lips with the meaning of all that he could not wait to say, and he was gone.

On the veranda before the house lounged Lieutenant Chase and his friends, playing jack-straw and joking feebly to ease the waiting. A thud—a swift gray figure crouching thru the snow.

"After him, boys!"

James Adams ran with the desperation of a hunted fox hearing the hounds behind. The Confederates' position cut him from his horse; he must throw them off the scent somehow. Thru the underbrush he plunged, the briar and swinging creeper-vines whipping his face into bloody welts. Panting along the bluff sheer above the creek bottom, he glanced behind. They were very near now; he could hear the rasp of their breath in laboring lungs. On the edge of the cliff he paused, dropped to his knees and swung, pendulum-like, in the unsupporting air. His fingers clawed for support while he tested the blank wall with desperate boot-toes,

seeking a cranny. As his sweat-and-blood-wet hands slipped on the edge of the cliff, he found support below, and crouched, spent and swooning, flat against the wall. Overhead thudded the footsteps of his pursuers, hesitated maddeningly till he believed they must have seen him, then passed on out of hearing.

James Adams laughed aloud, hysterically; moved to drag himself up to the path again; then, dizzied with his efforts, missed his fragile hold and fell sickeningly down, down, as a rocket-stick falls, straight to the rock-strewn bottom of the glen, where he crumpled into a limp rag of flesh and clothes, and lay very still.

The sting of sunshine, morning-hot in his blood-caked face, aroused him at last. It had been near sundown when he fell—another day—perhaps more! And he had promised to report for duty—— He toiled to leaden feet and staggered on, half-drunken with the opiate of pain.

"KNELT BY THE LITTLE GIRL IN PARENT ADORATION"

General Hooker hardly recognized the convulsed face and ill-jointed body that reeled into his tent late that afternoon, saluted waveringly and gasped out thru bitten lips:

"I report for duty, sir."

All the next day the air was sullen with foreboding. At intervals the house beat like a heart to the thud of far-off guns. At such times, Marion Adams clasped her little daughter to her and tried to pray—a wild, incoherent little prayer, quivering up to God: "Oh, Father in Heaven, save him—save my boy!" over and over, with dry, dumb lips that spoke without sound. Toward afternoon her father panted in.

"They are coming nearer, Marion, my girl," he told her. "We may have to go to Richmond. Be ready to start on a moment's notice."

She went upstairs and began to sort over her clothes and jewels, listless with her dread. Little Betty crept to the window, where she stood watching the strange white puffs of smoke above the cotton-woods, and listening to the tattoo of rifles, distance-softened. Suddenly she burst into incoherent screaming.

"Uncle Jack—Uncle Jack!——"

He strode into the house, spurs ringing unheeded on the precious waxed floor.

"The Yanks have torn up the tracks to Richmond—some of your husband's d—n work, Marion," he cried bitterly. "We are falling back, father, this way. You and the rest had better leave—it's not safe here."

Marion touched his arm, with one white-lipped question:

"*James*—what of him?"

He would not meet her eyes.

"Wounded, they say. My God, Marion, dont be so selfish. Think of it—the South, *our* South, losing! A pretty specimen *you* are——"

She gathered Betty to her with instinctive dramatic effect.

"I am a woman first—a Southerner afterward," she said, then fell a-sobbing brokenly. "Wounded—my boy!

Come, Betty, we must go to father —he needs us, dear——"

"Dont be a fool, Marion," shouted her brother. He shook her roughly by her slender, grief-shaken shoulders. "Go upstairs, get on your things, pack your jewels and I'll take you to Colonel Dare's house by the lower levee road. Hurry! My God! it's too late—father, look out for them —I must go——" He snatched his sword from the table and was gone. On the lawn before the house a wavering line of gray-clad men broke, panting, from the woods; running aimlessly; firing as they ran; falling in neutral heaps below the rifle-volleys that dimmed the green woods with a poisonous fog of death. A fragment of shell winged, humming, thru a window below. The great house staggered.

In her room Marion clasped the terrified child to her in a strange, colorless calm.

"Dont cry, Betty—it's nothing," she said. She buttoned on the little girl's cape with steady fingers and wound a scarf methodically around her own hair.

Down the quaking stairs they hurried, thru the melée of the wrecked drawing-room, into the open air, nauseous with the bitter flavor of powder, anguished by the racking beat of the guns. Across the lawn, stepping carefully over the still heaps on the cruelly stained snow—thru the reeking grove. Around them the soldiers cursed and shouted; the blind air panted with yellow powder-clouds and deafening detonations. Four horses, dragging a field-gun, careened by, weird goblin-shapes in the murk. A soldier, one arm shot away, passed, looking at them with puzzled eyes. Betty clung to her mother's hand trustfully, as Marion, like a strange superwoman, hurried on.

Inside the Union lines, in the hospital shack, red-painted Pain held high carnival. It is strange how differently men meet suffering. Here one laughed foolishly as the surgeon dammed the life-tide from his lungs with a wad of ineffectual gauze. On the operating-table a man prayed earnestly to the God whose name he had known hitherto only in blasphemy. A stripling drummer-boy, with swollen eyeballs and two fingers shot away, shrieked in the high-pitched insanity of fear as the Red Cross nurse bound up the bloody stumps. On the coarse army-blanket of a cot near the door lay a bandaged man, fever ablaze in his cheeks and unseeing eyes, pressing a miniature to lips that spoke endlessly the one blind longing in his soul: "Marion—Marion—Marion!"

A stir among the hurried nurses and surgeons, butcher-like with ghastly stains. "Where is he?" "There, yonder—but he will not know you——" She was by his side, kneeling, warm arms under the tossing head, the scent of her ringlets vivid to his laboring breath. He turned slowly, groping in the sick visions of his brain—orange-blossoms —a deep, low murmur: "Till death it do us part——"

"My wife!" cried James Adams, weakly, laid his tired head trustingly on her breast and slept the healing sleep that leads a soul back from the Valley shades to life again.

It was two days later. For an hour the countryside had been a hell of fighting. Hooker's division had driven the Thirty-fifth Corps from its position below Lookout Mountain, forcing it back, back to the bridge. A keg of gunpowder, lighted below the bridge, tossed the air full of torn and dying bodies—reddening the neutral waters of the stream. As dusk fell in very pity of the mangled daylight, the field ambulances began to stream campward with their heart-breaking burdens.

A nurse touched Marion on the arm.

"Will you look out for that man on the next cot? A thigh wound—not dangerous."

Marion turned.

"Jack—*Jack!*"

The cry aroused her husband. He struggled to his elbow, following her

"THEN THEIR FINGERS STOLE OUT AND CLASPED STRONGLY"

gaze. In the poor, pain-twisted faces of the two, Marion read the old bitterness of sundered brotherhood, untaught by time or suffering. There was no time to word a prayer for guidance, but a swift thought winged upward as she dropped to her knees between the beds.

"Jack!—James!" she cried, her eyes tear-sweet. "Forget this cruel war for a moment. Let your blood wash the sting away—and my tears. Let me see you touch hands again like the old days——"

The eyes of the two men met. They hesitated; then their fingers stole out, touching, and clasped strongly at last, hand in brother hand.

At the Sign of the Flaming Arcs

By LEON KELLEY

Meet me there, if you'd please me!
Hinder my going to tease me!
Take me there,
To my fav'rite lair;
Sit with me, dear,
In its darkness! Near
To my side, where we gaze at the
light—
The light of the film, dazz'ling bright.
The joy of my soul,
It enraptures my whole
Being, as you and I, my dear,
Watch with the evening's sigh, my
dear,
I—with you at my side.

Here pass my pleasures and larks,
At the sign of the flaming arcs—
The arcs which shine
Outside the shrine
Where, enchanted, we gaze
At the wonderful maze
Of intricate stories untold, my dear,
As they with the film unfold, my dear.
The music's sweet voice
To make us rejoice,
The reel's soothing whir,
The screen's silent stir!
What pleasure, what larks
At the big, flaming arcs
With you, just you, at my side!

He

By M. E. LEFFERTS

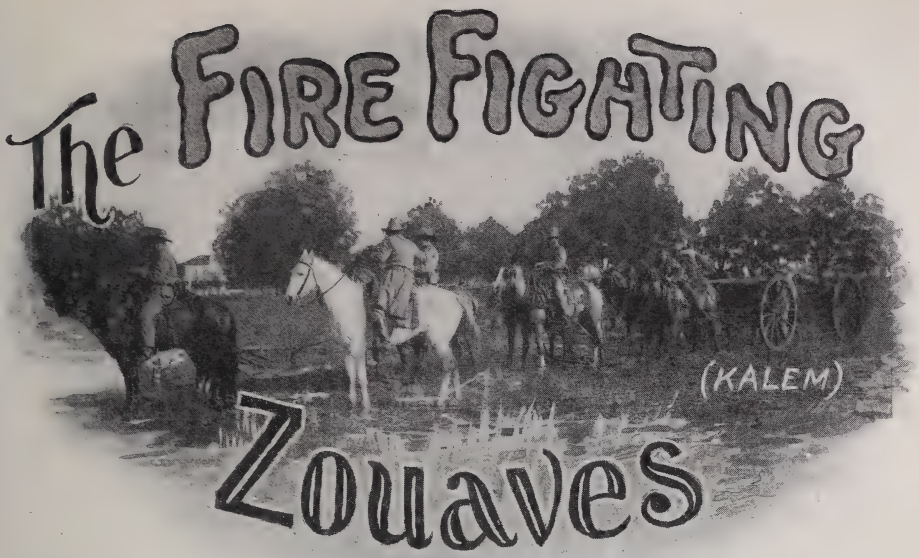
If girls were only as sweet
And attractive at home and on the street,
As the ones you always meet
When you pay your nickel for a seat
To drive the cares of life away
At that wonderful, wonderful Photoplay.

No old maids you'd ever see,
Nor would there yet a bachelor be;
No one would ever want to flee
From such a life of ecstasy,
But live as they live from day to day
At that wonderful, wonderful Photoplay.

She

If men were only as strong
And brave and true as that pictured throng,
For love in vain no maid would long,
And life would warble as sweet a song
As the one you hear, whenever you stray
In that wonderful, wonderful Photoplay.

Such angel wives—such husbands true,
Such a paradise for me and you.
Dont you suppose that day we'd rue
If we sprouted wings and they larger grew,
And we had to fly far, far away
From that wonderful, wonderful Photoplay?



BY NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of CAPTAIN CHARLES KIENER

WAR is a nation's sickness; civil war a cancer eating into the tissues of the country, befouling its clean, wholesome blood with the poison germs of hatred and resentment. In the fair, goodly body of America there is one ragged scar. The murderous hand of fratricide fixed it there, so cruelly deep and sore that the medicinal tears of our repentance could not heal it wholly, and it still throbs sometimes, with the pulse of its old pain; for as long as the cottonwoods grow green in early Southern springtime they will remember the white bomb smoke that once dimmed them, and the mocking-bird never chatters in Virginia except above a grave.

Yet in the early sixties, when the agonized land was racked with its primal throes, and war and the rumors of war set men's jaws grim-lined and drained the red from mother's lips, little children laughed and quarreled and studied cyphering, old women gossiped about their neighbor's failings, over their chatty knitting-needles, and young men went a-sweethearting in the wise old way.

Perhaps Roxana Minton would have been courted in an earthquake—she was that sort of a girl. Women said she was not bad-looking, which is the rarest pean of feminine praise. The men did not say much, but wherever she went, she left a trail of masculine glances and, now and again, a dented heart or two as a stepping-stone on which she tripped, with the lightest of steps, across her teens to the pink and white and dimpled age of eighteen. The guns of Fort Sumter spoke on her coming-of-age birthday, and presto! no longer did silk-hatted, frock-coated youths rap the lion-headed knocker of the New York Minton home, or lean, in the crooked attitudes of extreme admiration, over the harpsichord, while Miss Roxana tinkled out "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Instead, lieutenants and sergeants, wearing their smart maiden uniforms and uninitiated sabers with a blasé air, strolled with Roxana under the elms of Stuyvesant Park, pulling their mustaches warsomely, tapping their varnished boots and pleasantly idling away the time before they got their marching orders, by murmuring sweet nothing-at-alls

into Roxana's small, greedy ears. Sometimes it was the left ear, sometimes the right, but the remarks themselves were very similar. Roxana believed that she was tired of hearing them. But, of course, she was not. At eighteen—pink, white and pretty eighteen, they make up the vocabulary of life.

The most frequent companion of Roxana's wide-spread crinoline ruffles and flowered muslin flounces was Lieutenant Egbert Hayes, of the United States Army. To her he gave a button from his military great-coat and a flattering majority of his off-duty moments. In return, Roxana was generous in the matter of her smiles and blushes. But her thoughts she bestowed elsewhere. Mr. Minton, a prosperously gouty, retired banker, with a temper that had *not* retired, a connoisseur in the art of getting his own way, had ordered his daughter, in the tone in which he requested veal pie for dinner, to fall in love with the Lieutenant, and Roxana, who had tagged obediently in the rear of her father's will from babyhood, was anxiously and conscientiously trying to carry out instructions. But a maid's thoughts are not to be guided by "shall" and "shall not." They come and go unbidden. A certain engine-house labeled New York Volunteer Fire Company, No. 1, was the haven for a surprisingly large number of Roxana's. She herself never ventured to accompany them there now. There had been one dreadful day—Roxana blushed to remember it—when her father and Lieutenant Hayes had discovered her talking to Ben Roderick in front of the engine-house door; a chance meeting, prearranged, possibly, by Roxana's inclinations. There had not been the slightest provocation for what followed.

"Hm—m!" Mr. Minton had said, with a stingy nod to Ben. "Roxana, my dear, I should like to speak to you. You will please come home with me. Hem, hem!"

Even thru her misery of blushes, Roxana had seen the contemptuous glance that Lieutenant Hayes tossed at Ben as he would have thrown a penny to a beggar. The recollection of this gave starch to her protests a half-hour later.

"But, father, *I dont love him,*" sobbed Roxana, in damp italics.

"Pish, pish! my dear," competently argued her father. "Tut, tut, nonsense! I know what is wise for you, I think you'll agree."

"And he j-just in-s-s-sulted Ben—"

Surprise stropped Mr. Minton's voice to a razor-edge before he replied:

"Roxana, I trust you do not seriously regard that—that young fireman whom I saw you talking to today. Very unwomanly, by the way, to stand in the public streets conversing with a young man in his shirt-sleeves." Mr. Minton paused, gathering climactic force. "Once and for all, Roxana, I wish you to understand that you are to have nothing further to do with that—*person.* I forbid it. Now let us say no more about the matter."

So again Roxana and the Lieutenant strolled beneath the elm-shadows, and again she smiled upon him, but for all his pleadings, she would give him no promise, until the rumble of the guns toward the South grew louder and the streets of New York were filled daily with regiments drumming buoyantly warward, to the sound of bitter mother-weeping and wife-tears.

"Our regiment goes tomorrow," he told her breathlessly, at last. "Roxana, sweetheart, give me a memory to take with me. Let me carry your betrothal kiss into battle."

The girl's eyes filled with slow, romantic tears. She looked up at him, half-yielding in her glance. With the vivid colors of her young imagination, she pictured him at the gallant front of his men, waving his sword, her name a prayer on his lips; she saw him wounded—perhaps dying. Joyful grief choked her as she imagined herself, in limp black, trailing to shed her widowed tears on her soldier's grave. But the "yes" trem-

bling on her tongue was never born into speech. Even as she hesitated, the faint squealing of a fife pierced her consciousness. She glanced down the square, and, suddenly, her maiden-guarded heart began to pulsate madly and the telltale color crept to the cheeks under the brim of the drooping Leghorn hat.

A thin line of scarlet-uniformed men pricked the twilight with a grotesque stab of color. They were garbed in eccentric fashion, in short, rounding jackets aflame with tinsel, and full bloomers, gathered at the knee. A fez of red, with a gold tassel, topped their heads, giving them the whimsical aspect of folk-lore beings from a fantastic Arabian tale. But the rifles they carried were no fairy-weapons as they swung, silent threats, at their sides, and the faces beneath the nodding tassels were stern and purposeful. A derisive laugh startled Roxana from her gazing.

"Ridiculous, eh?" sneered the Lieutenant. "Playing at war, that's what *I* call it. That's the Volunteer Regiment of Zouaves on the way to the front. A beggarly mess of sutlers and citizens, afraid of their own shadows—tho I wouldn't much blame them for being afraid of *their* shadows—ha! ha!"

Roxana did not echo his laughter. A face in the front ranks of marching men caught her attention, held it in a breathless gaze. It is strange how unnecessary words are. They are the ornaments of evolution, not essentials. In the space of ten heart-beats, Ben Roderick's blue eyes had blazed a message and Roxana's had answered.

"I love you, dear—good-by!" was in his strong, straight glance.

"And I you—oh, Ben, Ben, come back to me——" It was all there in the quick step forward, the out-flinging of protesting little hands, the sudden agony twisting the lovely face,

THE FIRE-FIGHTING ZOUAVES PREPARE TO GO TO THE FRONT

wringing the blood dry from her quivering lips.

The red and gold blurred before her eyes; the faint squeals of the fife, frivolously jigging *"I lay ten dollars down,"* mocked her suddenly aroused fears. A moment, and they were gone—gone!—— Why, they were going to *war*—not to a romantic dream-thing, but to the red death of sabers, the sting of bullets—cannon—shells—— Roxana burst into a thin sobbing.

Orleans, crouching ashen-faced among its bayous and market squares. Over Manassas the lazy, southern sunlight drooped languidly, undimmed by any war-mist or white rifle-clouds. Instead, the wilted air quivered with cheery sounds of tree-felling and log-chopping, stamping of horses' feet, guffawing. The beggarly wood-burner engine, choking and panting by the station platform, complained to high heaven of the difficult trip it had just accomplished. A voluble second to

LIEUTENANT HAYES SNEERS AT BEN

"Dont cry, dear," fatuously murmured the Lieutenant, bending over her. "I shall come back, I feel sure. Only give me your promise before I go, and it will draw me back to you from death itself."

"No—no!" Roxana fluttered. "I cannot promise. I hope you will be safe. I *hope* so. And when the war is over—who knows? But now—I shall pray for you every day—for you—and all our boys——"

Beleaguered Vicksburg lay to the south, and farther still, stricken New

the engine's disgust was Mr. Minton himself as he hobbled out of the car, followed by the prettiest girl that most of the station loungers had ever seen. An unshaven sergeant, in home-made, blue uniform, propped slackly against an idle pile of grimy cotton-bales, came to attention, as tho his backbone had been suddenly galvanized. To him, as a possibly human being, Mr. Minton turned for succor.

"We have come, my daughter and I," he began pompously, "on the invitation of Lieutenant Hayes, Company Six of Fisher's Corps, to visit

the camp. But 'pon my word, if I'd dreamed what a trip it was, I'd have stayed comfortably in New York. Silly nonsense, I told you, Roxana, if you will be good enough to remember——"

"Yes, papa." Roxana's rebellious eyes contradicted her sympathetic tone. The sergeant waved to a group of mule-wagons at the lower end of the platform.

"There are our commissary carts, sir, almost ready to start for camp; if you care to take the chance and bump along with us——"

Mr. Minton groaned from the depths of his outraged gout.

"Anything—anything," he complained; "cant be worse than that infernal car—not possibly."

The sergeant led the way to a leather-curtained spring-wagon, loosely roped to a striped-legged mule, which was dozing audibly in the dazzling sunshine, in tune with his negro driver.

"Company f'r the camp."

"Ya-as, sah; suttinly, sah——"

The sergeant, gallant in his rags, lifted his forage-cap; the old negro swung his whip, creak-creak, and they were off, jerking and pitching, over the rutted roads, to the whooping of the soldiers in the commissary carts and the squeaking of stirrup-leathers. Roxana leaned out from the wagon, with flushing cheeks and eager eyes. Before her the flat-chested country lay panting with visible heat, peaceful yet portentous. Everyday sounds arose from the low slave-cabins and cotton-gin houses, commonplace whir-

ROXANA'S FATHER AGAIN INSISTS THAT SHE PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE LIEUTENANT

ring of machinery and high-pitched negro chanting:

De ladies ramble in—
Whilest de beaux ramble out—
For to—coil—dat—golden chain.

It was impossible to imagine threat or danger below this smiling, yawning, lazy life—impossible to reconcile her terrorsome imaginings of trampled battlefields with the dusty, green horizons of tobacco-leaf, edged with a worm-fence, and the cotton rows ablaze with tufted blossoms.

From the woods rasped a squirrel's plaintive barking, and the monotonous drone of the locusts in the sycamores was like peace made audible. The wagons creaked downward along the level road into the woods.

"Halt!" So suddenly they had come, the gray-clad men, helter-skelter, from the shadows, that there was ill time given to snatch cartridges from cartridge-belts or to whip sabers from sheaths. The quivering horses reared back on their haunches, nostrils flapping under tautened bridle-reins. Shouts, oaths—clouds of dust stifled the sight of the struggling men from Roxana, shrinking against her father, her happy color fled. Then a hand was laid violently on the cart, jerking aside the leather curtains.

"Aha! the devil and Tom Walker! A woman, as I live," gloated a voice. Roxana trembled against her father, under the soldier's greedy eyes.

"This—this is an—outrage," panted Mr. Minton, violently. "We are private citizens, sir—non-combatants, not soldiers. You will be good enough to let us pass——"

"Sorry, sir, but that's impossible—Attention! Right dress! Forward, march!" The little group moved on, captives and captors cheerily exchanging smokeless taunts and swapping friendly tobacco as they went. Then, in fording a gravelly branch, a blue-clad trooper suddenly wheeled from the grasp of his captor, pricked his horse down the slippery bed of the stream and disappeared beneath the low-hanging boughs.

"Crack! crack! Spit! spit!" snarled the spiteful bullets in pursuit.

"Forward, march!" bellowed the leader, wrathfully.

"My word!" gasped Mr. Minton, inadequately, his pompousness flapping about his voice like a shrunken garment. "Roxana, if you had listened to me—at my time of life—d—n outrage—pardon me, my dear—some one shall smart for this——"

"The soldier got away," whispered Roxana, gleefully. She was beginning to enjoy herself. What a tale to tell at home! "Perhaps he'll send a rescue party for us, papa dear. Dont get excited. It's *so* bad for your gout, you know." A giggle punctuated the remark.

"Dont—get—excited!" Mr. Minton bit the words off viciously. He drew out his gold watch and regarded it earnestly, as tho searching for enlightenment. "My word, Roxana, I do not understand you in the least. Here we are in the most frightful danger and you *can laugh!* Tut, tut, tut!——"

The wagon pitched drunkenly across an old field backed by a young thicket of upstart pines, and came to an abrupt stop in a sandy garden of ruined altheas and dwarf-box before a deserted, gray-rubble house. Roxana and her father alighted forcibly. Beyond, at the hem of the forest, were scattered white wall-tents and ordnance wagons. A mess-fire danced among the picketed horses, and aide-de-camps mingled with the ragged privates, jesting noisily as they distributed tin mugs of coffee. A Confederate, wearing the two gilt bars of a lieutenant, hustled the protesting banker and his daughter into the house, deaf to pleading, threats and wildly offered bribes.

At the same moment the sound of a Union bugle rang out surprisingly over the field, sounding the rally. Gathering her pliant crinolines about her, Roxana ran up the stairs ahead of her father, into a narrow fourth-story attic room, from whose windows the camp was visible. Regardless of dust, she knelt anxiously by the win-

dow, peering out. Beyond the Confederate picket-line, a brigade of blue uniforms patched the field. Below, the camp swarmed into activity, the soldiers tossing aside haversacks and blankets, and buckling on their cartridge-belts as they fell into position.

"Left into line—wheel—march!" The commands bit the air sharply, like bullets. As if by magic, the tidy dabs across the love-pop and sweet-Betsy of the garden, daubing the flowers with red—grunting horribly. She felt strangely calm, impersonal. Even the sight of Lieutenant Hayes, with powder-blackened hair, desperately spurring his horse thru the press, the Union flag flapping from a splintered staff in his hands, did not excite her. Her

BEN LEADS THE ZOUAVES IN A VICIOUS ATTACK

tangled column smoothed into order. Roxana caught her breath. A low sound beat the air like wings, as a shell flew over the house, leaving a gray track. The blue line was advancing. Puff! crack! Wicked red splashes on the grass; the line reeled. Unmindful of her own danger, the girl peered desperately out thru the sulphurous smoke that grimed the tepid air. She had never seen a man killed before, and now they were squirming down in messy, unfather's hoarse, querulous ejaculations went unheeded.

Whizz! whirr! The floor rocked. A cloud of scarlet flame rolled across the window, searing the sight.

"My God! the house is on fire," moaned her father. He began to pace the floor, broken words falling feebly from his lips. "I knew how it would be—horrible situation—Hayes is captured, too—we are done for——"

"Hush, father!" Roxana's eyes, leaping the flame, had caught a

glimpse of something that brought hope to her cheeks in a great throb of red. "See!" She dragged the fright-paralyzed man to the window, pointing.

On one side of the field the land fell sheer away in a bank of white clay. Swarming up the bank, like agile insects, were red figures in fantastic uniforms.

Roxana clasped her hands together till her knuckles grew white. "Now, Ben," she cried softly, "come to us. You can save us—you *will* save us, dear——"

In the upper window of the crumbling house, Ben Roderick saw the figure of the girl he loved, etched out against the flame. Love can work miracles. Afterwards they said this

BEN GETS HIS REWARD

"The Zouaves—father; they will save us—*Ben* will save us."

The utter confidence of love thrilled in her voice, but the father did not hear it. He shook his head hopelessly.

"They'll never come in time. We must get out of this house, Roxana—we shall be burned alive." He flung open the hall-door. A red-fringed cloud of smoke rolled sullenly in. There was no escape that way.

was a miracle. The little handful of Zouaves, shouting fiercely, plunged into the thick of the fighting, rallying the Union forces to new courage, beating back the Confederates in receding columns, till the burning house was reached. It was then Ben sent up a little prayer of praise for his fireman's training, for the skill that sent him up the swaying walls; clinging to cracks; swinging from the

rope of the morning-glory vine; scorning the blinding, breath-stealing smoke, as he had been taught to scorn it; dodging the hungry, red tongues of flame, until he stood in the upper window, Roxana in his arms.

"You saved my life. I am grateful to you—very." Mr. Minton's voice implied that the whole world should also be grateful for the same reason. It was hours later, in the victorious Union camp. The clean sunshine, untainted now by gunpowder, gentled the sharp, white tent outlines and the faces of the troopers with a subdued, late-afternoon glow. Fields of yellow wheat and slim brake-cane stretched peacefully away to the sky. An early screech-owl scolded the sunset over a snaky pool by the edge of the cottonwoods. War and death and danger seemed things very far away, very impossible. Mr. Minton looked across his daughter's head, to Ben, graciously.

"Yes, you have, indeed, proved your mettle, my brave fellow," he said affably. "I shall make it a personal matter to see that this is called to the attention of President Lincoln."

Ben shook his head, smiling. He reached down among the folds and flounces of crinoline beside him, until he found Roxana's hand.

"The only reward I want is your daughter, sir," he said. "Will you give her to me?"

Mr. Minton hesitated. Suddenly Roxana's other hand was in his, warm, electric, pleading. Her shy young eyes were upturned to him, but every line of her round, girlish body, every quick breath and throb of color in her cheeks, quivered toward her lover; they were so young, the two of them, standing there with mated hands, so vivid and vital! Mr. Minton felt, somehow, old and antedated. But even in yielding, he appeared to have his own way.

"Yes, Ben, you may have her." He turned to his daughter, beaming with self-satisfaction. "This is just what I planned; it has always been my fondest wish—as you yourself will remember, my dear Roxana," he said.

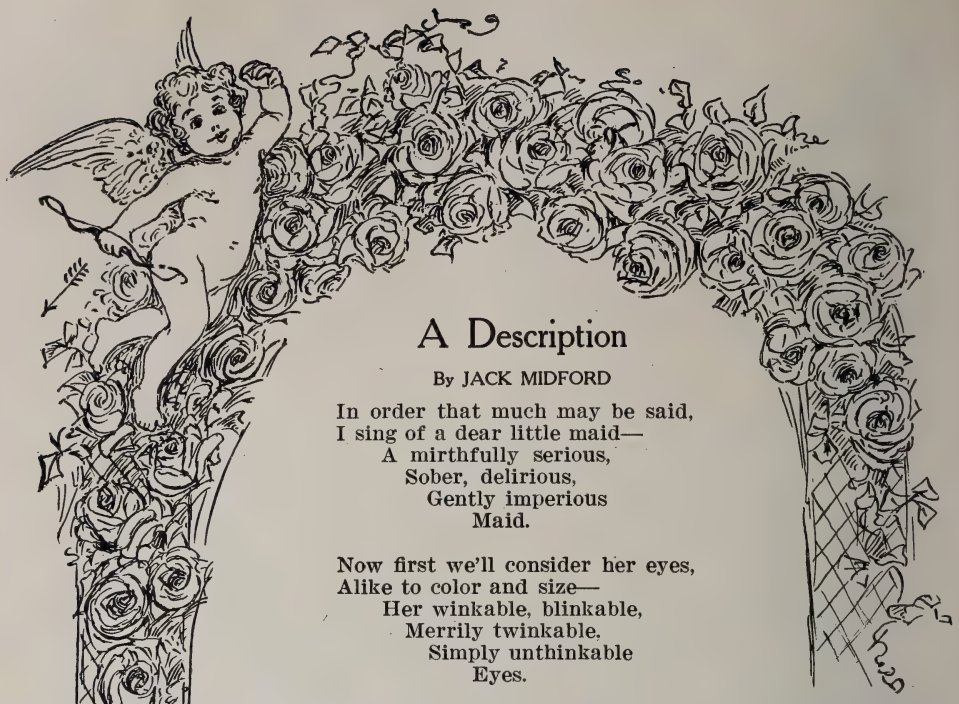
Spring

By L. M. THORNTON

The sun is getting warmer
Every day,
The grass begins to grow
Along the way,
The robin's song is due,
The skies are deeper blue,
And may I take you to
A picture play?

I want to feel you near,
To have you say
It's nice and pleasant here
At close of day.
I prize your every glance,
And ours as sweet romance
As those that eyes entrance
At picture play.

The sun is getting warmer,
Spring's on the way;
Let Cupid plead my need,
Dear heart, I pray.
Just promise to be true,
And life shall be for you
As fair as scenes we knew
At picture play.



A Description

By JACK MIDFORD

In order that much may be said,
I sing of a dear little maid—
A mirthfully serious,
Sober, delirious,
Gently imperious
Maid.

Now first we'll consider her eyes,
Alike to color and size—
Her winkable, blinkable,
Merrily twinkable.
Simply unthinkable
Eyes.

Forbear to dismiss with a shrug,
Her nose, undeniably pug—
Her turn up like thisable,
Strictly permissible,
Urgently kissable
Pug.

Now moving a point to the south,
We come to an actual mouth—
A mainly melliferous,
Coral pearliferous,
Argumentiferous
Mouth.

Now she's got a wonderful chin,
Connecting the dimples within—
A hardy reliable,
Never defiable,
True undeniable
Chin.

We'll turn our attention to hair
Of a color so beautiful and rare—
Her tendrilly curlative,
Tumbly and whirlative,
Super-superlative
Hair.

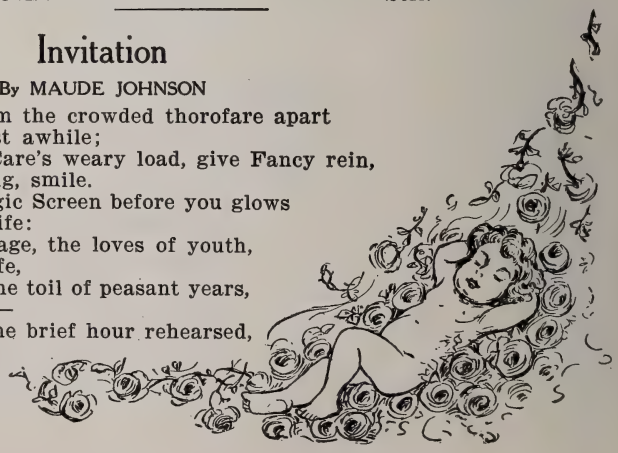
By all that is fair it appears,
We've nearly forgotten her ears—
Her highly respectable,
Never neglectable,
Always delectable
Ears.

And, last, we'll consider herself,
That blithe little gypsy and elf—
Her absence deplorable,
Want to see moreable,
Wholly adorable
Self.

Invitation

By MAUDE JOHNSON

Come from the crowded thorofare apart
And rest awhile;
Let slip Care's weary load, give Fancy rein,
Rejoicing, smile.
Smile, for the Magic Screen before you glows
With teeming life:
The tragedies of age, the loves of youth,
Ambition's strife,
The pomps of kings, the toil of peasant years,
All that's between—
Your ev'ry mood, in one brief hour rehearsed,
Upon the screen.



Dick Whitington AND HIS CAT

(SOLAX) BY JOHN OLDEN

IN the reign of the glorious warrior, King Edward III, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them, and was left a ragged little fellow, running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work at a trade, he was very badly off, getting but little for his dinner, and for breakfast more often nothing at all; for the village people were very poor, indeed, and could spare him not much more than the potato-peels and a hard crust of bread.

For all that, Dick Whittington, or, as some called him, Whitington, was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what the gossips talked about. On Sundays he was sure to get near the farmers as they sat talking on the tombstones in the kirkyard; and on market days you might see little Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village alehouse, where people stopped to drink and bandy words as they came from the next town.

In this manner Dick overheard a great many very strange things about the great city called London; for the foolish country people of those times thought that folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies, and that there was singing and music there all day long, and that the streets were really paved with gold.

It was the harvesting-time when Dick heard all this, and he was gleaning in the wheat-fields for a farmer, and sleeping on a pallet in his barn at night. And, in the short evenings, by the chimneyside, the old farmer, seeing how anxious Dick was to learn things, took a delight in filling his head with fanciful yarns about London City's wondrous sights.

One day a covered wagon with four horses, all with bells on their heads, passed down the road while Dick raked in the fields. He thought that this wagon must be going to the fine town of London; so he took courage and asked the wagoner to let him walk by his side. As soon as the man heard that poor Dick had no father nor mother, and saw, by his ragged clothes, that he could not come to a more wretched pass, he told Dick that he might go along, and so they set off on the journey together.

Dick never remembered afterwards how he contrived to get meat and drink on the road, nor how he could have walked so far, nor what he did at night to rest his aching body. Per-

haps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed thru gave him something to eat, and perhaps the wagoner let him get into the wagon at night, to take a dangerous nap between the pitching boxes.

Somehow, however, Dick got safely to London, and was in such a hurry to see the streets paved all over with gold that he did not even stop to thank the kind wagoner, but ran off, as fast as his legs could carry him, to give him a half-penny to keep him from starving. But they only stared at him, passing him by, and poor Dick began to think that the littlest coin was worth more to him then than all the gold he had set out to seek in the streets.

In the early dawn he came upon a bake-shop, and the odor of fresh bread from the underground ovens kept him hanging about like a dog. Then he tiptoed into the shop and went

"HE WAS OUT IN THE STREETS ALL NIGHT"

thru the muddy streets, thinking each moment to come out upon those paved with gold. And he longed to pry up little chunks of it to fill his pockets with.

Poor Dick ran until he was dog-weary, but, at last, finding it grow dark, and that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt and hurrying, pale-faced people, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

He was out in the streets all night, and, at the peep of day, being very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking everybody he chanced to meet down into the warm cellar among the burly bakers. And to show them how strong he was and how willing to work, he seized a huge paddle of fresh-mixed bread, to thrust it into an oven. But little Dick was weaker than he thought, for the dough came to the cellar floor with a "plump," and Dick fell right into it. The bakers merely set up a laugh, and scurried Dick out as they would chase a rat.

After this Dick wandered off toward the great, high houses, and, being full of nothing but hollow pains in his stomach, set himself down on

the doorstep of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was seen by the bad-tempered cook-maid, who was very busy over her master's dinner; so she called out to him: "What business have you here, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars—beggars the day long. Take yourself off, or I will give you a sousing of scalding dish-water."

chant helped him into the house and down the stairs, to the cook's big, beamed kitchen.

"Here is a scullion for you, cook," said the merchant, "who says that he is willing to work. Give him a good dinner and let him help you with the dirty work."

So, shortly, Dick drew up a chair to the scraps of Mr. Fitzwarren's

"HE SEIZED A HUGE PADDLE OF FRESH-MIXED BREAD"

Just at that time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner and saw the dirty, ragged boy sitting on his doorstep.

"Why are you there, boy?" he asked. "You seem big enough to work. I am afraid you are a lazy good-for-nothing."

"No, indeed, sir," spoke up Dick; "that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart, but I do not know anybody, and I think I am very sick for the want of food."

Dick tried to get up, and would have fallen flat, had not the kind merdinner, and the bad-tempered cook even waited upon him.

After that, seeing that he was stronger, she kept him busy till candlelight, giving him all the cleaning and scouring and endless jobs to do, and sitting with her own large feet against the hob of the fire.

But little Dick would have been happy in this good family in spite of the short-tempered cook and the easy life she now led at his expense. Sometimes she forgot to feed him, it is true, and little, laughing Alice, the merchant's daughter, brought the wreck

of a cold pie up to Dick's garret without the cook's knowledge. But this hard work and skipping of meals was not the worst of Dick's hardships: at night he could not sleep, for fear of the rats that came into his garret and even frisked across his pallet and stepped, with cold feet, on his face.

One day a gentleman gave Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, and, with the cook basking and snoring over the fire, Dick stole out to spend it. He saw a little girl in a garden, parlor, and asked them what they would send out.

They all had something that they were willing to venture; even the cook brought out an old, dull looking-glass that made every one look hideous that peered into it. All except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and, therefore, could send nothing.

For this reason he did not come into the parlor with the rest; but little Alice grew serious long enough to guess what was the matter, and went

"KEPT HIM BUSY TILL CANDLELIGHT"

petting a very bright-looking cat, and, after tossing his penny up many times, so that she longed for it, he succeeded in buying the cat from her.

Dick took his cat back to his garret, and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her, when he had any. And like all cats, she slept in the daytime and hunted the rats at night, so that, in a little while, he was troubled no more with the nasty things.

Soon after this his master had a ship ready to sail, and, as he thought that all his servants should have some chance for good fortune as well as himself, he called them all into the out to lead him in by the hand. Then Alice took some money out of her own purse for him and laid it down. And her father laughed and said it would not do; it must be something of Dick's own.

When poor Dick heard this, he spoke up and said he had nothing but a cat, which he had bought for a penny some time since from a little girl.

Then the merchant laughed loud and long, and the ship's captain and his men thumped the table and near split themselves with merriment.

"Fetch your cat, then, my good

boy," said the merchant, "and let her make the trip."

Dick went upstairs and brought down his furry room-mate, with tears in his eyes, and gave her to the captain, for he said that he should miss her, and that the rats would know that she was gone.

And then all the company laughed again at Dick's odd venture, except little Alice, who went below and took

"DICK WENT UPSTAIRS AND BROUGHT DOWN HIS FURRY ROOM-MATE"

a petticoat full of dainties for Dick while the cook was dreaming of the gains that would come to her.

As Alice became kinder to Dick, the bad-tempered cook became jealous of him, making fun of his cat out-to-sea, and putting more and more of her work on Dick's hands. When she would wake up from her day-dreams by the fire, with the smell of burning food in her nose, she would beat poor Dick roundly with her broom, to satisfy herself that she was not the one at fault.

At last the boy could bear this treatment no longer, and he thought he would run away from the place; so he stuffed his few things into an old napkin and started away before the sun was up on All-hallows Day, the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there sat on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and began to think which road he should take.

And while he was thinking thickly, the six great bells of Bow Church began to ring, and, as their pealing call kept up, they seemed to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said Dick, jumping up. "Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now to be Lord Mayor of London and ride in a gilt coach when I grow to be a man!"

So Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house and set

about his work before the cook came downstairs.

And in the meantime, and for a year to come, the ship, with the cat on board, was never heard from, and the cook took to cuffing Dick more and more as she thought of her poverty.

At last the ship caught fire at sea, and a great fire mounted up from it over the dark waters, but the captain never gave up hope, and landed his men in small boats on the coast of Barbary, where the only people were the Moors, that had never seen the English.

The horsemen of the plains came riding about the ship's crew in great numbers and shook their long spears in the sailors' white faces. But when the colorless strangers did not fight them, the Moors treated them civilly, and were very eager to buy the things that the captain had brought ashore.

When the captain saw this, he was willing to be taken prisoner, and marched with them to the court of the king of the country. The king and queen, with all the veiled Moorish ladies of their court, were seated in the upper end of the room, and they immediately ordered a banquet to be spread there for the captain.

They had hardly sat down on the rugs before the rare dishes and fruits, when a vast horde of rats rushed in, helping themselves boldly from the dishes and dragging the food away.

As the king and queen jumped away and the veiled ladies set up a din of frightened cries, the captain stood ground boldly with his sword, and speared as many of the fearless rats as he was able to.

After a while the rest of the rats were satisfied and scampered away, winking evilly at the captain, and then the court came back, with nothing but a row of dirty dishes to eat from.

The captain wondered at the whole proceeding, and asked if these vermin were not very offensive.

"Oh, yes!" said the king; "very offensive, not to say disgusting, for they not only run off with my dinners, as you see, but they assault me in my chamber, and even in bed—life is hardly worth living, even as the King of Barbary."

The captain jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his cat, and told the king that he had brought a creature from his ship that would dispatch all these rats with a switch of her tail.

At this news, the king's heart heaved so high that his turban almost dropped off his head.

"Bring me this wonderful creature," he ordered, "and if she will perform what you say, I will load you a new ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who knew his business, took this opportunity to set forth the merits of Miss Puss.

"Run, run!" broke in the queen, impatiently; "you cannot guess how eager I am to see the dear thing."

Away went the captain to his tent, while another dinner was got ready. He put puss under his arm and arrived at the palace soon enough to see the dining-hall full of rats again.

When Dick's cat saw them, she did not wait to be told, but jumped out of the captain's arms, and in a few moments laid almost all the rats dead at her feet. The rest of them, in their fright, scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen, who had been hugging each other in fright on a high dais, were quite charmed. Thereupon the captain called: "Pussy, pussy, pussy," and the ferocious creature ran up to him and rubbed her side gently against his legs. The queen was delighted. And when the captain reached down and stroked the animal's back, causing her to hump it with pleasure, the queen could scarcely contain herself with joy and affection toward the cat.

The captain picked her up and set her in the queen's lap, where she played with her majesty's hand and sang herself to sleep.

"I positively must have her!" cried the queen, quite enraptured; "there could not exist a creature both more bold and lovable than this!"

And then the king bargained with the captain for the balance of the ship's cargo, and gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to.

With a new ship of the Moors, the captain then took leave of the royal party, and, after a happy voyage, arrived safe in the river before London.

Mr. Fitzwarren, the merchant, had long since given up hope of his ship,

"THE KING GAVE HIM TEN TIMES AS MUCH FOR THE CAT"

but one morning, as he sat in his counting-house, a tap, tap, tap came upon his door. "Who's there?" he sang out. "A friend!" said a voice outside, and instantly the door swung open to admit the captain, followed by his men with chests of treasure. Then the captain, who could hardly wait, pointed to the largest chest and told the story of how he had bargained Dick's cat for it. As soon as the merchant heard this, he called out to his servants:

"Go fetch him—we will tell him of the same;
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

And all the servants, including Dick, came swarming into the room. Dick was so black and dirty from scouring pots for the cook that Mr. Fitzwarren had trouble in picking him out. But a chair was set for him, and Dick thought, at first, that they were poking fun at him.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice at the news my captain has brought you; for he has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you, in return, more riches than I possess in the whole world. And may you long enjoy them!"

Then the cook, who had been fidgeting about during this recital, spoke up. "How about my mirror?" she demanded.

"There was no fortune in that," said the captain; "for when the queen looked into it she appeared so ugly that she threw it to the ground and smashed it. It near cost me my life and——"

The cook stopped him with a burst

of tears, and was not to be comforted till Dick begged of her to accept part of his treasure—enough to set her up with a cook of her own to browbeat for the rest of her days.

And then Mr. Fitzwarren advised Dick to send for the proper tradesmen and get himself dressed like a gentleman, and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could buy himself a better one.

for each other, and proposed to join them in marriage, and to this they both joyfully agreed. A day for the wedding was soon set, and they were led to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs and a great number of the richest merchants in London.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor and were very happy. They

THE SAILORS COME TO TELL DICK OF HIS GOOD FORTUNE

So each part of the day brought forth a new wonder: with the washing and scenting of Dick's face, his dressing in a neat suit of clothes, and the curling of his hair by a barber. And as for Alice, who had stood by him with her heart full of pity, this fine-looking boy quite drove it out of her; so she, having her heart empty, fell in love with him, and straightway filled her heart full of him again.

Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love had several children; and it is said that no man would marry the cook, for all her money. Dick was sheriff of London, also Mayor, and received the honor of knighthood by Henry V.

And for proof of this story, the figure of Sir Richard Whittington, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen, till the year 1780, over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, which, curiously, stood in the middle of the street.

This story was written from the Photoplay of BANNISTER MERWIN

IN business, John MacLane was level-headed, cold-blooded and dictatorial. Affairs in his orderly, methodical office moved like the machinery of a great clock, of which he was the mainspring. He never confused business with sentiment; never allowed his judgment to be swayed by his heart. His decisions were made quickly, stated in the fewest possible words, and there was an end of it, as every employee knew.

At home—ah, that was different! In fact, if you have ever stopped to notice, it usually *is* different. The lion who roars about his office, frightening pretty stenographers into tears, making gray-haired clerks shake in their shoes, even ruffling the imperturbability of the gum-chewing office-boy, usually becomes transformed into a modest mouse when his feet cross the threshold of his home.

Why is it? I dont know, but I have a theory. "Man was born to rule," as some one or other remarked ages ago; but it is a rare man who can occupy the position of lord and master in his own home nowadays—women are too pretty and wheedling, or else they're too clever and emancipated! He gives in, and lets his women do as they please—they will, anyhow! And then, being born to rule, he fulfills his destiny by taking it out on the office force.

There was only one woman in John MacLane's home—his daughter Nora—and she occupied the place in the man's heart that only a motherless daughter can fill. She was just twenty; slender, dark-haired, with the sunniest smile and the cheeriest disposition in all the world. The happiest time in the day, for her, commenced at six o'clock in the afternoon. Then she began to listen, eagerly, for her father's key in the latch, and, when the welcome sound came, she ran to meet him lovingly, patting his face with her slender, sensitive fingers; listening, contentedly, to the sound of his loved voice. Alas! it was Nora's only way of recognition—to listen and to feel. For the girl was blind; her eyes had never seen

her father's face, never looked at the beauties of nature, tho she loved them so fondly.

Sometimes, looking at her lovely, animated face, where the color came and went constantly; at the red lips, curving so easily into laughter, John MacLane was filled with sudden, impotent rage at the thought of his child's affliction. At other times he was filled with deep thankfulness that, in spite of her sightless eyes, her life was full of happiness. Everything that money and affection could do to bring pleasure into this blind girl's life had been done. Her library contained hundreds of volumes in the Braille type, which she read with ease; games, music, flowers and pets were hers; no wish was ungratified; yet she remained a simple, unspoiled girl, radiating sunshine and hopefulness as naturally as a flower emits perfume.

"YOU DONT REALIZE WHAT A CLEAR PICTURE MY FINGERS GIVE TO MY BRAIN"

It was later than usual, one night in the early autumn, when Nora heard the long-expected click of the lock, and ran into the hall, joyfully.

"I've been waiting such a long time," she cried; "what makes you so late tonight?"

"Oh, things were a little bothersome at the office. I had to talk to a lot of men, when I wanted to be home with my little girl," he answered, drawing her to him.

"But never mind; I've brought you something nice. You shall have it as soon as we've had dinner—I'm nearly starved."

Dinner over, the package was opened. It contained an exquisite little piece of statuary, done by one of New York's younger sculptors—a youth whom all the city was praising.

"I heard Miss Slade reading that article to you about that young fellow's work, so I knew you were interested," MacLane explained, smiling at her pleasure. "I thought you'd like to have a sample for your very own."

"You're so good to me," murmured Nora. "It is just lovely. Isn't it wonderful how any one can make such beautiful figures out of a bit of cold marble?"

Her deft fingers were feeling the statue, inch by inch, tracing all its delicate lines understandingly, and her face was glowing with pleasure.

"If she only could see it," thought her father, with one of those sudden pangs of rebellion which swept over him so frequently; "if only she could look at all these things she loves so well!"

Intuitively, she seemed to read his thought, and she came close to him, laying her dark head against his shoulder, while her fingers were still busy with her new treasure.

"Are you wishing that I could see, father? I wish you wouldn't worry about that. You dont realize what a clear picture my fingers give to my brain. It's just seeing in a different way from yours, that's all. And I think my mental images stay longer. I never forget a face I've touched, and you're always saying you cant remember faces, dont you know?"

"I know that you're a blessed little angel, always making the best of everything," replied the father, and his eyes were misty. She was so brave, so patient, and yet he, who loved her so deeply, was undeceived; he knew that, resolutely hidden away from his sight, there was in her heart a longing that was never stilled—the longing to look upon her father's face. Tonight there was a hope trembling in his heart; a hope so faint, so elusive that he was afraid to put it into words lest it vanish. A great eye-specialist from Germany was visiting the city, and it had been easy for the wealthy John MacLane to arrange for a call from him.

"I mustn't excite Nora," he was thinking, "for it may be entirely hopeless. I wont let her know that the doctor thinks there is a possibility of helping her."

Accordingly, he spoke to her in a tone that he tried to make lightly casual. "By the way, there's a friend of mine coming in tonight," he said, "just for a little call. I want you to meet him."

When Doctor Stuyvesant came, he met Nora and chatted with her as any stranger would, but all the time his sharp eyes were studying her face. The father moved restlessly around the room in a tremor of excitement, not daring to hope, yet unable to keep his thoughts from dwelling on the possibility that the great specialist might be able to give him the gift that he most desired for his child. At last the doctor approached Nora, gently.

"Would you mind very much, Miss Nora, if I looked at your eyes?" he asked. "You see, I'm interested in these cases—you wont think I am rude?"

He had hoped to make the test without Nora's knowledge, but, with quick intuition, she divined his purpose. Her face turned white, and she swayed a little, but her father sprang to her side, and the doctor took her hand, with soothing words.

THE EYE-SPECIALIST BEGINS HIS TREATMENT

"There, there!" he murmured; "dont be so agitated. It will be only a moment."

But the father, with sickening dread, saw that a great light of hope was dawning on Nora's face. He closed his eyes, and prayer sprang to his lips.

"Oh, God!" he breathed, "I cant see her disappointed again—how can I?"

For a few tense moments they waited, silently. Nora was trembling like a leaf, and, tho her father held her hand tightly, he was afraid to look at her; afraid to look at the doctor, lest the great hope be stifled ere it was scarcely born.

"There!" said the doctor, suddenly, and there were tears in his own eyes, tho his voice rang happily; "it's over. Can you bear a shock, Miss Nora—can you bear good news?"

The girl's face became glorified, as if a radiance from the sun had flashed suddenly across it. John MacLane, in doubt, cried out sharply:

"Is it good news, sir—are you sure? Dont waken her hopes——"

His voice broke in a sob, but the doctor understood.

"I'm as sure as I am that I stand here," he said. "In six months' time she will see as well as you do. I am going now—you two will want to be alone. Tomorrow we can arrange about her treatment. Good-night."

He slipped away, tactfully. He knew that the two would wish to be alone in their first hour of gladness.

WALTER HORTON REASSURES HIS FATHER

John MacLane took his daughter in his arms, and for a long time they were silent. Great joy, like great sorrow, has few words.

"You must go to bed now, dear," the father said, an hour later, when their first tumultuous feelings had spent themselves, and they had dropped into happy plans for the future. "I have to go out for half an hour; when I come in, I will say good-night, if you are not asleep."

Asleep! It seemed to Nora that she never could sleep again. She had tried to control her feelings, for her father's sake; she had tried to be calm and rational, and to talk over the great news quietly, because she knew that he feared the effect of the excitement. Now she tossed restlessly on her bed, listening for his footsteps on the stairs. At last she dozed fitfully, snatches of dreams mingling with her agitated thoughts. Suddenly she sat upright in the bed, wide awake. Had she heard a fall and a startled cry, or was it only part of her dream?

The great house was perfectly silent now. Was it very late? Had her father come in and gone to his room, thinking her asleep? She slipped a warm robe over her shoulders, and went quietly down the stairs, into the library. She knew not whether the house was in darkness or light—she only knew that it was very, very quiet.

Inside the library, she went toward her father's chair, but she paused,

with outstretched hand, knowing, instinctively, that some one sat there. Was it her father, she wondered, fallen asleep? Very gently she put out her hand, running her fingers lightly over the face of the man in the chair. It was a strange face!

"Father!" she screamed, springing back in fright; "father, where are you?—come quick!"

Her foot touched something upon the floor—some soft, huddled object that did not stir at all as she bent over it. Instantly the room rang with her terrified screams; there were a few quick footsteps in the room; the outer door closed softly, and a young man sped away into the darkness. The servants, rushing into the library in a panic, found only a stricken, white-faced girl piteously moaning: "Father! father!" while her hands clutched a limp, inert form, whose lips would never answer her again.

SHE LOOKED OUT UPON A NEW, BEAUTIFUL WORLD

The death of John MacLane remained a mystery. The servants knew that he had left the house that evening, after Nora had gone upstairs, but no one had heard him return, and no one could account for the mysterious stranger, whose face Nora had felt in the darkness. It was learnt that MacLane had, late in the afternoon of the day that he met his death, refused to see a broker named James Horton, whose business was on the verge of ruin thru MacLane's operations. It was known that Horton's feeling against MacLane was very bitter, but Horton easily established an alibi. He had spent the entire evening in his home, playing bridge with a party of neighbors. At the end of six months it was generally conceded that the case would go down in the records as an unsolved mystery.

Nora—pretty, joyous, loving little Nora—had wilted under the blow like some tender flower touched by a sudden, savage blast. Nothing could rouse her from the pitiful apathy of her grief. Alone, in her enforced darkness, she mourned, growing so white and frail that it seemed as if her spirit was already slipping away to meet her beloved father's. She even refused, at first, to listen to Doctor Stuyvesant when he came to complete the plans for the operation that was to restore her sight.

"Why should I want to see?" she asked hopelessly. "I wanted to see my father—it will be only a new grief now, if I look out at the world and realize that he is not here."

"Your father would be grieved if you refused this chance of sight, Nora," the good doctor told her gravely. "It was his dearest wish. Do you think he would be pleased to know that you chose to spend your life in darkness? Have courage, my dear; try to live bravely, as your father would wish you to do."

So the day came, at last, when the bandages were removed from Nora's eyes, and she looked out upon a new, beautiful world. For a moment her face glowed with joy; then a quick rush of tears came, and she buried her face in her hands.

"Father would be so glad," she

sobbed; "it seems wicked to be happy when he is gone!"

The doctor beckoned to a sweet-faced woman who was waiting in an adjoining room. She came quickly, putting her arms tenderly around the weeping girl.

"Nora," she said gently, "I am Mrs. Van Sittart, and I knew your mother when she was as young as you

NORA IS INTRODUCED TO WALTER HORTON

are. I am going to take you home with me now, for her sake and for yours. You must meet people, form friendships, make new ties. It is what your father and your mother would wish you to do, dear. They will be unhappy in Heaven if they see their daughter's life wasted here in grief and loneliness. You shall be like my own daughter, and, some time, you will be happy again."

Little by little, the color crept back to Nora's cheeks; smiles came oftener to her lips, and her interest in life began to deepen. Time, the merciful healer, is thrice kind to youth, and tho Nora's grief was still deep and poignant, the bitterness was fading, and the light of hope was beginning to dawn in her dark eyes. There was one thought, however, that yet recurred to her with haunting dread—the face that she had touched in the darkness, the face of her father's murderer. Somewhere that man was living; perhaps she passed him in the street and did not know! Often she awoke, shuddering, from a dream of that face in the darkness.

"Would you know the face if you saw it?" Mrs. Van Sittart asked her.

"No, only if I felt it. I should know instantly, if my fingers touched that face again."

"Then dont worry about it—try to forget it," counseled the sensible

friend, and Nora obeyed her. She tried to forget, and, just then, a new influence began to creep into her life, that went far toward helping her in this effort. A young man appeared on the horizon of Nora's life—a young man whose coming brought a deeper flush to the girl's cheek, a new radiance to her eyes. His calls became frequent; they sang together, walked together, rode together. Mrs. Van Sittart looked on with satisfaction.

"It is just what Nora needs," she thought complacently. "Walter Horton is a fine, rising young man, and, when Nora has a home and a husband, she will forget all the dreadful past. But I wonder why he looks at her so strangely sometimes—almost as if he were afraid of something? Last night, when she closed her eyes and felt of that vase he brought her, as she often does when she particularly likes a thing, he looked positively ghastly! Is he afraid she will become blind again—or is he afraid of heredity?"

It had been thought best, at the time of her father's death, not to tell Nora of the trouble between him and the broker, so the name Horton had no unpleasant connections for the girl, nor for Mrs. Van Sittart.

It really seemed as if life were bringing its full measure of joy to cast at Nora's feet now. Her laugh and song rang thru the house, her feet danced up and down the stairs; she was a veritable sunbeam in the dawning of her new love and hope. But, thru the current of Mrs. Van Sittart's joy for her, there ran a vein of uneasiness.

"Why doesn't he speak?" she wondered. "It is plain that he loves her—what is holding him back?"

But fate, in the form of a runaway horse, took a hand in the young lovers' affairs at last. Perhaps Cupid grew impatient and sent a sharp arrow into the horse that Nora was riding down the smooth boulevard that day. At any rate, the beast bolted, with no apparent reason, and those few dreadful moments, before Walter Horton was able to overtake and gain control of the frightened animal, seemed to break down the barrier. There, under the shade of the great trees that lined the boulevard, he confessed his love, and into Nora's heart a deep happiness and peace entered.

To Nora, the road home was an enchanted one. Surely, the sun had never shone so brightly before; the birds had never sung so sweetly; the flowers had never bloomed so brightly. All the loneliness and sorrow of her past life seemed to be swept away by this strange, new tide of love.

When they reached home and stood, alone at last, beside the open fire, she lifted her eyes to his, and there was such a radiance in their depths as he had never seen there before. Silently, half-awed, he held out his arms, and she went to him, simply, without hesitation, with a happy sigh, like that of a tired child. There was a long silence before she stirred and said wistfully:

"If father only could know!"

All the light died from Walter Horton's face, his arms dropped rigidly, and, as Nora looked up in quick surprise, she caught in his eyes a look of anguish and foreboding that chilled her new happiness with a vague, horrible shadow.

"What is it, Walter?" she exclaimed.

"Nora, dearest," he said tremblingly, "could anything change your love for me now? Would you ever turn from me?"

"Never!" she answered instantly.

"I *must* tell you," he began, but she interrupted him, imperiously.

"I dont want to hear," she declared. "I love you; you love me—that is enough. If there is anything unpleasant in your past, forget it now. I know there will be nothing but good in the future."

"But you do not understand," he protested. "It is something that was not my fault—it was an accident—and yet——"

"Stop," she protested; "please, Walter. I do not want any trouble to shadow this perfect day. I love

you—I trust you; isn't that enough?"

Then, as he still hesitated, trembling, uncertain, she came close to him.

"Kiss me, dear," she said; "you've never kist me!"

With a sigh that was almost a moan, he bent to meet the lovely, smiling lips; but, ere he touched their sweetness, he raised his head again, with a sharp, decisive gesture.

"No!" he cried; "I must not—I must tell you——"

"THE FACE!" SHE MOANED

She flung up her hands, with a pretty, shrinking gesture, as if warding off a blow. Her cheeks were paling now, but she shook her head bravely.

"See, I will not let you speak," she laughed—laid her slender, sensitive fingers upon his face, to stop his words—and staggered back instantly, like one smitten with a mortal blow!

"Walter!" she shrieked; "oh, God!—Walter!"

Step by step, eyes dilated, face blanched, hands thrust out as if to keep him from her, she moved away from him.

"The *face!*" she moaned; "the face in the darkness! Oh, go—go quickly—the *face!*"

For one long, anguished moment the man's eyes gazed at her, and in their depths burned pain and love and longing and despair. Then, with a hopeless gesture, he bowed his head, turned softly, and went out into the gathering dusk. And as he walked, the air around him was filled with close-whispering voices that chanted shrilly: *"There is no hope—none. The face in the darkness—the face in the darkness!"*

To The Motion Picture Story Magazine

I wrote a Moving Picture play
And told my friends about it,
Describing it as new and gay—
They smiled and didn't doubt it.

And they are talking, far and near:
"I'll write a play some day!"
Now I am asking, loud and clear:
Who hasn't tried to write a play?

The milkman and the plumber, too,
The man who gets the ashes,
The cook who cooks our daily stew,
The laundry girls and hashers,

Our carpenter and tinner,
Essayed the Moving Picture art,
And the bum without his dinner
Has contributed his part.

And when I see the show each day,
I scarce control my feelings;
I see how much they please the jay,
And illustrate his dealings.

Diogenes, with lantern lit,
Went searching for an honest mortal,
And, with his odd, archaic kit,
He paused at everybody's portal.

A longer quest than his I plan,
About the world I mean to stray
To find the woman, child, or man,
Who hasn't tried to write a play.

THE Great Sculptor moulds man in His own likeness. Some faces go God-carven thru the world. But man, the amateur, meddles with the Supreme Artist's work, oftentimes, and bungles pitiably, distorting the features, leaving a caricature where there should have been a soul.

He was horrible. Against the festering, red sunset, he was etched starkly, like an abnormal thing, an abortion of Nature, a man-beast, shaggy with harsh, bristling locks, red stubble of beard and formless clothing. There was misery in the torn feet, swollen thru the derelict shoes; pathos in the slinking of the broad shoulders built to go briskly erect thru life; tragedy in the blank stupidity of the ravaged face, empty of thought as a sick bull's. He breathed noisily thru his broken teeth as he plunged along the filthy turnpike toward Grenoble, whose lights sprinkled the neutral evening distance.

As he surveyed them, he licked his lips greedily. Food—rest!—and he was dog-hungry and animal-tired. Five leagues that day, God pity him, and not a morsel of red cheese or a shred of meat or a sup of wine. But where yonder lights burned—there was good eating, a deep bed and a fire; and human faces that would, perhaps, smile at him—— He broke into a half-trot of eagerness, like a home-bound dog, and would have fallen, once or twice, in the mule-cart ruts, if the great, knotted staff he carried had not saved him. Strangely animal-like he was, this loping, muscular man-bulk, with the face of a timid brute beneath the leather-peaked cap, and the beaten, cowering crouch of his huge body. Thru the coarse, yellow calico shirt, fastened with silver anchors at the throat, his hairy breast heaved blue with the snow-sharp buffet of the Alpine wind, yet his face was mapped with perspiration and road dust, and he panted, wistful of breath.

As he traveled, his fingers sought his pocket frequently, fumbling for his wallet and passport—reassured for a moment; then fumbling again. What if he should lose them! There would be no fire then; no fat marmot reeking on the spit at the inn; no soft bed—not even a truss of straw in the coach-loft.

Nineteen years he had slaved for that supper and that bed—if it should be lost *now*, but no! The leathern pouch gurgled under his touch with the reassurance of metal, and his paper—the yellow passport that gave him the right to the wide air, the open, public highway—that, too, crinkled and crisped against his fingers. He breathed hoarsely with relief and impatience.

Under his feet the deep dust of the roadway changed to cobble-stones,

racking his burning muscles. A thorn hedge unrolled by his side, with tile-roofed, gabled cottages beyond. And ahead creaked the wooden badge of an inn, swinging from its iron bar across the pavement. Here the man turned in, stumbling on the door-block, blinking in the cheery light that reached out kindly arms

JEAN VALJEAN, GALLEY CONVICT, IS RELEASED

as he flung wide the door. A fire purred and hissed in the low chimneypiece, dancing about the cauldron, that gave forth savory, spicy odors. Twin partridges glistened, with tight, brown skins, on the grating of the oven, while a small turnspit, in white canvas apron, whirled a whole suckling pig over the blaze. The stranger set his knapsack and stick in the chimney-corner, his eyes lingering on the food, his lips working as if already tasting it.

In the rear of the kitchen, carriers and gendarmes ate noisily, with a tattoo of pewter knives and forks, at the deal table, while the landlord bustled among them, filling their cups from a great flagon of brown, foaming ale. This done, he turned to the newcomer, cocking his elbows and shooting an ingratiating leer over his oily moustache. But the smile faded at the sight of his guest, and the business-like cordiality of his craft oozed out of his voice as he inquired sharply:

"What d'ye wish here, fellow?"

"Supper," said the man, hoarsely, in an unused voice—"a bed."

"And the color of your money, my fine cock?"

"*Diable!* I'm not trying to bilk you," cried the man, fiercely, yet humbly. He drew the pouch from his blouse. "You see, I have money. I can pay."

The landlord pushed forward a wooden stool, and busied himself among his stew-pans. "Sit, then, monsieur," he said more pleasantly. "Supper will be ready soon."

The man huddled his great length on the stool, leaning his bristling head against the wainscoting. His eyes closed in the noiseless stupor of exhaustion. Sleep is a strange thing. It strips man of his disguises. One of the gendarmes, glancing carelessly at the stranger over his mug-rim, glanced again; then whispered to his companion. A hurried question, a nod, then——

"Landlord, come here."

A moment later, the stranger was jerked rudely from his dreams by a harsh hand on his shoulder.

"You will have to go at once, monsieur."

The man shuddered from the

touch, as from a vile memory. Fright wrenched his features into a horrible grimace, but he did not move, dogged with his desperate need.

"Why not, pray? Is this not a public inn?"

"I have no room left for you."

for rogues such as you. So begone quickly——"

Without a backward word, the man picked up his knapsack and staff, and shuffled from the room. Behind, the fire danced rosily, the steam of cooking food hazed the pleasant

THE GENDARMES LEARN THAT JEAN WAS A GALLEY CONVICT

The man moistened his dry, rusty lips.

"The stables, then," he muttered; "and, first, supper."

"I have no food." The landlord lost his patience.

"Monsieur, the gendarme tells me you are a former galley convict, one Jean Valjean. My house is an honest one. Blood of my soul! it is no den

light; ahead was the emptiness and loneliness of impersonal evening under a vast, far sky, where cold, cruel stars sputtered and snapped like little, pitiless eyes.

Haphazard he stumbled along the close street, keeping to the walls like a furtive shadow, his head sunken on his huge chest, his fingers fumbling, fumbling endlessly, stupidly, in his

blouse. A terrible doubt caught his breath. The passport—had it not made him a free man—had he not money to buy his food as well as the best of them? *Mon Dieu!* did he still wear his striped clothes, then? He half-sobbed thru distended nostrils as he moved on, and his shallow eyes glistened with self-pity, rolling from side to side. A mob of children, who had watched him thrust from the inn, came howling and shrieking after, mocking his rags and misery, with the unbelievable brutality of healthy childhood, at a safe distance, as tho he were some dangerous dog who might snap at them.

"Ya-ya! Monsieur le convict!"

"Regard—see! *Sacré!* a monster, truly!"

"*Fils de diable*—ye-e-e-e!"

Jean Valjean did not glance behind. These were insect annoyances. But the cold shudder of the wind along the lane; the gnaw, gnaw of the hunger-rat in his stomach; the weight of his bloody feet, almost as hard to carry as a ball and chain—these things were real. A finger of light fell across the pavement in front of him, beckoning. He paused, leaning on the wicket gate, to look into the cottage thru the half-drawn pink chintz curtains.

A bare table filled the center of the room, aglow with a copper oil-lamp and brave with supper—a tin mug of wine, a brown soup-tureen. The father of the family, an artisan in huge, leathern apron and blue-jeans shirt, sat eating, a fat child balanced on his knee. Near-by the wife watched him adoringly, suckling a younger child against her white breast. The home-love of the picture smote the wretched man without like a vicious blow. For an instant it was crueller than the gaunt hunger and the cold of his racked body. God pity them, the homeless ones, the vagabond wanderers of the world who go by in the darkness and the storms, their only warmth the flicker from other men's hearths, their light the glow streaming from other men's homes!

Jean Valjean reflected.

"Where there is so much happiness," he thought wistfully, "surely there will be a little pity. There's a woman, and, *mon Dieu,* they are not as hard as men——"

He knocked timidly; then louder. The door opened.

"Your pardon, sir," said Jean; "but would you, for payment, give me a plate of soup and a place to sleep?"

The peasant regarded him sharply.

"Why not the inn?" he asked.

Dull blood drowned the convict's face; his tongue thickened. At that moment the child, who had been peering about her father's legs, gave a shrill shriek of pleased terror and fled to the mother's side.

"That's the convict man—that's *the convict man!*"

The woman's face darkened. She clasped her two children to her for protection. "The viper!" she cried wrathfully.

The peasant examined the man curiously.

"So you are the convict, eh?" he sneered, finally. "Be off! Name of a pig, be off at once!"

"For mercy's sake," cried Jean, desolately, "a glass of water!"

"A charge of shot!" the other said. The door slammed to and erased the light. Night, with a rain coming; the blurred moon, uncanny with slatternly cloud-wisps across her face, and a hopeless, desperate man. He staggered on—on. Now he no longer looked for the lights of a pot-house or the glimmer from a dwelling. Instead he sought a mule-shed or a hop-picker's hut, where he might escape the rain. At last he made out the outlines of a small building blotched against the pale, ghastly sky. It was, as it proved, a dog-kennel, but Jean was desperate. Crouching, he drove his great shoulders thru the low doorway. Hoarse breathing rumbled thru the hut; he felt a rough, surly muzzle thrust against his face. Then the dog, seeming to recognize a hunted brother-animal, began licking the man's hand companionably.

But even a kennel was to be denied to Jean. The crowd of children following him saw his shelter and aroused the village loungers. In a moment they were upon him, dragging him rudely from his kennel, beating him with fists and cudgels, pelting his soul with the sting of malicious words, taunting his body with stones. Jean was beyond thinking. The pain of the blows flogged his weary body into flight; but his tormentors were upon him, with the unreason of mob-spirit, and he fell sprawling into the gutter.

Then a door near-by was opened; a voice, gentle as a woman-touch, fell on Jean's bruised senses, and, one by one, the loungers slunk away. He lay spent as a harried quarry, waiting what might come. It could not be good, whatever it was—there was no good in the whole horrible world—nothing but blows and foul prisons and double chains; nothing but cruelty and loathsome words and jeering, evil and vice and crime.

These he was used to. Shame had been his brother and Suffering his bedfellow so long. But he was not accustomed to a gentle hand laid, friendlywise, upon his shaking shoulders, with a touch whose tenderness sank deeper, to his bruised and bloody soul. It terrified him. He who had taken the warden's blows and the gall of chains as the way of the world, trembled from kindness like a child in the presence of the unknown.

"*Pardonnez-moi;* I—I—go—in a moment——" The words splintered between his chattering teeth. He wrenched his body to its feet. The hand on his shoulder fell to his elbow, supporting him.

"Come," said the voice, "we will go in where it is warm. Marie will have supper ready for us soon."

Jean Valjean stood very still, quivering. At last he dared to raise his eyes. God's angels come in quaint disguises often: as beggars, as princes; sometimes as old, frail, shabby men in priestly cassock like this one, whose silver hair blew thinly in the wan moonlight like a dim, frail aureole. The face was one that had won its peace from much praying; from watching, with Christ, beneath solemn skies; from thinking a lifetime of pure thoughts; from loving an unlovable world. It was a face made in the image of its Moulder, and it glowed toward the hunted man like a strange, gentle star that has stooped, marvelously, to the street. Jean Valjean did not think this, however. A dog does not put his instincts into words. Instead he drew back, suspiciously.

"Do you know who I am?" he cried harshly. "I am Jean Valjean; I stole a loaf of bread. I have spent nineteen years as a convict in the galleys. They say I am a dangerous man—see, there it is printed on my passport——"

The Bishop did not glance at the paper. He did not shrink back in disgust. He moved nearer.

"No," said the Bishop, gently, "no, that is not what you are. I knew you at once."

Jean Valjean stared stupidly.

"Then who am I?" he said at last.

"You are my brother," said the Bishop.

The wind, Alpine-born of snow and heaven-piercing peaks, whined along the narrow lane, whipping the priest's black robe about his spare form. Distance-eased bursts of laughter from the pot-houses near-by, and a bell from a convent in the mountains; then silence, vocal with meaning—then a strange, hoarse sob.

"But I am a convict," muttered Jean, doggedly. He leaned forward on his stick, searching the old, white face. "A dangerous man. They turned me out of the inn; even the dog-house could not shelter me. No one wants me. You do not understand. *I am a convict.*" He was moving away.

"Are you hungry?" said the Bishop, matter-of-factly. "*I* am. Let us go in, or the good Marie will scold us for making her soup cold." The door opened: warmth—light—[illegible] of food——

The comely woman, in white cap, puce-checked apron and stomacher, setting a chafing-dish of charcoal upon the table, turned, and stared, in amazement, at the guest that the night had sent.

"Marie," said the Bishop, cheerily, "this is a friend who will dine with us. Set another place for him at the table."

"But—but, *sir*, surely——"

well for it—see?"—he drew out the leathern wallet boastfully—"see—one hundred francs. It took me nineteen years to earn them—nineteen; but now they shall buy me a bed and soup and bread and mutton——"

"I do not want your money, my brother," said the Bishop. "We do not take pay from our kin."

"But I am no kin of yours——"

"Oh, yes"—the old priest's tone

"MARIE, THIS IS A FRIEND WHO WILL DINE WITH US"

"And then you will make up a bed for him in the alcove, Marie——"

Jean Valjean made a strange, uncouth sound.

"So I am to sleep in a real bed?" he cried violently. "My God! a bed with clean sheets and a mattress and, perhaps, goose-feather pillows. A bed like other men? I haven't slept in a bed for nineteen years—only on boards or straw—and so I am to have a real bed now, eh? I can pay

was infinitely reverent. "We have the same Father, Jean Valjean."

Marie brought another plate, knife, fork and spoon in the resigned silence of disapproval. She set on curdled cheese, a long, crusty loaf of rye bread, oil, cabbage salad and the soup-tureen. She was hurrying away, but the Bishop called her back.

"It is very dark here, Marie," he chided significantly. Jean Valjean stared at the candlesticks that she

brought in, blinking in amaze. There were two—silver, massive, marvelous—worth, possibly, the ransom of a king. He could hardly wrench his gaze from them as he ate. The food on his plate vanished wolfishly, in noisy gulps and snatches, as a beast eats when it is starving, not for pleasure, but out of horrible necessity. The Bishop's gentle voice bridged the silence, now and again, with comment or question. And always the convict's eyes gloated on the candlesticks, lusting for them.

The world is ever creating Frankensteins, horrible monsters, dangerous and destructive. And ever these man-made creatures of evil are wreaking revenge for their illegitimate birth upon the folly that conceived them. Jean Valjean stole a loaf of bread for his sister's starving children. It was a small loaf. They were very young and suffering. He loved them. The world thrust him into the slave-galleys, riveted a chain and ball about his ankles, beat him, cursed him, taught his boy-heart filth and vice and the knowledge of evil things. When he tried to escape from the hell of the chain-gang and the finger-bruising basket-making, the world flung him back to worse torture: solitary punishment till the brain shrieks and the nerves are like jelly strings; flogging, with knotted rope, the body God built for His temple; fetters that fret the limbs into nauseous sores.

Nineteen years of this—if aches and blows and curses are measurable in years—and here he lay, at last, upon a clean bed, full-fed, the echo of kindly words vocal to his ears; and he could not sleep.

Could not sleep for the nagging of memories biting his soul: memories of the grim hell of the galleys; the humiliation at the inn; the stones of the loungers—ah, how he hated them, these fat-paunched, smug-eyed citizens, with their musty morals and their prate of that devil-thing called the Law. An amusing thing, their law: nineteen years it exacted for one five-penny loaf of bread. The flesh of his body it had taken for its toll—the blood of his soul. He was a thing sucked dry. He hated the Law. The world was against him, always had been, always would be. Why should he not have his puny revenge on the universe? Wakefulness mated to midnight gives birth to ill thoughts. Below the stairs were the great silver candlesticks; beyond the door, freedom. But first he must get the Bishop's keys.

Thru the halls, like the shadow cast by evil, crept Jean Valjean, outcast in body and soul, a thankless thing aquiver with desperation, hatred, resentment against the world and God. The Bishop's room was white with moonshine. Yet, strangely, the light seemed to come, not from the unshuttered, diamond-paned casement, but to stream down from the iron crucifix high-hung above the bed. There was murder in the dwarfed soul of the convict—murder in his small, red eyes; his knotted hands; his great, sinister lump of a body. On the threshold of the room he paused. Was it alive, that twisted, tortured thing upon the cross? The shadow of the sycamore beyond the window rippled across the strange, white glow, giving the figure motion. Its hands, outstretched, seemed lifted above the sleeping Bishop, in divine benediction. In the face on the pillows, old, framed in thin, white hair, time-scarred with other men's sins and sorrows, glowed a startling reflection of that on the cross—the face of the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief.

Jean Valjean stood very still, gazing. To one who has looked on evil all his life, good is terrible. He was afraid. Shuddering, he snatched the keys from the table by the bed and fled the room.

"*Aie! aie! Peste* on him! Master, master, wake! The villain—the viper, to run away with the beautiful candlesticks—*aie!*——"

Marie's wail splashed into the Bishop's dreaming like a rude stone into a serene pool. He listened in silence to her triumphant pean of

grief, tho the lines in his old face quivered deeper. Finally he lifted his hand.

"Marie," he said gently, "I have done a very wrong thing."

"You?—but never—*impossible*—"

"Yes," said the Bishop, sadly; "I kept the candlesticks too long. They belonged to the poor. He has only taken his own."

THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS!

Mid-afternoon. The sun streamed like water from the red-tiled gables and the chimney-pots. Down the by-lanes the children were playing *sur le pont d'Avignon* with young twitterings and trills. In the square front yard of the Bishop's house the old priest dozed beneath the grape-arbor, his prayer-book open in lax fingers.

Peace everywhere and contentment. The drowsy afternoon was serene music—idling over gentle strings. Into it crashed, like a discord, four red-frocked gendarmes, dragging between them a man, bloated with fear, swollen tongue flapping, eyeballs distended, as one who looks at a vision too horrible for belief, and yet knows that it *is* true. He came voicelessly, limbs swinging loosely, uncontrolled, panting like a spiritless dog. It was Jean Valjean. The vision he was seeing was the galleys yawning for him—already he felt the chains searing his flesh, the hissing, red pain of the

flogging; he smelt the foul flavor of unkempt bodies, the harsh basket-withes wet with blood and sweat. So a maimed dog looks at the whip that scotched him, or a once-redeemed soul dropping into the flames of its old hell.

In the arms of one of the officers were the candlesticks. He held them out to the astonished Bishop, doffing his peaked cap reverently.

"Pardon, your reverence; these are yours, are they not? We came on this dog of a fellow—a liberated convict—running thru the woods with them—"

The Bishop's eyes sought the tortured face of Jean Valjean. There was cooling in the look, and healing. God knows what he saw there. A man would have seen only violence, horror, fierce sin, suffering, black hatred and unspeakable fear. Perhaps he looked as God looks, beneath the skin to the soul.

Jean Valjean's hands knotted together; he stood hopeless, head and limbs limply hanging, awaiting the word that would snatch the sunshine from him forever.

"Yes, messieurs"—the Bishop's voice was leisurely; "I know this man. He is my friend. He told you——?"

"That you gave him the candlesticks, your reverence, but we thought——"

The Bishop smiled serenely.

"You thought wrongly, my good friends," he said. "They belong to him. I gave them to him."

Astonishment and dismay were sketched, ludicrously, on the faces of the gendarmes. "Ah, we did not know—your pardon, monsieur le convict—*bon jour*——" They were gone.

Jean Valjean stood swaying, incredulous hope lightening his dull eyes. Free!—the galleys were not for him, then, nor the sour, black bread, nor the stripes; but the open road, honest work, a bed, the clean food of human beings—he drew a long, slow breath till his great lung-bellows creaked against his muscles. Then, without a word, he turned to go.

"Wait!" the Bishop's voice was like a firm hand on his shoulder, drawing him back. "Wait, friend, you are forgetting your candlesticks."

The eyes of the convict and the priest met: the one's wild, hard, bitter, bestial; the other's pitiful, kind as no others had ever seemed, tender, forgiving.

They were friend-eyes, and Jean Valjean had never known a friend; mother-eyes, and he had been motherless since he could remember; God-eyes, and God had been but a name to blaspheme. Sometimes a very little obstacle checks a great river, piling it with rubbish, making it a dangerous whirlpool, restless and threatening. When that is removed, the waters rush on again, cleanly, to the sea. Suddenly the misery and hatred in Jean Valjean's heart burst their bonds, and the waters of healing rushed across his thirsty soul. Sobs shook him. Trembling to his knees, he groped for the Bishop's shabby gown, and found, instead, his hand.

It rested on his head with a feeling like the sound of church bells or the words of a prayer.

"Jean Valjean, my brother," said the Bishop, solemnly, "you no longer own your soul. I have bought it of you. I shall give it to God."

The man crouching on the ground was dazzled by the look of the priest's eyes. He could not bear it, and covered his face with his hands. And, for the first time in his life, he felt ashamed; not bitterness, self-pity, but the flame of shame that burns and purges and makes of a soul a clean-healed and holy place where God may dwell. He staggered to his feet, striving to speak, but the Bishop checked him.

"No, no! no thanks," he said strongly. He made the sign of the cross above the bowed, prison-shaven head. "God be with you; go in peace and sin no more, my brother."

Across the world the Angelus scattered its benediction; the west flamed with a bright splash of gold. As Jean Valjean, stumbling from the rectory yard, looked back, it seemed as tho the glory of the sunset blazed and shone in an aureole about the white head of the Bishop, bowed in prayer.

Fact and Fancy

By M. Q. LAUGHLIN

Entranced, we gaze on lengthy shadows creeping
  Back to their source, below a rising moon;
We fondly watch young sweethearts shyly keeping
  A tryst among the fragrant growths of June.
The singer we applaud, the while despising
  The ragtime airs that tease us, and we trow
That time turns back, that tides of youth are rising
  Around us, at the Moving Picture show.

Betimes, we face a storm-tossed, rock-bound ocean,
  Where wreckers work with calm, cold-blooded ease;
We watch them swing a luring lamp in motion,
  With garments fluttering in the briny breeze.
We watch them step from rock to rock, unheeding
  The waves that dash the dying to and fro;
We curse them while they search the crushed and bleeding,
  That pass us at the Moving Picture show.

Again, we watch a broken mother bending
  Above the fair face of her dying child,
The while we feel that grief is fiercely rending
  Her patient heart, e'en tho her looks are mild.
In fancy we have heard the mother calling
  The child that never more would ease her woe,
And we have felt our own tears fastly falling,
  While dreaming at the Moving Picture show.

Too oft we find the flower of youth competing
  For dross that brings but bitterness and strife,
While fetish and false friends are slyly cheating
  Their victims of the sweetest things in life.
Still, still beyond the plunder and pretending—
  Beyond the reach of Lethe's backward flow—
We see the steadfast Star of Hope ascending
  High, high above the Moving Picture show.

Envoi.

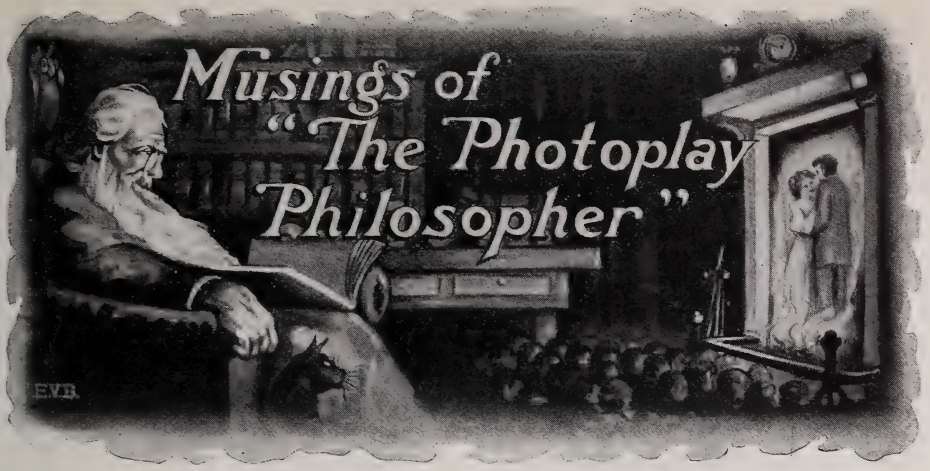
The Future Film will reel no raging battle,
  Gross greed will glut on human flesh no more,
Nor will the cruel cannon roar and rattle
  O'er fields dyed crimson red with human gore.
Old feuds, old faiths will be for aye forsaken,
  Christ's Creed of Love will set men's hearts aglow,
The genius of the gods will soon awaken
  New glories for Earth's Moving Picture show.

The Land of Let's Pretend

By DOROTHY DONNELL

There is a land of dear delights: Arabian nights and wondrous sights,
  Of pirate ships, and lovers' lips, and marvels without end;
It is the land where children go, before they grow too wise to know—
  The path that leads from Playtime to the Land of Let's Pretend.

But the picture play has shown the way to that dear land of yesterday,
  And now once more the wonder-lore of olden days is ours:
The ocean waves and pirate caves, the thrilling fights with Indian braves,
  The lovers, and the laughter, and the flowers.



A CORRESPONDENT, who signs herself "J. S. L.," suggests a reason for the use of the words *Motion Pictures* in preference to *Moving Pictures*. "An old man once saw a beautiful painting by a famous artist," she says, "which depicted a very pathetic scene. This old man was moved to tears. The critic said that this was a true Moving Picture." We have received several jokes and cartoons in which persons were indulging in the tiresome art of moving pictures from room to room or from house to house, and the words *Moving Pictures* and the *Movies* have become almost vulgar. Mrs. J. S. L. suggests the words *Motion Pictures, Motographs* and *Motography.* The word *Motograph* comes from the Latin *Motus,* meaning motion, and the Greek *Grapho,* meaning writing; hence, a motion writing. Thus we could call a Motion Picture a Motograph, and the art or business of Motion Pictures, Motography. The public, however, are not quick to adopt a word merely because of its correct etymologic derivation. A word that is euphonious and easy to pronounce usually becomes popular regardless of its origin. Perhaps we shall never succeed in inducing the public to use *photoplay* for *scenario, photoshow* for *movies,* and *motograph* for *Moving Pictures.* The language of the street eventually becomes the language of the drawing-room.

Money talks. Its favorite words are: "Good-by!"

The newspapers recently carried a dispatch from Ithaca, N. Y., in which it was stated that statistics showed that the students of Cornell College had, to a considerable extent, stopped patronizing the saloons and had substituted Motion Picture shows instead. Similar reports have frequently come from other places, and the saloon-keeper has come to look on the photoshow as his deadly enemy. Photography is not a substitute for liquor, but the facts tend to show that drinking becomes a habit to those who must go somewhere of an evening, and who choose the saloon because it is the most convenient place in which to have a good time. The young men are learning that they can have just as good a time at the picture theater, and a more profitable one, and for much less money. Those who are trying to close the Motion Picture houses, neglecting the saloons, had better see that our young men are provided with meeting-places as harmless as the former, and with entertainment less harmful than liquor.

And now comes the idea of making of every schoolhouse a civic center for that community. In a village or small city the plan is more feasible than in a large city. If, when the schoolhouse is first built, provisions were made to have it contain the public library, the town hall, the public forum, the offices of public officials, such as the Board of Health, a hall where public meetings, dances and receptions could be held, and where Motion Pictures could be shown every night, including Sunday, the plan could easily be carried out. As it is now, the schoolhouses are vacant and idle all night and part of the day. They are built and maintained solely to teach boys and girls from books. Why not teach them also with illustrated lectures, debates, political meetings, public discussions and Motion Pictures? Children learn and remember best that which is pleasing to them. Education is yet in its infancy. By present methods a child begins at six, and when it is fourteen it can hardly speak and write the English language correctly. Should it take eight years to teach the three R's? No, not when properly taught, and when the child has an inclination to learn. Add pleasure to the work, and it becomes play. Motion Pictures must sooner or later find their way into the schools.

If I have received one, I have received fifty letters regarding my recent comments on screen advertising. If these letters are representative, there is no doubt that the public is bitterly opposed to such advertising, and that those managers who persist in imposing on the public, by using their screens for anything except legitimate Motion Picture advertising, will soon suffer the consequences. As every fold has its black sheep, so every enterprise has its Judas who betrays it. Motion Pictures are just beginning to come into their own, and it is a pity that a few thoughtless, avaricious managers should be so short-sighted as to stand in the way of progress.

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump recently delivered a lecture at the University of California on the subject, "The Motion Picture a Ten-Cent University," which was a trite topic. Among other things, Mr. Jump said that five times as many people attend Motion Pictures as attend the regular theaters, and that the evil effects of Motion Pictures have been grossly exaggerated. "As a matter of fact," he said, "we are no more justified in eliminating the Motion Picture because once in a while a youngster has committed a crime after having been to the photoshow, than we would be justified in giving up our public libraries because the stories of adventure contained therein have moved nervous boys to unfortunate imitation thereof. The moral standards of Motion Pictures are quite as high as the moral standards of fiction and poetry that are put out by our public libraries." Quite true; and he might have added: the moral standards of Shakespeare and of history itself are not as high as they might be, to say nothing of our newspapers. The truth is, if a boy is going to be bad, he will be bad; and, if he does not get his inspiration from one source, he will get it from another. It seems to be a fad among reformers, just now, to make Motion Pictures the scapegoat for all moral delinquencies of young people. But since fads are necessarily short-lived, perhaps the next fad will be to treat the photoshow as a moral reformatory rather than as an immoral deformatory.

The Rev. Robert J. Burdette recently said, among other good things, in a lecture that has been widely copied: "The picture show habit is a good one to cultivate, if you cultivate your mind along with it. The picture show is the handmaiden of education. It is difficult to estimate its true value. If it does nothing more than to quicken the imagination, it is a great teacher." Is it not a relief to hear broad, fair-minded preachers like Mr. Burdette say a good word for Motion Pictures? It helps us to hold the clergy in higher esteem. When our moralists are so narrow as to see nothing good in anything except the church, and to deny the people the pleasures of innocent, outside amusements, we can hardly refrain from looking at all their teachings with suspicion. When they show that they wish the people to enjoy themselves, when they exhibit a tendency to correct the evils of the people's amusements, rather than a fervent desire to destroy them, we all feel like joining them in *all* their endeavors; but when they show a bigoted narrowness of spirit in *some* things, we feel like resisting their demands in *all* things.

It is with pride and pleasure that we announce a new and great book, now in course of preparation, entitled "Choice Stories," which will contain about twenty of the best stories that have appeared in this magazine for the last two years, by Rex Beach, Will Carleton, Edwin M. La Roche, Dorothy Donnell, Henry Albert Phillips and other famous writers. We believe that twenty better stories were never gotten together in one book. Watch for the publisher's announcement.

When Frederick Warde, the veteran Shakespearean actor, was first asked to play a series of Shakespearean plays before the camera for a Motion Picture manufacturer, he did not know whether to take it as a joke or as an insult. He, like many other great actors of the speaking stage, thought that Moving Pictures were something of a toy; but he was soon convinced to the contrary, and a contract was signed within the next few days. With something like 16,000,000 people viewing the photodrama every day, it would seem that there cannot be many persons who are not familiar with the remarkable progress the art has made within the last few years; but the fact is that there are still millions who have not the least conception of what modern Motion Pictures are. On the front page of a New York daily paper was published, last summer, a large cartoon showing a varied assortment of people entering a picture theater, and the drawing was entitled, "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief." A great truth was revealed by that simple sketch. Usually, every amusement attracts a single class of patrons, and we do not find bootblacks intermingling with bankers, and millionaires with paupers; but the photoplay seems to be equally interesting to rich and poor, intellectual and unintellectual, black and white, old and young. Not only this, so fascinating is the Motion Picture that the rich and the educated are willing to rub elbows with the very lowliest in order to enjoy themselves at this wonderful place—the photoshow. The time is not far distant when every community will have its picture theater, with a scale of prices for admission, so that the particular and the fastidious may sit in their private boxes or orchestra chairs without mixing up with their "inferiors." If that will make them any happier, it is well. Any way, we want everybody to enjoy the pictures, and we must make things as comfortable as possible for the overparticular.

There is little we know now that was not known to the ancients, and it is probable that every new idea is but an old idea in new clothes. The practices of the Magians, the antics of the demoniacs, and of the possessed, the healing of the king's evil by laying on of hands, the expulsion of evil spirits by exorcism, the hallucinations of the witches, the giving of sight to the blind, movement to the paralyzed, hearing to the deaf, and reason to the insane, all bob up again, in successive ages, but always in a somewhat more rational and feasible form, for "the world do move." Mesmerism, hypnotism, telepathy, animal magnetism, psychometry, thought-reading, mental healing, Christian Science, thought-transference, etc., are but modern terms for old doctrines, and they all owe their origin to the law of suggestion. Those who thoroly understand the related facts in the physiology of the brain have but little difficulty in mastering the secrets of the so-called occult phenomena. Solomon was wiser than he knew when he said that there was nothing new under the sun.

We may suffer without sinning, but we cannot sin without suffering.

I believe that photoplayers have no better friend on the press than I, and I say this without apology for seeming immodesty. If I at times say that which displeases them, it is not said with malice, but with beneficence. The photoplay has mustered a splendid array of players, and they are improving in their art; but I must suggest to them, in all kindness, that many of them are careless. I know several players who go into scenes without the slightest preparation. The director tells them that they are to dress so and so, that they are to impersonate such and such a character, and that they are to do certain things in a certain way. The player often does not know even what the play is about, and does not concern himself to find out. The pity of it! How can any actor expect to do great work, and to become known as an artist under such conditions? I know one player who does quite the contrary. She ascertains, as long in advance as possible, just what she is cast for, reads the play, studies her character at night and creates it in her mind, thinks out various "business" and by-play, and becomes so imbued with the characteristics of the character that she knows just what that person would do under various sets of circumstances. The result is that her work stands out. Every character she plays is different. You can never say of her, as you can of many of the other players, that she is just the same in everything she does, and we remark that she is an artist, and an artist with *brains*. She is more than an "intelligent" player.

Almost every night, at the photoshow, I say to myself more than once, "What a pity that this or that player did not study his (or her) part—such a splendid chance—a talented player with a charming personality and appearance, yet his brains are in his feet! He is a mere automaton, and does just what he is told to do, and no more.

It is only a question of time when the public will tire of those players who do nothing but look pretty; who make love always the same; who have but one way of expressing an emotion; whose every character is the same as the last; and who forget that the greatest attribute of art is brains.

There is some hope if you dont grow worse, but no hope if you dont grow better.

High-Grade Exploitation of Photoplays

By ROBERT GRAU

THE exploitation of Moving Pictures of the better grade is fast assuming much of the dignity and good taste that has attended the presenting of important plays by theatrical managers. Two things have brought about a complete change in the methods of attracting public attention: the advent of the feature film, and the utilization of opera houses and large halls thruout the country for their presentation.

Already the *avant courier* of the silent drama is a potent factor, and has brought about a superior environment for Moving Pictures. The "boomer" has given way to the man of real intellect, possessed not only of the necessary showmanship, but also of literary talents that will enable him to give the amusement-loving public a conception worthy of the amazing progress in the photoplay. No longer is the public press ignored. Advertisements in the amusement columns of city dailies, announcing, a week in advance, the presentation of a feature film, are now common.

The ticket-booth is passing gradually, the box-office in its regular place being a dignified substitute. Instead of the "barker" of former times, we are now attracted by the handsomely uniformed carriage porter, and in place of the rolls of admission tickets meted out to passers-by as they enter, there are coupon reserved seats purchased days in advance by telephone, letter or telegram. On several occasions, the writer has seen business men and women standing in line to secure choice seats for the photoplay.

Slowly, but surely, the "exhibitor" of yesterday is becoming the "manager" of today, and there are those who predict that he will be the "impresario" of tomorrow. For with the Bernhardts, the Réjanes, the Mounet-Sullys, the Maud Adamses, and the Ethel Barrymores capitulating to the theater of science, and the John Corls, the Daniel Frohmans, and the Al. H. Woods, of the theater zone, producing photoplays, the business department must increase with the artistic side.

A prominent manager of photoplay houses, who has already converted two of the theatrical syndicate's metropolitan playhouses to the use of the silent drama, has recently added a third—the superb Park Theater at Columbus Circle—and, with commendable enterprise, he has been experimenting, with a view to impressing the well-to-do residents of this locality. It is this type of manager who is destined to set the pace for the exhibitor of yesterday. By increasing the price of evening admission to twenty-five cents, eliminating vaudeville and substituting a symphony orchestra and two high-grade singers (without illustrations), this progressive manager has so amazed several of his colleagues in theaterdom that plans are now being made all over the city to follow his example as soon as present attractions in the playhouses exhaust their vogue with the public. And this means that the summer of 1913 will witness tremendous photoplay activity thruout the country. As a result, it is possible that the majority of the nation's important playhouses will be utilized for the exploitation of feature films, and many of these are likely to revert permanently to the camera man.

With the Broadway Theater and the historic Wallack's already planned as additional temples of the silent drama, and with a prominent film magnate aspiring to possess the Metropolitan Opera House when not in use for grand opera, there remains only New York's Endowed Theater, and for this the camera man has yearned longingly. The founders of the "New Theater" were amazed when they were told that an ambitious representative of the gold-laden new art was prepared to help them out of their financial difficulties.

How to Become a Photoplayer

THE ABOVE ARTICLES WILL BE FOUND NECESSARY IN THE COURSE OF THE LESSONS; IN THE MEANTIME, LEAD A GOOD LIFE AND KEEP YOUR INSURANCE POLICY PAID UP.

MOUNTAIN AND SEASIDE EXCERCISE. THIS WILL INDUCE BROKEN SLEEP ETC. FOR AWHILE BUT WILL DISAPPEAR WHEN YOU HAVE FIRMLY SUBDUED YOUR FEELINGS.

RESCUE WORK. WHEN MOUNTING LADDER CARRY VICTIM ON ONE ARM LEAVING OTHER ARM FREE TO LIGHT A CIGAR, THIS ADDS GRACE TO THE PROCEEDING.

CARNAGE OF ALL KINDS. THIS NEEDS A LOT OF PRACTICE TO GET USED TO, BUT IF YOU WANT TO BE A PHOTO PLAYER - THROW OUT YOUR CHEST.

AFTER SAYING THESE BOLD WORDS, PROCEED TO DO SO - WHEN YOU'VE RECOVERED DONT GIVE UP "WHILE THERE'S LIFE" ETC.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN' HERES WHERE YOU RISE TO THE OCCASION AND GET YOUR DIPLOMA.

WHO'S THE NEXT VICTIM?

THE FIRST LESSON IN OUR CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

THE only mistake we made when we started this contest was in failing to provide about two hundred extra pages of this magazine on which to print a small portion of the verses, letters, charades, acrostics and other appreciations that are filling the capacious ballot-boxes in the editorial sanctum. The managing editor has allowed us only seven pages for this department, which is anything but generous of him. And such excellent verses! And to think that ninety-nine one-hundredths of them must be filed away until the contest is closed! True, the players themselves will then get them, but we would like to see them in print first. Besides, we have about a thousand other verses on hand, many of them set in type, waiting for their turn, all in praise of the players. The Answer Man is allowed twenty pages! The story writers ninety! Yet the popularity contest editor gets only seven, alas! alack! Well, we'll make the most of it, and pray hard for more room next month.

If only the players could sit here and read all the nice things that are written about them! And they deserve it. The photoplayers have done and are doing a great deal of good in this world, and they receive less appreciation than almost any other class of benefactors that we know of. They work hard and tirelessly to please, yet they have no way of finding out whether they have succeeded or not. The players of the speaking stage receive their appreciation across the footlights, but the players of the photoplay receive no applause—at least, if they do, they do not know nor hear it. We know that our readers are eager to do honor to their favorites, and that they welcome this opportunity.

THE PRIZES.

Contrary to other contests that have been held in the past by various publications, we do not intend to offer several thousand dollars' worth of prizes to the winners. There will be no steam yachts, automobiles, pianos, etc., offered by us. The effect of such offering is usually to inspire the players themselves to work for themselves, and to spend their own money, in order to capture the valuable prizes; whereas, our intent is quite the reverse, for we do not want to make this in any sense a gambling enterprise, nor one in which mere money can buy honor. Hence, our prizes to the winners will not be expensive ones, but they will be appropriate, even elegant, and they will be of a kind that will serve as a lasting monument to the winners. While we cannot stop the players from voting and working for themselves, we shall not encourage it, for we desire this to be a contest which the great Motion Picture public is to decide. The nature of the prizes and the date of closing will be announced later. The standing of the players at the time of going to press will be found on page 172. Dont be discouraged if your favorite is not on top, or near the top, this month. There will be many changes from month to month, and the very lowest today may be the highest a month from today.

How to Vote.

Every reader may vote twice each month, one vote for a male player, and one for a female player, but two votes cannot be written on the same sheet of paper. If you wish to vote for John Doe and Mary Roe, for example, you must take a slip or sheet of paper and write at the top: "I vote for John Doe," signing your name and address below, and you may add any lines or verses you please at the bottom of the sheet, or on the other sheets. Then take another sheet or slip of paper and write at the top: "I vote for Mary Roe," signing your name and address below. You will find one or more coupons concealed elsewhere in this magazine, which, when properly filled out,

will count for extra votes. There is no objection to your sending in a dozen or more votes in one envelope, in case friends or members of your family wish to vote also, but each voter must personally sign each ballot. All matter intended for this department should be addressed to "Editor Popularity Contest, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." We do not allow extra votes for subscriptions. While this contest is on, the Popular Plays and Players department of this magazine will be discontinued, and the verses that we have on hand will be used in this department. Following are some of the clever verses and criticisms that we have received:

DEAR EDITOR—The maids who love the photoshows have often idolized in prose, but never did a *rhyme* compose to Wilbur, of Pathé. This lack of praise has roused my ire. Dear, charming Crane we all admire; why doesn't some fan tune her lyre and sing to him a lay? Those wondrous eyes!—what is their hue? The softest brown or violet blue? I cant describe those eyes, can you? Oh, tell me what they say! He's clever, handsome, graceful, young; oft fame on lesser things is hung. Oh, why does he remain unsung, this hero of the play?

Cincinnati, O. Yours flossily, VIRGINIA C. P.

P. S.—I hope you wont reject this lay,
Tho writ like prose, 'tis rhythmic verse.
It has a true poetic sway.
Dear editor, you've published worse.

It is a pleasure to print this tribute to a "gentle queen with a crown of silver hair":

They may rave about Costello, I like to see him, too;
Write odes to Florence Turner, 'tis certainly her due.
They may fall in love with Morey, for which I blame them not;
And worship Edith Storey, of her I think a lot.
They may vow that dear old Bunny is the very best of all;
That Leah Baird is charming, so statuesque and tall.
They may say that Ince as Lincoln is certainly a treat;
That Clara Kimball Young is, oh! so very, very sweet,
They may sigh for more of Brooke, he certainly is fine;
And wish that Julia Gordon, too, on them would oft'ner shine.
And may call him "dear" Delaney, and with them I agree;
And say that Flora Finch is worth going many miles to see.
All these opinions I endorse. They're all loved, who play for us;
But, first and foremost in *my* heart, is sweet, gentle Mrs. Maurice.

ST. LOUIS VITAGRAPH FAN.

Pearl Prauter drops a pertinent word to the wise:

I wish all the film companies realized what it means to their patrons to give a list of characters with the pictures. The Vitagraph Company's method is good, but, with all due respect to you, Mr. Vitagraph, I like the Edison Company's plan better. It gives you the names and characters as they appear in the course of the picture, and you dont have to pick each one out of a whole screenful. Personally, I write down the names of the characters in the picture and the names of the persons playing opposite. But if the cast is long, sometimes the cast of characters doesn't remain on the screen long enough. Then I'm all at sea. The very best way of all is to have a printed cast and display it with the poster, as you did "Rip Van Winkle," which was *par excellence.*

Here follows a clever bit of versification:

'S funny how we lose our head
At times, and are most eas'ly led
By a sudden whim which floats our way,
To whisk us off in its pleasing sway.
It got me, not so long ago,
As I watched a film in a dreary show,
And I quickly found that dreariness
Had left—replaced by cheerfulness.

A Thanhouser, "Orator, Knight and Cow,"
In it a girlie, and I'll say now
That the girlie was a cute comedy,
And that she for a good, good while will be
Of my whim the queen, tho a phantom one,
This dear little Mignon Anderson.

LEON KELLEY.

MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE:

I feel it my duty to contribute a few words of praise to Thomas Santschi and Betty Harte, of the Selig players, for the splendid acting they have done, especially in "Kings of the Forest"; also Robert Thornby, of the Western Vitagraph Company.

Chicago, Ill. M. D.

TO JOHN BUNNY

(With apologies to Kipling.)

I've seen quite many plays upon the screen,
And some of them were good and some were not;
But of the many actors that I've seen
John Bunny is the best one of the lot.
And when I go to any picture play,
And people are expecting something funny,
I always hear the folks around me say:
"I hope that they'll show something now with Bunny."

So here's *to* you, old John Bunny, on the cinematograph;
Let the others catch the sob and tear, but you will get the laugh;
You're not a thing of beauty, but I guess that you will find
That they're always glad to see you, whenever you're inclined.

R. A. S.

Miss Susie Gue, of McKeesport, Pa., says that the photoplay is her sweetheart, and immortalizes the fact in these lines. A girl who can write such good verse will certainly soon find another sweetheart:

TO MY SWEETHEART.

"Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet," "Irish Molly O,"
And I'll take you to a Moving Picture show.
We'll see "Colleen Bawn" "Where the River Shannon Flows";
Hurry up, get ready, "Pretty Baby Rose."
"Sweet Bunch of Daisies" I'll buy you, "Silver Bell;"
"Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey." Gee, but you look swell
Listen, dear "Pink Lady," when my hair is silver gray,
We will still be going to the photoplay.
"When the Autumn Leaves Are Falling" dont you sigh one bit,
"In the Old, Old Chimney Corner" you wont have to sit,
For "Casey Jones" and "Red Wing," "Steamboat Bill" and "Dolly Gray"
Will call and take you with them to see the photoplay.
The music will be better than "Alexander's Ragtime Band."
I love to read the magazine; I think it's simply grand.
I hear you sweetly whisper "Good Night, Mr. Moon,"
We're going to the photoplay to see the "Players Spoon."
I love the thrilling drama, upon the picture screen,
Unfolding, to your own delight, with no waits in between.
The old-time spinning-wheel was great, in the olden day,
But far superior to it now is the photoplay.
It costs only a nickel to see this great big show,
And you are carried far away, to the lands you do not know.
You see the wonders of this world; you go from shore to shore.
Yes, all these sights are waiting, behind the picture door.
You're sure to see Florence Turner in the Vitagraph;
She certainly gets you thinking, and then she makes you laugh.
She's better than your Bernhardt and Lillian Russell, too;
She puts them in the background, as no one else can do.
Now, "Dimples," he's a darling; he's got the ladies wild;
And little Kenneth Casey is such a pretty child.
But dont forget John Bunny, when you're down in the dumps,
For he and Marshall P. Wilder were certainly great in "Chumps."
Charles Kent is such a grand old man, in a strong, deep part;
He makes you notice he is there; he gets right at your heart.
Now if you want the Western style, and prairie land aglow,
There's none can play the part but Anderson, you know.
So "Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet," "Irish Molly O,"
And we will follow, with the crowd, to the picture show.
I used to like grand opera and Mary Garden, too,
But now I love just two sweet things—the photoshow and you.

1238 Walnut Street, McKeesport, Pa. MISS SUSIE GUE.

An unsigned tribute to James Cruze:

My hero is a silent star,
I worship him from afar;
Such manly beauty I've ne'er seen
Upon a Moving Picture screen.
He is of princely form and face,
And plays his part with manly grace;
He never shows the least conceit—
I think James Cruze cannot be beat.

Letters and verses in memory of the late talented Vedah Bertram are coming into the office every day. The editor will see that they are forwarded to her relatives.

If Fred Church ever goes to Dallas, Texas, he may find the girl who penned these enthusiastic lines in his praise. As a clue, we will say that she does very neat typewriting—that ought to be clue enough for Fred, if he is enterprising:

Why rave of King B. and Costello,
If it is good looks and good work that you search?
Look around in another direction,
And say a good word for Fred Church.

Costello's all right in his own way,
But I think that dimples look best
When accompanied by soft baby-fingers,
Pink, tender flesh and the rest.

Now Fred is not dimpled or pudgy,
He is all of a man, straight and tall.
Did you ever see him play the lover?
Then you have missed the best film of all!

And he can be the wickedest villain,
To Satan you'd think him real kin;
He makes all his meanness so natural,
You find that you hate him like sin.

Why dont G. M. A. play the villain,
And let Fred play lover awhile?
There is one girl would fall for his lovin'—
Gee! I've give my head for a smile!

Motion Picture actors seldom receive a more graceful appreciation than these verses to Guy Coombs, flavored as they are with the very spirit of the stately old days "befo' de war":

TO GUY COOMBS.

When all the crowd expectant wait,
And all the lights are low,
Amid the scenes of other days
I watch you come and go.
A cavalier of yesterday,
Your face brings back to me
A time of flowers and Southern belles
And Southern chivalry.

I hear again the cannon's roar,
The clash of steel on steel;
Back, back again, amid the smoke,
I see the blue lines reel;
I hear the crash of hurrying hoofs,
Amid the shot and shell,
While, loud above the battle's din,
Rings out the rebel yell.

Bristol, Conn.

The South I loved has gone, for aye,
With all her charms and grace,
And, from her fires, another South
Has risen in her place.
And other maids will sing those songs,
And other roses blow,
But none so fragrant as the flowers
That blossomed long ago.

Fond memories, thus you bring to me,
From out the happy past,
Each picture of the martyred South
More precious than the last.
A youthful knight, of courage high,
Above reproach or fear;
The beau ideal of Kalemites—
Our Southern cavalier.

FREDERICK WALLACE.

This little verse from an admirer too modest to sign her name, shows a real appreciation of Mary Fuller:

Mary Fuller, demure and sweet,
Pretty, graceful and petite,
With sparkling eyes and merry smiles—
How many hours she beguiles!

Frances L. Deane, of Chicago, voices the sentiments of a lot of other people when she writes this rhyme:

ou can talk of Miss Field and Sweet Alice;
You can talk of Miss Turner and Flo;
But give us some more of Miss Branscombe,
With the wonderful Essanay show.

We wish we could receive more letters of definite, constructive criticism, like this one. This is what makes our department helpful, as well as interesting:

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1912.

DEAR SIR: One of the most interesting and instructive pictures that I ever witnessed in a Moving Picture theater was the one released by the C. G. P. C. Moving Picture Company, concerning the lesson in liquefied air. It showed many experiments that can be performed by the use of liquefied air. Indeed, if one were to see pictures similar to this, I think there would be no need for schools, of course, speaking generally. The film was so clear and the inscripts were wonderful; they explained everything in a brief and precise manner, so that the picture was as valuable as any high-priced lecture. In fact, I think better.

I am, indeed, a constant reader of your magazine, and think it one of the best and most interesting magazines available. I, indeed, appreciate the manner and style in which the answers to the inquiries are answered.

Wishing your magazine every possible success, I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,

A STUDENT OF ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE.

Miss Evabelle Prout, a popular member of the Essanay, adds the art of poetry to her many other accomplishments. This is a reprint from a recent newspaper that came our way:

"TO VETERAN PICTURE MAN."

There came to dear old Zanesville town,
Not many years ago,
A gentleman named Quimby,
Whom no one chanced to know.
But lo! within a few short weeks,
Main Street was all aglare
With lights—a name "Casino"—
And crowds from everywhere,

To see a Motion Picture show—
The first one to appear—
Which caused a great excitement,
And made folks laugh and cheer.
Now to this man named Quimby
We give credit for this show,
Tho many more did follow,
And failed, as we all know.
Chicago, Ill.

But this man Quimby only smiled,
Said: "All the more for me,"
Which led to vast improvement
In the picture business—see?
Around the corner on Fifth Street, south,
A playhouse stands complete,
And the name in front is "Quimby,"
The man "who's hard to beat."

Then here's to Clyde and Lottie:
May their united efforts gain
For the "newest little playhouse"
A laurel wreath of fame!
Altho in person I cant be there
To see you succeed; but say,
I'd like to come, so it's up to you
To book an Essanay.

EVA PROUT.

Donovan Lamberson, of Buffalo, admires G. M. Anderson and the Essanay Company, but offers the following criticism:

The only fault I find with his pictures is that when they take them part one time and part some other, they lose track of the costumes used the time before. For example, in one of his pictures the bandit was caught in his home, and they took his gun away from him. He wanted to say good-by to his child, and when he went into the room, he had no gun in his holster; but the minute he was in the other room, kissing the child good-by, he had a gun in his holster—the same gun he had handed to the sheriff. When he walked out to the sheriff, he had no gun in his holster—the sheriff had it, showing that they overlooked this fact. Anderson also wore white chaps, one time, on walking into a house; when he came out again he had black ones, and when he mounted his horse they suddenly turned white again. And so on all thru the picture.

Miss Florence LaBadie has an ardent admirer in Dallas, Tex.:

rom all the pictures that I have seen,
I have discovered my picture queen;
Her glorious hair and beautiful eyes,
And oh! that smile I idolize.
You will, too, when you know the young lady
Is the Thanhouser star, Miss Florence LaBadie.

Our thanks are due to Jessie M. Newan for her helpful and encouraging letter. We cant refrain from quoting part of it:

I am particularly interested in the department called the "Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher." I am glad your magazine contains this department, because it is that which makes this magazine different from all others. It always has such wholesome paragraphs, from which one can learn so much.

The Chats with the Players are also good, because they help the public to become better acquainted with their favorites.

Here is a suggestion that might lead to "solving the servant problem":

Ma gave my kid brother a nickel one day,
And said he could spend it 'most any way;
So he went uptown to a Moving Picture show,
And liked it much better than candy, I know.
Those pictures at the Crescent must have surely been great,
The comics, he said, he enjoyed first rate,
And the Vitagraph drama, with a dainty young miss,
Gave him a warm feeling of contentment and bliss.
So now of an evening, when school-work is o'er,
He brings in the coal and kindling galore,
Earning the price of a picture show—
Then away to the music and the kiddies' front row.

17, ST. LOUIS.

Esther Goldberg joins the multitude of Miss Joyce's admirers:

Who is the maiden I like the best,
Of all the maids I see?
The problem isn't hard to guess—
It's Alice Joyce for me.

Sarah Bernhardt does not compare favorably with Rosemary Theby, in the opinion of Lena Beckman, of Bradford, Pa. And she has seen them both, on the screen.

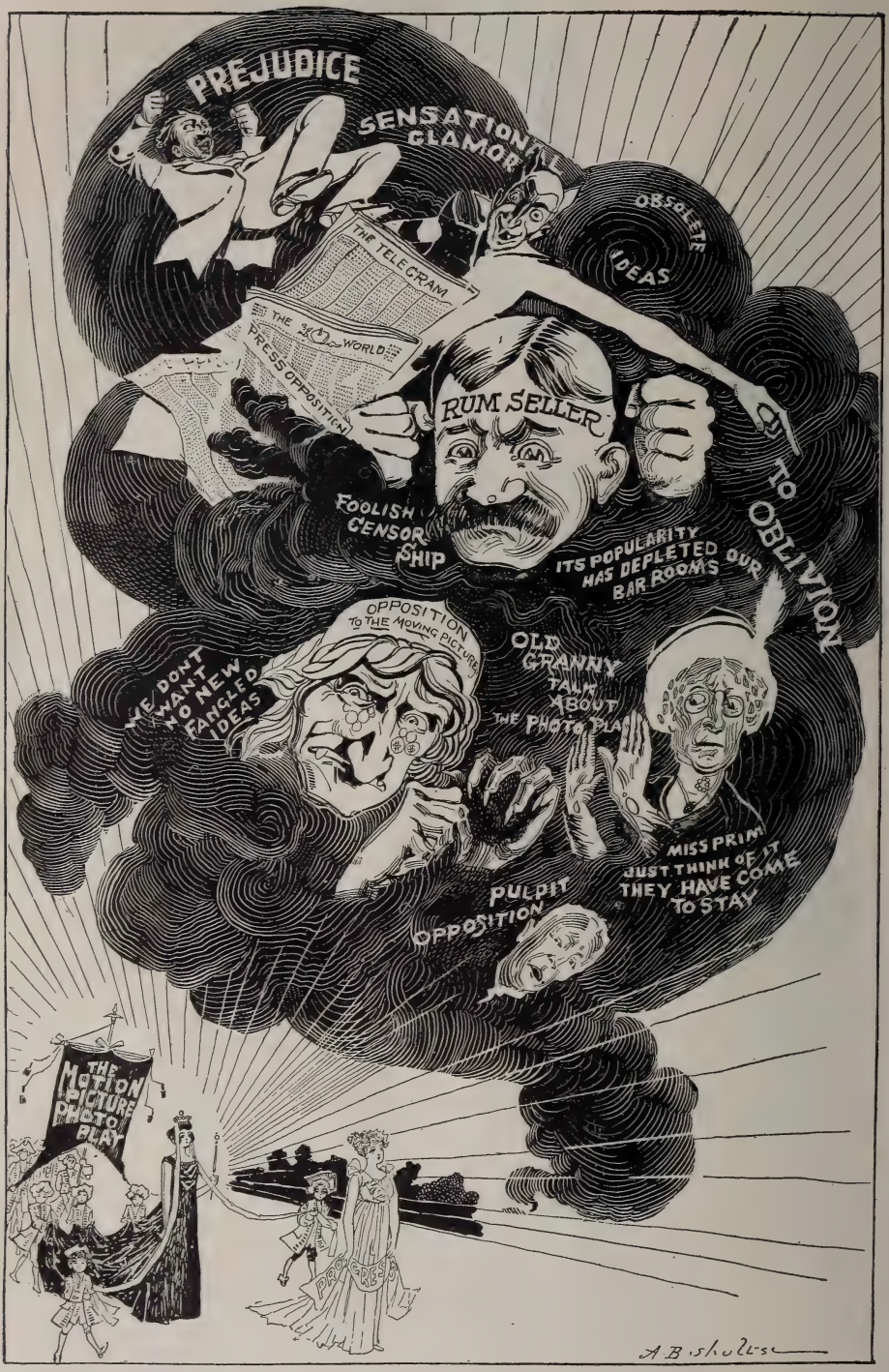
Miss Stephenie Marcin Kowski takes her pen in hand to praise Miss Marguerite Snow:

weeter than the breath of morning,
Fresh-winged from the balmy west,
Or lily with the golden dawning
Blushing o'er its snow-white breast.
Thy look is sunshine, and ever seems
Like fairy visions we form in dreams.
Time may steal the leaves from gladness,
Hope's bright wings may clouded be;
Oh! life should leave all free from sadness
One so beautiful as thee!
Oh! light as zephyrs winged with gladness,
May thy path of sunshine be;
Oh! life should leave all free from sadness
One so beautiful as thee!

STEPHENIE MARCIN KOWSKI.

(*Continued on page* 172)

ORMI HAWLEY
sketched by
A B Shults



THE PHOTOPLAY HAS COME TO STAY. THE SENSATIONAL PRESS, PREJUDICE, PULPIT OPPOSITION, AND OLD-GRANNY NOTIONS ARE RAPIDLY FADING IN THE NEW LIGHT OF THE MODERN MOTION PICTURE

JACK WARREN KERRIGAN, OF THE AMERICAN COMPANY —AN INTERVIEW *EN FAMILLE*

"Yes; Warren is twenty-five years, four months and nineteen hours old," said his mother. She was doing a fetching embroidery stunt of some sort on the bungalow veranda in Santa Barbara, and rocking placidly as she talked, in spite of the curly, black head against her knee. "I cant get used to calling him 'Jack.' He outgrew that name to me with his short pants, and, goodness knows"—this with an expressive glance at the six-foot-plus sitting Turkwise at her side—"goodness knows, he's outgrown knee-trousers about four feet ago!"

"Sounds like a centipede, *mater*," remarked the Twin Brother, *sotto voce*. "Oh, yes; Jack answers to almost anything. He's well trained and remarkably intelligent for his size. He can roll over and over, sit up and beg, and comes when he's called—to dinner; dont you, old fellow?"

Parenthetically here, the Twin Brother is business manager for the American Company, and *some* manager, too, they say. He is likewise red-headed—also *some* red.

This was Sister's clue for entrance. Sister is with the Schuberts in "Everywoman," but home for the holidays. "Tell the chat lady all your sad life-story, Jack," she urged. "All the heart-throbs and sympathy-sobs, with the soft pedal on, little brother. Tell her that you like a little coffee with your morning sugar—he takes five lumps—and that you write scenarios that nobody takes, except the Motion Picture companies, and that you're not married because you had a disappointment in love at the age of twelve——"

"For a young woman that plays 'Truth' so ably, Sis, you've got 'em all going, and then some, when it comes to fibbing," drawled the target of these remarks, with the famous toss of the head that feminine fans denote "ravishing" and "perfectly divine." "I'd like to know who's giving this interview, anyhow. You're all of you jealous because they dont want to write you up, that's the trouble with *you*. Dont mind them;

they mean well, but sometimes they're—well, *mean*." Jack smiled about the family circle, with frank pride in his hazel eyes. I began to see why they call the "4 K's" the most "kontented people in Kalifornia."

"If you'd like to say something yourself, some time"—this to me, politely—"just signify by raising the right hand, and we'll all stop talking."

"Well, yes," said I, humbly. "There *is* just one question I'd like to ask you."

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

"This is the one, then: Where-were-you-born-and-where-were-you-educated-and-did-you-ever-play-on-the-regular-stage——"

"Take off the record! *One* question—whew! Lucky you didn't want to ask *two*. Well, here goes. I was born in Louisville, Kentucky——"

"He's been trying to live down his Southern accent ever since by cultivating a sombrero and practicing saying: 'Put it thar, pard!' thirty times before breakfast, ain' yo', honey chile?" This from the Twin.

"And educated in the same little old town," went on Jack, coolly, "and in a private school up North. Sure have I ever been on the stage. I was with the 'Brown of Harvard' bunch, 'The Road to Yesterday,' Brady's 'Master Key' and 'Sam Houston.' But I've been in photoplay for three years—one with Essanay, and two with American—and I like this work much better. Why? Well, there's the spice of variety in it, for one thing, and then it's all clean and above-board, with no stage-door nonsense about it."

"What were your best rôles?" I got in edgewise. This was the signal for a general family caucus of opinions: "'The Ashes of Three.'" "No, no! 'The Call of the Open Range.'" "I liked you best in 'The Wanderer.'"

The Interviewed squirmed modestly. "*Oh, say!*" he protested. "You see, I'm in two or three plays a week, and rehearsing and studying for these takes my mind off the ones I've already committed. I'm trying to 'grow,' as they say, and to improve each bit of work I do by living in the part. I dont believe in so much artificial pantomime. More naturalness and feeling, that's the idea—but, of course, one never can tell how—"

"You goosie!" Sister was indignant. "Everybody knows you're the very Best Ever, so what's the use of talking?"

"Great thing—a family, eh?" laughed Jack. "Saves press-agent hire."

I murmured something polite and futile about Mr. Kerrigan's not needing press-agents—his work alone—deserved public appreciation—h'm, etc., while the family beamed upon me, and the young gentleman himself looked as comfortable as Exhibit A in the police court. A modest young man—Jack Kerrigan—and a sure-enough real *man* in every one of his hundred and ninety-four pounds. Of course, he is an athlete.

"Warren is perfectly out-of-doors mad," sighed his little mother, gently. "I'd worry all the time about him if I were just sure what to worry. But while I'm at home shuddering for fear he's being drowned or thrown from his horse, he is just as likely as not to be scorching his automobile over a cliff or getting shot for a deer, so I've given up worrying at all."

"Except about girls, mother," interrupted Sister. "*Girls* are mother's pet terrors. She's afraid one of them will marry Jack forcibly some of these days."

"My mother's the only sweetheart I want," laughed big, handsome boy Jack.

"If he had to choose a wife there'd be too many to please," said the Twin, teasingly. "Eh, Jack, me boy?"

I rose to go. I dont remember when I've left an interview so reluctantly.

"Give my love to the public," said Jack. "You've got a splendid magazine. I never miss reading it from cover to cover."

"Thanks," said I. "You come across your name pretty frequently, then."

"Good-by!" cried the family, chorus fashion; "come again!"

I believe I will—some time.

DOROTHY DONNELL.

BETTY GREY, OF PATHÉ FRÈRES

HER first name fits her perfectly. Some girls chew gum and wear earrings and are, consequently, known as "Bessie"; others are tall, stately and blue-stockingish, and are called "Elizabeth"; some are little and round and deliciously brown as to eyes, skin and hair, and such girls are, of course, "Betty." Imagine a Henry Hutt girl, in a wee scrap of a yellow silk apron, dusting afternoon teacups, like the most bewitching and impossible of French maids on the stage, and you have this charming little Pathé lady, as I saw her the other afternoon.

And, speaking of flying machines and watermelons, Miss Betty has posed for this same Henry Hutt, as model for some of his most wistfully appealing heads. You have seen her big, brown eyes and curving lips on many a magazine cover. She was the original "Western Girl" of Harrison Fisher, too, altho a perfectly unknown young woman, with freckles and a double chin, claimed to have been the model, and was interviewed and photographed and newspapered on the strength of her assertion.

From the preceding paragraphs you may possibly have gathered that I was favorably impressed with Miss Betty. Wonderful deduction, Sherlocko—marvelous! Still, it did seem a pity to try to talk shop with such a dainty little housewife, as tho one attempted to discuss philosophy with a particularly soft, pleasant, lovable pussy-cat. However, Miss Betty has ideas of her own on "Shakespeare and the musical glasses"—plump, brown, dimpled ideas that match her appearance delightfully.

"I used to be in vaudeville before my Pathé year of pictures," smiled Miss Betty, across her pretty task. "But I love my work here—it's living so many new exciting characters. I've been the fisher-lass o' Gloucester, the hard-hearted Maisie in 'The Light That Failed' (oh, how could she?) and the poor girl in 'The Beachcombers,' and I just lived them all. I *love* to live! I want Experiences and Something Happening and Lots of Different Things to Do! I suppose that sounds little-girlish. But then, I'm only nineteen. I'll outgrow my youngness some time, I suppose.

"Some experiences are almost too new, tho. In 'The Country Boy,' I had to be carried down a long, two-story ladder, with my head hanging down, and just at first I didn't like the sensation. I got quite fond of the upside-down view of the world, tho, before we were thru rehearsing.

"Theories? Me? I dont think I have a single, lonesome one. I believe in being true to oneself and going ahead and up, but I dont suppose *that's* a theory, is it?"

Miss Betty gave the pudgy, little, brass teapot a final polish that brought her eyebrows together and the corners of her mouth down in the most attractive way.

"What do you do with yourself when you're not posing?" I questioned, pencil poised. The answer broke the pencil-point.

"*Sleep!*" cried Miss Betty, enthusiastically. "I *love* to sleep; and then, I go to the theater and read and write scenarios. I've never had the courage to show them to any one, but I like to try. I think it would be *dear* to be a really-truly author, dont you?"

"Well, do you know," said I, "*I* think it would be *dear* to be just Betty Grey."

THE TATLER.

MARGUERITE LOVERIDGE, OF THE KEYSTONE COMPANY

JUST a little more than twenty years ago there was born, out in the windy State of Kansas, a tiny girl who opened a pair of big gray eyes, and looked out at the strange world with baby seriousness.

"Tres bonne!" exulted the French parent; "she is fair; she will be petite and chic—already I see it."

"And she's got a good crop of bonny Irish red hair," rejoiced the parent who loved the Emerald Isle.

Babies—especially gray-eyed ones—are far-seeing. This one could picture herself in the future's mirror very clearly. She knew that she was destined to grow up petite, dainty, graceful, with wonderful gray eyes and lustrous hair of the Titian shade that artists rave over, and that she held in her keeping a rare gift from the gods—a talent that would make her life happy and successful. So she smiled wisely, and nestled down to sleep again.

Marguerite Loveridge she was christened, in the Episcopal faith. The harsh winds of Kansas were soon left behind, and Marguerite was educated in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and became, at last, a graduate nurse. But, fortunately, she left that profession. Think of the havoc those eyes would create in a hospital!

So Miss Loveridge came to New York, where, in the revival of "Mascotte" in the New Amsterdam Theater, and, later, in "The Man Who Owned Broadway," her talent soon won for her a place in many hearts. But the photoplay, with its easy hours and good salary, lured her from the Gay White Way, to the delight of all who love the fleeting films.

She lives now in a pretty apartment in Los Angeles, enjoying her home, her friends, and, above all, her work with the Keystone Company.

"I love the real work," she says, "but I dislike rehearsing—it makes one stale."

Altho she can vote in Los Angeles, Miss Loveridge has never taken advantage of the privilege, and pleads entire ignorance of the fascinating subject of politics.

She is a writer of poetry and of photoplays, an industrious student and reader, choosing Whittier as a favorite poet and Hall Caine as a novelist. All outdoor sports are dear to her. Evenings are spent at the theaters, or in reading, writing, or needlework at home.

"Tell me your favorite hobby—the best loved one of all," I begged. She flashed a mischievous glance at me. "I will," she consented; "now listen: it's hats!"

Satisfied with this thoroly feminine declaration, I rose to go, but turned back for a last question: "What is your greatest ambition?"

"To be remembered kindly by every one," she answered.

And that ambition will surely be realized. LULIETTE BRYANT.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG was born in a "great big city out in the Middle West," but she obstinately refuses to tell its name. She confesses, however, to having been educated in St. Xavier's Academy, near Chicago.

Her first experience on the stage was when she was two years old, and she declares that she was literally a "howling success." Her photoplaying has been entirely with the Vitagraph Company, and her first part was Anne Boleyn, in the photoplay "Cardinal Wolsey," under the direction of Mr. Trimble.

"And they took her away from me, as soon as we finished that play," sighed Mr. Trimble, who was standing near while we talked. "She's never had a minute's rest since, and I've never been able to get her again."

"Never mind," consoled Miss Young, "I'm going 'round the world, now; I've given up all thought of ever resting."

"So you are one of the fortunate ones for the Round the World tour?" I questioned.

"Yes, and I'm delighted. I'm not a good sailor, and I'll be violently ill most of the time we are on board, but think of the fun we'll have when we land."

"Then boating is not a favorite sport of yours?"

"No, indeed. My favorite sport is ballooning. I took a lovely flight last summer, and we went 'way out over the bay. It looked a bit scarey, but we drifted back all right, and I'm longing to try it again."

While we talked, I was noting the lady's appearance. She is about five feet seven in height; rather slender; quiet in manner, tho her dark eyes hold a glimmer of fun, and her wit flashes out unexpectedly at times. Her hair is very dark, and her smile reveals beautiful teeth.

In politics, Miss Young knows her own mind, and speaks it most decidedly.

"I'm a Democrat," she declared, "and I was for Wilson from the very start—before he was even nominated. Of course I knew he'd win—every sensible person knew that."

She lives in a pretty home, only two blocks from the Vitagraph studio.

"You dont live all alone?" I ventured to ask.

"No!" she answered. "I live with my cat! It's the loveliest Angora—I just wish you could see it."

I asked no more questions. When a charming young lady has a mind of her own, is interested in politics and keeps a cat, the chances for matrimony do not look hopeful. I know I am blighting the hopes of hundreds of youthful admirers, but I'd advise you to give it up, boys.

M. P.

JACK RICHARDSON, OF THE AMERICAN COMPANY

When the popular American "villain" was to be chatted, we decided to send our young Philadelphia artist, Leslie Elton, to do the deed. The result speaks for itself.

1
I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE PART OF THE 'EARL OF ESSEX' IN 'QUEEN ELIZABETH' TODAY. THERE ARE SEVERAL THRILLING LOVE SCENES IN IT. COME ON DOWN TO THE STUDIO AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR FELLOW ACTOR'S.
MANAGER
2
MR. LOVESICK, THIS IS MISS PEACH, WHO TAKES THE PART OF THE 'COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.'
CHAWMED!
3
THIS IS MR. SLICEM, THE HEADSMAN WHO CHOPS THE HEAD OFF THE EARL OF ESSEX AT THE EXECUTION
4
EXIT
I DON'T WANT TO BE AN ACTOR. ALREADY I HAVE A SORE THROAT AND NEED A CHANGE OF CLIMATE!
LOWNE '13

HIS COURAGE FAILS HIM, AND HE CHANGES HIS MIND

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies by mail, or a complete list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays, and your full name and address.

MAY H.—Edmund Steele was the specter in "The Specter Bridegroom" (Eclair). Mr. Trenton was the husband in "The Quarrelers" (Solax). Lillian Christy and Ed Coxen had the leads in "The Trail of the Cards."

F. H., NEW YORK.—True Boardman was Tom in "The Miner's Request" (Essanay). Bessie Sankey was the girl, and Frederick Church was the Easterner. You refer to Frederick Church and Bessie Sankey in "The Ranchman's Blunder."

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—That was a trick picture, we believe. The Vitagraph play was taken in Brooklyn.

MARY P.—Jack Halliday is not back with Lubin. The picture you ask is of a Biograph player. No, no!

K. K., BROOKLYN.—We believe Tefft Johnson likes the ladies as much as do the other players, but just why he does not play lovers' parts is beyond us. You will have to ask Vitagraph about that.

F. E. G.—No, we dont get lonesome doing this job. This sporting life may be checkered, but it is never dull. You certainly are busy with your autographs. Questions answered. Wilfred Lucas, formerly lead for Biograph, is now with Rex.

PLUNKETT.—Helen Marten, formerly of Lubin, is now with Eclair.

BIRDIE CHARMEUESE.—Marie Weirman was the girl, and Charles Arthur was Herbert in "Village Blacksmith" (Lubin).

M. L. C., FLORIDA, chastises us unmercifully, and says that we are impertinent. Isn't that too bad! We have answered her questions by mail, too; so we cannot be impertinent any more.

TOLEDO LANG.—It was an Edison, and the title is "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Yes; Biograph questions are against the rules, for its players are nameless. Is the type at head of this department too small for you to read?

A. N., ST. LOUIS.—Miss Gill and Mr. Kimball had the leads in "A Night of Terror."

MISS PHILA.—The girl grown-up was Clara Williams. Always give company.

OLGA, 17.—By the way, Olga, we have a letter here from Anthony for you. Where do you want it sent? Miss Mason was the mother in "Fate's Decree" (Pathé). Wheeler Oakman and Betty Harte in "How the Cause Was Won." You will get Carlyle's colored portrait next month; be patient.

THE GEW-GAW.—Yes; Vivian Prescott had the lead in "Yvonne, the French Spy" (Imp). Well, we should say it is a shame if you haven't seen Alice Joyce on the screen. Why dont you get after your exhibitor?

T. CARROLL.—Yes; Romaine Fielding plays other parts besides villainous parts. Thomas Moore still plays with Miss Joyce.

KITTY W., COLUMBUS.—Sydney Cummings was the little boy in "Ida's Christmas."

J. M. C., SAGINAW.—James Cruze and Marguerite Snow had the leads in "Napoleon's Luck-Stone" (Thanhouser).

J. & J. M., LUZERNE.—Mary Charleson was Monah in "The Ancient Bow."

H. E. M.—Where have you been? There are no more O'Kalem's; Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark and Sidney Olcott have formed the Gene Gauntier Motion Picture Co. Yes; Vitagraph has returned from England.

M. R., KANSAS.—Wallace Reid and Margarita Fisher played in "Tribal Law" (Bison). Cannot tell you about your other Bison.

M. B., NEW ORLEANS.—As for joining a company, we cannot help you; but you might send your plays to "The Photoplay Clearing House." See ad.

C. E. K., BROOKLYN.—We must see the photo before we can say it is of Alice Joyce.

JESS, TACOMA.—Mildred Bracken and Ray Gallagher had the leads in "The Prisoner's Story" (Méliès).

D. S., NEWPORT.—Myrtle Stedman in "A Wild Ride with Nitro-Glycerin."

M. B.—You seem to like them all. Brinsley Shaw was the son in "Broncho Billy's Love Affair."

U. S. W.—No; Wally Van is not a regular player. He is one of Mr. Blackton's motor-boat friends, and if experience shows that he can play as well as he can motor, no doubt he will be made a real, live, regular play-actor. We did not see the play you mention.

O. J., FREEPORT.—Dorothy Davenport is with Selig.

W. A. G., MARBLEHEAD.—Please write questions on a separate piece of paper, and not on the same letter for the circulation department. We haven't time to carry letters from one department to another. Besides, letters must be filed in each department.

L. B., JACKSON.—Leo Delaney is still with Vitagraph. Yes, the Juliet is of Pathé.

A. M. B.—Write direct to the circulation department for the colored portraits. If you dont know who Carlyle Blackwell is, it's time you did. He is leading man for the Glendale Section of Kalem.

C. C., PLYMOUTH.—August Carney was Hank, and Victor Potel was Lank in the Western Essanay. Old copies of the magazine can be had from us direct.

T. W., DENVER.—Cant read your many questions crowded on a postcard. Hope you are not like the moon at this time—on its last quarter.

EVIE thinks that Dolores Cassinelli is the "Maxine Elliott and Lillian Russell of the Motion Picture stage." Edgar Jones was the young man in "The Love-Token." Justus Barnes was the father in "Aurora Floyd."

M. D. R.—Pathé wont tell us who Romeo was. Myrtle Stedman was leading lady in "A Canine Matchmaker."

H. E. B., READING.—We have never heard of the magazine you mention.

D. M., HOBOKEN.—Edwin August in "The Players," and Guy Coombs in "The Fraud at Hope Mine" (Kalem).

H. L., NEW YORK.—We haven't heard Florence Lawrence's plans.

E. A. T.—Carlyle Blackwell was Jack, and Francelia Billington the girl in "A Dangerous Wager" (Kalem).

E. C. D.—Yes; Miss Takagi is a real Japanese. Earle Williams was the accused one in "The First Woman Jury in America."

ROSA.—Kay-Bee are taking pictures in California. Yes, we will send you a list of the film manufacturers if you send a stamped, addressed envelope.

MARGARUITE H.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "Buck's Romance" (Selig). His full name is Gilbert Maxwell Anderson.

MARY P.—Virginia Chester was the girl in "When Uncle Sam Was Young" (Bison). Lucille Young was the widow in "The Strange Story of Elsie Mason" (Kalem). My, such raving for Mr. Bushman! You certainly have got it bad.

M. M., ELLENVILLE.—Marin Sais in "The Days of '49." William Wadsworth was Tom in "For Professional Services."

S. M., BRADFORD.—That's to save time and film. Other questions answered.

W. O., EUGENE.—Ruth Roland was the woman-hater in "The Woman-Hater." G. M. Anderson's picture appeared in April, 1911; February, 1912; June, 1912; October, 1912.

MUTT AND JEFF.—Lottie Briscoe plays opposite Arthur Johnson. Alice Washburn was the hired girl in "Her Polished Family" (Edison).

S. & A. PHAN.—Lily Branscombe was the daughter in "The Letter" (Essanay). Thomas A. Edison, incorporated, owns the Edison Co. John Steppling was Jimmie in "The Heiress." Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "The Empty Studio." That "funny man" must be Howard Missimer.

IRISH, No. 1, CINN.—Ruth Stonehouse and Bryant Washburn had the leads in "Chains" (Essanay). No Biographs.

EDDIE L. P.—Carlotta De Felice plays with the General Publicity and Sales Co. William Clifford is with Bison. We understand that Charles Arthur has left Lubin.

L. & C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Pauline Bush was Ruth in "Recognition." You can get no information whatever about Kay-Bee plays.

E. B. C., ATLANTA.—No; Rosemary Theby is not Mrs. Maurice Costello. The latter plays under the name of Mrs. Maurice Costello, or May Costello.

CHUBBY CHOLLY.—Mary Ryan is Romaine Fielding's leading lady. We cant explain how that Licensed film was shown in an Independent house, unless the film was stolen from abroad.

A. L. T., CANADA.—No, not Gladys Field as Mrs. Rollin Sturgeon. You mean Edna Fisher. Gladys Field is back with Essanay. Dont think that poem has been done in pictures; why dont you try it?

E. J. S.—If your description is correct, you might apply to one of the companies, or send them your description.

RODISHA.—Octavia Handworth and Crane Wilbur in "The Receiving Teller."

E. T., ALBERT, LA.—Florence Turner's hair and eyes are dark. Helen Gardner was Euphemia in "The Love of John Ruskin" (Vitagraph). The art department informs us that they have very few pictures of her for sale.

M. D., MONTANA.—Rex is very peevish about giving any information about their players. We cannot tell you who Mr. Hastings was in "A Heart Reclaimed" (Rex).

VIRGINIA.—Evebelle Prout was Francis Bushman's sister in "The Catspaw." Dolores Cassinelli was born in New York City, but her parents are Italian.

F. F. P., SPRINGFIELD.—Thank you; Crane Wilbur was the father in "The Country Boy" (Pathé). One would never think it, but he was.

E. B. B., MEADVILLE.—Lillian Haywood was the sister in "The Pity of It." Bessie Learn was the girl in "The Girl from the Country." Pearl White is with Crystal. Harry Myers played in "The Doctor's Debt."

CHICKEE.—Yes; Carlyle Blackwell played in "The Apache Renegade." Wallace Reid played in "The Course of True Love" and "Diamond Cut Diamond" (Vitagraphs).

SOMMY.—Hobart Bosworth played the professor in "The Professor's Wooing." In "The Railroad Lochinvar," Marian Cooper and Guy Coombs had the leads.

MERELY MARY ANN.—As we have said before, experience is necessary to get a position with an M. P. company. Amateur dramatics and dramatic schools, no doubt, are all helpful, but they cannot guarantee anything. Stage experience is the best.

THE THREE PIES.—Howard Mitchell was Jaretsky in "The Stolen Symphony." Robert Grey was the lead in "The Silent Call" (Nestor).

THE TWINS, MILWAUKEE.—It's about time you gave somebody else a chance. Guy D'Ennery was Tom, Clarence Elmer was John, and Vivian Pates was May in "The Twilight of Her Life" (Lubin). Earle Foxe and Alice Hollister played in "A Sawmill Hazard." Yes, Licensed films cost more than Independent.

A. H. S., WELLAND.—The niece was Miriam Nesbitt in "The New Church Squire."

H. L. S., SANDWICH.—Julia Mackley was the sick girl in "Broncho Billy and the Bandit" (Essanay). Jerry Hevener was the dark fellow in "The Prize Package." Adele De Garde was the younger sister in "The Old Kent Road."

D. R. C., PENN.—If Irving Cummings is your brother, write to him at Reliance studio, 540 West Twenty-first Street, New York City.

F. H., BROOKLYN.—Mr. Travis was Dr. Steel in "Caught Bluffing." You must send your votes on one piece of paper and your inquiries on another, so that they can be sent to the correct department. We receive on an average of 1,000 letters a day at this office, and you could save us a deal of time and trouble by complying with our rules.

S. S., PATERSON.—Yes, that was Harry Cashman in "Requited Love." Marie Weirman was Annie Pratt in "The Village Blacksmith."

S. T. L., MEMPHIS.—J. P. McGowan was Hay in "The Kerry Gow" (Kalem). William West was Mr. Watson in "The Boomerang" (Kalem).

A. N., BERLIN.—E. K. Lincoln was Cornelius Smith in "The Scoop." Clara Williams was Kate in "The Lucky Fall" (Lubin).

M. M., NEW YORK.—Beverly Bayne was the girl in "Hypnotism in Hicksville" (Essanay). Marin Sais was the wife in "The Last Blockhouse." Edwin Carewe was Manning, and Isabelle Lamon was Nellie in "It Might Have Been." Edward Coxen and Lillian Christy had leads in "The Fugitive." Grace Lewis is with the—well, you know. *Au revoir.*

H. F.—Marion Leonard was the leading lady in "What Avails the Crown" (Rex).

G. L., DAYTON, says that he will not see Kay-Bee and certain other films in the future with so much pleasure, because they refuse us the information he desires. You are one of many. Thank you for your letter.

JOSIE C., ALTON.—Bessie Sankey and Brinsley Shaw both played in "The Miner's Request." Eleanor Caines was Nora, and Jerold Hevener was the policeman in "An Accidental Dentist."

DIDO.—Betty Gray and J. W. Johnston played in "The Country Boy" (Pathé). Mr. Johnston is now with Eclair, playing opposite Helen Marten. That's Ray Gallagher and Mildred Bracken on the Xmas tree.

J. B. C., WASHINGTON.—Hector Dion was leading man in "The True Love." Jack Richardson was the son in "Their Hero Son" (American). George Gebhardt was the Indian chief in "Saved by His Horse" (Pathé). There is only one Gebhardt with Pathé—George. He is such a good Indian that they always "let George do it."

TRIXIE.—We cannot give casts in the magazine; send a stamped envelope. Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "The Gun-Fighter's Son" (Selig).

R. S., INDIANA.—Florence LaBadie was the Arab's wife in that film. Well, that's for you to decide who is the most beautiful woman actress of today. We know, but we wont tell. Which company is best? Why, the ———, of course.

G. M.—Wallace Reid was Basil Underwood in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" (Reliance). Owen Moore was the artist in "An Old Lady of Twenty" (Majestic).

LESTER, JERSEY CITY.—It is perfectly proper and a compliment to speak of the players by their last names. Do we not speak of Booth, Nordica, Bonci, Caruso, Mansfield, etc.? How would "Miss Nordica" sound?

ANTHONY.—That was Jane Gale in "A Mother's Strategy" (Lubin). She is now with Imp. Ben Goetz was Angelo in "Pearl's Admirers" (Crystal).

BETTY C. S.—Norma Talmadge was the stenographer in "Everybody's Doin' It."

E. F., SACRAMENTO.—Florence LaBadie adopted the child in "Big Sister."

DOC, EDDY.—Louise Lester was the witch, Jessalyn Van Trump the good little girl, and Warren Kerrigan the kind-hearted man in "Blackened Hills" (American). Bigelow Cooper was Donovan in "Donovan's Division" (Edison).

K. C. J., MILLERSBURG.—Francis Bushman was Paul in "The Spy's Defeat."

FLORENTINE H.— *Mon ami*, you certainly ask a lot of questions. Maurice Costello was Christ in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" (Vitagraph). Anna Stewart was one of the angels. Betty Harte was the girl, and Herbert Rawlinson was the doctor in "The Girl of the Mountains." E. H. Calvert had the lead in "What George Did." Eleanor Blanchard was the wife. Others answered before.

TWO PITTSBURG FANS.—Marshall Neilan was the leading man in "The Romance of a Dry Town" (Kalem).

M. L. V., CHICAGO.—Jane Fearnley was the girl in "The Smugglers" (Imp).

F. B. E., KANSAS.—Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "The Strike Leader."

M. R. A.—R. H. Grey was the male lead in "What's Wrong with Bessie?" Anna Nilsson and Marian Cooper were the girls, and Guy Coombs the farmer in "The Toll-Gate Raiders" (Kalem). Blanche Cornwall was the mother, and Vivian Walker the daughter in "Mother and Daughter" (Solax).

GOLDIE.—May Buckley played opposite Harry Myers in "The Back Window" (Lubin). E. H. Calvert was Charles in "From the Submerged."

MARY D., NASHVILLE.—Eda Von Luke was the wife of William Garwood in "The Commuter's Cats" (Thanhouser).

J. M. C., MICHIGAN.—Pauline Bush was the wife in "The Thief's Wife." Jane Fearnley and Henry Walthall had the leads in "The Return of John Grey."

C. T., PATCHOGUE.—No, that's all nonsense about Moving Pictures injuring the eyesight. All the best authorities now admit it.

BRICK, NEWARK.—Vitagraph and Biograph are pronounced with long "i." Cines is pronounced *sin-ease*.

ELVIE.—George Gebhardt was General Maderez in "The Unfulfilled Oath" (Pathé). Sorry you have a headache.

LITTLE ADDIE.—Betty Harte was the child in "Her Education." Lillian Walker is not with Maurice Costello. Yes; Whitney Raymond is one of Essanay's leading men.

ENA M. E.—Address your letters to the Inquiry Department. Rura Hodgets was the little girl in "The Little Enchantress" (Majestic).

D. D. S., WINNIPEG.—Lura Lyman was the girl in "An Interrupted Elopement."

FLO G. D.—Thomas McAvoy was Ben in "When Cupid Runs Wild" (Imp). Harry Pollard was Dick in "A White Lie." Harry Kendell was John in "The Taker" (Lubin). Charles Sutton was Napoleon in "A Prisoner of War" (Edison). Fred Mace was Harry, and Eddie Lyons was Tem in "Tem's Hot Chocolate" (Imp). George Stanley was Juan in "After Many Years" (Vitagraph). Martha Russell and Walter Hitchcock played in "The Understudy" (Essanay). Arthur Mackley was the father in "Broncho Billy's Narrow Escape." We cant answer any more of your questions this month.

W. B., NEW HAVEN.—Yes; Francelia Billington played the part you name. Write direct to Kalem. We have not published her picture yet.

L. C., NEW YORK.—Frank Dayton was the husband in "The Three Queens" (Essanay). Jane Wolf was Mag in "The Redemption." Neva Gerber was Ogle, the nurse, in the same play. Barry O'Moore and Bessie Learn had the leads in "Barry's Breaking In" (Edison).

H. K., ROCHESTER.—Bryant Washburn was Paul in "The Broken Heart" (Essanay).

THE TRACY KID.—The girl is Clara K. Young. Francis Bushman was Jack in "The Warning Hand" (Essanay).

RACHEL L. D.—You refer to Darwin Karr in the Solax pictures. Blanche Cornwall usually plays opposite him. No, the Answer Man is neither Edwin La Roche nor Guy L. Harrington. Guess again. So you think Carlyle Blackwell looks like a married man. Kindly give plans and specifications.

VIOLA M. P.—We should think Mr. Bunny would prefer the lower berth when traveling, but we dont happen to know. Those below, perhaps, prefer the upper berth, for what if Bunny should fall out?

MAMIE H.—See here, what do you mean by writing us about Alice Joyce like that? We would print a picture of Florence Lawrence, but we are waiting for her to get located—if she intends to.

WILBUR, NEW YORK.—Cant help you out about Olga, 17.

F. E. G., NEW YORK.—Thanks for all that information about C. G. P. C. Where did you get it? Pathé says it is a secret.

THE PEST.—Harry Myers was John in "The Lost Son" (Lubin). No; Jean Acker is with Imp, and so is Jane Gale. No; Ralph Ince is not the Photoplay Philosopher. He merely drew the design. Earle Williams was James in "Two Men and Two Women" (Vitagraph). So you are still true to Frank Bushman. He will appreciate it.

B. M., NEW YORK.—William Duncan played opposite Myrtle Stedman in "Billy's Birthday Present" (Selig).

M. A., DANBURY.—Charlotte Burton and Jessalyn Van Trump were the girls in "Calamity Anne's Inheritance" (American). In "In God's Law," George Periolat was the minister, Louise Lester the aunt, and W. J. Tedmarsh the guard. Miss Gill and Miss Stewart were the girls in "The Border Detective" (American).

MYRTLE A.—Eugenie Besserer was the steel magnate's wife in "Greater Wealth" (Selig). Alice Joyce is her right name.

KAREN, N. J.—Leah Baird was Ida, Harry Morey was Robert, and Courtenay Foote was Frank.

J. E. B., QUE.—All we can say is to communicate with the companies direct.

M. G., ELMIRA.—Peter Lang was Peter. Other questions answered last month.

PEG, NEW ROCHELLE.—That was A. E. Garcia in "The Artist and the Beast."

D. M., NEWARK.—Yes, we also have heard reports that Licensed pictures are occasionally shown in Independent theaters. They are usually very old films, however.

A. W. L., BOSTON.—Thank you for your correction. Herbert Rawlinson was Albert in "Count of Monte Cristo."

M. E. C., CAL.—"Oil and Water" is one of the casts we haven't. You know why.

L. E. D., OXNARD.—Robert Grey was leading man in "The Silent Call." The player you mention is not dead.

B. S. H., ARK.—Thanks for the clipping. Helen Gardner was Linda in "The Serpents." Anna Stewart was the girl in "The Wood Violet."

R. S., ROCHESTER.—Florence Turner's chat in October, 1912. Yes, get acquainted with her.

VENUS.—Naomi Childers was Edna in "Panic Days in Wall Street" (Kalem).

FLORENCE M. B.—Glad you enjoy the weather. Marie Weirman was the girl in "The Guiding Light" (Lubin). Gene Gauntier was the leading lady in "Lady Peggy's Escape." No, your letters will all be read by the one individual only, yours truly.

H. R., NEW YORK.—Anna Little and Ethel Grandin were with Kay-Bee last.

R. S., OKLA.—Jack Standing is playing on the stage; Helen Gardner is in a company of her own, and it is Independent, and lastly, Florence Lawrence has not joined any company at this writing. These are all old questions, and have been answered before. You must read the back numbers.

S. W., BRONX.—Yes, that's fair. Vote for the first player you dream about. No; Gordon Trent is not our Greenroom Jotter. You say: "E. K. Lincoln is some baby!" He has lots of other admirers. Not a bad-looking chap!

A. M., HOUSTON.—The title is "Trapped by Wireless" (Kalem). Donald McKenzie was leading man. We haven't heard of Kate Godrun.

A. G., CHICAGO.—No; Charles Ogle is not dead. We will let you know just as soon as a player gets tired of this world.

THRILBY THRILL says that they have an insane asylum for girls who are in love with Crane Wilbur, and she wants Flossie and Olga, 17 to join. You can get back numbers, for 15 cents each, direct from us. Crane Wilbur's chat in November, 1912. Yes, it is necessary to send the money for the magazines. Edwin August has gone with the Western Vitagraph. Isn't it fine?

W. H. S. TRIO.—Marin Sais was leading lady in "The Last Blockhouse." A. B. Shults drew the Christmas tree. Florence Turner is at the right of Mabel Trunnelle on the tree. That tree! Thanks for your love, but we dont know what that is.

H. H. MC. wants us to locate Natalie Carlton for him. Who knows?

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.—Edna Payne was the nurse, and Isabelle Lamon and Clarence Elmer were Mr. and Mrs. Hall in "The Higher Duty."

F. U., CHICAGO.—No, no; Maurice Costello is still with Vitagraph.

G. MCA.—Tom Moore was Gregg in "Panic Days in Wall Street."

L. B., CLEVELAND.—Mona Darkfeather and Jackie Saunders are both with the Pacific branch of the Universal.

M. K., RUTHLEDGE.—Mrs. Mary Maurice was Janet Grant in "The Seventh Son." Yes, she always plays the "dear mother" parts.

ELSIE, 17.—Welcome. Edgar Jones was Ralph in "The Engraver."

E. C. H., ST. LOUIS.—Please dont write so closely; pity our eyes-in-glass. Isabelle Lamon was the sister in "The Miser" (Lubin). William Duncan was Clark in "A Matrimonial Deluge."

A. D. P., BRUNSWICK.—So you want Carlyle Blackwell to come East to play opposite Alice Joyce. Tom Moore seems to be filling the bill, but lots of people are still pining for Carlyle.

JOSIE, OF BOSTON.—Please dont ask Biograph questions. We are glad you are considered very pretty, but we cannot help you or any one else to become a player.

DOT, FLATBUSH.—Courtenay Foote was John, and Tom Powers was Abner in "While She Powdered Her Nose."

HENRY G. A.—Players receive $25 and upwards a week. Just how far up is a state secret. Dont believe all you read. The printer (rarely the press-agent) sometimes adds on a figure, which makes 100 look like 1000.

E. W., TENN.—Marie Weirman was the daughter in "The Guiding Light." Mrs. George Walters was the mother in "By the Sea." Ray Gallagher was Jacques, and Mildred Bracken the girl in "A Tale of Old Tahiti" (Méliès).

E. T., ORIENT.—Frank Dayton was John in "Three Queens" (Essanay).

B. W.—The quickest way to get your questions answered is to send a stamped, addressed envelope, if you are in a hurry. Other questions answered above.

F. A.—Both Hal Wilson and J. W. Johnston are with Eclair.

M. L., Chicago.—No, we are not "afflicted with one of those unnecessary burdens—a wife." There appears to be plenty of hope, tho. Other questions answered.

Plunkett.—Yes; Lillian Russell has appeared in Kinemacolor. We dont happen to know just what location the play was taken. Edwin Carewe's father was an American and his mother an Indian.

Milo S.—We haven't seen that piano player in the Olympic Theater. Do you expect us to go and look her over, to see if we think she can act?

D. C., New York.—Guy D'Ennery was the clergyman in "The Lost Note" (Lubin). William Duncan was Billy in "Billy's Birthday Present" (Selig).

F. M. W., St. Peter.—But we dont answer Biograph questions, so cant settle your dispute. We could, but wont. Biograph do not want the names of their players known, and so we respect their policy.

Lottie, Wilmington.—The idea that a player, when alone in a scene, must talk to himself, and make gestures to indicate where they are going, etc., is antiquated. People dont do that in real life, hence they should not do it on the screen; unnecessary.

R. H. S., Philadelphia.—Clara K. Young is now in Japan at this writing.

E. W.—William Mason was Ruth's fiancé in "The Laird of McGillicuddy" (Essanay). The Vitagraph *Bulletin* contains synopses and casts of their plays.

W. T. H., Chicago.—Thank you very much for your beautiful lines of appreciation. Guess we'll hand it to the editor and ask for a raise. It is very pleasant to know that many appreciate us, and it is sad to think that all do not. Regarding your verses, please remember that if they have not appeared it does not follow that they have not been accepted. The editor has several hundred in type waiting for room.

Flower E. G., New York.—Harold Lockwood was Jack in "The Lipton Cup." Now see here, Flower, we wrote Pathé personally, and they told us that Crane Wilbur did not play in "The Redman's Friendship." Send to the Philadelphia studio for Romaine Fielding. Flower says that she is singing "Sister Swallowed a Spoon, and Now She Cannot Stir."

Sandy C.—Dolores Cassinelli was the daughter in "Billy McGrath's Art Career."

"Quiz."—You cant go by what we told you before about sending your letter before the 25th, and it would appear two months later. Your letter is dated February 19th, and this appears in May issue. And this happens to be March 3d that we are writing this. We have our own staff of story writers.

E. E. P.—No, no votes for subscriptions. Will see the editor about a picture of Bessie Sankey.

Geraldine.—No, we do not know why Mary Fuller does not play all the leads for Edison. Edwin August is now with Western Vitagraph. He seems to have been touring the United States.

Phoebe Snow.—We like that better. We cant give you Joey in "When Joey Was on Time" (Lubin).

Gussie.—Edward Coxen was the boy in "The Rose of Mexico." Write direct to the company.

W. F., Mattoon.—Romaine Fielding was the cringer. Charles Elder was the minister in "A Romance of Catalina Island."

L. T., Boston.—You are right. When you see a group all facing the camera, or one or more players walk down toward the camera to hold a conversation or to open a letter, you may be sure that the director has a great deal to learn.

Florence M. B.—This letter is better. You can have your friends write their names and addresses on one sheet of paper, or they can write them on separate paper for the Popular Player Contest. Dont put down the name of different players opposite the names and addresses. We cant count them readily. Each player has a separate ballot-box or basket.

C. B., New York.—No; Broncho Billy is not dead. (We'll have to tell the printer to keep this standing.)

"Victoria."—William Duncan was Jim in "Why Jim Reformed." You must give more than "the blonde" in that play.

H. C. H., Akron.—Raymond Hackett was Raymond, and Albert Hackett was Albert in "Two Boys." Vedah Bertram's picture appeared in June and August, 1912.

Flossie Footlight.—Miss Sadie Weston was the girl in "Absinthe" (Gem). Edwin Carewe was John Clancy in "The Regeneration of Nancy."

Lillina, of Reading.—Myrtle Stedman was the mother in "Roederick's Ride." No, we dont care about forwarding letters—send them direct.

Lady Claire.—Cant give you that Pathé information just now. Have passed your request along to the editor.

Eddie L. P.—George Lessey was the private detective in "For Her" (Edison).

Miss L. M.—Chester Barnett plays leading man in Crystal.

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F. D., HUMBOLDT.—Louise Vale was Minna in "The Debt." In "The Tale of a Cat" (Essanay), Howard Missimer was Bings, and Harry Cashman (now deceased) was Judson's suitor.

A. C., NORTH ADAMS.—The newsdealers and theaters will receive the magazine on the 15th hereafter. The Costello children are now traveling with their parents.

B. W., BARBERTON.—You will have to address the players in care of the company. We do not give personal addresses.

U. S. W., NEW YORK.—Well, you'll have to know 500 people, and get them to sign their names and addresses on a paper or a petition, unless you get some coupons. William Duncan was Bud in "Bud's Heiress."

ETTA C. P.—Bessie Scott and Brooks McCloskey were the children in "His Children" (Lubin). Carlyle Blackwell was Red, and Jane Wolfe was Mag in "The Redemption." Sallie Crute had the lead in "The Beast of the Jungle."

GERTIE.—That's Ray Gallagher in Méliès.

MASTER D. A. writes us that Master John Anderson was the light-haired boy in "The Little Woolen Shoe" (Edison). Master Daniel Anderson was the coward in "Coward and Hero" (Vitagraph). He has also played in Kalem plays.

CLIFF P.—So you dont believe there's a Flossie. All right. We know differently. That's the wrong title you give.

OLGA, 17.—*Bon jour!* Frances Mann and Walter Stull had the leads in "The Stolen Jewelry." John Brennan and Marshall Neilan are the men you refer to in "A Busy Day in the Jungle." Carlyle Blackwell and Crane Wilbur read the magazine, and they are subscribers. Harold Lockwood and Kathlyn Williams. So you are afraid of Roger Lytton. He wont hurt you. Thought you liked villains nice.

PERCIVAL.—Alice and Edna Nash were the twins in "Cutey and the Twins." We haven't the name of that Pathé.

LILLIAN AND ROSE.—Baby Earley was the little girl in "The Sowing" (Powers).

PEARL H.—Mayme Kelso was with Kalem last. Jane Wolfe was Jean in "The Plot That Failed" (Kalem).

VIOLA M. P.—No; Crane Wilbur did not play the part of Romeo.

KEITH DU P.—Shall tell the editor you want Gertrude Robinson's picture.

G. M. B., BALTIMORE.—Well, we must have the name of the company in order to tell you the leads, O Absent-Minded One!

ETTA C. D.—Mary Charleson was the Indian girl in "When the Desert Was Kind."

TOUT.—We dont answer "Is he a flirt?" "What is the matter with his nose?" and "Why does Anderson always hold his little finger funny?" etc. Life is too short, and so are twenty pages.

MURIEL G.—In "Papa Puts One Over" (Vitagraph), Anita Stewart was Anna, and Earle Williams was Shadee. Earle Williams chat in June, 1912.

IOWA GIRL.—Please write your questions on a letter, and not on postal cards.

NEMO AND FLIP.—Howard Mitchell was Captain Richards in "The Price of Jealousy" (Lubin).

DICK R.—We go to press in sections, 32 pages at a time.

JULIET.—Yes, there is a George Lambert with Vitagraph.

X. Y. Z.—Marshall Neilan was the brother in "The Reward of Valor."

TET AND LEN.—Ruth Roland was Bessie in "Something Wrong with Bessie."

VIVIEN.—Pathé's "The Light That Failed" was not taken from Kipling's book.

M. D.—Edgar Jones was Gail in "Bar K Foreman." Harry Benham was the professor. Yes; Carlyle Blackwell is getting to be a regular Fagin in the pictures.

MARION, 15.—No; Olga lives in New York City.

FLORENCE M. B.—We dont know whether she is married, and we do not operate a matrimonial bureau.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—You mustn't blame us because we have not kept our promise regarding a chat with Warren Kerrigan. But we can now safely say that he has been chatted, and that it will appear soon, probably in this issue. Your letter fairly glows with fervor.

TWIN PEARLS.—Harry Pollard appears to be Margarita Fisher's all-around leading man. George Gebhardt was White Bird's Indian lover in "The Branded Arm" (Pathé).

BABE S., TOLEDO.—We dont know why Clara Kimball Young writes her name in full. Perhaps because it sounds bigger.

ELEANOR R. E.—Where did you get the name? Are you sure about Mary Fuller? We dont know anything about matrimony.

HONEY DOLL says: "Answer Man, if you ever have any children, dont bring them up to be what you are. Let them learn something easy, like a fireman or a laborer." Thanks for the advice. We'll do it.

B. S., NEW YORK.—Marie Eline was Sue in "The Other Half" (Thanhouser).

V. H., GRAFTON.—Pauline Bush played opposite Jack Richardson in "The Fraud That Failed" (American).

F. T., BRONX.—See August, 1912, for James Morrison's picture.

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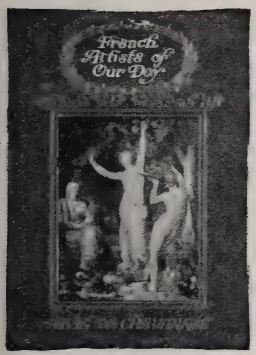

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ADDRESS DEPARTMENT B

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

FLORENCE M. B.—Say, why dont you give some one else a chance? Kathlyn Williams was the girl in "The Two Orphans."

S. G. M.—You must never send your puzzle answers on the same sheet with questions. Frank Richardson was Sona's father in "Kings of the Forest."

G. W.—We presume you can purchase the Gaumont *Graphic* from Gaumont.

R. V., OAKLAND.—Thanks for the valentine.

MARJORIE.—Earle Foxe was Hick, and Irene Boyle was Alice in "The Game-Warden" (Kalem).

M. C. wants to know where Frederic McGuirk is.

E. B. C., BROOKLYN.—We believe the picture is of Alice Joyce.

TRIX S.—Paul Kelly was the boy in "Six o'Clock." William Wadsworth had the lead in "The Winking Parson."

PARAPHANELLUS.—What a *nom de plume!* Phyllis Gordon was Olga in "In Exile."

G. R. T., CHARLESTON.—Clara Williams was the girl in "The Girl and the Gambler." George Larkin was the brother in "Nobody's Love Story" (Eclair).

FLOWER E. G. wants to know why Carlyle Blackwell doesn't get his front teeth filed down. Respectfully referred to the dental editor.

OLGA, 17.—In "The Belle of North Wales" (Kalem), Harriett Kenton was Gladys, Franklin Hayes was Owen, and Herbert Stewart was Morander. In "The Weapon," Joseph Baker was Frank Lewis, and Maurice Costello was Darrell Young.

SESAME, NEWARK.—That courtroom scene, and the legal procedure, may not have been correct for your State, but remember that different States have different methods and laws. New York is a code State, but Governor Sulzer may abolish the code soon. Slander is usually a civil action, but sometimes it is criminal.

R. S., NEW YORK.—Edna Hammel was the blind girl in "The Little Girl Next Door."

K. S., ST. LOUIS.—Dorothy Davenport and Herbert Rawlinson had the leads in "Pierre of the North."

E. S. A., A. H.—Mabel White was the wife, and the child is not given in the cast in "Fantasca, the Gipsy" (Kalem). Harriet Parsons was the child in "The Magic Wand."

M. J. A.—Glad you like Pauline Bush. Most people are affected the same way. See chat with Mr. Kerrigan.

H. M., BROOKLYN.—Eleanor Blanchard was the wife in "Hubby's Wife" (Essanay). She's always different, isn't she?

"ITCH E. COO."—We dont know what you are talking about. Be nice.

GLADYS T. G.—We shall tell Arthur Johnson that you would like to have him put ruffles on his trousers, because they are getting too short. Others answered.

SYD. H. H., NEW ZEALAND.—That was Arthur Johnson as the blacksmith in "A Heavenly Voice." Yes, he was formerly of the Biograph. You may see him and Florence Lawrence together again some day.

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.—Edward Coxen was Paul, Lillian Christy was the girl, and Chet Withey was Pedro in "A Rose of Mexico."

ARDATH.—Mary Ryan played in the three plays you name. Marie Weirman was Marie in "The Guiding Light."

R. U. WISE.—By a list of manufacturers, we mean the names and addresses of twenty-five or more Moving Picture manufacturers.

BESSIE, COLUMBUS.—Tut, tut! Dont flare up that way. Keep one foot on the soft pedal. That picture was taken by the French Pathé. The American Pathé studio is in Jersey City. Pearl White left them many months ago.

R. E., COSHOCTON.—May Buckley is still on the stage. We haven't heard anything about Helen Gardner signing a contract with Rex.

ANTHONY O.—Romaine Fielding was Fernandez in "Courageous Blood." We dont know such a book. Bessie Sankey was leading lady in "Broncho Billy's Promise."

MISS BILLY.—Mary Ryan in "The Power of Silence."

M. S. SHERBROOKE.—James Cruze was Archibald, Marguerite Snow was Lady Isabelle, and Florence LaBadie was Barbara in "East Lynn." Edna May Weick was the child, and Benjamin Wilson was the gentleman in "Ostler Joe."

MRS. O. W. M.—No; Richard Ridgely, of Edison, is not Cleo Ridgely's husband. The latter is traveling with her. Harold Lockwood was the husband, and Kathlyn Williams the wife in "Two Men and a Woman" (Selig).

S. M., NEWPORT.—We believe the Vitagraph have taken pictures at Newport. We dont keep track of where the companies take pictures; hard enough to keep track of who plays in them. The players you mention are still with Vitagraph.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—So you dont like to see Ormi Hawley die. She does not die naturally? Well, she hasn't had much experience in that line.

LILLIAN MAY.—Marin Sais was Mrs. Grey in "The Redemption."

G. McL., SCRANTON.—The sketches of Alice Joyce are good, but we cannot use them. So many artists! The woods are full of them; almost as numerous as poets.

OLGA, 17.—Herbert Rawlinson was Bert in "Miss Aubrey's Love Affair" (Selig). Dont blame us if you dont see Carlyle and Crane oftener. Consult the theater manager.

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"The Cowboy's Bride"	Universal
"A Motorcycle Elopement"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"Miss Prue's Waterloo"	Lubin
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"No Dogs Allowed"	Vitagraph
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
"The Mills of the Gods"	Solax
"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
"A Good Turn"	Lubin
"The Joke That Spread"	Vitagraph
"Satin and Gingham"	Lubin
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"House That Jack Built"	Kinemacolor
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JESSALINE G.—The Broncho Co. is still asleep, and they will not furnish us with the desired information. Their publicity man should play the title rôle in "Rip Van Winkle." Harry Myers had the lead in "His Children."

TEDDY, MONTREAL.—His name is E. R. Phillips; and you are in love with him, eh? Keep off the grass. He may be married and have ten children, for all you know.

F. E. E., NEW YORK.—Alice Joyce's chat in August, 1912. No, fire away with your secrets; we never tell any one. What makes you think we are of the feminine gender?

C. B., KANSAS CITY.—No, we're not bald. Grass grows only in fertile soil. Just put this in your pipe and smoke it: we will not permit our personal beauty to be trifled with. You refer to Gene Gauntier, and it was an old Kalem. She is not with them now. She has a company all her own. Ask Jack Clark.

MURIEL T.—Earle Williams was Shadee in "Papa Puts One Over." Lucile Lee and Anita Stewart were the daughters.

CUTIE, BOSTON.—Ruth Roland is still playing. Tell the manager you want to see her oftener. Other questions answered.

M. M., KANSAS CITY.—Mrs. George Walters was the mother in "The Lost Son."

LYLLIAN D. W. writes: "You certainly are as wise as Solomon and as patient as Job." Thank you. We are. William Pinkham was Bill Smith in "Keeping Up Appearances" (Lubin). We are afraid that if we sign in your autograph album, we will have to sign a good many more; and we haven't time.

BROWN EYES.—You must not ask "Is she married?" etc. You may ask about the plays and characters in the plays and so on, but only questions of general interest.

H. M., ROCKY MOUNT.—Yes; Warren Kerrigan played in "Nell of the Pampas." We cant look up what color eyes he has or whether he can sing and all that. See the chat department for such.

E. G.—Warren Kerrigan was the husband in "The Loneliness of Neglect." He is not in the cast for "The Girl of the Manor" (American). Dont know whether he dances or not.

N. G., NEW YORK.—Write to Miss Stedman yourself.

ERMA, ST. LOUIS.—Write and ask the company how much they would charge for the picture. Albert Swenson was David in "When Love Leads" (Lubin).

EMILY M., NEW YORK.—Mr. Cashman was Mr. Hale in "The Little, Black Box."

PANSY.—We think your idea is fine, and we shall pass it along to the editor.

A. F., NEW YORK.—Kempton Green was Jack, and Isabelle Lamon was Bess in "Keeping Up Appearances." Marshall Neilan was the husband in "Peace Offering."

KATE M., WINNIPEG.—We have heard of stage-struck girls, but you certainly have got it bad. Get it out of your head. Dont think for a minute of leaving home.

VASTHA V.—Robert Thornby was Buck in "The Fatherhood of Buck McGee."

MISS J. C. J.—Thank you for that cast.

L. H., BROOKLYN.—Great Northern takes pictures in Denmark.

LOUDIE, BROOKLYNITE.—Mary Powers was the child in "On the Threshold." Ernestine Morley was Mrs. Cartridge.

RUTLAND CLASS.—Lottie Briscoe was leading lady in "Her Gift."

GABY, OF N. Y.—Yes; Phillip Smalley has returned to Rex.

G. E. M., ST. LOUIS.—J. W. Johnston was the lead in "The Country Boy" (Pathé).

H. E. N.—Whom do you mean—Brinsley Shaw or True Boardman? We dont think you could get a position with Essanay. "The man with the big nose" is G. M. Anderson. Isn't it a dream?

JANET.—Adrienne Kroell was leading lady in "The Subterfuge." Pearl White was Naughty Marietta.

INTERESTED.—Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Horse That Wont Stay Hitched." Dont know who the horse was.

MARION, MICHIGAN.—The last picture we saw Mary Fuller in, she wore six different dresses (but not all at once). From appearances, she has clothes aplenty.

A. P. S.—We dont know of any company that teaches beginners.

BUD AND PURKY.—Leah Baird was Undine in "The Face or the Voice." No, dont think of any more questions like the ones you sent us. They were all out of order.

M. J. F., EDWARDSVILLE.—Burton King was the minister, Clara Williams was the girl, and Edgar Jones the ex-convict in "The Struggle of Hearts."

M. H., HALIFAX.—Yes, votes for Mary Pickford will count.

FLORENCE M. B.—Marguerite Ne Moyer, Violet Adams and Miss Healey were the girls in "The Rest Cure." Never heard of a theater giving eight reels to one show.

R. E. G.—Thanks for the clippings.

VEDA C., DENVER.—You cant expect the players to answer every letter they receive, can you? They have to work, once in a while. They like to receive appreciations, but not love-letters or missives that require acknowledging.

SUSAN, WHEELING.—William Mason was the dummy in "Almost a Man." Dolores Costello is the older. Dont know about an interview or picture of Mr. Santschi just now. Fear not. You might write to Mr. Selig about it.

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All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company. Every Play will be treated as follows:

It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. **If the manuscript is hopeless, we shall so state,** and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

The fee for reading, filing, etc., will be $1.00, but to readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. Stamps (2c. or 1c.) accepted.

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Miss E. L.—You have read our magazine for over a year, and then ask Biograph questions? Fly away, little one.

E. S., New York.—Pauline Bush was the girl in "The Girl of the Manor" (American). Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Pride of Angry Bear" (Kalem).

Dorothy M. B.—Thank you for your interesting letter.

W. H.—Yes; Gilbert Anderson plays the part of Broncho Billy. Billy is dead, but Gilbert is not. Billy dies quite frequently. We know of no George Anderson.

K. R. S., Chicago.—Maurice Costello played in "As You Like It." It is pronounced Mo: ece'.

V. L. K.—Yes; Jack Halliday is playing in "The Whip" in New York. But dont you know that we cant keep track of all the players on the speaking stage?

Alice C. P., New York.—Edward Coxen played opposite Ruth Roland in "The Hindoo Hat." In "Her Only Son" (Selig), Orma Hawley was the mother, Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood the leads. Please dont write next month and ask if Orma Hawley and Ormi Hawley are related.

Barbara D., Dayton.—Helen Parker was the nurse in "From the Submerged."

Rosalind.—Jean Acker was Marcelle, and Jane Fearnley was Cora in "In a Woman's Power" (Imp).

Genevieve.—The National Board of Censors is a body of prominent citizens appointed by various civic bodies. The various film manufacturers voluntarily consented to accept their censorship and to pay the expenses thereof. William Clifford is with Bison.

Laura, Boise.—Some like many subtitles, and some do not. Some companies start every play with one, but we dont think it wise. Words should be used only when the action is not sufficient, or to show lapse of time, etc. Why not ask the Photoplay Clearing House?

D. H., Rochester.—Francis Bushman was chatted in February, 1912.

Billy Baker.—We understand that Marion Leonard is still with Monopol Co.

H. B., Chicago.—Yes; King Baggot had the lead in "She Slept Thru It All." We dont mean to be "cross," but we cant help it sometimes; neither could you, if you are human. Suppose you had to read hundreds of letters a day, some from idiots.

A. F.—The Selig Co., with Charles Clary, is located in Chicago. Victor is in New York. Edward Coxen was the lead in "The Fugitive" (American).

C. P.—Vivian Prescott was leading lady in "Leah, the Forsaken" (Imp).

I. H., Riverpoint.—Harry Myers had the lead in "The Guiding Light." Always give name of company.

Gertie R.—Yes, players like to receive letters. See above.

Alicia C.—Lila Chester was the rich client in "The Count That Counts."

G. E. M., New York.—Naomi Childers was the beautiful girl.

M. G.—No, we are not bald-headed, nor is our hair turning gray, but we are expecting both every day. What difference does it make to you?

Lyllian D. W.—It is pronounced "Thanhouser." Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Kalem have a studio in Birmingham. J. J. Clark is no longer with Kalem.

E. M. and L. R.—Write direct to the player. Always address care of company.

A. J., Brooklyn.—Miss Taku Takagi was Miss Taku, and Harry Benham the son.

G. L., Montgomery.—Eclair are in Fort Lee, N. J. Cines pictures are all taken abroad. George Klein, of Chicago, releases them.

E. B., Chisholm.—Louise Lester was the witch in "Blackened Hills."

B. S., Penn.—Betty Gray is with Pathé.

E. W. S. advises that the *Brit*ish & *Am*erican Co., Montreal, produce the Briam films, the name being taken from the italics.

H. A., Manhattan.—We dont know the name of the lady who sang the "Last Rose of Summer" in the Colonial Theater. Ask at the box-office.

R. H., Kansas City.—Dont worry about that letter. We dont remember it.

J. M., Detroit.—We dont know of a Mrs. Romaine Fielding. You shouldn't ask us about her if there is one. 'Gainst the law! And Romaine is a constable.

H. F. W., New York.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "Whose Wife Is This?" (Selig).

W. E.—Charles French was the old scout in "Peggy and the Old Scout" (Pathé). Peter Lang was the mayor in "The Mayor's Waterloo." We still have those portrait books for sale.

G. N., Chicago.—Florence Turner's picture appeared in—get ready—October, September, July and March, 1912, and March, July and November, 1911.

R. Mc.—Muriel Ostriche is now with Reliance. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was taken at Wyoming. The picture—not the poem.

Betty, St. Louis.—E. H. Calvert was Slivers in "The Redemption of Slivers." We dont know the name of the picture that was taken February 22d at King's Theater. That's out of our line. We are not quite omnipotent and omnipresent—yet! Please give the name of the company.

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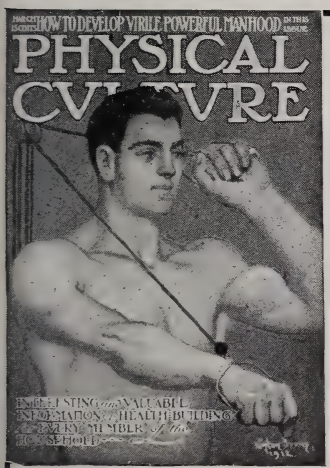

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EDNA.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "The Shuttle of Fate."

J. W., HOPKINSVILLE.—You mustn't ask us about the holy bonds of matrimony. A new motto: Patience is not a virtue.

MAUDE THE SECOND.—Jane Wolfe was Mag in "The Redemption."

M. E. D.—Bryant Washburn was Louis in "The Stain."

C. L. D., EVANSTON.—Oh, fie, fie! What's the use? Will you people ever learn to read the note at the head of this department?

DOROTHY J. S., WORCESTER, waxes poetic, as witness this:

I've a few simple questions to ask you,
I will not take much of your time.
I hope it wont make any difference
If I ask you these questions in rhyme.
Now, who are the "leads" in that Lubin—
The one called "The Mexican Spy"?
And who is the Mexican villain—
The one with the "blood in his eye"?
And why dont the Vitagraph people
Turn out some more photoplay scenes
Featuring handsome Earle Williams?
He's the best in the bunch, by all means.

And tell me—why did Edwin August
Leave Lubin? He made quite a hit;
His work in "'Twixt Love and Ambition"
Was beautifully done, every bit.
And say, where *is* dear old Crane Wilbur?
I haven't seen him in an age.
I hope he's not given up pictures
And gone on the vaudeville stage.
And pretty Miss Anna Q. Nilsson—
Was she badly hurt by her fall?
Was she thrown from a wagon while acting?
And was it a pretty close call?

I am almost as bad as your "Flossie,"
By the questions I've asked you, I mean.
But how shall I know, 'less I ask you?
They are neither in book nor on screen.

B. L., CINCINNATI.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "Shanghaied." No; Earle Williams is not dead. He plays with Vitagraph.

ELEANOR AND THELMA.—Jack Clark was the soldier in "Lady Peggy's Escape." The first play produced by the Gene Gauntier Co. was "Daughter of the Confederacy."

A. W. W., GLACE BAY.—Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers had the leads in "A Romance of the Coast." W. Scott, Wheeler Oakman and S. Dunlap were the three college boys in "A Sad Devil" (Selig). Howard Missimer was the parson in "The Thrifty Parson."

ANNIE, KENTUCKY.—Kempton Green was Mr. Holmes in "Keeping Up Appearances."

MARGIE B. H.—Write direct to the company for their bulletin. You can purchase one copy at a time at 10 cents each. Walter Edwin was the lawyer in "Cynthia's Agreement." Isabel Lamon was the sister in "The Miser" (Lubin). Edna Payne was Marie in "The Higher Duty."

OLGA, 17.—So you would like to meet Crane Wilbur, Carlyle Blackwell and Henry Walthall, would you? You want too much. Walter Edwin was George Fielding in "Too Late to Mend" (Edison).

IOWA GIRL.—Glad you have changed from a postal to a letter. Dont really know why Gwendoline Pates jumped so much, in the picture. She is very nimble, you know. Perhaps she was taking her exercise.

MAYME, MADISON.—Dot Bernard, formerly of the Biograph, was the girl on the left of Marshall P. Wilder on the Christmas tree. That Christmas tree idea will soon be repeated in another form. Edwin Carewe was Manning in "It Might Have Been" (Lubin). Guy Coombs and Marian Cooper had the leads in "The Turning Point."

VIRGINIA C. P.—Arthur Ricketts was Jingle in "Pickwick Papers." Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Triangle." Western Pathé's are not taken in the Eastern studio.

VIRGINIA R. B., KANSAS.—Florence LaBadie was the lead in "Called Back" (Thanhouser). She will soon be called back to New Rochelle.

T. E.—Sorry, but we cannot tell you who Donald was in "His Brother's Keeper."

THE KID, L. S.—What a question! No, we cannot tell you whether we received the questions you sent us last month. If we did, we attended to them.

FLO G. D.—Owen Moore was the professor in "Flo's Discipline." William Duncan was the father, and William Shay was the Governor in "The Fugitives." Josie Williams was the stepmother in "The Cruel Stepmother" (Imp). Sorry we cannot answer those Bisons.

CHRISTINE MC.—Warren Kerrigan is the player to whom you refer. Pathé Frères give out very little information, for reasons best known to themselves.

EVERYBODY, EVERYWHERE!—At this writing (March 24th) comes the good news that, hereafter, we will answer Biograph questions, and also publish pictures of their players in our Gallery. But we cannot answer questions on OLD Biograph plays.

M. F., TITUSVILLE.—Sorry, but Milano will not answer.

MARY P.—Yes; Francis Bushman played in "The Spy's Defeat"—he was Paul. William Garwood was the fireman in "Her Fireman" (Thanhouser).

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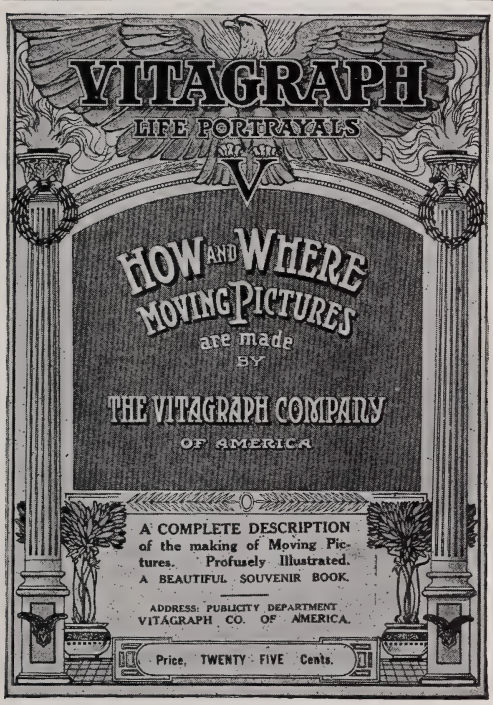
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E. K., Brooklyn.—Marguerite Gibson was Polly in "Polly on the Ranch."

Brownie, 16.—Alice Joyce is not dead. Not dead, but working. She is playing regularly.

W. H. S. Trio.—See here, you mustn't send in your questions with a drawing of the Answer Man sketched all over the page. We have to look all over the paper for your questions. Besides, you dont do us justice. No, we are not Mr. Sargent. We were for a short time, when this department was first started, but ever since then we are the one and the same, and the only real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool Answer Man—beware of imitations!

F. E., New Orleans.—Yes; Carlyle Blackwell plays regularly for Kalem.

Moline, Illinois.—Harold Lockwood was David in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

G. E. B., Los Angeles.—Clara Williams was the girl in "The Sheriff's Mistake" (Lubin). Leah Baird was the wife in "The Nipper's Lullaby." Brinsley Shaw was the coward in "Broncho Billy's Promise."

George A. C., Montreal.—Thank you for the valuable information.

Gladys S.—Mary Fuller is Mary in "What Happened to Mary." Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Blind Cattle-King."

Olga, 17.—Delighted! Well, you know what happens to those prolonged proposals, dont you? They did that to save time in taking the film. The title is "An Accidental Dentist," and Jerold Hevener was the policeman.

R. S. and T. S.—Marguerite Snow, Harry Benham and James Cruze had the leads in "Letters of a Lifetime." George Periolat was the father in "My Own Country" (American). The picture you enclose is one of the "fashions" in Pathé's *Weekly*.

T. S., De Soto.—Charles Hitchcock and Miss Ulrich had the leads in "Her First Man" (Essanay). Fritzi Brunette and Owen Moore had the leads in "The Professor's Dilemma." Leonce Perrin was the lead in "A Peach for a Prisoner" (Gaumont).

P. F., Oakland.—Rosemary Theby was the nurse in "The Strange Disappearance of the Ambassador."

Big Brown Eyes.—Mae Hotely was Sally, and Hen Walker her sweetheart in "Stage-Struck Sally" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi was the husband in "Whose Wife Is This?"

Rogo.—Yes, perhaps most people attend picture shows for diversion, and not to see pictures of train-wrecks, parades, conventions, etc. However, all people are not alike.

K. J.—William Duncan was in the "Opium Smugglers." Harry Myers played in "An Irish Girl's Love." You must get the pictures of the players direct from the companies. Yes, you can send a money-order for a subscription.

G. J. S.—We presume the reason Essanay doesn't want Western scenarios is because they can write them themselves.

May, 17.—Anna Drew was Jael Dence in "Put Yourself in His Place" (Thanhouser). Ruth Roland was Ethel in "Three Suitors and a Dog." Isabel Lamon and Ernestine Morley were the sisters, Edwin Carewe was the lover, and R. C. Travers was the doctor in "The Supreme Sacrifice" (Lubin). Why didn't you ask for the whole cast? James Morrison was Billy in "A Marriage of Convenience."

D. C., Chicago.—Thank you for the pictures of the Essanay studio. Fine!

"Readers," Portland.—Hope you dont think we sit down and write the questions, and then answer them. We receive all the letters we answer, and more, too.

Helen K.—Edwin August has left Lubin long ago. We believe William Cavanaugh is with the Western Pathé now.

R. M. B., Montgomery.—No; Mr. Halliday is not back with Lubin. That was old.

Pansy, Buffalo.—So you want us to start a correspondence club. We wonder how many others want the same thing. How would it do to charge 10 cents admission to the club, and those who join to be entitled to a list of names of other members, each member being required to send souvenir postal-cards, etc., to the other members?

Friskie Trixie.—That's a new name for you. No end of funny names. Such ravings for E. K. Lincoln! That was the Thanhouser Kid in "Please Help the Poor."

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JULIA, ATLANTA.—Charlotte Burton was the wife in "Finer Things" (American).

E. J. G.—Sorry, but we cant answer those Biograph questions.

WINNIE W.—Yes; Edison sells pictures. Harold Lockwood was in that Selig.

SWEETIE, CHATTANOOGA.—Ethel Clayton was Ethel in "His Children." Lillian Christy has left American. Edward Coxen is now a director for American. Alice Joyce is still in New York. "Old Kent Road" was taken mostly in Brooklyn, and the road was not named after Charley Kent.

BESSIE, OF BOSTON.—Yes, we would like to help you improve the theaters and films. That is part of the business of this magazine. The manufacturers never take any part in the affairs of the exhibitor.

EVANGELINE A. Z.—Yes; Selig has real, live animal-players. So has Vitagraph.

TORCHY.—Carl Winterhoff was Tom Moran in "Dont Let Mother Know." Edwin Cartridge and Ernestine Morley were man and wife in "On the Threshold" (Lubin). Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Brother" (Essanay).

MARJORIE M.—Harry Millarde was Henry in "The Message from the Palms." Bessie Sankey was Mabel, True Boardman was the foreman, Arthur Mackley the ranchman, and Brinsley Shaw the puncher in "The Ranchman's Blunder." Clara Williams was Mary, the schoolteacher, in "The Teacher at Rockville."

E. G., ROCKY MOUNT.—Justus D. Barnes was the mounted policeman in "With the Mounted Police." Paul Panzer was the cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Baby" (Pathé). We dont know who W. J. K. is; only, that he is one of our steady customers.

MARION.—You can get the August issue from us direct.

O. R. A.—Your letter was very beautiful, indeed. Thank you.

KENNA CLUB.—Phyllis Gordon is no longer with Selig. She is now with American. No, we do not print Selig stories in the magazine. Why? Ask Mr. Selig.

A. S., MIDDLEBORO.—Earle Williams was one of the surgeons in "A Night Before Christmas."

R. U. WISE.—Yes, we got you. That was Clara Kimball Young with the crown, on the Christmas tree. Will tell The Tatler you want him to chat John Steppling.

A. K., BROOKLYN.—No; Kalem does not give try-outs to beginners. They want only experienced players.

GEORGE.—Good-morning! Haven't heard from you since yesterday. Vinnie Burns was Vinnie in "Beasts of the Jungle" (Solax). Darwin Karr and Sallie Crute had the leads. Maybe it was paper snow. That's often used. It has many advantages over real snow; still, they cant go sleighing on it.

C. H., WEEHAWKEN.—We believe the picture was taken in Brooklyn.

C. T., BROOKLYN.—Henry Walthall is the "handsome, sedate, dark, dignified, Biograph" leading man, and the "cute, charming little blonde" is Blanche Sweet. Isn't it fine?

GERALDINE M. F.—Thomas Moore played opposite Alice Joyce in "The Senator's Dishonor" (Kalem).

H. M., ROCKY MOUNT.—Edward Coxen was Bob, and Lillian Christy was leading lady in "The Trail of the Cards" (American).

THE SECOND OLGA.—Horace Peyton was Clarence in "Love of La Vallière." Marshall Neilan was Percy in "Three Suitors and a Dog."

J. M. C.—Mlle. Josette Andriot was Iris, and M. Chas. Krause was her father in "Tears of Blood" (Eclair). Robert Frazer was John, and Miss Tennant was Hulds in "Hearts and Memories" (Eclair).

ELENA C. G.—Thanks for the box of excellent plug tobacco. Very thoughtful of you. While we dont chew nor smoke, being extremely virtuous and having no small vices—all large ones—we passed it along to Peter Wade, and it smells much better than the stuff he usually smokes. Thanks! Guy D'Ennery was the minister in "The Lost Note." Your other questions answered by mail.

H. L. DE L.—Pathé will not give us the information you ask. You must always give the name of the company.

BETTY R. C.—Ruth Hennessey was the wife in "Odd Knotts" (Essanay).

M. I. M.—But you will have to tell us some play he played in. We dont know any one in Imp who looks like Costello.

P. V. C.—Really, it took us just fifteen minutes to read all you had to say. While we appreciate your asking us for advice, we cant run that theater. Dont believe all he tells you, or you will go insane. Tell him not to run advertising slides. It is fatal in the end.

I. G.—Robert Grey was Ted, and A. E. Garcia was Parson Sneed in "Yankee Doodle Dixie." Sidney Ayres and Betty Harte are now with Edison.

B. S., RUTHERFORD.—Yes, you are right about the casts, but we cant manage the manufacturers.

SALLY, CAMDEN.—Yes, Biograph is a great company in which to "get a rep." Some players seem to think that if they can once get with Biograph their future is secure. Vitagraph seems to have the most "well-known players."

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W. L. P., Brooklyn.—You are extremely obnoxious and a nuisance. We would much rather not receive any communications from you whatever.

George.—We suppose they will be able to mend the film, but some operators are very careless.

M. St. C.—Yes, Lillian Russell played in Kinemacolor. You are right about Sarah Bernhardt.

S. E. T.—Why dont you complain about the music, if you dont care for it? Do you mean Peggy Glynn? If so, she is on the stage now.

H. M. A., Newark.—Brinsley Shaw was Broncho Billy's friend in "Broncho Billy's Gun-Play" (Essanay).

L. M.—Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "The Last Dance" (Selig). Communicate direct with the Circulation Department about the expiration of your subscription.

Anthony.—So you were filmed, were you? No, Anthony, The Famous Players Film Co. is not licensed, but some of their films are. There can be no more licensed manufacturers. There are now ten companies in the so-called "trust." Thanks again for the necktie.

M. G., Elmira.—Why did you squeeze your ten questions on one sheet of paper, when you had three other sheets left? Please make our reading as easy for us as possible. Margaret Joslin was the fat lady in "Alkali Ike Stung." Howard Missimer was Dr. Thin in "Well Matched." That usher talk is not appreciated.

H. W. Y.—Thanks for your kind letter.

J. J. K.—That was Harold Lockwood; he was formerly of Broncho. Yes, about James Young.

Helen, 19.—We are glad, Cheerful, that you like Earle Williams. Thanks for the good wishes to the family, but there isn't any. Others answered.

Marion O.—Hetty Gray Baker was the author of the film, "The Irony of Fate."

Marie A. F.—Yes, yes, Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are man and wife. And thanks for your interesting letter.

T. M., Montreal.—Selig is licensed, but we dont use their stories. So you want to correspond with a Yankee; we cant help you out.

Arabelle, 16.—Buster Johnson was the child in "The Miser" (Lubin).

L. D. La M., San Francisco, wants to know why Broncho Billy was not created as a distinct character, and says that he is inconsistent, because in one film he dies, in another he is drunk, and in another he is something else, and that in no two films is he the same sort of person. This is hardly a question for the Answer Man. No doubt Mr. Anderson has his own reasons for doing things as he does. You have in mind characters like Sherlock Holmes, or Mary, in "What Happened to Mary," in which the character is the same in every chapter.

E. D. B., Balto.—Charles Hundt was John in "Rosie" (Eclair).

A. M., Jamestown.—Harold Lockwood was Jack Temple in "Her Only Son." Ormi Hawley was Nancy in "The Regeneration of Nancy" (Lubin). She was Rosa in "The Montebank's Daughter."

Dolly.—Yes, Sarah Bernhardt is considered one of the greatest actresses who ever lived, but many persons think Ellen Terry her superior. Temper? No; we only make believe. We are as gentle as a lamb, and we neither bark nor bite.

Pretty Peggy.—Herbert L. Barry was Lord Rintoul in "Little Minister." We had a note in the Greenroom Jottings about the Thanhouser fire.

D. B., Indiana.—Evebelle Prout was the maid in "The Birthday Jacket" (Essanay). Whitney Raymond was the son.

R. B., Atlantic.—Yes, there are a Kalem, Lubin and Gene Gauntier Company in Jacksonville.

Kentucky Girl.—Evebelle Prout was the barefooted girl in "The Farmer's Daughter" (Essanay). Yes, that's Alice Joyce's picture. Dont know Flora Dorset.

E. C. N., Chicago.—The reason we say "questions answered before" is that space is too valuable here to repeat anything. Sometimes twenty persons ask the same questions, in which case we give one answer and ignore the other nineteen. If it is apparently a new inquirer, who does not know the rules, we state "questions answered before," but in other cases we say nothing. Earle Williams was the artist in "The Dawning." Mabel Trunnelle was the governess in "The Governess."

A. S., Chicago.—Lillian Logan was Miss Keene, and Adrienne Kroell was Miss Markham in "The Pink Opera Cloak" (Selig).

M. M., New York City.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Mayor's Crusade" (Kalem). Miss Ray was the mother in "The Cowboy and the Baby." Glad you had a pleasant dream. Good pictures often have that effect; the other kind sometimes give us a nightmare.

Marjorie M.—Mildred Weston was the girl in "The Discovery" (Essanay). George Reehm was the winner, Marguerite Ne Moyer the girl, and Arthur Hotaling Willie in "Will Willie Win?" (Lubin).

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IRENE A.—Hazel Neason was the sister in "The Finger of Suspicion." Irene Boyle was Alice in "The Game-Warden."

ETHEL.—Romaine Fielding was the unknown in "The Unknown" (Lubin). You can get his picture from Lubin.

M. B.—James Cruze was the judge in "When Mercy Tempts Justice."

R. A. B., NASHVILLE.—You're wrong on your last question.

E. M.—Thomas Santschi and Phyllis Gordon had the leads in "The Lake of Dreams." Ruth Roland was the girl and Marshall Neilan the younger player in "The Horse That Wont Stay Hitched." Robert Brower was Colonel De Bellechasse in "The Non-Commissioned Officer." Elsie McLeod was the daughter in "The Power of Sleep."

T. B. O., NORWICH.—Thanks for your photograph of the Kalems taking one of the battles in Shenandoah. Very good photograph. Sorry we cant use it in the magazine—the Kalems might be jealous.

VICTORIA.—Marian Cooper was the young lady in "The Girl in the Caboose." Eclair is Independent.

N. W., PITTSBURG.—Alice Joyce was the young lady in "The Battle of Wits."

M. H. C., WACO, thinks that Marc McDermott is a poser and is too stagy. Is this not true of many of the players? There is about one in every fifty who can play so that he or she appears unconscious of the camera. We suppose that some of the players will never learn that it is not necessary to keep both shoulders squared to the camera.

VERA C.—Well, the player grew a beard in that play. Tom Carrigan has returned to Selig.

B. B., BROOKLYN.—Does any one know where Anna Rosemond is?

M. D., CAPE MAY.—Harry Benham was Jack in "The Repeater" (Thanhouser). Marshall Neilan and Ruth Roland had the leads in "The Peace Offering" (Kalem). No; George Kleine is the American representative for Eclipse and Cines.

BILLY BLUE wishes to answer "M. C. S., Savannah," in regard to "From the Bottom of the Sea" (Imp), released November 20, 1911. William Shay was the player who was shot from the torpedo tube of the submarine. Brave lad, that! J. W. Johnston was Jack in "The Man Who Dared" (Eclair). Thanks for the information.

J. S., CHICAGO, tells us that he likes funny pictures. Guess everybody likes to see a good comic, but how few they be! Don't you envy those who can laugh heartily over some of the alleged comics?

MILDRED S.—E. K. Lincoln played in "The Wood Violet." We dont answer Broncho questions. That company hasn't time to bother answering the questions we cant answer.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Our Photoplay Clearing House will typewrite your scenario for $1.00. Why not read their ad in the magazine?

A HELLO GIRL.—Bessie Sankey, maid in "Broncho Billy and the Indian Maid."

"MUTTONHEAD."—We dont like your *nom de plume.* Octavia Handworth was Violet in "His Second Love." The picture you enclose is of Alice Joyce. Yes.

G. E. S.—Owen Moore is still with Victor. We know there is a player with Biograph who looks like Mr. Moore, but it is not.

A. M., PHILADELPHIA.—Sorry, but we cant answer that Eclair.

P. C., ATLANTIC CITY.—Irving Cummings played the part of the twins in "The Man from Outside." Louise Lester is usually the mother.

H. F., PHILADELPHIA.—James Cruze and Harry Benham both played in "The Ladder of Life." Kay-Bee are still asleep at the switch. They dont *refuse* to give information—simply neglect to.

EDITH FROM IOWA.—Thomas Allen was the fugitive, and Edward Coxen was the sheriff in "The Fugitive."

PANDORA.—In the future, please give your address. Flossie is a schoolgirl and not a player. Marguerite Gibson was Polly in "Polly at the Ranch."

RHODISHA.—You must read the back numbers. We cant repeat all that information. Remember, there are thousands of inquirers besides you, and we have no room for repeaters.

K. B. G., ROCHESTER.—We know that Willis Secord is playing on Broadway.

M. G., ELMIRA.—We answered your nineteen questions by mail, and our letter was returned. Isn't that enough to make a saint weep? Hereafter, give correct address.

MRS. VAN B.—Edna Payne is the Lubin girl. We haven't the cast for "Mother."

FLORENCE M. B.—My, yes! We're acquainted with your writing by this time. Edwin Carewe was the player with the automobile, but we dont know whom the machine belonged to. Dont know whether Mr. Carewe owns an auto or not, but he ought to. We cant answer those old Biographs, but we expect to get the casts for all their new releases. Thanks for the age of that player, but we cant publish that.

H. J. C., EAST ORANGE.—Elsie Greeson was the heroine in "The Missing Bonds."

M. E., DALLAS.—The picture is of Jane Wolfe.

C. P., WINNIPEG.—You seem to get our O. K. on all newspaper reports. Well, Florence Barker really is dead. She died of pneumonia.

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Since we have over a thousand of these pictures, we cannot catalog them. Plain, unmounted photos, 4x5, are usually valued at 20 cents each; 5x7, 30 cents; 10x12, 50 cents; but the prices vary according to their art value. Mounted photos, with hand-painted designs around, range from 25 cents to $2 each.

Unless there is a particular picture you want, the best plan is to send us what money you wish to invest (2-cent or 1-cent stamps, or P. O. money order), naming several kinds of pictures you prefer, or naming the players you are most interested in. We may be all out of the kind you want most. Here is a sample letter to guide you:

"Please find enclosed $1, for which send me some photos. Prefer large, unmounted ones, and those in which any of the following appear: Johnson, Lawrence, Kerrigan, Hawley and Fuller. In case you cant give me what I want, I enclose stamp for return of my money."

Address: Art Editor, M. P. S. Magazine, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. P. F. & Co.—Judson Melford's picture in June, 1912. Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Sheriff of Stone Gulch." Subscriptions count nothing in the contest. If you sit down and write out five hundred names and addresses in your own handwriting, it counts as one vote.

L. B., WASHINGTON.—Herbert Rawlinson was the doctor in "Girl of the Mountains."

C. R. K., CHICAGO.—Kathlyn Williams is leading lady for the Chicago Selig.

BRONDINE.—See Warren Kerrigan's chat in this issue.

VELESKA.—There was a Fred Tidmarsh with Lubin. You had better communicate direct with the companies.

JUNE A.—Florence LaBadie's picture in December, 1912. No; Edith Halleran is not Mrs. Maurice Costello. Anna Nilsson and Marian Cooper are the girls in "His Mother's Picture."

GERALDINE.—Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall had the leads in "Oil and Water." Grace Lewis is with Biograph.

GERTRUDE, RELIANCE.—The Pathé picture was taken at New Jersey. Gertrude Robinson has left Reliance.

C. P., NEW YORK.—James Morrison was leading man opposite Clara K. Young in "A Vitagraph Romance." Hazel Neason was Alice's sister in "A Finger of Suspicion."

BIOGRAPH FRANK.—"The Little Minister" was taken near Lake George, N. Y.

A. C. C., NEW YORK.—Romaine Fielding was Fernandez in "Courageous Blood."

BROOKLYN BLONDES.—You have Augustus Phillips placed correctly. Arthur Johnson always plays leads, and not minor parts. He did not play as a servant in that play. Eleanor Caines was Eva in "Once Was Enough." Edith Storey's picture in November, 1912. See dictionary. Premium means a prize, reward or recompense.

H. J. J.—We dont happen to know the exact age of Yale Boss.

FRANCES.—Lamar Johnston and Barbara Tennant were husband and wife in "Dick's Wife" (Eclair). Gertrude Robinson was the convict's wife in "The Men Who Dared."

L. H. AND R. E.—You shouldn't say a man is pretty and cute. You want to say he is noble and brave.

THE INQUISITIVE SIX.—Jessalyn Van Trump was the girl in "The Wanderer" (American). We dont give addresses.

C. MC.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "How It Happened." The Licensed exhibitors pay an extra fee that the Independent exhibitors do not have to pay.

OLGA 17, THE SECOND.—And whence came you? We are glad you are a minister's daughter, and also thank you for your interesting letter. Tell your sister that Edwin Carewe was the detective.

HAZEL EYES.—Frank Lanning was with Pathé Frères last. Yes, he has called her several times.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for those clippings. Edna Payne was the girl in "Down on the Rio Grande." We dont know anything about that glass coffin. Consult an undertaker. Kathlyn Williams was the girl in "The Lipton Cup."

BILLIE.—Clara K. Young was leading lady in "Poet and Peasant." Yes, her eyes are like the stars of night.

FAYETTE LA V.—We haven't the age of Helen Badgely or Marie Eline. Write to them, if you want to know badly enough.

MOLLY, FALL RIVER.—Gwendoline Pates and Charles Arling had the leads in "The Elusive Kiss." Read above.

G. L., JERSEY CITY.—Francelia Billington was the sweetheart in "A Dangerous Wager." Marin Sais was the wife in "The Last Blockhouse."

G. M., CALIFORNIA.—Thanks for the interview with Marshall P. Wilder. William J. Shay was George in "Woman's Power" (Imp). He is not the same William Shea that is with Vitagraph.

HARRY C., NEWARK.—Maybe the editor will print a picture of Van Dyke Brook. Rose Coghlan is the same one you refer to.

C. L., ST. LOUIS.—Mae Hotely was Mrs. Henry in "The Missing Jewels."

LYNNE.—Clara Kimball Young was the girl in "What a Change of Clothes Did."

L. A., CALIF.—You may send your scenarios in printed form, since you are a better linotyper than typewriter.

THE THREE BELLS.—Laura Oakley was Aunt Betty in "Aunt Betty's Revenge."

H. N. G.—When your subscription runs out, just send in your $1.50, and it will be renewed. Please dont ask what relation James Young is to Clara Kimball Young. They may be brother and sister; then, again, they may be father and daughter.

F. L. B., NEWARK.—Dont blame Crane Wilbur for that. The director probably told him to do it. Yes, those eyebrows of his are gorgeous.

RAY, 18.—My, but you get too personal! Read this department, and get familiar with the questions that are asked.

RHODA T.—Alice Joyce was the stenographer and Tom Moore the son in "Business Buccaneer."

R. G. S., ROME.—The clipping is not of Marion Leonard, with Monopol.

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Mr. Boyd of Chicago says: "My bald spot was as shiny as a peeled onion. It is now all covered with thick new hair. The grayness is also disappearing."

Mr. Mourer of Cleveland declares: "Crystolis is the only thing which actually grows hair."

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Mrs. Jackson of New York writes: "My hair stopped falling the first week. No more itching scalp and hair coming in fast."

Mr. Arnott of Cleveland reports: "Itching scalp stopped the second day, dandruff gone, no more falling hair."

Mrs. Rose of Rock Island writes: "Was almost wild for five years with itching scalp. Two or three applications of Crystolis stopped this. Now I have a fine new growth of hair."

You may be acquainted with some of these people or some of your friends may know them. Write us and we can give you the full address so that you can prove every statement.

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W. K. G., GALVESTON, says that the manager of the theater she attends continues to throw advertising slides on the screen, in spite of her protest. In that case, protest again, and get your friends to protest. If that has no effect, then desert the theater, and get all your friends to do likewise. We do not approve of hissing and stamping of feet to show your disapproval, altho in some cases it seems to be the only thing to do.

EVIE.—Yes, tell your father to write direct to Charles Kent, care of Vitagraph. Dont know of any Independent theater near your home.

VIVIAN R.—You mustn't ask for "the tall, dark, muscular-looking man" and the "fair-haired, tall woman," etc., for we may not have seen the play. Give the name of the character, the name of the play and the company, and we'll be with you.

H. C. M., WORCESTER.—Charles Arthur was Herbert in "The Village Blacksmith."

THE BEST.—Mrs. Costello sometimes plays under the name of Mae Costello.

JOSEPHINE.—Have handed your letter to the editor.

L. B., MONTREAL.—Thanks for your long letter. You are correct on all questions.

SUNNY SAM.—Yes, we have sat in a theater and criticized just as you have done. We think your letter is very just, and wish some of the manufacturers could see it.

C. JOSIE, N. Y.—It is hard to say if Edith Storey is "on the same footing" with Florence Turner, and Anna Stewart with Julia S. Gordon. All these ladies have played leading parts, and hence are called leading women. Some are higher-salaried than others, and some are considered better players, but it is not for us or for anybody else to say that one is on a higher footing than the other.

MARJORIE M.—Cecille Guyon was Raymond, and Charles Kraus was Dr. Lanning in "Convicted by Hypnotism" (Eclair). Mildred Bracken was Molly, and Ray Gallagher was Sam in "Molly's Mistake" (Méliès). William Shea and Jane Fearnley in "In A Woman's Power" (Imp).

E. C., COLUMBUS.—Yes; Irving Cummings played both parts.

FLO A., NEW YORK.—Lillian Wiggins played opposite Joseph De Grasse in "The Clutch of Conscience." Oh, yes, Brinsley Shaw directs sometimes; usually when Mr. Anderson is away.

PANSY.—Elsie Albert was Snow White in "Snow White" (Powers). Mary Pickford did not play in "Oil and Water"; that was Blanche Sweet.

BESSIE, N. J.—Harry Benham and Mignon Anderson were man and wife in "Half Way to Reno" (Thanhouser). Yes, the editor said he would have a picture of Octavia Handworth in the gallery soon.

A. E. L., SPIRIT LAKE.—No, we wont tell you you are a "back number"; we are always glad to welcome beginners. Arthur Johnson was the maniac, Florence Lawrence the girl and Albert McGovern her lover in "The Maniac." That was one of the good old Lubins. When Arthur lost his Florence, it was almost as sad as when Harrigan lost his Hart!

J. M. E., GREENWICH.—Charles Clary had the lead in "The Man, the Servant and the Devil" (Selig). The two girls who went to lunch with him were not on the cast.

B. L. D., CHICAGO.—No, Pathé wont tell us who Mr. Pennan Nick was in "From Pen to Pick." Maybe they will answer all our questions, now that Biograph is going to.

JENNIE, NEW ROCHELLE.—We wont give you Wallie Van's real name. What's in a name? He would be just as cute with another. He is a regular Vitagraph player now.

E. G., BALTIMORE.—Larmar Johnstone and Miss Averill had the leads in "The Gallop of Death" (Eclair). James Young wrote "Beau Brummel" for the Vitagraph, and he also played that part. William Shea was the father in "The Chains of an Oath." Winnifred Greenwood was the stenographer in "The Cowboy Millionaire." The picture was taken in Chicago, and the yachting scene was taken on Lake Michigan. Carl Winterhoff was the cowboy millionaire.

JOSH.—Dolores Cassinelli was the girl in "The Girl at the Brook." Lily Branscombe has not joined any other company as yet.

C. B.—E. K. Lincoln was the actor in "How Fatty Made Good." Hughie Mack was the "fat man," and Richard Rosson was the boy who was milking the cow. What? Hughie better than Bunny? Treason! Ha, ha! He, he! and likewise ho, ho!

E. R., WESTPORT.—Vitagraph says there is no valet in "The Thumb-Print." "The French Spy" was released June 17, 1912. Yes, and it was a gem. "The Coming of Columbus" was released on May 6, 1912, but the story of it appeared in this magazine in 1911. Thanks.

V. S., ONT.—Bryant Washburn and Francis X. Bushman both played in "A Mail-Order Wife" (Essanay).

FLORENCE M. B.—Mae Hotely and Frances Ne Moyer were the girls in "Curing a Tightwad." A. E. Garcia was the lion-tamer in "The Artist and the Brute." May Buckley played with Lubin. Sam Bolnik was the boy in "Taking Care of Baby."

L. N., BROOKLYN.—Richard Rosson was Zeb in "How Fatty Made Good."

V. P., THE NOVICE.—Jean Darnell was the oldest sister in "Two Sisters" (Thanhouser). William Garwood was Miss LaBadie's husband in the play. W. A. Williams played opposite Gwendoline Pates in "At the Burglar's Command."

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E. H., CINCINNATI.—William Duncan was Bud in "Bud's Heiress."

MRS. T., SAN FRANCISCO.—George Gebhart was the bear-hunter in "The Bear-Hunter" (Pathé). Miss Mason played opposite him. They are located in California. Write direct to studio in Jersey City for photographs.

D. P., OLDHAM.—We must buy a gun. A new fool seems to be born every minute. There is no such thing as patience. And if there is, it is not a virtue.

SYLVIA AND VERE.—Richard Stanton was Edward in "Linked by Faith" (Méliès). Edgena Delespine was the wife in "Rowdy Comes Home" (Reliance).

D. C., BENNINGTON.—There is more than one magazine; which do you refer to? Give the right company; the play you name is not an Essanay.

E. T., CLEVELAND.—The picture is of Alice Joyce.

ANXIOUS, NEW YORK.—Earle Metcalf was Capt. Salvada, and Sadie Calhoun was Señorita Carmelita in "The Price of Jealousy." Beverly Bayne was the stenographer in "Seeing Is Believing."

THE GEE-GAW.—Perhaps you mean Edith Halleran. She is usually the maid, but never an old one. Kindly get married, so you will have a new name.

M. M. R.—We believe Mr. Bushman's home is in Pittsburgh. Ethel Clayton is the girl you refer to. No, we dont speak French. *Bon jour!*

KITTY V. B.—Bryant Washburn was the cousin in "The Melburn Confession" (Essanay). Charles Brandt was Dr. Maxwell in "Dr. Maxwell's Experiment" (Lubin). So you think the Greenroom Jotter would make a good obituary writer, because he is always saying "more sad news." It's part of his business to find out the players who have just taken the fatal step.

G. P., BALTIMORE.—Yes, you have them twisted. Alice Joyce never played in Thanhouser films. Florence LaBadie played in "The Star of Bethlehem," not Alice Joyce. Get August issue from circulation department, 15 cents.

OLGA, 17.—Afraid we cannot accommodate you by telephoning 3000 miles to Carlyle Blackwell, and tell him you would like to see him oftener in the pictures. That's her right name—Blanche Sweet, not Daphne Wayne. Earle Foxe was Hastings in "A Business Buccaneer." We dont know much about the company you name. You appear to use Isaac Pitman.

FRANK C. J.—Bryant Washburn was Paul in "A Broken Heart." Charles Ogle takes the part of Washington in Edison's historic plays.

B. T., READING.—You are right. The art of pantomime is not half understood by many of the players. They dont know how to depict an emotion without imitating a jumping-jack. Did we say "players"? Perhaps we should have said *directors.*

L. AND PEGGY.—Edwin Carewe and Edna Payne had the leads in "Down on the Rio Grande." Harold Lockwood and Henry Otto were the two men in "Two Men and a Woman."

GIRLIE O. K.—That's what we would like to find out—"What makes people ask such silly questions?" They seem to delight in it, so let them go as far as they like—provided they dont go too far. Harry Benham was Sherlock Holmes. Charles Gunn was the doctor in "The Sign of the Four."

D. F., CLINTON.—No; Charles Elder did not take the trip around the world with the Méliès Co. Méliès Co. expects to return in about two years. "Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé Frères) was taken in Italy. Lillian Christy formerly played opposite Edward Coxen, but she is no longer with American. The *Photoplay Magazine* is no longer in existence, we understand. A. W. Thomas is the only one we have, and he is a good one. What he doesn't know about photoplays is known only by Wm. L. Wright.

BING.—Florence LaBadie was the little sister in "Two Sisters" (Thanhouser). The paper you use is all right for scenarios, but white paper is preferable. The size and quality are good.

MISS, DES MOINES.—Mignon Anderson was the big sister in "Big Sister" (Thanhouser). Helen Badgely was the baby. Gertrude Robinson played in "The Bells," "Vengeance of Heaven" and "Just Jane." Sidney Olcott was the priest in "Ireland, the Oppressed."

MRS. L. F., BROOKLYN.—It's too bad, but Mr. Hoagland, of Pathé Frères, wont tell us who that "handsome boy" was who played as Jimmie in "Jimmie's Misfortune." He doesn't know a handsome boy when he sees him—that's why, maybe.

ELENA C. G.—Guy Coombs and Marian Cooper had the leads in "The Turning Point" (Kalem), and James McGuire and Anne Schaeffer had the leads in "The Angel of the Desert." Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "The End of the Feud." Thanks again for that dainty gift.

S. S. K., DENVER.—Thanks for your nice letter. We note what you say about Miss Joyce and Miss Young. Shall tell the editor you want a full view of Miss Young, and still more of Miss Joyce.

TELLME, JOHNSTOWN.—Why not tell your exhibitor to try it? He could change films three times a week. Very few people attend the pictures two days in succession.

TEXAS TOMMY'S SISTER.—Bessie Sankey is still playing with Essanay.

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BRANCHES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

A. W. W. W. W.—Say, you must have an awful name. Must have been named after the whole village. Leave off a few of those to save time. Norma Talmadge was the girl in "An Official Appointment." Julia Mackley was the wife in "The Ranchman's Anniversary."

I. C., Kamloops.—A theater should not show Solax pictures where they show Kalems, etc. Jack Richardson was Orrin Austin in "Another Man's Wife" (American). Pauline Bush was the girl. Thanks for your very interesting letter.

Dorothy B.—Gertrude Robinson played opposite Irving Cummings in "The Peddler's Find." A majority of questions are answered by mail. That is the quickest way to get answers.

M. S., Atlanta.—You must think it takes only one day to print a magazine like ours. You send your questions in around the tenth of April; they will probably appear in the June issue. We write answers about twenty-six days every month.

E. J. P.—Thanks for the drawing of the Christmas tree, but it is now too late to use it. We'll be getting up something for next Christmas soon.

J. W., Minn.—Harry Benham was the young man in "A Guilty Conscience." William Russell was the lawyer in "A Will and a Way."

Trixie A. B.—Jane Fearnley was Cora in "In a Woman's Power." Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The Thirteenth Man."

W. D., Spokane.—Mabel Trunnelle was June Fairfax, and Bessie Learn was Grace in "The Maid of Honor" (Edison). Thank you! Glad you also appreciate this department. Dont know where that Vitagraph was taken.

Chester, Cleveland.—Mrs. William Todd usually plays opposite Augustus Carney in the Western pictures. Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Mission of a Bullet."

Flo C. L.—Courtenay Foote was Karma in "The Reincarnation of Karma." "The Compact" (Pathé Frères) was a double exposure. Fire away with your love for Carlyle; we are used to it. Thanks.

Jolly Tar-B.—The Broncho Billy scenarios are written monthly by Mr. Anderson himself. But if you have anything particularly good in mind, dont think they would refuse to consider it. Thanks for the P. S.

Doc Eddy.—Alice Joyce was Betsey Ross in "The Flag of Freedom." Edwin Carewe was Manning, and Isabel Lamon was Nellie in "It Might Have Been." The flickering of the films is often caused by the operator or by an unsteady projecting machine. There is no set time when you are to get your questions in, but make it around the first of the month or earlier, and they are quite sure to go in promptly.

Flo E.—Biographs hereafter; aren't you glad? Essanay are taking pictures every day in Niles.

E. E. F., Lansing, sends us a photograph of an American flag, on which she has pasted a number of the actors and actresses taken from our magazine. Very good idea.

Bernice C.—Marie Carewe was Edwin Carewe's sister in "A Girl's Bravery."

Iowa Girl.—The companies dont, as a rule, put the names of child-players on the cast. You will have to give us the name of that play.

Barbara S.—Questions about relationship strictly prohibited under penalty of the law. Gwendoline Pates is with Pathé Frères. The Nash sisters' pictures have not appeared in the gallery. That was an Irish play. Frederick Church and William Todd were the robbers in "The Moonlight Trail."

F. E. C., Texas.—We know of no company which has pennants for sale.

Miss Billy.—Charlotte Burton was Junie in "Another Man's Wife."

Little Addie.—Evebelle Prout was the servant girl in "His Birthday Jacket." Bessie Eyton was Atala.

A. B., Columbus.—Those are all trick pictures you are asking about. Get Talbot's book for that. See ad. in magazine.

G. K.—Romaine Fielding was the lead in that play. That's a new company.

Marguerite V. G.—The Ridgelys are traveling for this magazine. Cant give you that Pathé.

B. J. Clarkson.—Yes; Arthur Johnson played for Biograph, in the dim and distant past, before he became famous.

Merle.—Expect to have a picture of Blanche Sweet in the gallery very soon. Write direct to Essanay, but we dont think they have Vedah Bertram's picture on sale.

Iola P.—You seem to like *all* the actresses. That's the best way. Be generous with yourself and like them all.

W. H. S. Trio.—Your letter seems interesting, but we dont know what it is all about; hence we are not quite sure of its being interesting.

Babe, Ill.—You will see Maurice Costello in those new plays very soon. Stuart Bailey, in thanking us for the prize he received in the Puzzle Contest, says he is a happy banker, but does not own an aeroplane. Still, we would like to know how he got that magazine in Canada before most people got it in America.

Frisco Flossie.—Peter Lang was the mayor, and Mrs. George Walters was Madge in "The Mayor's Waterloo." Ethel Clayton was the wife in "Art and Honor."

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After reading the stories in this magazine, be sure and stop at the box-office of your favorite Motion Picture theater and leave a slip of paper on which you have written the names of the plays you want to see. The theater managers want to please you, and will gladly show you the films you want to see.

MONKEY LOU, OF KENTUCKY.—What's in a name? Nothing, we hope. No, that was not the Marion Leonard, of the Biograph, Rex and Monopol, who recently died.

GERTIE, SPRINGFIELD.—Thomas Santschi was Bob, and Herbert Rawlinson was Cal Cooper in "Shanghaied." The Costello children's picture was in the January, 1913, issue.

ESTHER R., TEXAS.—Lamar Johnstone was Charles in "The Love Chase" (Eclair). Thanhouser are taking pictures in California. Some of the players dont like to let the public know that they are married, but what difference does that make? Carlyle Blackwell is leading man for the Glendale Kalem section. Watch out for him. He'll be around soon.

EVERYBODY.—To save time and to prevent numerous inquiries, our motto on page 17, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*," means: I have reared a monument more enduring than bronze.

EVE, CLARKSVILLE.—Edward Coxen was Ed Evans in "The Greater Love" (American). Herbert Rawlinson was the parson, Wheeler Oakman the cobbler's son, and Bessie Eyton the daughter in "The Flaming Forge" (Selig). May Buckley has returned to pictures, with Selig. Ruth Stonehouse was Margaret in "The Pathway of Years."

L. H. M., ILL.—Thanks for the fee. Please remember, since you are a newcomer, that fees are not necessary, but that a postage stamp, or a dime, or whatever you can spare, is duly appreciated, and that it will insure promptness, and perhaps a wee leetle more attention. Perhaps you dont know that sometimes an answer takes up a full hour's time. Again, if the editor finds this department is paying for itself, he may let us have a few more pages and an assistant to do some of the clerical work. That was paper snow in "Madeleine's Christmas." We understand Guy D'Ennery is appearing on the stage. So you are very fond of Anthony.

E. R., BROOKLYN.—If you write to Majestic, 540 West Twenty-first Street, New York, you can probably get a picture of Mr. Budworth. Thanks.

G. B., JAMESTOWN.—James Cruze and William Russell are two different people. Warren Kerrigan was the scion of wealth in "The Romance." Edward Coxen was Bob in "The Trail of the Cards." Harry Benham was Jack in "Miss Taku of Tokio." Wallace Reid is directing for American, and the play you mention is the only one he has played in, for that company.

PANSY.—Thanks for the St. Patrick's postal and also the Easter card. Very thoughtful of you. We never have a headache; fire away. Clarence Elmer was Mr. Hall in "The Higher Duty" (Lubin). Isabel Lamon was the wife, and Edna Payne was the nurse. Bison gave us those names, so they must be correct. Thanks.

"ETHELYN."—Writing is very fine! Lillian Christy was Rhoda in "Peril of the Cliffs." We dont know which is the longest photoplay, but "From the Manger to the Cross" (Kalem) was five reels. Your letter is very interesting. Thanks for the coin.

A NEW PEST.—Bessie Learn has not been chatted as yet. Bessie Eyton was the girl in "A Revolutionary Romance." Thank you.

O. C. S.—Yes, that's a good idea, to petition the manager. Vitagraph will give you her address. Your letter is very witty. Thank you.

ALLEGRO CEITE.—We believe Warren Kerrigan will remain in California. Warren Kerrigan was the sheriff in "The Silver-Plated Gun." See his chat in this issue. He has played for Essanay.

BRIGHT EYES.—We never heard that Courtenay Foote's nose interferes with his kissing. You seem to have your troubles. Cheer up, little one. Thanks for the coin.

MRS. T. T., IOWA.—There are five Lubin companies. Brookes McCloskey was Jimmie in "His Children." Lubin have her photograph for sale, or see ad. pages.

H. C.—We believe Louise Vale is still with Rex.

J. O. C.—Thank you for your very interesting letter, but we cannot print it, as it would take up a whole page.

JINKS.—Yes; Madame Alberti is a dramatic teacher and a teacher of pantomime. Edith Storey chat in November, 1912.

H. C.—George Cooper has been with Vitagraph about two years. He is the champion lightweight "burglar" in picturedom. Edward Coxen was the bachelor in "The Bachelor's Bride."

E. C. H., BROOKLYN.—We dont know whether "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" has been done in pictures. Almost impossible to make sure. "Rip Van Winkle" has been done twice.

EVIE.—Jane Wolfe played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Redemption."

ESTHER.—You mustn't ask us such questions; try again.

S. H., MISS.—Ruth Stonehouse was Ruth in "Chains."

GEORGE.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "A Fire Coward." We did not see it. Richard Ridgely was the player who fought with Mary Fuller in "A Will and a Way."

ETTA C. P.—John Bunny and Kate Price had the leads in "The Man Higher Up." Yes; Harry T. Morey was the tramp in "The Man Higher Up."

BENNIE Z.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Gun-Fighters."

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If It's Interesting It's In

PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE has bought a new home for itself, and expects to move all departments thereto on or before May 1st. The new address will be No. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which is near all car-lines, and within a block of the subway, Hoyt Street Station.

Florence Turner has left the Vitagraph Company, and will shortly form a company of her own in England, under the direction of Larry Trimble.

Here's joyful news for you, oh, fans and enthusiasts! The Biograph Company has supplied this magazine with a full set of portraits of their players! The June issue Players' Gallery will contain many of them, and every month hereafter Biograph will be well represented. Could any news be more delightful than that?

More good news! Gilbert M. Anderson, alias Broncho Billy, the notorious Western desperado of the Essanay Company, has, at last, been captured by our interviewer, and his chat will appear in the June number.

Edwin August, of Biograph-Lubin-Powers fame, is with the Western Vitagraph Company, and both are happy.

Mr. Marc MacDermott, of the Edison Company, met with a painful but not serious accident a short time ago in making a picture in which he was required to slash a portrait with a penknife. In taking the scene, the knife slipped and penetrated his left wrist, making a deep wound which bled profusely. "Mac" pluckily went thru the entire scene, however, without letting the blood appear, but he had to do the closing "embrace" with one arm to keep from spoiling Miss Fuller's gown.

We may expect a real Japanese treat this month—"The Wrath of Osaka," posed for by Costello and his "Globe-Trotters" in Yokohama.

Méliès Company, which is touring the world, has dismissed its American actors and actresses, and hereafter only native players will appear in these popular round-the-world pictures, under the direction of Gaston Méliès.

Nero, the Vitagraph lion, will play the "heavy" in that dear old classic, "The Lady and the Glove." Julia Swayne Gordon has consented to be the lady, but no one has volunteered to play the gallant who leaps into the arena after her glove.

The new Bulgarian gowns broke into pictures before even their stage advent, according to the not-to-be-disputed evidence of the film as presented in Thanhouser productions in which Marguerite Snow and Mignon Anderson have appeared. Other smart and all-fashionable toilettes seen in recent Thanhousers are the imported esponge, faille, shepherd plaid and Parisian street costumes, noted on Flo LaBadie, Jean Darnell, Grace Eline and Lila Hayward Chester.

J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, is in Italy. His companion is a celebrated artist, and sketching, painting and rest are the object of the sojourn.

William Wadsworth, the well-known comedian of the Edison Company, has got it "in" for his director, C. Jay Williams. In a recent picture, "Waddy" had to slide down a coal-chute into a coal-cellar, and Williams told him he would pour about a bucketful of coal over him to make it look right. Instead of a bucketful, the quantity that came down about covered "Waddy," and he said when he came out: "I wish I had half as much coal in my bin at home as you shot down on my head."

No; Guy Coombs has not been killed. He has met his death valiantly on the Motion Picture battlefield several times, and his realistic demise in "The Grim Toll of War" has brought a flood of solicitous inquiries.

Ruth Roland recently visited an encampment of the State militia during target practice, and put some of the marksmen to shame with her skill in handling the rifle.

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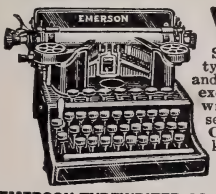

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THE MYSTERIOUS BEGGAR

By MAJOR ALBERT A. DAY

We have purchased all of the remaining copies of this popular book (about 500), and now offer them for sale for 50 cents a copy, postage prepaid. The former price was $1.50. They are neatly bound in cloth, illustrated, 450 pages, title in gold. The story is founded on facts, is intensely interesting, and was written to interest all, but especially members of charitable and reformatory organizations.

In order to introduce THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE to **new** readers, we will give a trial subscription for **four** months, and mail a copy of this book free on receipt of 50 cts. in 2-cent stamps.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO. - 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

John R. Cumpson, who became famous in the Edison "Bumptious" series, and late of the Imp Company, died on March 15th.

Alice Joyce is looking for an interpreter to read a postcard which she has received from an admirer in Japan of her work.

Josie Saddler, the popular stage comedienne, has become a regular Vitagrapher.

Harold Shaw has returned to New York, and is now directing for the Imp Company.

Let it here be remarked, out of courtesy to the Answer Man, that this department goes to press last; hence the news is given down to about the 24th of the month, whereas most of the Answer Department goes to press a week or two earlier, which makes some of the answers differ with the Jottings.

May Buckley, formerly of the Lubin Company, has joined the Selig Company.

Florence Ashbrook, whose finished posing has been seen in Vitagraph pictures from time to time, has joined the company.

You have noticed Marshall Neilan's skill at make-up, have you not? This clever Kalem comedian at Santa Monica has appeared in a wide range of parts recently, which attests his versatility.

Jane Fearnley, leading woman of the Imp Company, was recently "rescued from drowning" by a citizen witness, and thereby hangs the tale of a spoiled picture.

Mr. G. M. Anderson wires this magazine that he would like to have his name withdrawn from the Popular Player Contest. The editor says he would do anything in the world for Mr. Anderson except to grant this particular request, which is quite impossible. If people persist in voting for Broncho Billy, we cant disfranchise them.

Yes, bathing in the surf and posing on the boardwalk in summer nothingness in April. Director Angeles has sent us a postcard from the Vitagraphers in Atlantic City, hinting at such doings.

Tom Moore will not return to the legitimate stage, he announces. He is enthusiastic about his work in the Kalem productions. And why shouldn't he be?

Animal players are getting unpopular—not with the public, but with the other players. And no wonder—they are so inconsiderate! Only last month Captain Jack Bonavita, the great animal trainer with the World's Best Film Company, lost his left arm as a result of an encounter with "Baltimore," Coney Island's notorious wild lion.

The American Company has purchased the right to Stewart Edward White's "Ashes of Three."

The pretty and agile Vitagraph Twins, Florence and Edna Nash, and Wally Van, the pocket comedian, have been dubbed the "Pony Trio."

If you miss Ruth Stonehouse from the Essanay pictures for a short while, you will know that it is because that young lady fell a prey to an attack of scarlatina. Quite well now, thank you.

John Bunny is very proud because he has had a cigar named after him. Humph! that's nothing! Henry Clay had a pipe named after him.

Fred Mace, of the Keystone Company, is announced as a lover of prize-fights. He has taken "Big Ed Kennedy" under his official wing, and since Mr. Mace tips the scales at 200 and has considerable skill with the gloves, perhaps the Keystone is preparing a "white hope."

A feature of the Screen Club ball on April 19th will be a beautiful art souvenir that is being prepared by J. W. Farnham.

Clara Kimball Young, while in Hongkong, delivered a lecture at the European Y. M. C. A. on "The Merchant of Venice."

The Universal Company has given out what purports to be a "life history" of Billy Quirk, the comedian. It begins with "He was born March 28, 18—," the date being left blank. Anyway, we are glad to know that Mr. Quirk is a last-century plant.

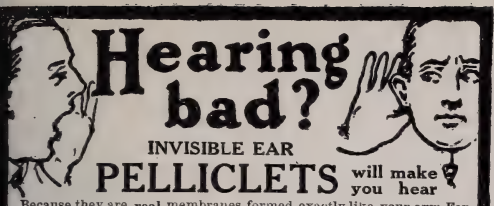
Those who think Flo LaBadie and William Russell cant do real rough-riding will have all doubts dispelled when they see these popular players in Thanhouser's "Won at the Rodeo."

James Lackaye, a brother of Wilton Lackaye, is the most recent Vitagraph capture from the regular stage. He will be featured in the "Bingles" series of pictures.

Mary Fuller's latest are in "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The Dean's Daughter," "With the Eyes of the Blind," "When the Right Man Comes Along" and "When Greek Meets Greek," and she seems to be just a wee bit proud of them.

Bessie Eyton's hobby is swimming. Scarcely a day passes when she does not take a swim in the waters around Los Angeles. She is a champion swimmer and holds several records.

Alas for her many admirers, Kathlyn Williams is married. So is James Cruze.



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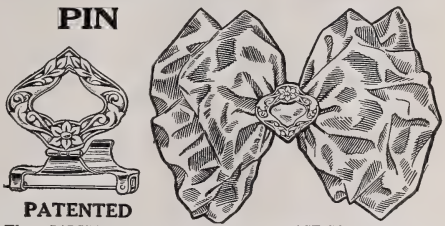

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10 **Popular Player Contest** **10**

of the

Motion Picture Story Magazine

Ten Votes for

.....

Van Dyke Brooke camped out on "Crow Hill," Brooklyn, the home of a nest of squatters, for the outdoor scenes of his "O'Hara" pictures. Mr. Brooke will depict O'Hara, the lovable peacemaker and philosopher of Shantytown in a series of pictures.

Carlyle Blackwell's fondness for Indian stories is well known about the Kalem studio in Glendale, Cal. When a new Indian scenario arrives from the New York editor, Mr. Blackwell immediately appropriates it and locks himself in his dressing-room. He is not seen again until he has carefully studied his part.

In the "Mary" picture of the Edison Company series, which will be released in June, there is a thrilling automobile race against time where the "villains" are trying to intercept Mary at a certain railroad junction. When the scene was taken, all the regular chauffeurs were out with other directors, and Mr. Brabin impressed into service one of the regular camera men, Mr. Thomas Russell Brown, who is an expert driver. Brabin's instructions were "Give her plenty of speed, Brownie—make it realistic," and he did. Said Charles Ogle and Barry O'Moore when they got out of the machine: "Well, if this looks half as realistic as it felt, it will certainly be a thriller, as we seemed only to be touching the high spots."

Did you notice the all-star cast in Kalem's "A Mississippi Tragedy"? Every one of the favorites in the three Jacksonville companies had something important to do in this big drama.

Grey Eagle, the famous unridden broncho of Bison, has just killed himself and severely injured his rider, young Schentz, by slipping on the city asphalt after a wild, insane drive across the mountain gullies and cliffs.

William Walters, of the Chicago Essanay Company, for the first time in his thirty-two years' experience on the stage and screen, has just played the part of an Indian.

Robert Leonard, formerly leading man of the Selig Company, is now with Bison.

King Baggott (Imp) has a prominent protégée in the person of Edith Haldeman. When she first applied for a position and was refused, she cried real bitter, salt tears; then she was accepted, and now she is an Imp leading lady.

A "super," who took part in one of Kalem's military productions, owes his life to Marion Cooper, who dived into the St. John's River and rescued the ambitious amateur. Miss Cooper was not working in the picture, but saw the affair from a distance, and altho attired for an afternoon reception, she did not hesitate.

Henry Pollard, the popular Rex lead, recently passed thru a harrowing experience. In the film "Until Death," he was realistically buried under a landslide, thru which a rubber tube was run to enable him to breathe. But a falling boulder choked the tube, and Pollard was dug out from beneath the sand, unconscious and nearly dead.

Helen Case, formerly of the Western Vitagraph Company, is doing some excellent rough-riding for the Bison Company.

President Wilson is an interested "fan." Why? He asked to see the film of the inauguration parade, and was delighted with the result. This is the first time the ceremony has been filmed.

Princess Mona Darkfeather is said to be one of the highest salaried actresses on the screen. Still, dont all the publicity men say this about everybody?

The Selig Company gives out the following list of its popular players: Charles Clary, Lyllian Leighton, Winifred Greenwood, Adrienne Kroell, Frank Weed, Jack Nelson, Carl Winterhoff, Harry Lonsdale, Tom Carrigan, Rose Evans, Lillian Logan, George L. Cox, William Stowell, John Lancaster, Julius Frankenberg, Timmy Sheehan, Henry Otto, "Baby" Lillian Wade, William Duncan, Myrtle Stedman, Lester Cuneo, Rex de Rosselli, Tom Mix, Hobart Bosworth, Kathlyn Williams, Bessie Eyton, Thomas Santschi, Herbert Rawlinson, Al Ernest Garcia, Frederick Huntley, Eugenie Besserer, Lillian Hayward, George Hernandez, Harold Lockwood, Wheeler Oakman and Frank Clarke.

Miss Lois Weber wrote, as well as took the feminine lead in "Until Death," in which Henry Pollard was so nearly killed.

Marjorie Ellison, recent lead in "The Last Dollar" company on the stage, has come across into screenland with Majestic.

With Wilfred Lucas, formerly a director with the Biograph Company, and Otis Turner, Phillips Smalley, Lois Weber and Ethel Grandon, formerly of the 101 Bison Company, now joining forces with the Rex Company, a strong company is promised.

The Clock Puzzle cartoon that appeared in the April issue of this magazine is attracting lots of attention. Next month we shall print a few of the clever answers.

J. B. Sherry, the handsome lead of Kay-Bee, is a wonderful rifle-shot. He holds several amateur records and delights to enter a rifle competition as a dark horse and amaze the experts.

LAST CALL

For the Twelve Beautiful Portraits of Motion Picture Players

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WITH the May number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE we shall **discontinue** inserting colored portraits of picture players in magazines going to subscribers.

The June, 1912, issue was the first number containing these colored portraits and since that date each copy going to subscribers has contained one. The series of twelve portraits ends with the May, 1913, number.

However, owing to an over-run on the part of our printer we have on hand a limited supply of these portraits, and will now send out to each new subscriber a complete set of these portraits **immediately** on receipt of subscription, until the supply is exhausted.

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Name.....

Street..... City..... State.....

(*Continued from page* 122)

Roy B. Cook, of Chicago, Ill., writes this clever verse for Mabel Normand:

TO MISS NORMAND.

Who is the maiden I like the best
Of all the films I see?
The problem is hard for one to guess,
But Miss Normand's the one for me.

There isn't a doubt as to her fame,
For once her face you've seen,
You'll always remember the big, black eyes
Of the Motion Picture queen.

Oh! she is the prettiest, she is the wittiest,
She's the one I like to see.
Oh! she is the dearest girl there is—
Miss Normand's the one for me.

The Battle of the Ballots

A count of the votes was made, just before going to press, and we find many changes in the contest since last month. Several players have received five hundred votes in one envelope, Alice Joyce having thus been honored more than once. Some enthusiasts, however, have sent in several sheets of paper containing the names and addresses of hundreds of persons, but all *in the same handwriting.* We are sorry to say that such votes are not credited. There is no objection to securing five hundred votes or more all on one sheet or on several sheets, but each voter must personally sign with name and address, and each sheet must contain, at the top, the name of the player voted for.

The contest is young yet, and it is hardly under way. Many popular players have thus far received only a few votes, but the returns, as given below, will probably arouse all of the enthusiasts during the coming month, and the June issue will be awaited with interest. On March 24th, at 6 P. M., the players who had received more than 200 votes were as follows:

STANDING OF THE PLAYERS

Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	9,244	Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	750
Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	5,884	Pearl White (*Crystal*)	748
Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	5,002	Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	706
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	4,383	Blanche Sweet (*Biograph*)	634
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	4,316	Romaine Fielding (*Lubin*)	632
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	4,184	Leah Baird (*Vitagraph*)	628
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	3,696	Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	586
Florence Turner	3,526	Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	546
Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	3,158	Howard Mitchell (*Lubin*)	508
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	2,942	Frederick Church (*Essanay*)	460
Francis Bushman	2,122	Gene Gauntier (*G. G. Co.*)	456
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	1,992	Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	402
Whitney Raymond (*Essanay*)	1,830	Mabel Normand (*Keystone*)	396
Florence Lawrence	1,668	Augustus Phillips (*Edison*)	354
E. K. Lincoln (*Vitagraph*)	1,632	Marc MacDermott (*Edison*)	338
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	1,450	Robert Vignola (*Kalem*)	320
Clara K. Young (*Vitagraph*)	1,406	Harry Beaumont (*Edison*)	314
Helen Costello (*Vitagraph*)	1,294	George Gebhardt (*Pathé Frères*)	312
Mary Pickford	1,262	Charles Arthur (*Lubin*)	292
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé Frères*)	1,250	William Mason (*Essanay*)	262
Muriel Ostriche (*Reliance*)	1,054	Thomas Moore (*Kalem*)	256
Gwendoline Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	1,042	Jack Clark (*G. G. Co.*)	254
Florence LaBadie (*Thanhouser*)	1,040	John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	250
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	1,030	Beverly Bayne (*Essanay*)	246
Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	1,016	Julia S. Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	228
Gertrude Robinson (*Victor*)	984	James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	222
Edwin August (*Vitagraph*)	962	J. B. Budworth (*Majestic*)	220
Marguerite Snow (*Thanhouser*)	780	Louise Glaum (*Nestor*)	204
Pauline Bush (*American*)	754	W. Chrystie Miller (*Biograph*)	202

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Most of the high-class, well-regulated Motion Picture theaters (both Independent and Licensed) keep this magazine on sale for the convenience of their patrons. If it is not handy for you to buy from your newsdealer, please ask the girl in the box-office to supply you every month. The magazine should be on sale at all theaters on the 15th of each month.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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L.W. FRYER
(3) AND THIS IS THE WAY IT IS AT 12.30 P.M.
(6) AND THESE ARE PICTURES OF THE ANSWER MAN ACCORDING TO THE VIEWS AND CONCEPTIONS OF VARIOUS READERS.

WE INVITE
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The Gay, Happy, Successful World Turns Its Back on Thin People

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh-making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear, while old dyspeptics and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two year old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people, is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

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But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vizor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me'."

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MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

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You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

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"Brightened Sunsets"

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business, No. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $2; in foreign countries, $2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (2 or 1 cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us; these should be sent to the Photoplay Clearing House (see advertisement).

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New York Office (Adv. Dep't only): Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue

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VICTORIA FORDE
(Universal)

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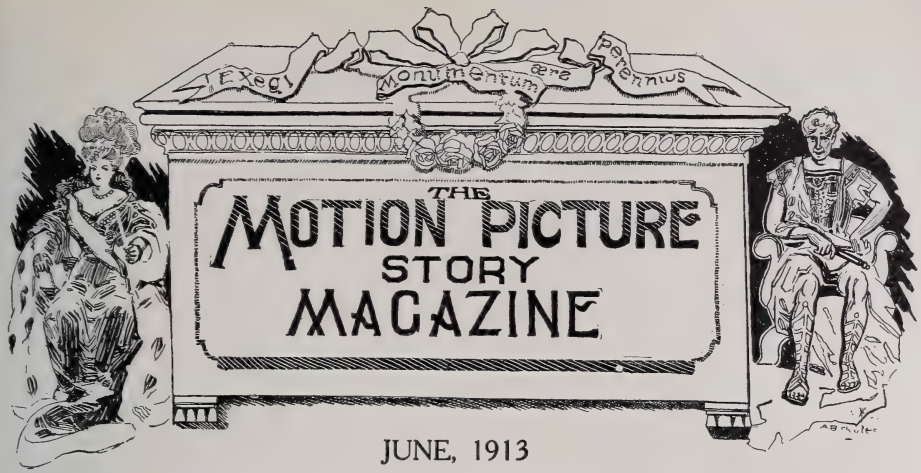


JUNE, 1913

Vol. V No. 5

The Ashes of Three

(American)

By DONALD BEERS

This story was written from the Photoplay of STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Center Gulch drowsed in midday lassitude, deserted the length of its single, staggering street, except for a slatternly cur who contaminated the air with ochre clouds of adobe and sand in a frantic assault on a prairie dog's burrow, and a ragged, unkempt man who lounged at the door of the One-Horse Saloon, sneering upon his sole companion's activity. Above them a desert sun tingled fiercely in the center of a cobalt, desert sky. In line with the man's vision towered a savage phalanx of mountains, the nearest gashed with a granite-strewn gulch, from whose jaws seemed to have issued the two rows of tumble-down cabins which comprised the town.

But Bud Halworth was neither sneering at the dog nor thinking of him. Behind his low forehead crouched the cowed memory of his mother dying, miserably as she had lived, in the worst of the shacks about him. His sneer was the visible expression of his meditations. The feeble thoughts his brain fumbled with were mostly doubts whether his mother's death could change the drab fate with which her life had burdened him.

Taking its cue from places much its betters, Center Gulch had long ago numbered both his mother and himself among the undesirables of its society. Except for a good-natured widow, who was nursing the stricken outcast, no one in the community had ever accorded them the Christ-gift of a kind word, and even this Good Samaritan had shown them scant courtesy and her charity was grudging.

Society's decrees have a family resemblance wherever they are found. From them who have not it withdraws freely the little that they have, thereby registering itself as a friend of morality. Bud Halworth and his mother were social exiles. For she had lived a life of shame, and he had been born to her of an unknown father.

The syllogistic fact that he, like the rest of the world, had been utterly powerless to select his own destiny had not served to save him from the

judgment visited on her. The social instinct of the camp was too crude to draw nice distinctions. He was the son of his mother. That had been enough to damn him.

Thruout his neglected babyhood he had been the sullen butt of a raw humor. As a youth he had been despised and taunted. As a man he was denied the rights of a man; was tolerated only in times of unusual

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

generosity, and barred from every kindly opportunity of climbing up out of the mire of his life.

The result was the coarse, stupid and sullen thing sagging against the saloon door. It possessed the years and the stature of a man, handsome, in spite of the filthy rags which clothed it like a uniform of degradation. But the temple of the clay was empty, and no soul dwelt within.

As he lounged there in the deserted street, his eyes fixed dully on the dog, and his face marked with hopeless thinking, a horse's swift hoofs spattered thru his musing, and he turned his head to see a solitary horseman galloping toward him in a haze of red dust. As the newcomer came nearer, Bud recognized him as the town marshal, Tom Haley, a tall, spare man, in a wide-rimmed sombrero, chaps and a buckskin vest, on which the badge of his office was conspicuously displayed like a defiance to sin. He was mounted on a cow-pony, whose heaving flanks and wet chest told of hard riding.

"Bud," said the marshal, as he sighted the limp figure before the saloon and leaped to the ground without the formality of stopping, "whar's Missis Brown?"

"'Tendin' maw," Bud answered briefly.

Haley gnawed a long moustache which flopped from his upper lip, while his expression of acute pain denoted that he was thinking.

"Bud," he continued uneasily, at length, "yuh listen to me now; yuh listenin'?"

Bud nodded sullenly, suspecting trouble.

"Yuh go and tell Missis Brown," said the marshal, as if he were giving instructions to a child, "that we run acrost the Terror yender in th' hills. Yuh know him?"

Bud, as well as everybody else for miles around Center Gulch, knew the Terror for the most lawless, most daring, most pitiless marauder who had ever filched property and life in this region.

"Yuh tell Missis Brown that we run acrost his trail, and her son, 'lowing he'd git him, went off alone, and we found him yestidy along toward sundown with a hole in his chest."

"Dead?" asked Bud, with a vague flash of interest.

"Deader 'n a doornail. The boys'll be here d'rectly with the body, and now you run along and tell Missis Brown. I caint do it."

It was characteristic of Haley, who carried a coward's heart under the flashing badge, to unburden this uncomfortable message upon the one man in Center Gulch least likely to convey it to Mrs. Brown with due

consideration of her feelings. But the shrinking fear that she would blame him for her son's reckless courage in seeking the Terror alone made him doubly anxious to avoid her. So he left the duty of breaking the news of her loss to Bud, and Bud shambled away to perform it, little thinking how his fate swung in the balance of his act.

Knowing that Mrs. Brown was probably still at his mother's bedside, Bud headed for his home, a tumble-down cabin on the edge of the desert. As he neared it, he could see, thru the one paneless window, the stout figure of the Good Samaritan, and beside her a tall man, in a long, black coat, whom he recognized as the circuit minister. His message hesitated at the sight of this unfamiliar visitor, and he was fumbling for unready words when Mrs. Brown saw him.

A certain sad light in her eyes, as they rested on him, sent a vague thrill of uneasiness thru him.

"Bud——" she whispered — then stopped.

In a tense moment he understood, and stumbling forward, he stood at his mother's bedside. She lay there as he had seen her for weeks past, a white-faced, emaciated shadow of a woman. But now the shadow was severed from the substance. She did not open her eyes, and when he touched her waxen features they were icy cold.

"You pore boy!"

It was Mrs. Brown who spoke again, but, in the dizzy swaying of his world, her words slipped by unheeded. The truth had dawned on him that his mother, his one companion in the lonely universe, was dead, and in that realization a mighty flood of feeling engulfed his senses. And now, dumb brute that he was, his first contact with death unnerved him. With a cry partly of pain and partly of horror, he turned and fled from the dread Presence, the purpose which had brought him to the cabin forgotten with all other things.

Like some hunted rat he scuttled thru the pitiless town, out across the stark desert, and into the yawning mouth of the gulch, as if in its chasms he hoped to escape the awful Something which seemed to pursue him. It was behind him even here, however, drenching him with the clammy sweat of fear, clogging his feet into blind straying, urging him deeper and deeper into the rock-bound cleft—into the eyeless dark, where he could

"YOU PORE BOY!"

forget the visual horror of the dead face he had left behind.

As the minister and Mrs. Brown discussed his strange and violent departure, they came to the conclusion that some one should follow the fright-drugged man, lest he should come to harm in his mad flight. Mrs. Brown volunteered to do this, for, being mountain-born, she knew the trails well. Her goodness of heart prompted her, and the mother-sympathy of a son-blessed woman was touched at Bud's sorrow.

She had seen him disappear up the gulch, and judging that she might

THE COWARD

have far to go, she stopped at her own little house to saddle her horse, a gentle cow-pony retired from a long and honorable service on the ranges. Mounted on this veteran, in an old-fashioned side-saddle, she spurred after the fugitive. As Haley, the only man in town who knew of her son's death, had sought the liquid aid of the saloon in drowning his uncomfortable reflections, she started away utterly unaware of the terrible tidings which Bud had so peculiarly miscarried, and which was being even then borne on a stretcher to her bereaved home.

Bud, dazed and terror-ridden, continued on his flight until near sunset, when the sight of a man on a horse approaching him on the narrow trail in the gulch brought him to a sudden halt. They were luckily some distance from him, and this gave his befuddled wits time to work before he himself was seen. In a twinkling he decided that this oncoming stranger must be the Terror, and acting on this purely intuitive conclusion, he hid himself between two boulders near at hand.

The man on the horse proved to be a thick-set fellow, with a black beard, heavily armed with two revolvers, their holsters tied down, and a Winchester thrust in a rifle-boot. His horse, bearing his weight and a heavy Mexican saddle, looked very much worn and wind-blown and stumbled frequently over the rocks. As Bud had surmised, altho he did not know it until afterwards, this dark-browed threat was the Terror, bound for Center Gulch to steal a substitute for his useless mount and make a clean getaway from his latest murder, for which he knew only too well he would be hunted and hanged to the nearest tree if he were unwise enough to be caught.

The paralyzing suspicion of the outlaw's identity caught at Bud's breath as the man approached nearer, and he had presently to face an added alarm lest the stranger should camp near him for the night. This became a miserable conviction when the Terror stopped beside his rat-hole of a hiding-place and, dismounting stiffly, dragged the saddle from the heaving horse, unlashed a grub-sack and began gathering wood to start a fire. The marauder was planning, in fact, to enjoy his supper and then to ride into town under the wise cover of the heavy desert darkness.

As one movement followed another, strengthening the belief that the Terror intended to remain here, Bud's terror grew by choking leaps and bounds. He lay inert between the rough arms of the rocks, his heart pounding as tho it would burst the walls of his chest, his face wet with a cold film of fear, his great body shaken with the twitching of his muscles. If he had known a prayer, he would have uttered it. In the absence of such knowledge he merely hoped that he might die.

Suddenly, in the grip of his agony, Bud heard, far away, a faint halloo tinkling along the sky, and a moment later, as it was repeated, he was thunderstruck to make out his name. The Terror heard it, too, and leaped to startled feet, a grim revolver gripped in each hand, and his eyes questioning the dusk, which was now beginning to fill the gulch with masses of filmy haze. As the call echoed down the pass a third and fourth time, he discovered its direction, and removing his Winchester from its boot, sat down to wait, like Death grinning in limitless patience. Bud, too, was completely at a loss to explain who the approaching one might be.

As she jogged up the trail, the Widow Brown shouted Bud's name aloud from time to time. She had nearly determined to retrace her path

THE HERO

on account of the snare of the darkness, when she rounded a boulder and caught sight of the Terror. Seeing only the vague outline of a man in the gloom, she uttered a welcoming cry and urged her horse forward.

As she wound nearer over the rocks, Bud recognized her. At the same time he saw the Terror coolly draw a bead on her. That she was a woman influenced the outlaw not at all. In the most cold-blooded manner he prepared to shoot her, reasoning, if he reasoned at all, that she would cause him no trouble dead and might cause him a great deal alive.

In that instant the soul dormant in Bud Halworth was awakened. Beginning with the strange new sight and touch of death, followed by the mad flight thru the mountains, and now by this near presence of wanton murder, a sea of frothing emotions had been sweeping over him. From the crucible of his suffering emerged the soul of the man, and while horror and fear had held him in their sway before, now horror of a better kind and the courage of a nobler fear arose within him like a fire, and, with a cry, he leaped from his hiding-place.

The Terror, taken utterly by surprise, had scarcely time to turn his head or veer his gun before Bud struck him to the ground. In the fall his own gun went off, fitly sending the black soul of the murderer out into the mystery from whence birth had beckoned it.

The new soul in Bud Halworth opened and developed steadily thenceforward, and Center Gulch, grateful to him for ridding it of the outlaw, helped him gladly in his remaking. The greatest help came from Mrs. Brown, whose mother-tenderness, lacking her son, was transferred to the unloved outcast after a time.

Thus from the ashes of three—a good man, a bad one and an erring woman—was Bud Halworth made into a man.

What Would Dickens Say?

By LUCY WADE HERRICK

If Dickens should come back to earth some day,
And go to a Motion Picture show,
I wonder what the dear man would say,
And what sensations he would know!

Do you suppose he would recognize
These quaint, lively children of his brain?
Or would he con his books a while,
And thus be introduced again?

Would he remember the Marshalsea,
The London Bridge, and other places
His magic pen filled with fadeless fame
And peopled with such troubled, sin-scarred faces?

Perhaps if he should see them now,
And think of what they suffered and endured,
A nobler radiance might enshrine his brow,
For knowing that their ills had all been cured.

Perhaps—but this we cannot surely know;
And yet I query what the thought might be,
If he could step into a picture show,
And all its wonders and its horrors see!

"One moment, please," for just another thought,
Altho at best our thoughts are only chickens;
I venture that he'd shake his head and laugh,
And wipe his tearful eyes and say, "The Dickens!"

Two Social Calls

(Essanay)

By KARL SCHILLER

Jim Malone stood at the strange turning of the ways. Streets that cross each other T-fashion do not always indicate turning of the ways. Sometimes a man or a woman comes briskly down one cross-street and turns as briskly up another, without a halt at the fateful vertex of the angle. But when one hesitates, pauses to consider, be sure that Fate has a whimsical finger on the pulse of the matter and is rattling her meddling dice-box, ready for a playful throw. Strange, is it not? Here are two possibilities—two drowsy streets, listless with sunlight. Up or down? What is the difference? Yet go one way, and sudden death awaits you in the toppling of a brick on yonder innocent-seeming cornice; choose the other, and your heart's dearest desire is coming toward you under the Gothic arches of the elms.

Jim Malone hesitated. He was not conscious of weighing magnificent possibilities; he had no subtle sense of unheard dice rattling wild and wanton consequences above his head; yet something clogged his feet strangely at the street corner, bidding him pause.

His broken shoes scuffled uneasily on the pavement as he peered up and down the dissenting distances, under the shelter of sagging eyelids. It was a furtive glance, abashed yet defiant; the glance of one who has looked out at the world thru windows shamefully barred. The slanting shadows of these bars, dissecting the world like a futile picture puzzle, make sore stripes across a man's raw soul that go unhealed long, long after the tell-tale uniform is mercifully abandoned. To himself the man is still a convict and his eyes betray his secret, traitor-wise.

Jim Malone's past dogged him into the present, like a vicious dog snapping at his humble heels. It followed him in the heartsick trailing of the quarry, work; hounding him away from almost secured positions; driving him, soul-weary, body-spent, to meet curt refusals, covert sneers, sharp questioning. Yet he dared not rest; they were hungry, the woman he had promised God and the minister to take care of, and the two little children their love had made him responsible for. As his gaunt eyes swept the streets for significance, his lips moved jerkily, stumbling awkwardly over strange words. They were addressed to none, yet he said them over desperately, like a dogged refrain. For three days they had beaten thru his brain with the dull jarring of trip-hammers.

"I gotter steal f'r 'em if I cant find a way—I cant steal—I cant go back there again—I *gotter* steal f'r 'em if I cant find a way—lemme *find* a way to keep honest——" Today, as he stood at the parting of untested streets, he knew that the end had come. There had been nothing much to eat at home before; now there was nothing at all.

"Whichever way the next person comin' down the street turns, *I'll* turn," muttered Jim, desperately, and waited.

Fate, smiling, poised the box on high and threw.

Well-shod, decisive feet rang along

the pavement behind him. A prosperously dressed man and woman, with a sober, married air, passed by and turned down the home-bordered street to the right. With a queer, vacant feeling of passivity, Jim squared his shoulders, to keep his resolution from slipping off, and followed.

Fate bent forward, reading the verdict of the dice.

At the gate of one of the houses the man ahead fumbled in his pocket, drew out a prosperous, silver card-case, and with it two dingy scraps of script that fluttered unheeded from his fingers to Jim's feet. Jim stooped to pick them up, and then turned very white. For in his hands trembled food and clothes and life, sick duty and desperate desire. The man and woman had passed on up the elm-hemmed walk and were ringing the door-bell. Before him stretched the oblivious streets, empty to his fascinated gaze, and it seemed almost as tho God Himself were not looking. With a sob, he crammed the dirty, precious bits of paper into his pocket and began blindly to stroll away, with straining ears and tense footsteps that tried to walk steadily, nonchalantly. Sudden feet shuffled along the walk behind him. He glanced over his shoulder desperately, trying not to glance back at all. The owner of the money was shouting to him, waving an excited protest of hands.

"Give them back! Say you just picked them up! Save yourself!" whispered Jim's soul. "Run! Keep them! Save your others!" cried the human heart of him. Suddenly he broke into a loping, swaying trot; then into a panting run. The cries and steps behind grew fainter, faded away. But the unreasoning frenzy of flight was upon him. A swinging house-door caught his eye. Like a rat scuttling blindly into the first opening it finds, Jim plunged up the walk and into the sudden coolness of the hall.

For a tense instant he stood quivering, not daring even to breathe. Then the merciful silence settled down on his throbbing brain like a gentle fog. Yet he was still shaking and sick with his terror. The walls swayed suddenly away from his fumbling fingers, and the pictures reeled in giddy devil's dance before his sick eyes. He must sit down or he would fall. Portières invited him. With cautious fingers he pulled them aside and tiptoed into the dim drawing-room.

"Walk-in-tak'-sheet!" a polite little voice shrilled. Jim's startled glance, seeking the sound in the half-light of the room, rested on a pink-and-yellow-and-white fluff of a little girl, whose round, friendly eyes seemed to rest on the edge of the table over which she was peering. His mouth felt parched and swollen as he fumbled for words that would fit this sudden social emergency.

The small hostess smiled graciously. "It's a pleasant day, isn't it, Mr. Man?" she remarked sociably. She regarded her panting visitor, a faint ripple of frown-lines across her forehead. "Now you mus' say 'yes, if 'oo please, 'tis pleasant,' and *'nen* I'll dive 'oo some tea. I *'ikes* to dive folks tea, des' 'ike my mudder," she explained. He could not speak, struggling hysterically between a sob and a smile. "I'se a-waitin'," she hinted severely.

"Yes, if 'oo please, 'tis pleasant!" repeated Jim, hoarsely. He started up from his chair. "I must be goin'," he muttered, in white unease. "Dont you say nothin' to your folks about me bein' here. I wouldn't disturb 'em for the world, Little Miss."

"My name's MargueriteAnnabelle-Randolph," explained the child, in a proud jumble of reckless syllables; "an' my folks is dorn callin'. 'Oo's *my* caller. I shall dive 'oo some tea." She clambered up into a chair beside the tea-table and settled herself primly, short legs stuck stiffly before her over the edge of the seat. Jim took the sloppy cup that she handed him in dazed fingers, stiff with unbelief.

"Does 'oo like pat-a-cakes, Mr. Man?"

She pushed a plate of fragrant tea-cakes toward him—sugar-filmed, fragile things meant for delicate afternoon appetites to dally over. Jim's eyes gloated on them. A sudden thought of little Eleanor stayed his hand on the way to his mouth. She was hungry—a *baby* like this one, and *hungry!* He thrust the cake into his pocket with shaking fingers, his brain struggling for a plan of escape from his small hostess.

"I 'ikes tandy 'n fader 'n mudder 'n Centwal Park 'n 'nilla ice-cream; what does 'oo like?" she cooed politely in a quaint parody of society tone. Jim's hunted eyes rested an instant on the piano with a flash of inspiration. "I like music," he said cautiously. "I dont suppose you could play a bit for me—such a big little girl as you?"

She nodded gleefully, sliding down from the chair. "Yes, 'deedy!" she cried. "I tan play!"

"YES, 'DEEDY, I TAN PLAY"

As the small fingers staggered discordantly across the keys, Jim set down his cup and slid quietly away. In the shadow of a building across the street he paused, looking back. A man and woman were coming rapidly down the street—*the* man and woman! As he looked they turned into the house that he had just left. The money in his pocket seemed to burn his questing fingers. He gave a short, hard groan. "I cant do it," he muttered bewilderedly. "She was just like my Eleanor, an' she gave me a cup o' tea. I'll send it back tonight; God help us—I *gotter* send it back!" He slouched away under the sunset-flecked elm-boughs, his young, gaunt shoulders sagging beneath their invisible load.

Fate picked up the dice slowly and put them back into the box, with a puzzled, unbelieving frown.

"Dont fret, Jim-boy!" The thin little girl-wife laid her soft face against his hard, clenched hands in a swift mother-gesture of comforting. "You'll find work tomorrow, maybe, and I got some more washin' today. We'll get along fine, I should smile!" but she was weeping thru the mask of her brave words.

"*Dont!*" cried Jim, hoarsely. He snatched the bony little figure to him in a passion of protest. "*You* doin' washin', and *me* lettin' you—an' once I thought I'd be a-buyin' you silk gowns an' di'mond rings—my God——"

The little wife laid firm fingers across his working lips. "Now you just hush up, Jim Malone!" she cried indignantly. "Aint we got each other 'n the children? You'd ought to be ashamed to talk so, dear. Why, I shouldn't wonder if somethin' was to happen this minute—I've had a kind of expecting feeling all day——"

A rude sound tore jaggedly across the words, the wealthy sound of an automobile horn, a discord in a dingy tenement fugue. Jim's wry face twisted into bitter mirth, like a tragic mask in an attempt at a smile.

"*Slummers!*" he cried fiercely. "They've got their cast-off clothes

an' broken bits an' hymn tunes f'r us, but when it comes to honest jobs —devil take 'em! Well, kiss me, lass; I'm goin' out again——"

Fate frowned, puzzled; then picked up the box for another throw.

The dreary dusk was scattering a clutter of shadows along the dingy canyons of the streets when Jim crept home, his young face old with hopelessness, a shadow himself among other drifting shadows. Down the street a frantic motor-car pitched drunkenly and staggered to an abrupt stop opposite him. He caught a startled glimpse of white faces blurred against the cushions. The chauffeur was out fumbling with the machinery. Jim touched him on the shoulder.

"Wot's up?"

"Kid's lost—haven't seen a stray one, have you? Master's half-crazy —been hunting since noon."

So there were others in trouble, too—others in rich fur-coats and red, leather-upholstered automobiles. Money was no protection, then. It was a new thought. He was still pondering over it as he turned the handle of his own door, and halted abruptly, dazed with the surprise of the scene within.

"Dood evenin'!" lisped MargueriteAnnabelleRandolph, complacently. "I've tum' to pay back 'oor call." She held out a small, patrician glove.

ELEANOR TRIES TO CHEER HER FATHER

Jim found himself shaking it helplessly.

"Do your folks know you're here?" he blurted, a sudden mental vision of the white parent-faces he had just seen flashing across his memory. MargueriteAnnabelleRandolph ignored the remark with superb tact, waving an enthusiastic hand toward big-eyed Baby Eleanor, watching the little stranger with the breathless awe of one who sees fairies for the first time, around the shy shelter of a broom.

"I 'ike tandy 'n Centwal Park 'n

Eleanor,'' declaimed the visitor, magnificently. ''Now I dess I better be goin'. I've 'joyed my call, tank 'oo.'' She paused, checked by a sudden, uneasy thought. ''I've des' 'membered I didn't tole anybodies where I are,'' she confessed. Her lip showed incipient signs of quivering. ''I opied the honk-honk's door when Thomas wasn't lookin' and wan away, 'n now I dess I fordot how to wun away back—a-d-dain!''

''She's been here all afternoon, Jim,'' said his wife, anxiously. ''I expect her folks are worried crazy, but I didn't dare leave the children to go home with her.''

Jim nodded, half-way out of the door. ''Keep your eye on her, an' I'll find 'em,'' he cried, and was gone.

Half an hour later, Marguerite-AnnabelleRandolph waved a sleepy good-night to her entertainers from her father's shoulder. The wealthy man and woman, with their costly clothes and jewels, were oddly out of place in the cramped, dingy room, yet in the mother-and-father love on their joyous faces they were kin to the other, humbler parents in the room. Mr. Randolph cleared his throat huskily.

''Our little daughter told us of your call on her the other day,'' he said slowly.

THE THIRD SOCIAL CALL

Jim's face flamed.

''And we got your letter with the money in it,'' went on the other man, kindly. ''As for tonight, we wont try to thank you *in words*—that's impossible. But—I should like to shake your hand, sir.''

At the honest respect of the clasp, Jim's slouching shoulders straightened suddenly with a new resolution, and in that merciful moment the stripes were erased from his soul.

"Dood-by, ev'ybody," beamed MargueriteAnnabelleRandolph, her yellow tuft of hair nodding plume-wise as she was borne away. "Tum' an' see me, soon!"

The dice scattered, rolling. Fate looked down at them, smiling gently.

"For me, Nellie-child?" Jim gazed down at the letter with unbelieving eyes.

"It says you on the outside, daddy, plain as plain."

The paper crackled nervously in the sudden, strained little silence. Then the man tore at the envelope with rigid fingers; opened it, and read, gulping the words.

The letter fell to the floor at his sudden, smothered cry. His eyes, haggard and triumphant, met his wife's asking ones—man-eyes, straight and fearless again. He stumbled across to her and knelt at her side, burying his drawn young face in her lap, her tender fingers tremulous across his hair.

"I'll be buyin' you the silk gowns an' the di'monds yet, lass," he cried, with a shaky laugh. "God be thanked, girl o' mine—I got a job!"

Fate nodded, satisfied.

The Picture Show

By ELEANOR McLAUGHLIN

Just wait awhile—I'll not be slow—
Please listen to my tale of woe!
I've got to deal a body-blow
To that pesky-pesky picture show.

I went downtown the other day,
To do my work, and with it stay,
When 'long comes Jones, the darned old blow,
And pulled me away to the picture show.

When I got back I took a hack,
To see my girl and get a s-snack.
I rang the bell, made my best kowtow,
To learn: "She's to the picture show!"

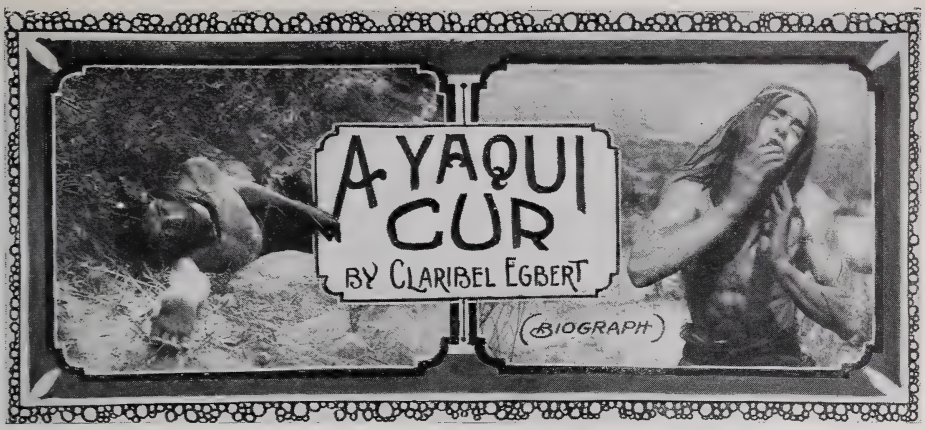
I left a note for Molly dear,
And got a pretzel and some beer.
I hurried to the bank for dough,
There was "Closed" on door, "At the picture show!"

I raved, I swore, but all in vain;
I joined the crowd, it looked like rain.
There were Tom and Kate with little Joe—
We all wound up at the picture show!

I've sold my watch, I've mortgaged the farm,
I've gone in heat and cold and storm,
I've lost my wife, my chickens dont crow—
All on account of the picture show!

Now listen well—I'll soon be thru;
Please tell me what's a fellow to do
When the whole caboose, from top to toe,
Is camped on the trail of the picture show?

I dont like 'em—I hate them all—
They're wicked, foolish and very small—
And I'll never—— You've some tickets? Oh!
Well, come along, then, to the picture show!



THE sky arches serene and blue above the level, park-like stretch of valley in the southern Rockies where the Yaqui tribe of Indians is encamped.

Scattered amidst the various lodges, crouch white-haired old men in groups of two and three, their robes gathered about them as close as in winter, and near them lie groups of boys eagerly drinking in the talk of these aged men of the tribe. A little removed sit young men painting their faces or braiding their hair in the bright sun, while the women, each near her own lodge, are preparing meat for drying, tanning hides or pounding pemmican.

As a shout goes up from a group of boys playing at the popular game of "hands," Strong Heart, a young warrior, steps from his lodge into all the gay color, chatting, laughter and activity of the camp outside. Restlessly he looks about; then, with swift uplift of head, he springs past his companions and disappears in the cottonwoods. A little ground-cuckoo calls, and he answers joyously as he speeds along the sandy trail. Soon a sharp turn brings him where he sees a Yaqui youth digging something from the sand. Strong Heart steals up behind him, and, laughing, with a push, sends him sprawling. But White Antelope is down only a breath, and, regaining his feet, he whirls to meet, not an enemy, but his friend Strong Heart.

"What wast doing, White Antelope?" and Strong Heart, smiling, watches his friend's fingers vainly endeavoring to conceal a turquoise necklace in his pocket.

"'Tis a gift for the maid Nät-ah-ki; I had it buried beneath this Spanish bayonet," answers White Antelope, simply.

"I fear me," sadly returns Strong Heart, "thou findest greater favor than I in Nät-ah-ki's eyes! And yet I, too, do deeply love her, White Antelope!"

"Yea, I know," earnestly responds his friend; "it is between the twain of us." Their eyes meet with a long look; then, grasping hands, Strong Heart turns and disappears thru the willows.

Spectacle Bill and The Parson are sitting on a log, laying plans for the day's prospecting, as Strong Heart suddenly pushes out from the willows.

"Hey, there, you long-haired beggar, how are you?" shouts Spectacle Bill, as Strong Heart bounds toward his new friends.

"All right, meester," standing in smiling shyness before them.

"Well, come on then, gazooks!" and Bill rises as he rolls a cigaret. "I've got to continue your education. Here, have a smoke," he adds, rolling, lighting and passing it to Strong Heart, who watches every move admiringly, face beaming like the happy child he was.

Suddenly Bill looks down at Strong Heart's feet.

"Here, you son of a hob-gob, turn

your toes *out!*" And Bill points to Strong Heart's feet and then at his own, which he slowly turns outwards like the wings of some great bird—and slowly Strong Heart turns his own to correspond.

"First class in 'polite society,' sit down!" roars Bill, with a grimace.

"Firs' class een p'lite 'ciety, si' down!" solemnly responds Strong Heart. And they drop on the log, Strong Heart mopping his brow in faithful imitation of Spectacle Bill.

The Parson chuckles, and putting up the knife he has been sharpening, draws an old book from his pocket.

"Come, Strong Heart, we'll go on with your reading."

Strong Heart moves quickly over to The Parson, tho awkwardly, as Bill yells: "Mind your toes, you!"

The Parson (so named because in spite of his rough life he always hung on to a little, old Bible he had found in a deserted cabin they had once stumbled upon) again reads the story of the man Jesus.

STRONG HEART HEARS THAT JESUS WAS A "LOVE" MAN

Strong Heart listens intently. He hears that Jesus was a "love" man, opposed to fighting; teaching men, instead, the ways of peace and goodwill. Deeper and more quiet grow the Indian's eyes as they follow The Parson's finger across the pages. Here is His kindness to little children; here He helps the poor widow; here He gives the blind man sight and heals the sick. "'Love your enemies,'" reads on The Parson, and finally:

" 'This is My commandment—that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.' "

And Strong Heart listens, his eyes deep with hushed wonder.

Finally The Parson reads that the Big Love-Man died to show the world how great love is, and that His Spirit is in the world today.

Suddenly, as The Parson closes the book, into Strong Heart's face steals the look of a little child.

"Strong Heart love Big Love-Man Christ. Be His friend—no more fight."

"Good boy, Strong Heart. Here, take this," suddenly says The Parson as Strong Heart moves away; and he hands him the Bible, which Strong Heart places inside his jacket.

"Here, Happy Hooligan," roars Spectacle Bill, "take this, too, to keep your spirits up. You'll need it, all right, all right, on this new trail you've hit;" and he tosses cigaret tobacco and papers, which Strong Heart captures deftly with a delighted grin. Then quickly he springs into the willows and is gone.

All the bright hours Strong Heart wanders afield, tho mostly the deep forest holds him. Here, beside a brook dimpling in the sunbeams slanting thru the trees, he smokes his "little dreams." With all the air of a delighted child holding a new toy, he rolls the cigarets, and lighting them, watches the blue smoke curl upward. Thru the haze he sees Nät-ah-ki's face, but, with a sigh, remembers White Antelope's gift of turquoise. Then, suddenly, thru the tiny clouds drifts another face—a face of wondrous tenderness, and a low voice speaks: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." And Strong Heart starts up, whispering, awestruck: "The Big Love-Man!"

Then looking, he sees the sun low between the distant mountains and springs quickly along the trail toward the camp.

A new day dawns. Sitting alone in her lodge, Nät-ah-ki works, with dreaming eyes, upon a lovely pattern of beads traced on a deer-hide. Suddenly she lifts her face, with a sharp intake of breath—some one is singing softly outside the lodge. Surely that is not White Antelope—he is not to come at this hour. Still, *such* love and longing throb in this voice—it *must* be he! And Nät-ah-ki steals forward, peeping from the hide hanging before the opening. A frowning pout of disappointment as she retreats. "It is only Strong Heart!" And Strong Heart, with an ache in his breast, see-

ing the sweet, expectant face suddenly withdrawn in petulance, turns and seeks the shelter of the cottonwoods.

As he sits in the stillness, the voice of White Antelope comes to him, and there, at his maid's lodge, Strong Heart beholds him, a brave young warrior, wooing Nät-ah-ki, his love wrought into a song of most alluring sweetness.

And as Strong Heart looks, the little maid steals out, drawn by she knows not what, and slowly, her eyes ever on White Antelope's face, she goes straight into the shelter of the right arm extended to receive her, and is hidden in White Antelope's robe, against his breast.

Strong Heart fumbles in his jacket for the "little dreams," as he calls the cigarets. And after a time, thru the soft clouds of smoke there looks at him a face of infinite love and compassion. "Blessed are the pure in heart," the wonderful eyes seem to say.

"The Big Love-Man!" whispers Strong Heart.

And he turns to his camp again, pressing his hand where the little Book lies. As he approaches he sees White Antelope at one side, listening to a young warrior from the neighboring tribe of Hupas. Strong Heart joins them, and the young Hupa turns to him, saying:

"Too many palefaces in the valley, Strong Heart—let's drive them out!"

"No," replied Strong Heart; "we learn many good things from the white man, Living Wolf."

"But he is our enemy, Strong Heart. He takes our mountains, our rivers and our plains!" And Living Wolf's brow is black with hatred.

"And he gives us in their place the whole world, Living Wolf, if we learn his ways," continues Strong Heart, drawing forth his little Book. "'I am come that ye might have life,'" he reads, as White Antelope and Living Wolf listen wonderingly. "'If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it,'" he continues.

"Who is this Wonder-Worker?" sneers Living Wolf.

"He is the Big Love-Man;" and, as in a dream, Strong Heart turns the pages: "'But I say unto you, love your enemies——'"

But with a flash of his hand, Living Wolf strikes the little Book to the ground. Like the swoop of an eagle, White Antelope is upon the Hupa, and in a breath he is lying in the dust. White Antelope stands above him, giving him a final kick, shouting: "Get back to your tribe, Living Wolf, and never again let your shadow fall across the path of a Yaqui! Know you not the behavior due to the tribe at whose camp-fire you have feasted?"

And Living Wolf slinks off crestfallen, but with hatred in his heart.

"That means war with the Hupas, White Antelope;" and Strong Heart gently returns the Book to his jacket.

"The dog!" exclaimed White Antelope, his arm about his friend's shoulders. "But why art thou sad, Strong Heart? I would that my own rifle might send the whole Hupa tribe to the Great Spirit!"

"Nay, my friend!" and Strong Heart pauses before his lodge. "Some strange, new Spirit seems about me, and no longer do I love the smell of battle. The Big Love-Man's book teaches ways of peace."

"I do not understand thee!" And White Antelope turns away.

And Strong Heart's words are fulfilled. As the sun swings again above the mountains, a single arrow comes straight into the heart of the Yaqui camp. It is a Hupa arrow, and instant commotion follows. With a single bound, the Yaqui warriors, young and old, are on their feet and before their Chief. In clear tones he gives general commands, while his leader gives orders in detail to the eager braves pressing about him. The women and children are hurried to places of safety, the laughter and singing hushed.

A moment of breathless suspense follows the swift commands, the old priest standing in their midst, with arms uplifted to the rising sun, beseeching him for victory for his tribe,

Then, like a flash, every warrior falls prone on his face or slips into ambush. And not an instant too soon, for, with a mighty yell, from the neighboring cottonwoods dash the Hupas. On the ponies speed, each bearing an infuriated warrior firing everywhere—at the lodges, at the sage-brush, at the Spanish bayonet. But, suddenly, from every part of the camp spits back shot for shot in such rapid succession that the yelling Hupas begin to plunge headlong from their horses, and horses roll, dying, upon their riders. Yet on the frantic enemy surges from the cottonwoods, until all the Yaqui camp leaps suddenly into their midst for hand-to-hand slaughter, White Antelope in the front, dealing death at every blow.

THE ATTACK OF THE HUPAS

And Strong Heart, where is he—he who ever before had been at the right hand of his leader? Today he is not there, but, instead, is kneeling in his lodge, caught in a frenzy between tribal shame and the strange, dimly comprehensive command: "Thou shalt not kill!"—these new teachings that make for peace.

"Oh!" he cries, gripping the little Book across his knees—"oh, Big Love-Man, I no understand! You died to teach world how to love, and you say 'no kill!'—but my tribe all fight——"

"Thou cur!" cries the Chief, suddenly rushing into the lodge, and, striding by the terror-stricken grandmother, he seizes Strong Heart and drags him out into the scene of conflict.

"Fight, thou whelp!—fight for the honor of thy tribe!" And the Chief plunges his knife into the breast of Living Wolf, whose hand was lifted to strike.

And on the battle rages, until, at last, the Yaquis, with breath whistling thru set teeth and bodies reeking with blood, force the Hupas back—back—back to the cottonwoods—and the victory is won!

Then, suddenly, the Chief and his leader, followed by the remaining braves, approach Strong Heart, who has moved from bush to bush in an agony of shame during the fight, but has failed to lift his hand for the honor of his tribe.

"Thou cowardly cur!" thunders the Chief, his arm shooting out, and, seizing Strong Heart by the throat, he hurls him to the ground.

"Dog!" he cries, with folded arms, as Strong Heart crouches in shame before him—"what hast to say for thyself?"

"Oh, Chief!"—and Strong Heart draws the little Bible from his breast—"the Book says 'peace!' and the Big Love-Man speaks all of love for enemies and commands not to kill. He died to show love. I was crazed—I fear not the Hupas; but, oh, Chief, only the Big Love-Man seemed holding my hands, and I *could* not fight! I tried to understand—I tried to draw my knife——" But Strong Heart's voice breaks in an agony of shame as he sees the scornful faces above him.

All save one. White Antelope's face is sad—and, just beyond, he sees the face of the Man of Sorrows smiling tenderly, understandingly.

The Chief stands in puzzled amaze. Then wrath surges again over him, and he cries:

"Out—out of the camp! Thou art a traitor as well as a cur—thou speakest of obeying other commands than mine! Men, away with him!"

And his companions fall upon him roughly, and he is cast out.

It was even so two thousand years ago with The One he was trying to obey.

All the burning hours he wanders; his shoulders shorn of blanket, torn and bleeding; his naked feet blistered from the hot sands. Often he falls, parched with thirst, famished with hunger; then staggers to his feet again.

"Oh, Big Love-Man!" he moans, "I do not understand—I seem not to find the way!"

In the late afternoon he comes suddenly upon his tribe departing for a new encampment, and a great longing comes upon him for his people. Stealing up to the Chief, he implores to go with them, but the Chief drives him back, crying: "Away! thou art not one of us!"

And, forsaken, he stands as his beloved people pass.

A little apart from the rest come White Antelope and Nät-ah-ki, and as they approach, Strong Heart starts suddenly forward in the fading light.

"Oh, my brother, plead thou with our Chief," and he reaches beseeching hands to White Antelope, and, kneeling, kisses Nät-ah-ki's little, moccasined foot.

" 'Tis no avail, my Strong Heart," replies White Antelope, sadly. "Already I have besought, pledging all the hides of deer, grizzly and elk that I shall kill the next twelve moons. But he will not."

Then, with a swift gesture, White Antelope throws a blanket about Strong Heart, and, pressing a loaf and a water-skin into his hands, turns with Nät-ah-ki and follows his tribe.

And the outcast follows afar off.

The freshness of another day breathes over the Valley of Many Sands, where the Yaqui tribe is still on the march. The women are haggard and move more and more slowly, while the little children are crying feebly, sitting in the wicker cages strapped to the travois and dragged by emaciated horses with dry tongues hanging from their mouths.

The men plod on stolidly, but silent.

The sun grows hotter as the slow hours pass, and suddenly Nät-ah-ki falters and staggers weakly.

White Antelope stops, seeking to support her.

"My man!" faintly breathes Nät-ah-ki, "I can no longer keep the trail. Go thou and leave me here with the Great Spirit!"

"Not so, my Nät-ah-ki. Try White Antelope's strong arm!" And placing his arm about her, they pass on a little space.

But soon Nät-ah-ki's strength forsakes her utterly, and she sinks, sobbing, upon the sand.

"Go, my man!" she pleads.

"I go," he replies, "but only that I may bring back one to aid me bear thee along in safety;" and he seeks to overtake his tribe.

Scarcely is White Antelope hidden by a near turn in the trail, when a young prospector, half-drunk with bad whisky and the intense heat, reels out of the sage-brush.

"Cursed country!" he mutters. "Wish could si' down un'er a maple in ol' Connecticut an' cool off. Hello! she looks good to me!" And having caught sight of Nät-ah-ki, he lunges across the trail and seizes the half-fainting girl in his arms.

AND STILL THE BATTLE RAGES

Sudden terror revives Nät-ah-ki, and her sharp cry pierces the burning air, which reaches White Antelope and brings him back. Like a hawk he is upon the fellow, stabbing him again and again as they reel in each other's embrace in the yielding sand.

Then, suddenly, with a last gasping cry, the man falls dead at the Indian's feet, stabbed to the heart.

As White Antelope straightens himself, withdrawing his blade from the craven breast, Strong Heart, who has followed day by day, all unknown, stands before him.

White Antelope starts in amaze.

"Strong Heart!" he cries.

"Hush!" Strong Heart commands sternly, seizing White Antelope's knife from his grasp. "Go quickly—the white's friends are coming thru the cottonwoods. Go—for thy woman's sake. Go, I say," as White Antelopes hesitates; "go, or I'll kill thee!"

Steadily White Antelope gazes into his friend's eyes—strong, brave eyes now; then bowing his head, he shelters the weeping Nät-ah-ki with his robe, and together they pass along the trail.

"Big Love-Man, Strong Heart now sees the way!" And alone, he stands quietly above the dead man, still grasping the reeking knife.

And the little Book lies warm against his heart.

Then, suddenly, he turns and looks into the angry faces of a half-dozen prospectors, hurrying from the brush, brought by the cries they had heard.

And seeing their mate stretched across the trail and the Indian standing over him, they are upon him like hounds, ready to kill on the spot.

But one, cooler than the rest, checks them, remembering the woman's cry they had first heard.

"Hold on, fellows; let's get at all of this. Here, you redface"—turning to Strong Heart—"what about the woman in this case?" But Strong Heart stands silent and motionless, his eyes, as in a dream, far away.

"You cur!" At this he starts, remembering the day of his outcasting. "You cur!" bellows again the speaker, "did you do this?" pointing to the prostrate form.

An instant only Strong Heart remains motionless; then, face illumined, he nods in assent.

It is enough. They are beyond judgment — unreasoning, uncaring—and drag him into the bush.

Their faces swollen from the heat of the sun and from drink, eyes thirsting for the blood of revenge, they stand massed behind his straight, slim figure, ready to shoot at the command of their leader.

Suddenly Strong Heart turns, with a half-smile, and, pointing upward, says in broken English: "Big Love-Man—want see His face once more!"

Their hands drop, and they turn to each other in sudden, sober amaze.

"Why, the dog talks like a preacher!" one says.

"Gad! but he makes my flesh crawl—I dont like this killin' business!" mutters another.

"Ask one las' thing," quietly continues Strong Heart, in his halting English. And they nod, awestruck.

Then Strong Heart draws forth the bag of tobacco for a last "little dream," and neatly rolling a cigaret, smokes it—dreamily, softly, face upturned. The men wait, spellbound.

Then one less human than the rest shouts in drunken madness: "I'll be d——d if I wait while any red dog smokes!" and shoots. The bullet hits Strong Heart square in the back, and he topples into the brush. Then, suddenly, a light of joyous recognition breaks in his eyes, for out of the blue haze of smoke still above him leans a face of divinest love, a face above which rests a crown of thorns.

"Big Love-Man!" Strong Heart murmurs, seeking to lift his hand toward the "little dream" wraith. "'Greater love—hath—no man than —this.'" The eyes close as in sleep.

The long march ends for the Yaqui tribe, and, in the gloaming, White Antelope seeks Nät-ah-ki, waiting with the other weary women, and leads her to the lodge he has prepared for her.

Together they pass within, Nät-ah-ki nestling to her man's breast, but he stands long looking out into the purpling gloom. Then into the twilight White Antelope reaches his hand from his lodge:

"Farewell, Strong Heart, my dear brother—my friend!"

And the Great Spirit bears the message safely. It must be so!

Brightened Sunsets

"DAHLIAS are real friendly flowers," said old Rosemary Sweet. She stooped twingingly and patted a great, golden ball that dipped heavy-headed over the gravel walk, as a lonely woman pats a cat or a child. "They're like a cheerful feeling or a good, hearty laugh." Her eyes crinkled whimsically. "Now, there's cinnamon roses; they're like being young and in love. There's pansies, like rememberin'; an' sweet-peas, like a pretty dream; an' lavender, like growin' old. It's queer how flowers are real folks, that way."

Her eyes wandered down the elm-arched village street, flecked with sun-and-shadow patterns. "Old Mis' Dalrimple, she cuts her marygolds and zinnias every day to set in her blue chiny vase along of the clock; and the minister's wife takes her sweet-peas to fix up the church Sundays; and Millie Russell *wears* her posies in her hair and pinned onto her dress; but, law me! pickin' flowers seems to me like shutting little children up in vases and tumblers—children is just flowers that aint rooted! Seems as if the Lord would miss His posies, sort of, lookin' down and seein' 'em smilin' up at Him so chirk and pretty!" She laughed out softly at her own imaginings. After sixty years, her quaint little fancies still startled her. They sounded more surprising, somehow, whenever she thought them aloud in words as now. In spite of the conversational tone, she was alone in the tiny, flower-trimmed front-yard, like some faded, old-fashioned flower herself, from her delicate, crumpled, pink cheeks and dimmed, blue eyes to her fragrant name—Rosemary Sweet. Her limp, muslin dress spread about her fan-wise as she stooped among the flowers, pulling a weed here and there reluctantly.

"Rosemary—Rosemary Sweet!"

She straightened up primly, a sudden red spot flickering to her cheeks.

"Well, if it aint Mis' Timmins," she cried cordially; "come in, Mis' Timmins, do, and set awhile."

"No, I cant stop a minute, Rosemary." The speaker gave the market-basket that she carried a brisk shake in token of her haste. "I jes' thought while I was along I'd ast you—

you're expectin' Doctor Widdle tonight?"

"He might be droppin' in, I s'pose, after prayer-meeting." Rosemary's tone was faintly conscious, but only faintly so. Whatever romance there might once have been in Horace Widdle's calls had nearly vanished after thirty-five years of staid, neighborly droppings-in, to talk of town-meeting and the potato prospects. They had become a habit; an accepted

"LIKE SOME FADED, OLD-FASHIONED FLOWER"

matter-of-fact like mail-time or Christmas. Thirty-five years erases so many things.

"Well, if he does, I wist you'd tell him that Abner Timmins wants he should call in and see our Dobbin tomorrow. He isn't relishin' his eatin' someway, and Abner thinks maybe he'd ought to be doctored up. He was a master hand at puttin' away grain, Dobbin was, and when he begins to act pickin' and offish with *oats* I tell Abner it's high time somethin' was done."

"Yes, Mis' Timmins; I'll tell him." Rosemary's voice was slightly wistful. "You'd better stop in awhile and visit. I aint had a sight of any of the neighbors for nigh onto a week."

Mrs. Timmins' pleasant face creased into humorous lines. "It's easy to guess you aint married, Rosemary Sweet," she laughed comfortably. "I just see the stage drive in, and my men folks cant abide supper bein' dished up late. Your posies are lookin' real pretty, aint they? Well, I must be goin'. Dont forget to tell the doctor——"

With a final swan-song of admonition, the stout figure billowed away into the sifting dusk. Rosemary Sweet sighed gently; then smiled. The smile was an apology for the sigh, but the wistful look still lingered in her eyes as she gathered up her garden-shears and newspaper heaped with weeds. "They're all so busy," she murmured. " 'Course they dont get a moment to stop in. I dont blame 'em, laws, no! but somehow I *hanker* for a real, old-fashioned dish o' gossip about the minister's new baby an' ol' Mis' Beckett's tantrums an' Sally Meekin's latest beau. Land sakes! Rosemary Sweet, what's got into you? I believe you're growin' old!"

She laughed softly. Growing old was one of her gentle jokes. The years had plodded past the little, white cottage in the sleepy village among the Berkshires so silently that she had forgotten almost to count them.

On the edge of going into the house she paused by the door-stone, looking amazedly down at the twisted, rheumatic limbs of the old rose-tree by the door. On the topmost branch swayed a small, frail rosebud, tightly closed.

"It's a sign!" she crooned delightedly, brushing it with gentle fingers. "That rose-bush's 'most as old as I be, and it aint never had a posy on it before. Somethin' nice is going to happen; I can feel it in my bones."

The tinkle of homeward-driven cow-bells spattered the silent air as a Jersey herd straggled by in a cloud of

dust, a small, energetic boy prodding them from the rear. Behind the soldiers' monument on the common the evening sky shone rosily, flecked across by arabesques of elm-leaf.

"It's a sightly evening," murmured the old woman, cheerily. "I always think 'most anything nice might happen when it gets all peace-colored and happy, like tonight."

This sense of Something Nice followed her into the house, tagged her to the lean-to woodshed after a handful of chips, and sat opposite her as she sipped her lonely cup of tea. The strain of superstition that prodded her New England forefathers into hysterics of terror over witchcraft had strained thru the generations into Rosemary Sweet's mild little soul, transmuted by the alchemy of Time from forebodings and distrust into presentiments of good. She laughed at herself—and believed on stubbornly. For nearly forty of her sixty years she had been waiting patiently for good fortune to come. During the years the visual aspect of her expectation had changed somewhat, ranging from lovers—rich, handsome—to a modest desire for a cherry-colored silk petticoat. She never hinted her beliefs to her neighbors. They would have laughed at her, reasoned with her, been shocked or grieved. Even Horace Widdle, with his faithful, plodding courtship of thirty-five years, would not have understood.

"Likely Alice will be in tomorrow on the way to school," mused Rosemary over her tea. "She'd be real pleased if it would happen, Alice would. She understands how 'tis 'most as well as *He* would." Her voice capitalized the pronoun as a sweetheart does her lover's name. *He* was the lover that Rosemary Sweet had never had.

Slow feet shuffled middle-agedly up the gravel path and scraped themselves painstakingly on the mat in the entry.

"Why, *Horace!*" Rosemary hurried to the door, with nervous little dabs at her hair on the way. "Aint you real early tonight? Come in, do."

The stout old man stooping thru the narrow doorway seemed to fill the tiny room with broad, sagging shoulders and blundering elbows. He sat down awkwardly on the edge of the haircloth sofa, hanging his slouch hat on one knee as he beamed at her over kindly spectacles.

"Well, I dunno but I *be,* Rosemary; in fact I sort of calculated to be," he chuckled. Horace Widdle's ordinary tone was a chuckle, his smile a laugh, his laughter a roar. Patients

"THE OLD WOMAN SMILED UP AT THE CHILD"

suffering agonies from dyspepsia had been known to essay a feeble joke the moment he appeared at their bedside. "You see, I—well—I've got something—sorter *special,* as you might say, to ast you."

Rosemary's eyes sparkled. She looked across at the old man, gently near-sighted as to thinning hair and wrinkles.

"You was sayin', Horace?" she prompted.

"Well, I've been thinkin', Rosemary." He paused, looking down at his hat for encouragement, as tho what he had come to say were con-

cealed in the crown. Rosemary's heart fidgeted with impatience.

"I believe the older a man gets, the more he needs woman-folks. I come over tonight to ast you—" He leaned forward plumply, hands braced on spread knees.

The old woman was blushing like a faded rose that has half-forgotten the art of growing pink.

"—to ast you if you'd feel to drive over to Warren with me tomorrow-week and help me pick out a new suit o' clo'es," finished Horace, apologetically. "I *dunno* what's the matter with these I got. I aint hed 'em more'n six—seven year, but they must have been cheap goods, f'r they're gittin' consider'ble worn thru in spots. I know'd *you'd* know what to get bettern'n *I* would. Will ye, Rosemary?"

"Why—why, certain, Horace. I'd —I'd admire to." Rosemary's voice was flat, like a pricked bubble, with disillusion. She made haste to drag the conversation into the limits of the usual. "I s'pose you've heard tell how the Ladies' Aid is goin' to fence in the cemetery with an oyster supper, aint you, Horace?" she asked nervously. "They think they'll enjoy bein' buried there better if the' aint a chanct for the children to get in and tromp down the grass and pick the posies."

" 'S that so? No, I hadn't heard tell. I've been pretty busy a spell back. Liddy Ann Smith's little gal up on the Cross Road has the measles, and they's one mump and a couple of tonsils in the Holler. The spring bein' so late, and all, means consider'ble joggin' f'r me 'n old Jim."

The conversation strolled on thru the pleasant byways of village life as during thirty-five years of calls. Only once did it veer from beaten paths. As the old doctor rose to go he looked solicitously down at Rosemary.

"I declare for it," he said anxiously, "you dont look real spry tonight. Aint sickenin' for anything, be ye?"

"No, I aint." Suddenly Rosemary's secret was out on a wild little wave of words. "Yes, I be, too! I'm sickenin' for somethin' to happen besides three meals a day and Sunday-school and Monday washin'!" she cried rebelliously. He looked at her in dumb amazement. "Oh, I s'pose you think I'm crazy, talkin' so! You aint never wanted anythin' redickerlous like a pink silk dress with a lace yoke or a bunnit with yaller roses on —you dont understand how 'tis——"

An odd, shamed expression crossed Horace Widdle's face. He leaned down cautiously.

"Yes, I do, too, Rosemary," he whispered. "Sometimes I get so tarnal sick of doctorin' measles and mumps that I almost wish some one in Blueberry Corners would be took down with one of those new-fangled appendixes — took down light — the Lord forgive me!"

The kerosene hand-lamp flickered uneasily in the draught of the open window as Rosemary looked out later into the peaceful night-world. Below, in the faint blur of moonlight, the unopened rosebud nodded significantly up into her wavering faith. *"Something's going to happen!"* breathed Rosemary, stubbornly.

"Which hand 'll you have? You dont know that I've got a letter in one and a flower in the other, do you?" Alice's clear little laugh trailed in ahead of her thru the open door. The old woman rocking placidly in the prim, dim sitting-room smiled up at the child as one playfellow to another. There was a quaint similarity between the two of them. Perhaps it was their eyes, dim blue and bright blue, alike full of dreams and make-believe.

"You aint really *got* a letter, have you, Alice, child?"

"Honest-'n-true, black-'n-blue, I have."

"My land!" Rosemary looked at the white square extended to her, with a sort of awe. Letters were events. She prodded the envelope with investigating fingers.

"*You* read it, Alice. I declare if I aint *afraid* to!" Alice read primly:

"REINS FLAPPING LOOSELY FROM LAX HANDS"

MISS ROSEMARY SWEET: We beg to inform you that by the will of your deceased cousin, Jeremiah Sweet, you are left the sum of ten thousand dollars. Kindly let us hear from you at once.

SYKES & SMOTTEL,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Union Square, New York.

"My goodness—gracious—me!"

Awed silence settled over the little room. Suddenly Rosemary began to laugh shakily, white old head against the child's flat little breast.

"I—c-can have the pink silk gown now and the bunnit," she cried. "And I can go a-travelin' like I uster want when I studied the geography at the 'Cademy forty-five year ago. There was one place that had a picter of a mountain spoutin' fire I'd like to see. An' Borneo—I've hankered to go there ever since I read in the *Missionary Friend* about them livin' in trees. Land a-livin'! I do' know but what I c'd buy me a *family* to talk to, with all that money! I knew somethin' was comin' last night—I felt it in my bones!"

Two days later, Rosemary paused on the threshold of her tiny home to take her valedictory glance. Beside her, Doctor Widdle looked about him dazedly. For thirty-five years he had been acquainted with that room, but today it looked strangely unfamiliar to his blurred eyes, like well-known clothes lacking their dear wearer.

"I had to hang Great-Aunt Emmeline over the last weather-spot on the wall," said Rosemary, reflectively. "She was the only relative I had left to hang, but not the last spot. I'm sort of afraid the flower's 'll miss me, but they'll be the only ones. Blueberry Corners has well-nigh forgot me, Horace. I guess I must be gettin' old."

The old man shuffled out after her. He waited patiently until she had locked the front-door and climbed into the rattling old buggy beside him. Then he cleared his throat awkwardly.

"Why, *I'll* miss ye, Rosemary Sweet," he said slowly. "Seems like

"SHE SWAYED TO HER KNEES IN A SODDEN LITTLE HEAP"

it wont be livin' without droppin' in along of you. I been callin' on you quite a spell, Rosemary Sweet—quite a consider'ble spell."

"Thirty-five year!" she said, almost with bitterness. "You been calling on me thirty-five year, Horace Widdle, come next Fourth o' July."

mary Sweet to the fireworks on the common and walked home with her thru the clover-scented fields. He had meant then—— And now, all in a minute, it was thirty-five years ago, and they were grown old. It was too late. Rosemary was going away, rich. "Too — late! too — late!"

"'IT WARN'T MINE, AFTER ALL—THE MONEY WARN'T'"

He stared at her with pitiably amazed eyes. "It dont seem possible!" he cried suddenly. "Why, Rosemary—I uster think—I meant—"

He paused. The old buggy creaked in every protesting joint as it staggered over thank-you-ma'ams and wheel-ruts, unguided. Reins flapping loosely from lax hands, the old man sat staring dreamily back down the barren years to that long-ago Fourth of July when he had "beaued" Rose-

creaked the buggy-wheels, mockingly. "She'll ne-ver come back—ne-ver come back!"

"Giddop!" roared old Horace Widdle, suddenly, and brought the whip down smartly across old Jim's astonished, dappled back.

"I do' know's I ever see such *damp* rain!" The small figure toiling along the station road paused an instant to shift the carpet-bag from

aching hand to aching hand and to laugh shakily. "I believe my *soul* is soppin' wet. But rain or no, it's good to get home again." Thru the even slanting of the rain-rows she saw the Methodist steeple looming grayly against the somber sky—here was Deacon Tibbit's red barn; then the parsonage, and beyond that—*home!* The clay-mud of the road clogged her feet with a sucking, unwilling sound at each step. Folks said it was only a mile to the station, but it seemed four at least—the hill and the rain maybe lengthened it. Suddenly her head whirled.

"Keep up your courage, Rosemary Sweet—just a step farther—there, and another—*there.* You're 'most home. There's the fence and the posies——" She swayed to her knees in a sodden little heap, clutching the pickets, a solid anchor of reality in the swaying of the world. Later she crawled into the house, by the heavy-headed dahlias and the rose-bush tossing uneasy arms in the windy gusts of rain.

It was small, anxious Alice who found the door open the next morning when she came to look after the flowers. A trail of mud led her thru the prim little rooms to the tiny, under-the-eves bedroom.

"Oh, Miss Rosemary, are you sick?" cried the child, in terror of the white face and wild eyes on the pillow. Rosemary Sweet held out a shaking hand.

"Hush, child;" she whispered hoarsely. "Dont let any one know I'm back. They've forgot about me, every livin' soul at the Corners. You see, it warn't mine, after all, the money warn't. So I come home. But dont tell 'em. I'm—all right—'taint nothin' but a cold——"

Her shivering shook the narrow trundle-bed. The little girl clasped her hands in distress. "I'll be back in a jiffy, Miss Rosemary," she called from the doorway. "Don't you fret yourself none whilst I'm gone."

When she stooped again over the bed, a half-hour later, the old eyes staring up at her held no hint of recognition. "See, Miss Rosemary, I've brought the doctor. *He'll* cure you nice and well."

"Rosemary, dont you know me?" The old man's voice quivered with the quivering of his flabby face. "It's Horace—ye aint forget Horace, have ye?"

"Somethin' nice is goin' to happen!" Old Rosemary Sweet sat up suddenly in the disorder of the bed, her scant gray hair framing her soft face. She looked significantly at the two beside her, cautioning them with stealthy finger upraised. "Sh! dont you tell a word—folks wouldn't understand—but I believe—*He's* comin'!" She dropped back to the pillows with a broken cry——

Then dim days of drifting between life and death—the old doctor fought valiantly with his poor, feeble weapons of pills and poultices. Kindly neighbors took turns nursing, in the tender, village way. But it was none of these that brought old Rosemary Sweet back at last from the shadows. It was her curiosity. Something was going to happen, and she must stay to see. So one morning she opened sane eyes and saw the doctor's face bending over hers, tender, anxious, quivering. With a little, welcoming cry, she held out weak arms. "Why, *you're* Him!" she cried happily, "and all this time I never knew."

"It was sort o' like a reception, this afternoon, Horace," said Rosemary, a few days later. Her eyes gloated over the memories of the day. " 'Most all o' Blueberry Corners was in to ask how was I and say they was glad to see me home. You have to be sick to find how many folks is fond of you, I guess."

Horace Widdle leaned over awkwardly and took the thin, little, old hand between his great, knotted ones. In spite of the stoop to his back and the wrinkles, the young lover of him looked out of his eyes.

"I always meant to ask ye to marry me, dearie, but I'm a master hand at puttin' things off!" Suddenly he laughed shakily. "I dont believe a word about thirty-five years, tho," he

"'IT WAS SORT O' LIKE A RECEPTION'"

cried. "Why, you're nothin' but a girl this livin' minute, Rosemary Sweet!"

The soft light of the sunset was on their faces, youthening them. Thru the open window, like a memory, drifted a cloud of fading rose-petals. She nodded down at them smilingly. "I knew somethin' was goin' to happen. I could feel it in my bones," exclaimed old Rosemary Sweet, triumphantly.

A Lesson

By GLADYS HALL

I used to be selfish and thoughtless and small,
Absorbed in my own narrow life,
Forgetting a world far larger than mine
And mankind in the heat of their strife.

I used to be blind to the poor and oppressed,
To the glory as well as the shame,
And now I can see it and feel it, and *know*,
And my life holds a purpose and aim.

For I've seen the whole story of life and of man,
Hate—primitive, love—bitter-sweet,
The hope and the promise—beginning and end—
On the world-reaching photosheet.

It was one of those well-ordered living-rooms that seemed to reflect, in each polished chair and bit of old Sheffield or brass, the character of its inmates. Antimacassars, worked with a nun's patience, covered the shiny haircloth of the chairs; a grandfather's clock released its hollow ticks reluctantly in a corner; a pair of dead-and-gone canaries perched, in stuffed coquettishness, on the mantel-shelf. And from the wall the posed likenesses of Grandmother Williams and her Squire stared down with maddening complacency at the fixity of things.

The occupants of this old-fashioned room were three, a whispy, middle-aged couple drawn up to their afternoon game of cribbage, and a powerful young man, who sprawled on a tiger-skin rug and scowled into the flames of the gas-logs. Nothing could have been more out of keeping with the room and its inmates than this restless giant and the tropical skin under him. Now and then his eyes rose from the flames and centered on the photograph of a girl on the mantel-shelf. She was an immature, smiling thing, as golden as he was dark, dressed in a simple graduation dress, and looking out across the room, and across the world, with wondering eyes.

Presently the outer door opened and quick feet sounded in the hallway. The door burst open, and the original of the photograph, pink and panting, flung thru the opening. She was followed by a tall youth with stilt-like legs, who chased her ardently about the room until, ruffled and cornered, she fell into his conquering arms.

The man on the rug scarcely glanced up, but the little couple followed the chase with chirrupy words of warning or encouragement. "Joe, dear," said the lady, "dont be rough. Claire is high-spirited and——"

"Nonsense!" broke in her husband; "give way to your feelings if you want to. If there's anything I discountenance, it's a namby-pamby lover."

The harmless scuffle in the corner continued.

"She is only a child," sighed Mrs. Williams.

"And what were you, pray tell, when you married me?" demanded her husband.

"Things are changing, dear."

"Pooh! the game of hearts—never!"

A smothered kiss answered affirmatively from the corner, and the man on the rug rose up, brushed the tawny hairs from his legs and strolled toward the door.

"Back to dinner, mother," he said; "out for a touch of air."

The door closed sharply, and they heard his light step on the porch.

"What's come over Will?" asked Mr. Williams, troublously. "Ever since he's come back from India he's been out of sorts and too big for the house."

"He's a quiet boy," defended his mother, "and cant stand seeing his little Claire manhandled."

"Hm!" said Mr. Williams; "let's find out. Claire, you vixen," he said, toward the corner, "when you grow up to be a staid married woman and have lost your looks and figure, will you need a protector if Joe happens to steal a kiss from you?"

"Of course not, Papa Williams. How ridiculous!"

"Will you kindly note," he continued, "an example of fright and indignation as I salute Mrs. Williams."

Thereupon he flung his arms about her and kist her smartly on the cheek.

Mrs. Williams blushed with pleasurable modesty. "You wont understand," she demurred; "forcible lovemaking is a burglar's method to me."

"Mercy!" said the corner again; "look at the time—I must be running home."

"Enjoyed your call immensely, Claire," declared Mr. Williams; "Joe is so generous."

She slipped from Joe's arms and ran toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" called the deserted youth; "I've something to get." But she fled thru the doorway and out under the summery trees of the lawn.

Will appeared to step out from nowhere, and motioned her to wait for him. She hesitated, with the wondering look of her picture caught in her eyes as he came up with her.

"So it's true," he said, looking down at her blowing hair; "you really are going to marry him?"

"Yes."

"You will not change your mind?"

"No."

"Then it's a cursed outrage," he burst out, with his face searching hers; "and you've been a trickster and flirt from the cradle. You knew my love for you when I went away, and as for that clownish Jacob, Joe, he is the thief of my birthright."

She drew away from him like a chided child. "Will, I was a little girl; you were my big-man brother—"

His face crimsoned with passion. "That's it," he cried, seizing her arm roughly; "you traded upon my manhood and my spirit. In the Far East woman cant do these things. And then Jacob crept in close to your lecherous glances."

She gave a little gasp of fright and started crying softly. His hand tightened on her arm. Then plunging steps crashed along the gravel, and Joe, pale and trembling, stood close to them.

Will stared at the determined, clenched-fisted boy.

"Well, Jacob," he sneered, "have the decency to keep out of this."

Joe stood blinking in coltish perplexity. Will had always been some one to be feared and followed—his boyish ideal. He stood helpless, with slack arms, until Claire's drawn, elfin face glanced piteously toward him. Then, with a snarl and a spring, he was upon his brother, clutching, striking, clawing like a cave-man.

"Down, you pup!" roared Will, the clear blood spurting from his cheek.

But Joe clung to him the harder—a storm-swept sapling beating and bruising a forest oak.

A fear of the greater rage than his struck into Will's heart, and, with admirable calmness, he finally succeeded in forcing Joe off.

"Ah, cub!" he taunted; "you've tasted blood—your brother's—and it thrills you."

Joe stood ready to spring again, his brain drunken with hate. But Will

turned rapidly and walked toward the house.

"Claire," gasped Joe, "this is terrible, and yet I had to do it. I'm mad with love of you, and hate, yes, of my brother." A fit of trembling shook him, and he leaned against a tree. "Ever since he came back I've felt his animal's eyes upon us—cunning, unscrupulous, full of hate."

"I've felt it, too, dear," comforted Claire, "and didn't dare tell."

"It's out now, Claire, little girl, and I know him. It will be worse than torture for us to live in the same house with him."

She shivered and instinctively drew close to him. Suddenly her face flushed, and her eyes went wide with a wonderful thought. She drew his head down and whispered a string of tremulous words.

"Great Scott! you dont mean it?" cried Joe, thunderstruck. Her face was all aglow now, under the golden tangle of hair, with the pride of sacrifice. "What!" Joe went on; "give up the wedding and the presents and your friends—everything?"

She nodded. Joe seized her hand impulsively.

"You're the man-end of this team, Claire," he declared, "and while it will be a shock to the old folks, it's the only way out." And with her arm drawn thru his and talking like rapid-fire guns, the conspirators made their way thru the gate and disappeared down the street.

Nothing more was seen of Joe that evening, tho late at night his parents heard him pacing his room and tumbling things about.

"Love-insomnia!" muttered Mr. Williams, and thought nothing more about it.

In the morning, as they entered the living-room, an air of desertion seemed to hang over the place, and Mrs. Williams noticed that Claire's picture was gone from the mantel. "She will soon be here to take its place, the dear," she thought, and picked up her sewing-things from the table.

"HER EYES WERE BRIGHTER THAN THE GOLD"

A blotched envelope met her eyes, and she looked at it with foreboding as she adjusted her glasses. She read aloud:

> When you read this, dear mother, Claire and I will be married. It seems heartless, but we are going away without seeing you again. Be brave, mother dear; I can see the tears stealing into your eyes now. Some day, when I've made a fortune in the West, you will know the reason. I am asking of Will only that he take my place. That's all now—I'm loving you more than ever.
>
> JOE.

"John, John!" she implored, turning to Mr. Williams, "am I dreaming this terrible thing? What does it mean?"

"It's an elopement, sure enough," said the contrite Mr. Williams, sadly; "the boy must have taken my fun to heart. How about it, Will?" he asked, suddenly wheeling upon the older brother.

The glassy stare of the tiger's eyes in the rug swept from Will's face under his father's glance.

"It's the way of youth," he said—"wolf-cruel. Only with later years comes a love that measures things."

His father turned away without a word, and from the dining-room, over the breakfast things, his mother's faint sobs came in to him. The gas-logs of a damp, early morning were burning, casting waving shadows across the great tiger-skin. Will threw himself upon it, and the blood slowly trickled again from the gash in his face.

"Ah, Jacob, Jacob!" he thought, "you have done a foolish thing, and have left an enemy behind to smear your memory."

Five years warmed and whitened over the land, leaving the toll of its summer furrows and winter's snow on the cheeks and hair of the cribbage players. Will had left them long since, off on his wanderings again. Each winter's night, with the wind from the sea guttering in the chimney, they had set a lighted lamp in the window against the return of the brothers—and each morning they had trimmed the charred wick again.

At first, many letters had come to the house, in Joe's big, schoolboy scrawl—letters on rough paper and postmarked from mining towns in Colorado, Nevada and as far away as California. But they never quite reached their destination—Will saw to that—and, finally, their little heart-

"YOU CANT GIT THRU TO TH' YUKON TILL THE ICE BREAKS UP" (page 49)

beats of news and homesickness and new hopes fluttered out altogether and lay still in the breast of the writer.

Once Joe wrote gladly, with a song in every word, that a little girl had been born to Claire and him, and that her eyes were brighter than all the gold in the riffle-boxes. And again he wrote that they were desperately poor and needed money to join the rush to the new goldfields in the Yukon country.

"Ah, little brother!" smiled Will, as he burned the letter, "life begins to pinch, and you squirm and cry out

under it. It's the way of bankrupts, and my clear duty is to seek you out."

The following week he was gone. "Just wanderlust, mother," he had yawned, and she had dutifully packed his trunk and set the lamp in the window for the two missing ones. The tiger-skin rug still lay before the fire, and all the evening long the shadows played across it, and its yellow glass-eyes blinked ominously at the restless light. . . .

It was the hour preceding day in the frozen North —night, yet not darkness, only a soft, subduing absence of the sun's rays brooding over the hills and valleys. Towering mountain ranges lay like bare, black curtains to the north and south. Each tree on the trail glistened with its mantle of feathery whiteness.

A bearded giant of a man stood on the summit of the fearsome Chilkoot Pass and peered at the heroic panorama of sleeping Nature spread out before him. His half-starved dogs lay in the packed snow, panting from their climb.

And then, as he stood in awe, a weird and formless presence shaped in the sky, and the stars seemed to scamper on silvery bellows of cloud. An electric crackle and sparkle broke the uncanny stillness, and suddenly the sky was smeared with belts of yellow, changing into every color of the rainbow. Snow-covered lakes and somber forests took shape in the flat bowl of the huge valley. The mighty overture of the birth of day in the North had unfolded its spell.

"HE CAME TO, WITH JOE BENDING OVER HIM" (page 50)

The man drew back, muttering; the bigness of the world before him and the sun-glare from a thousand hills and meadows confused his wits. Then, gathering his dog-reins close, he plunged almost headlong toward the pit of the valley.

At a little log settlement on the banks of an ice-lake he stopped for food and shelter. The keeper of the hotel dosed him prodigally with beans and whisky and answered his questions freely. Was he an old settler on the Yukon trail? Was it possible to get thru to the Klondike country? Had he heard of a man on his way to the diggings by the name of Joe Williams?

"Hold hard, stranger," said the good-natured settler; "it's ed-diket here to answer first instead of arsk. A newspaper's worth an ounce of dust and a trademark on a pick handle is worth more'n a prayer. Yes, I'm here three years —three centuries 'bout as long— an' you cant git thru to th' Yukon till the ice breaks up. As fer Joe Williams, he's a young feller that's took to trappin' up Tagish way. Him an' his purty chit of a wife hadn't no outfit and liked to starve to death, but they're makin' their grub trappin' furs and meat for th' settlement."

The stranger thanked him and was off. It was snowing. A frigid wind was setting up the valley, whirling the flakes like knife-cuts against his face. It must have been sixty below zero, for his breath struck the air with

a crackle like the electricity in hair. The forming ice in his beard and eyelashes began to trouble him.

"Why in h—ll did I grow this thing?" he asked himself; then, thinking of the inappropriateness of the oath, he laughed.

Toward two o'clock it began to grow dark, and he floundered on helplessly, sometimes losing the trail and staggering and slipping thru the tundra hummocks. But, somehow, his faithful dogs dragged him back to the trail.

"If I can only hold out," he cried, "if I can only—— Bah! it's a beautiful place to die in, anyway."

Presently his left arm dropped to his side and swung stiffly, like a pendulum. It was frozen as hard as rock.

"There's one left," he said, and staggered feebly on.

In a little while he stopped dead-still, and the snow drifted up to his boot-tops.

"Joe, Joe!" he called thru the gloaming, "you are stronger than I, you pup—love is greater than hate, after all. How I hate——"

Just as the bark of a far-off dog took up the call of his own, he sank on his face into the soft bed of the snow.

He came to, with Joe bending over him and a whisky-flask pressing against his clenched teeth. His eyes were locked shut with a film of ice, and he felt only the heat pouring into him.

Suddenly he felt the earth slipping away from under him, and heard the strain and creak of a dog-pack in harness. A ten-yard dog-whip whistled thru the air and snapped against the fur of the leader with a report like a shotgun. A dozen pairs of padded feet scampered ahead of him as the sled-box quivered and flew across the mountainous drifts. By his side the soft slip-slop of snowshoes told him that his savior, whoever he was, was keeping up with him. He was alive, then, he dimly figured out thru his stupor, and was being borne on the wings of the frozen night.

With the sun beating thru the open cabin-door, he started from his sleep and opened his eyes. His glance centered on the bent head of a man who was rubbing something roughly at his side. Presently he realized that the thing so industriously treated was his arm, and that he knew the man bending over it. A young and graceful woman stood near-by, holding a pan of snow, and her he recognized also with a start.

Will continued to stare thru smarting eyes, and saw that they had not identified him. Was it the irony of fate, he thought, that had carried him blind and lifeless to their very door and snugged him, like a snake, in their sleeping-bunk? Fate or luck, he decided to make the most of it.

Finally the young man rose up, his face rosy with exercise.

"I guess the arm's coming around all right, Claire," he said. "I've started the blood." He picked up his Winchester and walked to the door. "I'm off for the traps. Dont forget," he admonished; "plenty of strong coffee and rub, rub, rub."

His words were jerked back in time to the step of his snowshoes. Will listened to the fainter and fainter slur of their thongs, and then all was silence.

"Coffee!" he said faintly, and the woman in the doorway started as if a gun had gone off back of her. A little girl, whom he had not noticed before, ceased playing with a dog and came over to stare at him curiously.

As Claire brought him a tin cup of steaming coffee, the child continued to eye him with distrust. The hot, strong narcotic sent a stream of new blood seeking thru his veins.

"What's your name, young 'un?" he asked gruffly.

"Jane, pleath," she lisped, "an' I'm four."

"Jane? There aint any such name," he contended.

She shook her crown of golden curls in disputation. "Yeth there ith; it's my grandmama's own truly one."

The bearded man laughed.

"I guess I'll sleep now, Jane," he

said, lying back; "tho I dont believe you."

He shut his eyes, and Claire stole softly from the cabin.

"Jane," said the bearded man, after a spell of silence, "are you there?"

The child came up to him, unafraid this time.

"Where's your mother?"

"Faithful little retriever!" he encouraged, patting her head.

As Claire entered the cabin door with an armful of wood, Will began to slice the beard from his face. She watched him in silence, wondering at his steady hand.

First the smooth, dark cheeks appeared, and he stopped to watch her eyes. They showed only mild curios-

"PLENTY OF COFFEE, AND RUB, RUB, RUB"

The chuck-chuck of an axe against wood in the distance answered, and he closed his eyes again and groaned. "Claire's little hands," he whispered.

"Jane," he said again, huskily, "fetch me your papa's razor from where you've hid it."

" 'Taint gone from th' shelf," she challenged, with wide eyes.

"Thanks," he smiled; "and the soap?"

The child brought a cake of yellow fat to him obediently.

ity, and he went on with his work. A short, scarlet lip freed itself from the heavy hair and hung bare above its fellow. Still she showed only surprise, with a little, puzzled frown gathering on her low forehead.

With a few swift strokes he bared his lower lip, and the pair met in a naked, sinister smile. Then, suddenly, Claire's eyes fixed with horror, and the faggots came tumbling from her shaking arms.

"You know me?"

"Will! What brings you——"

"Yes; I have tracked you across the Chilkoot and into the guts of no-man's land. Quick," he ordered, as she shrunk away from him, "bundle the child up and help me to the sled."

"Will, Will, have mercy!" she cried, falling to her knees.

"Mercy!" he sneered; "it's a word for fools and priests." He tried to get up, his revolver wavering in his hand. "Mercy? What mercy had you the night you fled the house in your lustful haste and left the old folks pierced to the heart? And me——" His high-pitched voice choked with the thought of his wrong.

"Must we go—with you?" Her words expressed loathing, terror, fascination—everything.

"Yes, I'm in a hurry to be off. I'm helpless." His voice lowered musically. "A few hours in your sweet company and I'll be on my pegs again. I'll stride by your side. I'll love—I'll hate in the wilderness."

Impelled by the madness of his eyes, the miserable woman helped him to the door, where he leaned as she harnessed the pack of yelping dogs.

LITTLE JANE IS AFRAID OF THE STRANGER

As the sun glowered above the treeless, white hills, the long string of animals sprang to the crack of the whip, and the sled spun loose from its snow moorings. Strange to say, Will held the sleeping child in his arms in the sled, and Claire, the wife, walked, humbled and mute, by his side.

As Joe plowed home in the dusk of night, he saw no candle-light from the cabin window, nor did the yapping of

the hungry dogs greet him from far afield.

It was a singularly clear, still night, with the northern lights casting their aura on the snow, yet the friendly smudge of a cooking supper did not float like a nun's veil above his roof. He always loved to sniff the burning spruce, and as for the dogs, they were used to leap in gluttonous glee against the white-sheeted logs.

Now all lay silent, sightless, without sound.

Joe pushed on, with a lump of foreboding rising in his throat. His string of cheery halloos simply would not rise above a tiny, mouse-like squeak.

Suddenly he squatted down in the snow and stared at two sharp cuts in its surface. The sled! and a hundred little paw-holes in its track!

Joe straightened up and took to running. He felt now that something terrible had happened. The cabin door swung open to his shove, and he stumbled into its blackness.

Joe lit a match and stared about him. The place was completely deserted—not even a thieving dog to cower away from him. And all about, in the toss of haste, lay evidences of a hurried departure.

The match burned down to his fingers and went out with a sullen hiss against the icy glove. Joe groped his way to the wall and took down his cartridge-belt. Thank heaven! that was still left to him. His heavy walrus moccasin struck some object that shattered under it, and he cursed in fear and lit another match. It was Jane's doll, her head trodden in like an egg-shell, and the tears sprang to his eyes at the sight of the end of her sawdust pilgrimage.

Then he was out in the night again, loping, with the speed of a dog, in the track of the coffin-like sled.

Dawn came again—murky, yellow, golden, violet and pink. As the sun crept in full, round glory above the range, it looked down upon a scene of unusual human activity. Will's sled lay, careened and stalled, on a rising slope, with the dogs badly snarled in their harness. They had taken to impatiently milling around and around the sled, and Will, with threatening whip, darted its lash at the leaders. With all his powerful frame, and the drink-craze of the night back of it, the contrary thing only wound its live lengths tightly round his body. Claire, buried deep in her *paska,* lay back in the sled and, holding Jane, watched his unskillful moves.

And coming up the trail, in plain sight back of them, was the ghost of a tottering man on snowshoes.

Will had by now gotten his pack in some sort of order and raised his whip to start them.

Joe instantly stopped in his tracks and unslung his rifle for a long, carefully aimed shot. A miss, and good-by to the scampering dogs and their precious burden.

He studied the exact spot where he wanted to hit the stranger; rubbed the frost from his rifle-sights, and raised the gun to his shoulder. It glistened like a heliograph in the dazzling sun.

Will had turned and stared stupidly at the doll of a man in the distance. As a tiny jet of flame leaped from the Winchester, he jumped, with an oath, to one side.

The bullet caught him fairly in the shoulder and turned his bulk fairly over in the snow. But, in a second, he was up, roaring like a bull, and running toward the sled.

Little Jane had raised her furry head, and he seized upon it, flinging her out at his feet. Claire struggled wildly with her furs, but he held her down with an iron arm, and whipping onto the box-board, called to the dogs.

The frightened beasts plunged in their collars, and despite the double load, had soon crested the slope and were off like startled caribou on the long, downward trail.

As for Joe, aching and spent, he managed barely to reach the huddled figure of sobbing little Jane. Over the crest of the slope slid the stranger and Claire—out of his life, and be d——d to them!

Little Jane remained, the child of shame—his mother's child and his. And he cuddled down by her, grasping and kissing her tear-swollen face again and again.

Night fell again on Joe's cabin, the third since his return, and Jane lay almost lifeless in his arms.

For three days he had not dared to leave the room, and fuel had become a haunting problem to him.

"Here goes, Little Jane," he muttered; "the birch table that your mama liked so." His axe crashed into the beautiful wavy grain of it, and the thing lay shattered at his feet. A fire crept up from the ashes, sullenly, and he held the limp child perilously close to it.

Outside it was snowing heavily, and he heard the drift against the logs and the soughing of the trees in the wind.

"How long, O Lord," he prayed, "must my test endure?"

Then he figured rapidly: the fuel of his furniture and bunk was good for two days; his food might hold out a day longer; after that—— He shuddered and pressed the child closer to him.

Thru the night came the husky call of "Arrah!" and he thought he picked up the distant tinkle of a dog-bell.

Yes; there it was again—a high, unnatural voice, with its pack-guiding call.

And then a rush of dogs thru the snow, and their clamor against the hut. Thru the glad din a knocking and beating fell upon the door, and he finally distinguished it.

Joe rolled little Jane up in his lynx-skin coat and rushed toward the welcome sound.

"Who's there?"

"It's me!" called a little, ungrammatical voice, and in an instant Joe had the door open and a mass of white snow staggered into his arms.

"Dont ask me how I got back—the dogs simply came," she said, somewhat later, by the roaring fire. Her eyes flashed, and she drew herself, shuddering, into his arms. "It was Will," she whispered; "he's dead out there in the spruce." Claire closed her eyes, as if shutting out the sight

WILL COMES TO THE END OF HIS JOURNEY

"THE PACK HAS SCENTED SOMETHING DOWN YONDER"

of Will forever. "It was horrible the way he stretched himself out—just like on the rug at home. And then the end came, with his hands fumbling for the bullet, and his eyes staring up at me."

"Dont go on, Claire—try to calm yourself, dear."

She lay close to him, and he drew the fur of the warm *paska* around her.

On the wind a long, low howl came down to them.

"What is it?" she asked, starting.

"Timber wolves, dear—their call. The head of the pack has scented something down yonder in the spruce."

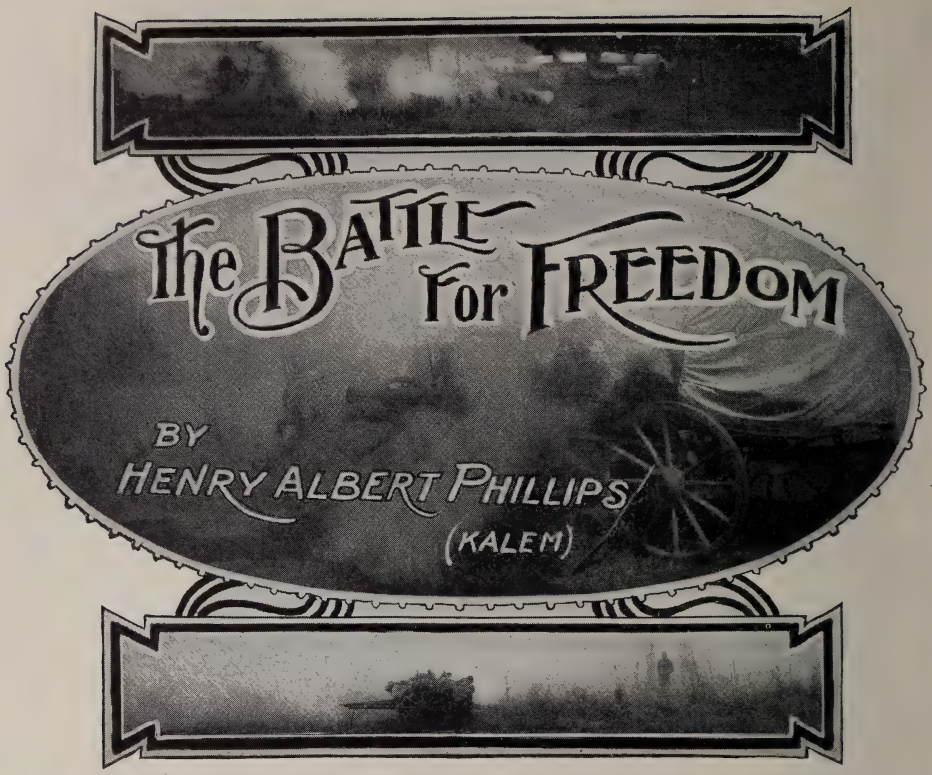
A Romance

By L. M. THORNTON

What's her name? It does not matter,
But I'm quite in love with her,
For I've never heard her chatter,
And she's not a giggling girl.
Sometimes she's arrayed in satin,
Sometimes garbed in gown of lace;
All she wears to me is Latin,
For I only see her face.

She can dance, her every motion
Fills me with a sweet unrest;
She can swim—why, stern old Ocean,
Laughing, clasps her to his breast.
Tho my hand I fain would proffer,
Ever is my courage weak,
For 'tis hard my heart to offer,
When I've never heard her speak.

Love, they say, disdains a fetter;
Some time I shall dare my fate,
Breaking in, to know her better,
Thru that magic, whirling gate.
Each release I wait ecstatic,
As she greets me, young and gay,
Center of some scene romantic—
At the Motion Picture play.



THE war spirit in Jacobsdal had been smouldering—as it had been thruout all Transvaal—for many months. The inhabitants of the little village hid their feverish excitement under a vain show of unconcern and unwonted festivities. But there was a false ring to it all, and an atmosphere so taut that it almost twanged disagreeably if any unusual sound disturbed the surrounding hills.

The burghers, their wives and families assembled every Saturday night in the rough but spacious room of Piet Joubert's home that served for every purpose except sleeping-room. Here the men smoked much and talked a little in sinister, deep tones, while the women huddled in whispering groups in the dim corners. At intervals, Piet Joubert himself would break thru the gloom and smoke to command a lame old fellow to play a tune, that they all might be merry and have a dance. But no one made a movement until the wheezy accordeon limped into the movement of a patriotic air—then the dance began, with the thud of heavy boots.

The men held their sweethearts in a clasp that went deeper than the brush of a coat-sleeve, and husbands embraced their wives with a strength and power that suggested the sturdy, endless hills that they had come to call their own.

Once their voices rose, and there was murmur of laughter that was of the heart, not the lips, and the evening seemed about to touch the hem of Pleasure, when there was a swift patter of horse's hoofs on the short bridge in the valley. The dancing ceased instantly. The men thronged the doorway, and women shrunk back in the corners again.

A minute later, a dusty horseman burst into the room, too exhausted for a moment to speak. Piet Joubert grasped him by the hand and leaned forward to catch his words. The next moment he turned a slightly pale face to the men about.

"The English!" His voice was hoarse and keyed to hatred. "The English have crossed our border! They have invaded Transvaal soil! Go home and sleep tonight—God knows when and where the work that

begins in the morning will cease! Good-night—brothers and sisters—good-night!"

When they had passed down the road, Piet Joubert turned to the two women who remained. "You shall have greater cause to love your Transvaal now, my dear wife and daughter! Good-night, Ellen; we shall all be up early tomorrow!"

But Ellen did not sleep; this news had struck two deep gashes in her nature from which flowed a steady stream of memories that were life's blood. Ellen Joubert's blood was English, but her heart was Boer!

For the first time in all the fifteen years of her expatriation, her mind reverted to the terrible circumstances that led to her change of heart. Now she was the belle of Jacobsdal, with a heart that beat sturdily with Boer patriotism; then she had been but a little English child who could lisp "God Save the Queen" in a way that had brought tears to men's eyes.

But thru all these years she could not recall exactly what men these had been. Thru the dim distances her failing vision saw a man; there came an echo of his voice, that was sweet and gentle, that suddenly ceased as tho choked with tears; behind him he left a fragrance of tobacco that was strangely different from Vater Piet's pipe. Another face had haunted those childhood dreams. It was that of a boy scarcely sixteen.

Ah! that recalled something else—the locket and the picture! The gray-haired man with the gentle voice gave this boy and her each a locket. That is what had made the tears come into his voice. Then she had left the big English town, that Vater Piet had told her must have been Cape Town, in a great, lumbering wagon. But by her side walked another man.

Tears involuntarily welled in her eyes and blurred the beloved kopjes nestling outside her window in the moonlight. The explanation trembled on her lips, "Father!"

The agony of the week that followed again etched itself upon her vision. The shouts of the native drivers; the blows on the backs of the faithful oxen; the dazzling heat of the African sands, and then the maddening thirst that tore thru their veins like boiling liquid! How they rushed, for hours and hours, toward the charted water-hole—and found it dry! Only one barrel remained for all. And an order was given to shoot the first water-thief. Then in the moonlight, with fear and trembling, she had seen her father steal almost the last drop of water—*for her.*

The streaming tears were all for England that moment.

And then the day that followed! Thirst made madmen of the negroes first. There was a terrible struggle. Some one was killed—and the water was upset in the bottomless sands. Then the long, long wail for "Water!" that kept up for hours and hours, and the horrid, huddled forms, with always the outstretched hands and the protruding tongues!

How perverse, that all the horrors stood out clear in her memory, while the beautiful deeds were but vague stirrings of pathos!

What a hero her father had been! Not a drop of the precious water would he drink from the leaky canteen. They actually struggled to make each other drink it. The last thing he did was feebly to clasp the locket and press it to his swollen lips. Then she, too, faintly remembered the blood-red vision that finally overtook her amid breaths that rasped her lungs and throat like hot saws.

Next came consciousness and Vater Joubert's. A party of horsemen had picked her up at the last moment. And so Vater Joubert's had meant life, love and patriotism!

And now England, the home of her fathers, had laid her hands violently on Transvaal—her home-land! There was no decision to be made. She did not even know her own identity. There was but one tangible tie, and that lay in the portrait contained in the locket—a sweet young face of another generation, with eyes filled

with mother-love. This, she knew, was the gaze of *her mother*. Her parents were dead; she was free to espouse new ties.

The next day Piet Joubert rode away at the head of a determined band of Jacobsdallans, bristling with arms and loaded with ammunition.

section were being forced back, step by step, by superior numbers.

Day by day some new evidences of the horror of war came within range of Jacobsdal. One evening the vale was swarmed with a retreating gush of Boers pushing frantically rearward in an effort to join their main

"ALMOST THE LAST DROP OF WATER"

It was nearly a month before they were again heard from, altho rumors of fierce fighting had come thru refugees who were pressing inland to escape the invading foe. The villagers were awakened one morning by a rumbling that they at first attributed to distant thunder. It kept up steadily all day. By daylight the next morning ambulances began to straggle thru the vale, bearing the living toll of war. The Boers in that division and to hold back a large force of English advancing from the south. They hurried thru Jacobsdal with the news that the troop from that place was less than a day's march off, supporting a regiment of infantry. They were making the enemy fight for the possession of every kopje and pay a premium in blood for every advantage.

Next day Piet Joubert and the remnant of his band themselves rode

over the little bridge in the vale. They had hurried in for provisions and to warn the stay-at-homes that Jacobsdal was doomed, and to make immediate preparations to depart. Not more than four hundred of the thousand infantry remained, altho three regiments of the enemy had been practically decimated. If they could hold on a little longer they could possibly break the courageous enemy's spirit.

daybreak. But we must either destroy all our possessions here or have some sort of reinforcement. One more encounter may break their devilish spirit. Pray God it will! Are there any here who think they can fire a gun tomorrow who have not been out yet?"

There was a silence in which the general deep breathing could be heard. At length Ellen Joubert stepped to her foster-father's side.

"THEY ACTUALLY STRUGGLED TO MAKE EACH OTHER DRINK IT"

By nightfall the Boer wagon-train filed into the valley and was promptly loaded with food and supplies. Even the musketry could now be heard just beyond the pass. Piet Joubert that night called his townsmen together in the great room that had served for their dances not a month before.

"Tomorrow the English will be upon Jacobsdal," he announced solemnly. "I know that practically every man who can carry a gun is out there among the hills waiting for

"Vater Joubert," she said, "we, the women of Jacobsdal, will help in the fight tomorrow."

"You cannot," replied Piet Joubert, decisively. "You women shall get into the carts tonight."

"But, Vater Joubert," persisted Ellen, "more than half of the oxen have perished, and the carts cannot be moved. We have talked it over; a score of us are ready to go out with the men tomorrow."

Piet Joubert said nothing, which was affirmative to those who knew

him. He had been considering the horrors of that trackless, endless journey thru the desert inland, in which Ellen, as a child, had nearly perished. It was easy enough to trap the English in its meshes, but to women and children it meant worse than death.

When daylight broke, the Boer lines had taken up a position just above the pass. An hour afterward, the English pressed into the breach themselves, and were met by a heavy artillery fire from two cannon commanding the pass.

The English commander had learnt tactics adapted to the guerilla methods of his foe. The Boers always sought the summit of a kopje and held it until the enemy had driven them from it at the point of the bayonet. Thereupon they fled to another position of vantage. In this manner one hundred good marksmen could withstand a thousand besiegers. The English had become more cautious with experience. The commander now tried out the strength of a party occupying a kopje by drawing the fire of the Boers thru a feint. Instead of charging, however, the enemy would drop at the critical moment, revealing the Boer firing-line. If the fire were heavy, they would advance cautiously; if it were light, they would fix bayonets and charge without delay.

"TO THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN IT MEANT WORSE THAN DEATH"

This maneuver was attempted in the first onslaught on the hill before Jacobsdal. If it had been successful, the English would have carried the day in the very first onslaught. But Joubert had watched this tactic once too often. He massed the entire Boer

force on a single promontory; the infantry scattered in a semi-circle, cavalry on the receding slope out of sight, and the few pieces of artillery parked so as to rake the enemy the moment they were forced into full retreat.

Thru a glass, Joubert saw the English forming in a long, thin skirmish line that would take in three sides of the hill and become denser as it ascended. They were, at least, seven to one of the Boers. A detachment was sent forward, as usual, to draw the fire and gauge the Boer strength. There was but a scattered, weak response to the invitation. There was a bugle call to "Fix bayonets!" The column began to advance in a determined double-quick. Joubert saw that, even with his strategy, it was going to mean a terrific struggle. His one general command was to be cautious and to exercise restraint.

The enemy fairly swarmed the hillside, each man bending low to escape the desultory fire that seemed sure to come, and gripping firmly his gun, which he had been commanded to fire once in the face of the foe before charging with the bayonet. There was not a sound, however, save the crunching of feet and the jingle of scabbards. The English were plainly nervous over the ghostliness of their reception and began to lose their confidence. Still they advanced, until the leaders nearly trod upon the crouching Boers; then Joubert gave the command: "Fire—and retreat to the gully on the left!"

The enemy were obliged to pause at the very impact of the deadly fire, and for a moment all was confusion as the line wavered, stunned. In this propitious moment the entire force of Boers scurried, as best they could, into a gully and clambered up a steep path that gave them a position of firing vantage on the enemy's unengaged flank.

In the meantime Joubert and his cavalry gave the advancing column the contents of short, ugly carbines, and then drew their sabers and rode into the English ranks. There is little doubt but that even then they would have rallied had not the infantry begun to pump a steady fire into the ranks of the supporting flank, which was obliged to fall back when they were most needed to push forward. Soon the entire force was fleeing down the hillside, suffering great losses as they went. Halfway down the incline the cavalry turned back, just as the English cavalry was sent forward. The poor troopers came abreast their ill-fated comrades just as the artillery boomed forth. The big guns had been trained on the exact spot they were most needed. It was the worst defeat the English had yet suffered in this part of the country.

The enemy had been too sure and were intent on capturing their foe in this very onslaught that had been their undoing. As a stroke of fate, the enemy was reinforced by several companies of fresh combatants. The officers retired for a council of war. The Lieutenant-Colonel in command had been severely wounded, and his place was now taken by a young Major. Joubert was struck by his appearance as he caught his face thru the field-glass. He watched the conversation and was soon assured that this determined young officer meant to capture that hilltop and make his force surrender at any cost.

Joubert immediately issued an order to have the men set a decoy, by giving every evidence that the hilltop was occupied as before, leaving caps on trees and sticks, and then aiding the artillerymen in getting the cannon down into the valley as fast as possible. In an hour's time they had withdrawn a mile down in the valley and were making a fortress of earthworks about the abandoned wagon-train. The children and infirm were sent on out of range under a white flag, and then the remaining force stubbornly awaited the inevitable onslaught.

Ellen took her stand as near Joubert as she could, the two exchanging glances that spoke deeper than words.

In the meantime the English,

three miles beyond in the farther valley, were making elaborate preparations for a determined assault. This time, just as Joubert had surmised, they made no attempt to test out the strength of their enemy, but formed in a double column and came forward at a much slower pace than before. When within twenty feet of the summit they made a precipitate charge.

Again Joubert had his field-glass directed upon the young officer, who seemed to fascinate him. The young fellow was smiling at the hoax, and there was something in that smile that was strangely familiar. Some one touched Joubert on the arm. He turned and stepped back as tho he saw a ghost. Ellen was looking at him and laughing at the way the cartridge-belt hung about her neck.

"Look, Ellen!" he said solemnly, placing the glass to her eyes.

"A handsome fellow—if you mean the Major," she said.

"That is just it," murmured Joubert, and went off, musing.

The English now took their time in arranging their formation. They marched down to the plain and formed in battalions. Then the cavalry rode off to the other side of town, to form in the rear of the Boers. In the meantime a Gatlin gun was unlimbered within range on a promontory. Then the men were given a half-hour to rest.

All the time the Boers were working hard and setting a triple line of rifle-pits, prepared to make a stubborn resistance. The command was to hold each line as long as possible. The cavalry realized the seriousness of their plight when they were told to abandon their horses and put every man in the pits.

"THE BATTALIONS BEGAN TO ADVANCE"

There was a bugle-call, which was a signal that the English cavalry had arrived at their destination. Then the battalions began to advance. Joubert's command was that not a shot was to be fired until the whites of the enemy's eyes could be discerned. The English continued to advance with exasperating slowness, until unexpectedly they began to run forward and discharge their rifles as they did

so. Simultaneously there was a steady fire from the rear, and the message from the Gatlin began to spread death in the pits.

Joubert's force was not used to fighting on the plain, and their discipline was cast to the winds. They began to fire blindly. The women, not being used to fire, added to the confusion, and the besiegers would have won a complete victory then and into their blind retreat. Finally they were turned from their panic. The explosion had, it seems, made a breach all along the entire rifle-pits. The moment was at hand to burst thru. The Gatlin began to sing its song of death again. The English stood their ground and, by way of steadying their position, began firing in squads. The Boers were driven from one trench to another. At the

"THE WOMEN ADDED TO THE CONFUSION"

there had the Boers not played their trump card. Three mines had been planted in a line, scarcely five hundred feet from the earthworks. In the moment of their exultation it seemed as if the English ranks were blown high in the air in a consuming cloud of smoke and earth.

When the din of the terrific explosion had reverberated away among the hills, the Boers were again pumping lead into a retreating foe.

The young commander was frantic. He beat the men with the back of his sword and dashed his horse catastrophic moment one of their big guns burst, killing or wounding seven within range. The earthworks themselves were partly built of bodies.

Ellen had been slightly wounded twice; her powder-blackened face was streaked with crimson. Several of her women neighbors had been left in the trenches.

"We must surrender," whispered Joubert to the girl, as he looked about at the body-strewn ground, with tears in his eyes.

"No—no!" cried the girl, firing even as she spoke. A wild light of

the unconquered shone in her eyes and in every line of her defiant figure.

"Your handkerchief — anything— quick, Ellen!" cried Joubert, wiping away a little stream of blood made by a flesh-wound above his eye.

"Wait, please, until I shoot this once; it will be my most glorious shot!"

Joubert followed the barrel of her rifle, and then made a spring toward her, throwing the gun many feet away. She had been aiming at the heart of the English commanding officer, the young Major. The next moment the white emblem was shown, and there was a bugle-call to cease firing. The terrible battle for freedom was over. The Boer commander and his brave survivors were made captives.

The sun was sinking over their battle-ground when General Joubert handed his sword to Major Charles Willis, of the Seventeenth Cape Town Rangers. The men shook hands, and stood for a moment looking at each other, the one with admiration at a fallen enemy, the other with a vague inquiry. Behind Joubert stalked Ellen. She flung her rifle on the heap near the Major's feet and ignored his stare. She would have walked away with the rifle-belt still around her neck had not a subaltern stepped up and asked her to remove it. At first she was on the point of resenting the request; then, with difficulty, because of a badly bruised wrist, she half got the cartridge-belt over her head. Major Willis stepped forward to assist her. Something caught. The officer got a glimpse of the object and stepped back, with a little cry.

"May—I look at this?" he asked, and there was something in his voice that arrested the girl's angry retort. She looked beyond his eyes. There came back the face of her dreams—of a boy scarcely sixteen. Her eyes had never left his, altho he had taken another locket from his pocket. When he spoke to another officer to take his place and came to her side with a swift stride, she expected it. Soon Vater Piet Joubert and he and she were inside a tent that had been erected. The man was speaking in Dutch: "Tell me this, General: she is not your daughter?" Vater Piet shook his head. The next instant the man of battle was shedding tears in her hair, and she was sobbing on his shoulder. She waited for ever so long for him to say it. "My sister!" it came at last.

"My brother and my father," said Ellen, taking their hands and joining them with her own. "I could not battle again against either of you, because I love you too dearly. Once again my people are English, and my Boer heart cannot change. Vater Joubert, we have found my brother —may it lead to a speedy peace! Come, we are prisoners, brother. See, I would have slain my brother even as these have slain and been slain by their brothers! The lesson has been terrible—the lust of hate! My life long shall I devote to a battle of peace!"

My Pleasure

By LEON KELLEY

Some people take their pleasure
In a far and diff'rent measure
Than the way which I can treasure
As my own, own little way.

Some would live a life of wine, and
Some would live from mouth to hand,
And others 'd listen to a band—
But not those things for me.

In a dinner some will find it;
Others say they love to grind it
In an office, and not mind it,
If the coin they make all day.

I dont wish a cabaret or show,
Nor an auto, whether fast or slow.
The only thing I want to know
Is the photoshow's bright glee.

This story was written from the photoplay of ANNE STORY ALLEN

DAWN. A mist of wet bird-wings and faint, sweet morning cries; the unheard sound of flower-buds unclosing in the pungent woodlands; the crescendo of a brook shrilling from the far dark forest deeps into the tuneful light; a staccato of dewdrops dripping from the morning-gilded leaves. He bent lower over the keyboard, trembling. It was chipped and yellow—a sordid loom on which to weave his fantasy of sound. His long fingers quivered like delicate nerve-filaments, with a touch that was a caress. As they lingered upon the keys, they seemed to listen and to answer—dawn: the phrase there should be rosy, delicate, like the first ecstasy of the sunrise—ah, that was it!—the dawn vocal in pine strings; here a grace-note—ah——

John Carroll's sensitive soul winced from the travail of noise that broke in upon his ear-mindedness defiantly thru the closed doors. Brutal! How was a man going to think beautiful sounds with a racket like *that* about him? If it were a hand-organ or a fire-engine or a steam-siren he would not notice it, but, with his reverence for the violin, such noises were blasphemous. He resented it as a monk resents an oath. One of Silvia's pupils again, just as he was getting into the spirit of his theme! His delicate day-dream of notes fell about him in broken shreds and gleams. To his fingers the keys felt inanimate, mute—chipped, yellow, voiceless things once more. He glanced at the shabbiness about him with the fretful impatience of a rudely awakened child, savagely pushed away the piano-stool, and flung his scribbled notes violently to the floor. In a musician temper is spelled Temperament. John Carroll believed himself abused.

In the living-room the insulted violin expressed its feelings freely in quavery grunts and hysterical shrieks as the bow stammered under unsure, childish fingers. In Silvia's flushed face the sounds were reflected as in a mirror. Her eyes sought the clock for relief.

"Practice the minor scales again for next time, Bella," she directed, as

the warm, anxious little girl banged her miserable instrument at last into its case and reached for her hat and coat in joyous release.

"Remember to keep your wrist limp and not to flat your high C's."

The pupil apparently locked her directions into the case, snapped the clasp viciously and immediately became a little girl, instead of an embryo musician. As the door slammed cheerily in her wake across Silvia's tense nerves, she dropped into a chair with a tired little thud that joggled her ambitious attempt at a laugh into something very near a sob.

"Some days, Beethoven," she addressed the marble bust on the top of the piano in a quaint little burst of confidence, "are like symphonies, and some are just disagreeable discords. Today is a discord. Did you ever hear such awful noises as the pot-boilers make? I thought I saw you shudder at that last child. Even if you are marble, I should think it would hurt. Next time I'll take you into John's room during lessons to spare you—"

"*Silvia!*"

The tangle of worry-lines on her forehead unwound hastily.

"Yes, dear. Why, you Poor, Tired Boy; come here and be kist this minute. You've got the most end-of-the-world expression — is it — is it— the *Work,* John?"

He nodded gloomily, looking at her with tragic, reproachful eyes.

"If you can tell me how a man can work in that infernal racket——"

His long-suffering tone implied that Silvia was indulging a selfish whim by giving music lessons. Tears of self-pity glistened in the child-eyes, wistful for their stolen dream. If his words hurt her she gave no sign. It was a mother-face she turned to him, and mother's faces are selfless, tender, yearning, like that of the Madonna on the wall.

"I know, dear—I mean I can guess how it must disturb you"—as if she did not know! "What's wrong with the Work, Boy-dear—tell me."

"It's all wrong, Silvia—all wrong. I was a fool to believe I could write a concerto! It's trash——"

"It's splendid!" she flashed indignantly. She snatched her violin from the table and swept stormily across the hall. "Just stay where you are, Man o' Mine, and I'll show you whether it's trash or not!"

He huddled in a chair, head sunken on his breast. A sick fright oppressed him. Suppose he had reached the end. Suppose he could not write another note of the melodies that sang thru his brain; suppose—oh, horrible!—suppose that they should stop singing! Every artist knows the fear. It is worse than dread of death, this dread of impotency. Suddenly, like a reassuring hand, the strains of Silvia's violin crept comfortingly into his sick musings. Strong and pure the notes rang out, set free from the pulsing strings by a master-hand. But it was not Silvia's playing that he heard. It was his music—glowing, appealing, true. There was morning in it: the surprise of the world at the sunrise; the stir of awakening; wet bird-wings; faint, sweet morning cries. He leaned forward in his chair, breath panting to his lips in sobs of relief. Why, it was wonderful—and it was *his!* He had dreamed those melodies, caught them, pinioned them into notes—he *himself* alone! His fingers felt the need of paper and pencil for his swarming ideas. He hurried across the hall.

"It's good—good—good!" he cried. "I can finish it now. I see it all—it's like lifting a curtain where it was dark—it is good, isn't it, Silvia?"

He was eager for praise, like a child for whom the whole world's efforts are eclipsed by his own brave deed. Her eyes were suddenly mother-wet. "Yes, dear—it's a great concerto. Now you can finish it—"

"Yes, yes, I can finish it now," he repeated. His questing fingers sought the keys, quivering in every fine blue vein. Dawn; the quiver of new-roused wild things on the moorland; shy, furtive feet a-rustle in the grass——

Silvia slipped silently away. In her arms she carried the violin, and she held it closely, tenderly against her bosom, curiously like the way a mother carries her child.

Late that evening, so late that it was almost early morning, John Carroll stumbled from the closed room, with wavering footsteps and a drawn, ecstatic face. In the cramped little living-room Silvia sat sewing, the needle straying erratically with the straying of her thoughts. At his step she sprang up, and the sewing fell in a white drift about her feet. Her eyes questioned him, but she could not speak for the tumult in her heart.

"YES, YES, I CAN FINISH IT NOW"

"It is done! It is good!" He was searching vaguely about the room.

"What is it, dear?"

"My hat and coat; where are they? I'm going to take the concerto to Nada Malinsky, the violinist. If she will only consent to play it——"

Silvia was laughing softly, her cool fingers against his fevered cheeks.

"Do you know what time it is, You Crazy Boy?" she cried. "Half-past midnight, as sure as you're a great composer, my dear! Now I'm going to make you a cup of tea and a slice of toast-and-butter-and-jam and tuck you to sleep just as if you were my little boy instead of my six-foot-two!"

But later, as she came back into the sitting-room to turn out the light, she paused an instant before the bust of Beethoven, looking down wistfully into the blank, blind, marble eyes. "Oh, Mr. Beethoven," she said whimsically, "suppose you'd written a bee-yeautiful concerto and suppose your wife could play—well, not so very badly, wouldn't you ask *her* to play it at the concert instead of Nada Malinsky? Wouldn't you now, Mr. Beethoven?"

The drawing-room of a great Russian violinist is a cruel contrast to the sitting-room of a three-room apartment, back. John Carroll interpreted all his experiences in the terms of sound. To him the shaded

daylight drifting in thru dark silk curtains, the easy luxury of the furnishings, the flowers and colors of the room were audible, harmonic. The white-and-gold piano tempted his restless fingers. Why not, very softly—as he waited for the violinist?

Nada Malinsky paused in the doorway, beautiful brows lifted in displeased surprise. A stranger at her piano—it was unpardonable! But what music! In spite of her vexation she listened. The musician's fingers seemed to fondle the keys, loving the feel of them. The strains were like a fragrance—no, not just that; more like faint, iridescent colors—ah, no! it was like the splash of the breeze against one's face—the *sounds* of flowers and trees and sky. It was of a wonder—this playing! As the last note faltered across the room she swept forward and seized the player's hands with Slavic exuberance of admiration. In the half-light of the room her beautiful face glowed starlike down upon him, dazzling him. He stumbled to his feet, fumbling with words of apology and explanation, but she waved them aside impatiently.

"No, no, ne-vair min' those thing," she cried. "Firs', ees this—what you say?—*origeenal?*"

"Yes, madame—I wrote it and—"

"And I will play eet!" cried the Russian, vivaciously, running her slender finger-tips across the music that Carroll proffered her, as tho feeling the sound. "In a mont' at the gran' *concairt* at Carne*gee* Hall!"

Her glance strayed to the tall figure before her, noting the mass of black hair, the sensitive face quivering now with joy, the shallow, dreaming eyes.

"But you mus' play eet for me—we mus' practeese moch!" added the violinist, firmly.

Nada Malinsky was very much a woman as well.

In the next few weeks Carroll came more and more often to the luxurious drawing-room. At first it was the practice that drew him there; finally the woman. He listened to her, grateful to the art that was to express his work in perfect terms. Then, one day, he looked at her. The miracle of her art drew back before the miracle of her womanhood. Carroll saw the world in sounds—he saw her as a perfect strain of music; there was melody in the swaying of her head on her slender throat, in the curves of her figure, the supple movements of her strong, white arm with the muscles rippling beneath the smooth skin. He could almost have taken her down in half and quarter notes, bars and clefs as she stood beside him, her upraised violin a-quiver with the birth of its beautiful sounds.

Silvia did not translate her heartache into words of reproach. Day by day the cramped little apartment rang with her pupils' cheerful discords. After lessons she felt a whimsical impulse to sweep the room clear of the lost flats and sharps and the broken, mutilated notes that had been scattered from the strings.

"I declare, Beethoven, I can almost *see* them—ugh!" she smiled drearily. "There behind the clock is a grace-note and three repeats, and under the piano there's a *b* flat and an *a* sharp. I'm glad we have a sense of humor, aren't you?"

But in the lonely evenings even a sense of humor becomes drowsy and inactive: when the upstairs baby is fretful, and the downstairs phonograph fatuously merry; when the clock ticks aggravating sentences instead of moments—"she is pret-ty—pret-ty — pret-ty — he is with her—with her—with her——" Silvia held long conversations with the marble bust in order not to listen.

"Of course, he has to practice a good deal now—the concert is day after tomorrow, you know," she reminded Beethoven, severely. "It will succeed—he will be famous!" But he had forgotten to kiss her good-by. "He's so busy," she cried fiercely; then her patient eyes filled with slow, hard tears. "If — the baby — had lived I could have borne it—better." The denied soul of her knelt, sobbing,

by her memories, as heartbroken mothers kneel to unlock a sacred chest and weep over the tiny, unworn dresses folded away within.

"Ah! eet ees one marvel—those be-yeautiful music, my fren'. To-night we will show them!"

Carroll swung around on the piano-stool. The Russian was bent above him, her eyes on the music-rack, her breath warm on his cheek. Artistic Temperament bade him take her in his arms.

"WITHOUT A GLANCE AT HIS WIFE HE HURRIED FROM THE ROOM" (p. 70)

"It is *you*—who are beautiful!" he stammered. In a moment she was in his embrace, head tilted to his white, unsmiling gaze, full red lips inviting. The kiss burned him. His arms relaxed, fell at his side. He stared down at her in bewilderment, like a child who has dared too far and is frightened. The same child-instinct hurried him, hat in hand, to the door, unheeding her angry words, into the street, thru the pitiless, impersonal crowd, to find Silvia. She would comfort him—she had never failed him yet.

"*John!* So early, dear? I'm glad!"

Suddenly he could not meet her clear, trusting eyes. He felt the kiss beside him like a guilty presence, surely visible to her. But Silvia saw only his white face, nerve-drawn and distressed.

"Poor Tired Boy," she cooed over him; "did he think everything was going wrong? Hush, dear, dont try to talk. Just sit down in the comfy-chair and I'll play a solid-silver lining into your cloud!"

The bow trembled in her fingers as she tightened it. A strange sense of impending consequences swept over her. Suppose she should fail? He must be aroused from his lethargy of discouragement before the concert—yet there was more than that: his happiness, hers seemed hanging on

her playing. The gallant spirit of her jeered at her woman-nerves. She tuned the strings, raised the violin steadily to her shoulder, poised the bow. For one brief instant she closed her eyes in a desperate little prayer: "Let me play—better—than I've ever done before——" The bow swept cleanly across the vibrant strings. Dawn, blinding in its glory; the sky

"I HAVE ONE—WHAT YOU SAY?—*IDEE*"

thrilled to a strange hymn of praise—all the earth-voices chanting up to Heaven in thanksgiving for the God-gift of the new, clean day——

John Carroll crouched in his chair, unheeding the wonder of her playing. His haggard eyes hardly saw the rapt little figure before him for the tumult in his soul. The thrill of the stolen kiss—shame, resentment against Silvia, self-pity—he could bear it no longer. Without a glance at his wife he hurried from the room. The bow jerked across the strings with a sound like a heartbroken cry. A whisper of silken skirts—Silvia looked up blindly into Nada Malinsky's glowing face.

"Hush!" The Russian's fingers were on her surprised lips. "I am Nada Malinsky. I came to bring the concairto to your hosban'—I was angry—I would not play—nevair min' why now. Then I stand on the stair—soch moosick! I bow to you, madame—you are one great musician! Your husban'—why did he tell me of you nevair before?"

The selfless tribute of artist to artist tingled in her voice, her eager hand-touch. Silvia's heart suddenly overflowed into painful words.

"He does not—know himself," she cried bitterly. "He has never *heard* me play!"

The Russian's eyes sparkled. She leaned close to Silvia, clapping her hands gleefully. "I have one—what you say?—*idee*. Listen! We will surprise those hosban', you and me!"

Behind the concert-stage John Carroll paced to and fro in a misery of taut and twinging nerves. When the soprano out there finished her selection Nada would play a Russian lullaby on the violin and then his concerto! He wished that the singer would finish—she dawdled frightfully over her high notes. No, no—he wished that she would keep on singing. Where was Silvia? She might have stayed with him, instead of slipping away as soon as they reached the hall. There! *That* was over. Hear them applaud! Would they applaud him as much?—at all? A sick fear swept over him. His fingers felt strangely rigid. He fumbled frantically for his music and stared at it distrustingly. It looked unfamiliar—he could hardly recognize the notes as his own. The strains of the lullaby tinkled across his mood like pin-pricks. He ran his fingers thru his damp hair until it stood uncannily on end. A burst of applause. The German accompanist was leading Nada from the stage.

A hand touched his shoulder. The Russian's face swam mistily before his blurring gaze. What was she saying? *Their number!* Impossible! He was to go out first and play the prelude; then she would come? He stumbled forward. So one in a dream walks, wondering whether it is truth or not. Beyond the footlights Something waited—he felt its presence vaguely as he dropped to the piano-stool—watchful, cruel. He must satisfy It. His nerveless fingers sought the keys. The prelude sounded mechanical to his agonized ears—fool that he had been to believe in his work! Well, it would soon be over!

"THE GERMAN ACCOMPANIST WAS LEADING NADA FROM THE STAGE"

Nearer he came to the opening note for the violin, every nerve in him tense with listening. Ah! here it was —*hark!*

Dawn—the primal wonder of creation—light breaking thru the chaos of the unformed world! He had never heard such playing. Could it be that he had written that music? stool and turned. The world reeled before his unbelieving eyes.

"Silvia!"

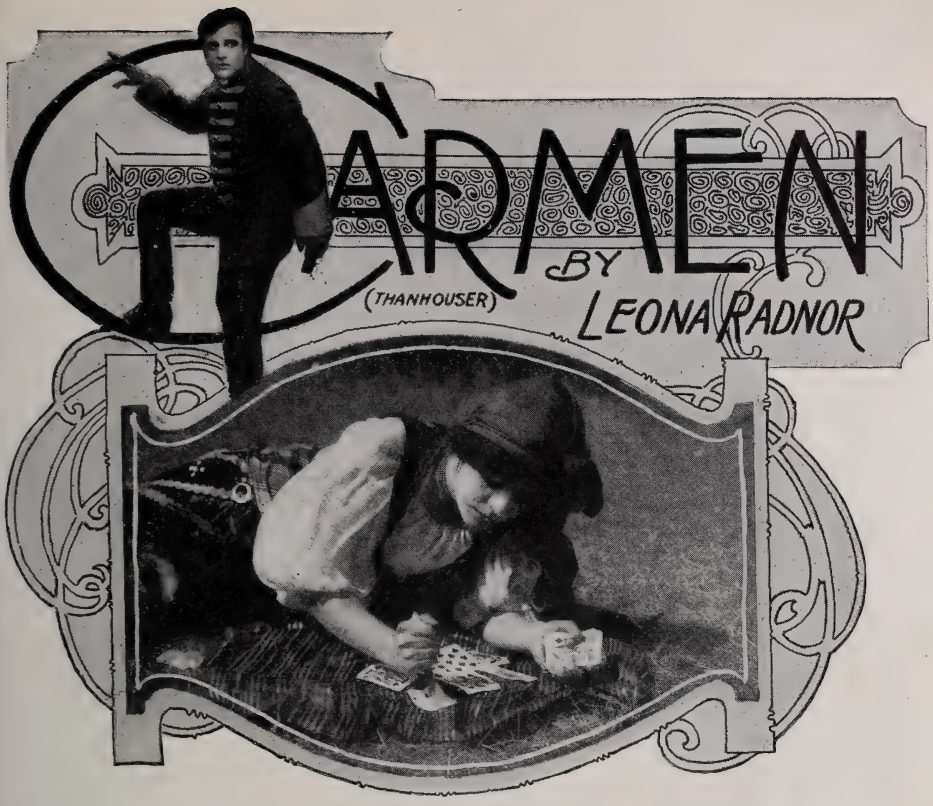
Their eyes met, hers wistful, yearning, mother-eyes; his humble with sudden tears. With a proud flinging back of his head Carroll faced the audience, silencing them with a gesture. "The concerto you have just

"THE WORLD REELED BEFORE HIS UNBELIEVING EYES"

The strong, pure notes rang higher, chanting the glory of creation. Shame humbled his heart. No, it was not his —that miracle of sound—his notes, yes, but the soul of the music was the player's, pure beyond his possibilities, noble as he could never be. As the last notes died away, and the air vibrated with the tumult of applause, John Carroll rose from the piano-

heard is my wife's," he said. "She has been my inspiration; she is my interpreter and my aspiration; she has given the soul to the poor body of my music."

As the great audience broke out into renewed cheering he turned to his wife, and, unmindful of watching eyes and tou esences, stooped reverently to erflowed into ivering lips.



THE sun-drenched plaza that opened up before the huge tobacco factory began to rouse from its noonday lethargy. Venders of fruits and flowers stirred in the shade of the trees. Groups of girls, laughing, chattering, shouting, crossed the patchwork of sunlight and shadow, on their way to the factory. The soldiers about the guardhouse door chaffed them as they passed, receiving, in return, many a sharp thrust from a vixen tongue. Among the soldiers there was one who did not join in the laughter. He was a young corporal, the straps upon his uniform but a few days old. He was already looking forward to his next promotion. Then he would go back to the little home in the Basque Mountains. How proud his good mother would be of her soldier son! And then he and Michaela would be married—Michaela of the angel face and the long, golden hair. The noise and movement in the square increased; but he bent over his sword, polishing it and paying no heed to the life about him. These girls of Seville, with their gaudy clothes and their bold manners, did not interest him. He had always the vision before him of Michaela, in her blue skirt and black bodice, and her golden tresses in two thick plaits over her shoulders.

So dreamed Don José, with a pang of nostalgia, but, withal, hopefully and peacefully. It was the last of such dreams. He became conscious of excitement about him; he heard a man exclaim: "Here comes the *gitanella!*" Looking up, he saw a woman approaching with a slow and supple swaying of the body. Her short, red skirt was torn and faded, her stockings were not guiltless of holes, and the tiny, red slippers were shabby. Yet, with consummate assurance, she glanced from right to left out of great, fiery black eyes, and her full red lips parted in a dazzling smile over the whitest of teeth. From one corner of her mouth drooped a rose, and another nestled in her hair.

"Carmen, the little gypsy!" Don José heard a soldier explain.

"MICHAELA OF THE ANGEL FACE,"

So this was Carmen! Carmen the irresistible; a Circe of wiles and allurements, who tired of a lover as soon as won. Don José regarded her curiously but unemotionally. Her brazen play for the admiration of the crowd went beyond his idea of pardonable coquetry. As her great eyes met his with a sudden, ardent interest, he parried her stare and turned away, undazzled.

"Ha! ha!" laughed one of the girls, "there is one man that Carmen cant twist round her finger!"

Carmen turned upon her in a blaze of fury.

"Shut up!" she screamed, "or I'll twist my fingers around your nose!"

Then, with an exaggerated swaying of the hips, she approached Don José.

"There's the factory bell. Coming, Carmen?" called the girls.

"When I get ready," she threw back over her shoulder. To José, as she circled about him: "*Compadre,* you are very handsome!"

"Why dont you go to your work?" he asked shortly.

"How can I, as long as you are here? Ah! how nicely you blush!" she commented, her dark eyes glowing with wanton mischief.

"I wish you could do the same," he retorted ungraciously.

"Do you know, I rather like you," she laughed, stroking his arm.

He drew away from her, annoyance in his voice as he spoke. "Why cant you leave me alone?"

"Why? Do you love any one?" she flashed back at him.

"Yes," he said, "my sweetheart."

"Only one?" With a sinuous, cat-like movement, she pressed her shoulder against his arm and lifted her vivid, passionate face to his.

"Tell me—are your sweetheart's eyes as beautiful as mine?"

He meant to bestow a cold glance in response to the challenge. But those eyes, so near his own, seemed to draw his very soul down into a hot

"AND THE LONG, GOLDEN HAIR"

maelstrom of emotions. With an effort, he tore his gaze away. He was trembling. She laughed lightly. Taking the rose from her lips, she flipped it into his face.

"Wear this till I come back," she commanded insolently. "I shall return, and you will tell me that you love me. Yes—yes—you will!" She had lighted a cigarette, and blowing alternate kisses and puffs of smoke toward him, she entered the factory.

"Corporal," said the captain, addressing Don José, "take two men with you and investigate."

In the factory he found a struggling, screaming mass of girls surging about Carmen. A smaller group clustered about a girl, who moaned and rocked herself, dabbing a blood-streaked cheek.

"What is the trouble here?" shouted Don José above the babel.

"See what Carmen has done to

CARMEN MAKES TROUBLE IN THE TOBACCO FACTORY

Don José looked at the rose lying at his feet. With a gesture of impatience, he walked away. "She is a witch!" he muttered. He wheeled, returned to the flower and picked it up. "I am a fool!" he muttered savagely. And to give further proof of that fact, he kist the drooping rose passionately and crushed it into his pocket.

At that moment there arose a clamor from the tobacco factory. A man rushed to the guardhouse, crying that a woman had been murdered. Carlotta!" answered several excited voices. The injured woman turned her cheek to Don José, and he saw that it was marked with two slashes in the form of a cross.

"Confession! Confession! I am killed!" moaned Carlotta.

In the midst of the struggling women Carmen still fought defiantly with her cigar-knife clenched in her little hand. The girls held her arms and prevented her doing any more harm, but tho overpowered, she squirmed and jerked about like a

wildcat. At sight of Don José she quieted down. Her quick, intriguing brain had settled on a plan to escape punishment.

The corporal's duty was plain. The crushed rose against his breast might torture like the gnawing of the Spartan's wolf, but the maleficent Carmen must be arrested.

"You must come with me," he said stiffly, armoring himself against the appeal in the smoldering blackness of her eyes.

"Very well," she replied nonchalantly, wrapping her mantilla about her head. "Let us go."

After hearing the facts of the case, the captain at the guardhouse declared that Carmen must go to prison.

"Corporal, you will conduct the woman to the prison. I will send two dragoons to accompany you," he said as he started away.

Don José was left alone with Carmen. She edged up to him. "Wont you unbind my hands, *compadre?*" she pleaded.

"No; I cannot," he retorted.

"You are taking me to prison! Alas! what will become of me? Señor officer, take pity on me! Help me to escape!" she pleaded, her beautiful, half-wild face glowing.

"You must go to prison," he replied. "That is the order, and there is no way of avoiding it."

"No?" she queried, as tho not convinced. Then, abruptly, she turned on him, speaking in Basque: "*Laguna ene bihotsarena,* comrade of my heart, are you from the provinces?"

Startled and thrilled at the sound of his native *patois* on the lips of the beautiful gypsy, he replied, with emotion: "I am from Elizondo."

"And I from Etchalar," she told him excitedly. "I was brought to Seville by gypsies. I have been working in the factory to earn money enough to return to Navarre, to my poor mother, who has no one but me to support her."

She glanced hurriedly over her shoulder. They were still alone. Deeply moved, the corporal was savoring a bitter distaste for the duty before him. Carmen's yielding body pressed against him, her voluptuous lips were seeking his.

"Comrade, my friend," she murmured, always in Basque, "wont you do anything for a countrywoman?"

A sort of madness seized him. Her lips touched his and clung to them. His arms snatched her to him in a straining embrace.

"Quick!" she panted, wrenching herself free and turning to him her cord-bound wrists.

He drew his sword with hands that shook, and cut the cords. "Now run, and may Our Lady of the Mountain be with you!" he cried.

A dragoon turned the corner of the guardhouse. At sight of the fleeing figure he leveled his carbine. Don José sprang forward and struck it up with his sword. The captain stepped from the door.

"Where is the prisoner?" he asked in amazement.

Don José laid his sword across his arm, tendering the hilt to his captain.

"I allowed the prisoner to escape."

Slowly, regretfully, the officer accepted the sword. Then, "To the prison," he commanded.

In a mountain glade, west of Seville, a gypsy camp was pitched. Outside of one of the dingy tents a crippled hag stirred the steaming contents of a huge pot. Five or six frowsy, swarthy-visaged girls wrangled over a game of cards. Black-browed men moved about with bundles and sacks, making up loads to be carried on the shoulders. Apart from the others stood Carmen and Don José. He looked sullen and wretched. Carmen was persuasive.

"Now that you are a real gypsy and my *rom,* you must do as the rest do," she declared.

"But I knew nothing of this smuggling," he argued. "I would rather have remained in prison than this!"

"Yes? Then I wish I had let you stay in your cage, you canary!" she stormed. "But when you found the file in the loaf I took you, you lost

no time in using it and escaping with me, my boy,—scarce a month ago, and you regret it already—yes?''

''What's the use of regretting? My mother's dead. I've lost everything—my career, my honor——''

''All for me,'' she broke in. ''I told you I'd be the cause of your marrying the widow with the wooden legs. But listen to me; if you will try not to be so stupid, you need not be hanged. You can live like a prince, as long as the soldiers and the coastguards dont get their hands on your collar.''

''Well, I suppose there is nothing else for me to do,'' he said hopelessly.

Her mood changed instantly. Flinging her arms about his neck, she kist him again and again. ''Oh, my Joséito!'' she breathed, ''I love you! I love you!''

Her diabolical charm enthralled his senses. He yielded his last scruples. That night the band crept up to the fortifications of the city. They knew of a breach in the wall at which a sentry was posted. The smugglers watched from behind rocks and shrubs as the sentry punctiliously covered his beat.

''We lose time,'' whispered Carmen to José. ''I will take him away from the breach.''

She sauntered toward the wall and, at the challenge, laughed and retorted: ''Why so disagreeable, friend?'' In a few moments she was pacing arm in arm with the sentry and drawing him farther from the breach. One by one, the smugglers slipped thru. José was the last. As he stepped from behind a heap of stones, the sentry whirled suddenly.

THE DEATH OF DON JOSÉ'S MOTHER

DON JOSÉ GROWS SUSPICIOUS

Before he could raise his gun, Carmen's arms were about him, and in a bound José was upon him, beating him to the ground.

"Come!" urged Carmen. "He's done for. We must catch up with the others and get rid of the bales. Then we'll go to Pastia's wine-shop."

Don José, to his surprise, felt no horror at this last deed of his. His thoughts centered on his safety, and he felt a strange confidence in Carmen's power to screen him from the searching eyes of Justice. But he could not still certain racking reflections. "Here I am a full-fledged rascal," he muttered to himself. "A month ago I was an honest man. 'Tis queer how a man may become a rascal without thinking of it. A pretty girl steals his wits, and from being merely a fool, he becomes an outlaw!"

The smugglers quickly disposed of their bales of stuffs to their confederates and hastened to the gypsy colony in the suburb of Triana. While the men drank, Carmen danced the *romalis,* rattling her castanets and rolling her eyes with more than her usual abandon. Don José soon became aware of the reason. At one of the tables sat a powerful young man in the costume of a toreador. His admiration of the gypsy dancer was the incentive for her surpassing exhibition of grace and ardor.

A jealous rage broke like a great, uprearing wave within Don José's heart. With eyes suddenly grown bloodshot, he glared at the toreador.

"Who is that man?" he asked of his companions.

"That is the famous bullfighter, Escamillo," they answered.

Carmen brought her dance to an end in front of Escamillo and, with a provoking smile, leaned toward him across the table. Don José sprang up. "Carmen!" he called. She looked at him with disdain curling her lips. The toreador rose, and the two men faced each other threateningly. Carmen glided in between them. With caresses and cajolery she won José back to tenderness, and in one flashing glance she promised the toreador another meeting.

From that night her caprices grew in number and variety. There were times when she would throw herself into José's arms, a palpitating, bewitching incarnation of love. There were other times when her savage humor would keep him at a distance, brooding heavily over the possible reasons for her moods. Then, she was absent a great deal from the band. She would disappear for days, even for weeks, and all José's questioning would elicit only the explanation that she was away on "business of Egypt," which he understood to mean "of the gypsies." The band was constantly moving about, too, going to the coast for goods and smuggling them into the cities.

Gone from José's mind was the fair vision of Michaela. Instead was the torturing yearning for the strange, passionate creature whom he vaguely felt that he was losing.

She had been absent several weeks now, and he could get no news of her. The thought of Escamillo often intruded disagreeably on his conjectures. He knew that Carmen had seen him. She had even teased José by declaring that she loved the toreador.

With that memory rankling, a fatalistic thrill passed thru him when he learnt at Cordova that Escamillo was there for the bull-fights. He went to the public square, and there he saw what his premonition had pictured to him—Carmen and Escamillo, arm in arm like lovers. Carmen was richly dressed in silks and laces. Jewels sparkled at her full, brown throat and on her rounded arms. Never had she been so beautiful, and José's anger and grief melted into a wild longing to hold her once again in his arms. She passed thru the entrance into the bull-ring, laughing, happy in the attention she was attracting from the crowd gathered for the performance.

José, heart-sick and travel-worn, felt how poor a gallant he would appear beside the gorgeous Escamillo. He wrapped his torn cloak about him and paced the square. Shouts arose from the ring. "Escamillo!" "Honor to Escamillo, our toreador!" were roared by the crowd. Don José clenched his hands and strode to the entrance.

An excited mob poured out, bearing Escamillo in their midst. Carmen was beside him, laughing, and fondling the trophy he had plucked from the bull's neck and presented to her.

"Escamillo, this is the proudest day of my life!" she cried. "Oh! I'm so proud of you, my toreador!"

She pulled his face down to hers and kist him.

"Santiago! for that I'd face a thousand bulls!" he exclaimed, enraptured. "I must go back into the ring. Will you come with me?"

"I will follow you in a moment. I want to leave this piece of gold in yonder shrine. It may bring you good luck," she said.

"Carmencita!" he murmured. "One more kiss. *Adios!*"

He hurried into the ring, and Carmen turned to meet José.

"So you are here," she said.

"Carmen, why did you leave me?" he asked, choked with emotion.

"Because my heart craved for excitement, pleasure and gayety," she answered lightly, waving her jeweled fan and impatiently tapping her silk-shod foot.

"And have you nothing to say to me?" he asked pleadingly.

"Nothing!"

"Carmen, before I knew you I was a happy, light-hearted lad—and now—now—see what you have made of me—a smuggler—a thief—an outcast—and—oh, my God!—a murderer!"

Shouting and cheering from the ring almost drowned his last words.

"Ah!" exclaimed Carmen, ecstatically, "Escamillo is fighting again! I must see him!"

"No!" shouted José. "You shall

"AH! IT WAS WRITTEN"

not go in there—to him—the man who has ruined my happiness!"

"Well, what do you want?" she asked in a hard voice.

"Let us change our mode of life," he pleaded. "I will speak of nothing that has passed. Only come with me to America!"

"No!" she snapped. "I like being here best."

to free herself, terror of him creeping into her bold heart.

"Let me go!" she shrieked, beating him off in a frenzy as the shouting and cheering within swelled to a tumult.

"To him! Never!" cried José. His arm swung upward. Carmen sank gently down, a crimson flood from her restless heart dyeing the

"JOSÉITO, I—LOVE—YOU!"

"Ah! Carmencita, let us forget what has happened and go to a new world," he continued to plead.

"No, no, no!"

"Carmen, my patience is almost exhausted. Will you come with me?"

"To death—yes! But I will not live with you any longer."

"Then you no longer love me?"

"If you *will* have it—no, I dont."

José's hand stole to his belt. "Once more," he said, "will you leave Escamillo and come with me?"

"No, no!" she screamed, stamping her foot.

He grasped her arm. She struggled

silk and lace that fluttered on her bosom.

"Ah! it was written," she sighed. "We met—on—a—Friday. I knew —I—would bring—you—trouble." Her great eyes roved feebly from face to face of the throng that flocked about her. "José!" she called. He knelt beside her, dumb with grief. "Joséito, I—love—you!" she breathed.

"Carmen!" he sobbed, flinging his arms about her.

But her eyes, quenched of their fire, had closed, and the turbulent heart had ceased to throb.

IT was a night like a thousand others in the Australian bush—cool, even for November, with a coppered butt-end of a summer moon riding overhead and shimmering down thru the gums. Their tired leaves drooped thirstily, seeking the water at their roots.

Lorrimer's fire burned low, then shot up fitfully as Pickle Bottle, who was one of his faithful "black boys," piled on fresh fuel. The circle of blacks edged closer to its blanket of warmth. The day had been vibrant with heat, yet with nightfall an icy coolness clapped down on their naked backs.

Lorrimer fetched a plug of "Navy" from his hut and tossed it into the circle. China Boy sank his fangs into it first and filled his pipe with the wet tobacco, tossing the mutilated plug on the ground, for his mates to scramble for. There were not enough clay pipes to go round, and some sat white-eyed and wary in the firelight, waiting their turn to smoke up.

Pickle Bottle sat offishly on a log and blew the smoke from a charred briar-root across his favorite wife's face. He had followed Lorrimer in his bush wanderings for over a year now, and was the heir of most of his cast-off things—relics of days back home that the white man wished to forget. Pickle Bottle did not adorn himself with the tattered boiled shirt any longer: it seemed to goad Lorrimer into surly memories of a girl and summer nights of long ago, which Pickle Bottle dimly realized only by a certain hard gleam in the skin-hunter's blue eyes; so he buried the fascinating thing for future *corroborees.*

The kangaroos were plentiful, and the blacks regularly brought a pack of skins to Lorrimer's isolated little station. But tho he shipped them to the coast by occasional bullock teams carting timber to the coast, he never wrote letters, nor inquired for news, like other whites. When the game pegged out, the blacks picked up his trading stuff and carried it deeper into the bush. As long as the flour and sugar and "Navy" held out, they were the taciturn man's eyes and hands. After that—who knows? It was doubtful if a single white man in Queensland took the slightest interest in his whereabouts.

As the flies made angry music in protest of the fire's smudge, a chorus of insect life answered faintly from the heart of the scrub—a million shrill voices talking of summer.

Lorrimer raised himself and listened—a sound thru the labyrinth of giant gum-trunks that were sunk in moon-shadows from their foliage and the parasite palms and orchids in their clefts. A man with boot-heels was coming thru the bush. Rather an aimless passage, for he stumbled and veered in his tracks. Still he was coming nearer and nearer to Lorrimer's hut in an aimless way.

Pickle Bottle heard his distant thrashing and was up, craning his head like a startled snake. Lorrimer gestured him down to his hams again, and with that the whole black crew squatted in awed silence.

Presently a man stepped out of the shadows and felt his way toward their fire. His coming was slow and very uncertain, and Lorrimer, tho he pitied the chap, felt a decided aversion toward him.

"Sand-blindness," he muttered; "whatever is the poor cove doing in the bush?"

"For God's sake," called the man, "is that a fire? Is there a white man there?"

"Yes," said Lorrimer; "come on."

The stranger drew near in his curious, hesitating way. Lorrimer noticed that he wore the flannel shirt and boots of an ordinary sundowner. There was something nasty, too, in the way his fingers twitched along his trousers' seam.

"Sit down," said Lorrimer; "I suppose you're hungry."

"I've been four days in the bush," began the man, "with the cursed sand-blindness——"

Lorrimer got out his flour and deftly shaped up a damper. "Go on," he said.

"There's nothing more. Toward sundown I heard a dingo yelping and judged I was near a black camp. You heard me working thru the scrub, I think."

"Yes," said Lorrimer; "pretty much of a new chum."

The man filled his mouth with the heavy, warm bread and lay back, munching. He was not lying about his hunger, for one thing. Then, with half-closed eyes, he felt about for his pipe, clinched it between his teeth and dropped a hot coal in it.

"Pretty good for a blind man," thought Lorrimer.

"Life aint so hellish bad after all," volunteered the sundowner. "What's your lay here, if I can ask?"

"Skin-hunting."

"Does it pay?"

"It keeps my bush-boys in 'Navy' and sugar," said Lorrimer, sharply.

"And a fine thing you make of it, I'll warrant," chuckled the other. "Takes a Devonshire lad to skin the natives."

Lorrimer started.

"I'm from Devon," he admitted slowly. "How do you know?"

He imagined the man was looking at him keenly from under his eyelids.

"A Devon man should recognize the twist of another's tongue, even in the bush," said the other. "I'm from there myself."

"Hey! Pickle Bottle," cried Lorrimer, suddenly, in the lingo; "fat fire *boodgary!* This gentleman and I will sit up till little sun."

Pickle Bottle grinned and dug his toe intimately into his favorite wife's ribs. She awoke drowsily and shambled off to the scrub for fresh fuel.

As for the Devonshire man, Lorrimer, and the unnamed man who said he was from Devon, their tongues loosened blithesomely to the tang of the sea and the sweet smell of the marsh that lay big in the nostrils of memory.

Things happened about like this regularly for a week, the blacks bringing in the skins toward nightfall, and Lorrimer and the sightless man ever at the talk of Devon.

"Do you happen to know a family of Primes in Dawlish?" once asked Lorrimer.

"Right true I do," said the other.

Puff! puff! from his damp pipe.

"There was a girl," he went on; "a very pretty girl with a white face —she never married."

"Thank you!" said Lorrimer, inaudibly, and turned his face away, to listen for a long while to the insect talk in the scrub.

It must have been on the following day that a bullock team, on its endless trip from the coast, creaked wearily thru the bush, and its driver delivered a fat envelope to Lorrimer. The sundowner lay asleep, sprawled on his back, at the time. The skin-hunter waved the driver a scant farewell, glanced at the sleep-heavy face of his guest, then ripped open his envelope. The ends of a heavy sheaf of banknotes stared up at him—the half-yearly payment from his consignee at Cairns.

Lorrimer thumbed the count over clumsily, thrust them into his shirt

and sat down for a quiet smoke. The sundowner rolled on his side and burst into a droning snore.

Lorrimer waited. The heat had risen so that a trembling haze steamed from the ground, and the man might wake up at any minute, in a choking sweat, and miss him.

Lorrimer rose up with the utmost caution, stretched himself lazily, picked up an ax and strolled off toward the scrub. Suddenly he swung around, as if he had forgotten something, and walked back to his hut. The sleeping man had not made a move; his mouth lay sillily open, omitting a babble of sound.

LORRIMER AND HIS "BLACK BOYS"

It was then that the skin-hunter swung off smartly toward the scrub again, whistling in low unconcern.

A man must be half-snake, half-bird to penetrate a Brigalow scrub, and Lorrimer set himself to worming thru the wattle of palms that ripped at him with their thorns. It was remarkable how solemn and quiet it was in there, with the sun dimly sifting thru as in great cathedral arches, and the rush of a startled bird setting the palms to shaking and clashing like harsh paper wheels.

Lorrimer never looked back—the scrub had completely closed down on him. But under the gum-tree by his hut the snores of the sleeper had hushed, and his eyes glistened cat-like from under their lids. The sand-blindness made him helpless no longer, nor had the sight of fluttering banknotes weakened his eyes. They were alert, wary, focused on the scrub. A fortune was his, with only a doting Devonshire man to dissuade.

The sundowner rose to his feet and ran on nimble boot-toes. He came to the edge of the scrub and, in turn, was swallowed up by it. The feel of the banknotes guided him in and in, noiselessly, serpent-like, to within sight of where Lorrimer crouched before a hollow tree. A skin-bag was in the hunter's hands,

and its contents—sovereigns, notes and dollars—lay heaped on the ground before him. Their clear chink and rustle, as he thrust them back, one by one, caused the sundowner's heart to leap gladly. He, too, counted them, one by one.

When Lorrimer crept back thru the last tangle of ropy palm and glanced toward his hut, his guest still lay sprawled grotesquely under the gum-tree. So much for the privacy that sleep brings.

The mellifluous snore greeted Lorrimer as he drew near. And round the man's flaccid face the busy band of flies whirled and buzzed in hopeful emulation.

"Poor duffer!" thought Lorrimer. "I'd best get him down to Brisbane somehow and levy on the skin-bag for his passage home." He sat down and gripped his knees, with his back to the sleeper. "Very pretty and white-faced—and still unmarried. Why did she never——" He shook his head solemnly, and his eyes suddenly dimmed with tears. "Dammit! I'm getting sticky again, and Pickle Bottle will crack my skull with his *nolla-nolla* if he hears of this. But Devonshire—my, my, my!"

At the lover's catch in the last word and the sigh that went with it, the hand of the kneeling figure back of him trembled somewhat, and his revolver varied a hair-line from its aim. But he was too close to miss, and the thing exploded; and Lorrimer lay on his back with a bullet wedged in his ribs.

The sundowner was all brusque action after this, skipping around lively and shooting native spears thru the thatch of Lorrimer's hut. It was best to make the thing appear like a black-boy attack, and Lorrimer's collection of spears came right to hand for the fraud.

He had had a week of sightlessness in which to turn his eyes into his brain and plan this little affair right. There only remained to drag his host's body into the hut, set fire to it, track to the hollow tree, and off to the settlements, with a month's vacation to his credit, and the guilt for the thing in the bush charged up against the black boys when the teamster came again.

The sundowner lifted the limp Lorrimer in his arms as easily as a rag doll and propped him up in a corner. The big, blond head fell backward.

"Bally ass!" apostrophized the fleeting guest; "he's dreaming of Devon and the pale girl. Lucky shot, that of mine! Might as well have been Kent or Yorkshire, with a black-browed teaser for his jilt."

He stuck a lighted match in the dry palm thatch, wheeled about and started for the scrub. As the licking flames fed their way around the hut, a spirited crackling, like an ape cracking nuts, told him that his job was well done.

For one thing, he had not counted on the smoke, which rose like a great fan in the still air and pointed the way to the black boys. They came, swarming and gibbering thru the bush, to the slender walls of Lorrimer's funeral pyre. Pickle Bottle was the first to point out the soles of Lorrimer's boots within, and with that, they took to dancing like mad about his hut. Dancing and hooting is the black-boy way of working up his courage, and presently Pickle Bottle seized his wife by the shoulders and thrust her thru the fiery doorway. When she did not immediately incinerate, he followed her in, and between them they dragged the body of the trader out to the open.

China Boy pointed to the spears around the hut and turned gray with fear. But Pickle Bottle jeered at him, kicking him in the paunch, and stating that they were dead men's spears. It was a forcible argument and convincing.

Presently the bullet-wound in Lorrimer's back was discovered, and the blacks were for scattering again. There is always a wholesome respect for "the baby of the gun that never stops shooting." But Pickle Bottle cried out that the white man was still breathing, so they tarried to snatch

him up roughly and made off helter-skelter for their camp near the river.

The black boy is the saddest of reasoners, and in their panic it took them some time to figure it out that the sundowner must have fired the treacherous shot. That part of the process would have been easy for their intellectual overlords to solve, but as for finding the would-be murderer in a waste of jungle and forest—well, he would be morally certain to get off scot-free. The black boys were not morally certain that he fired the shot, but they *were* cocksure that they could track him down. The scent of the bushman is as unerring as a hound; his woodcraft and tracking ability keener and surer than an Indian's.

So off a little party of them set at an easy lope, headed by Pickle Bottle, spears trailing thru the scrub and eyes all-seeing for each bit of rubbed moss or bruised or broken bark.

Presently they came out upon the hollow tree, and the marks of boot-heels around it in the moss started them in full cry again.

It was after a night and a day of tireless running, never casting the trail, that they came within sight of the sundowner climbing a steep cliff that overlooked a little mining settlement. He could hear the jar and pound of the stamp in the valley below, and his fingers tightened on the bag in his shirt. Back of him, like black fates, crept the silent trackers.

THE SUNDOWNER BETRAYS HIS BENEFACTOR

Suddenly a spear sang thru the air and pinned his arm to his side. Then the sundowner turned and, with his left hand, turned loose "the baby of the gun that never stops shooting."

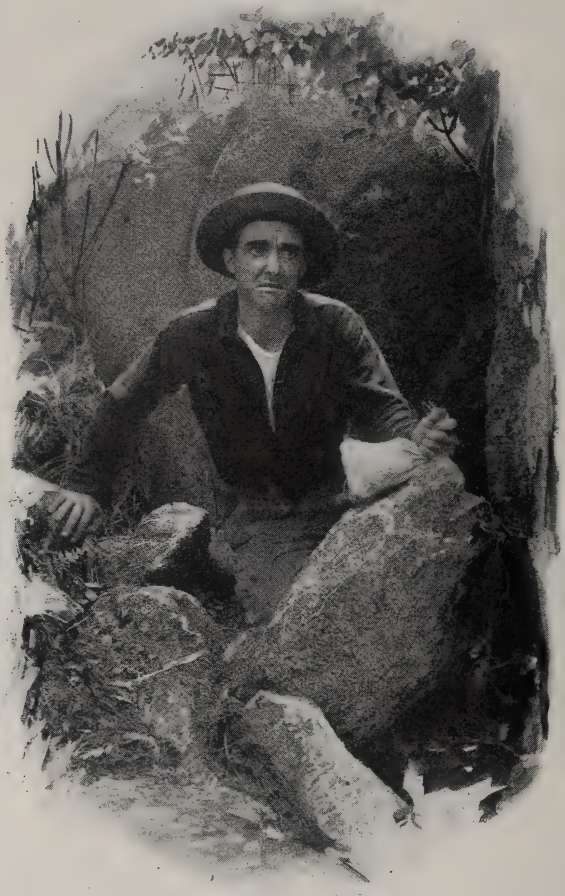
Pickle Bottle and his dog-weary trackers turned back and, sadly and suddenly, jumped for cover. They were no use—and acknowledged it—against the pesky, invisible death.

As for the sundowner, he stumbled down to the settlement, where his

shots had already aroused the men in the mill.

They gathered around him, and as he staggered and faltered, with his wounded arm as a witness, he told them of the attack on the cliff.

"What is more," he added, "some two days' tramp back in the brush I



THE SUNDOWNER ESCAPES

came upon the charred body of a hunter in the stumps of his hut."

Then he promptly fainted, and a committee carried him to the hotel, where he revived, under the tender ministrations of the ladies, a good half-hour too late to start back into the bush with the party of grim-faced men that rode thru the winding path of the gums, with cocked rifles in their hands.

Lorrimer had gotten as far as sitting up with one shoulder against a tree. Pickle Bottle and his men had returned to tell him of their near victory and the sundowner's escape.

He heard them as in a dream. The roar of the sundowner's revolver still flooded his ears, and its vicious pull as he fell still gripped him. After that everything was a blank, until he found himself stranded against the tree. Then he clung to his senses desperately, and tried to piece it all together, but could not make head nor tail of it.

Pickle Bottle kept jabbering about the boot-heels round a hollow tree and by-and-by about the sundowner and the baby of the gun that never stops shooting, and then he began to fit things together and told them to go away and sleep.

His money was gone with the surprising stranger, sure enough, and he was a penniless beggar stranded against a tree. And as for Devon and the pale-faced girl, he heartily wished that he might never see them again and——

He must have slept, for the moon was up, and the circle of silent blacks crouched around a fire. There was no "Navy" plug, and the bottom had dropped out of things as they sucked on empty pipes.

Pickle Bottle was too far gone to stir up his favorite wife, and she lay within range of his foot, counting her chances of changing husbands at the next great *borboby*.

"Dont shoot!"

It was Lorrimer's voice that brought the blacks to their feet. Around them in a silent circle, with leveled rifles, stood the men of the mill town. In the beat of a heart more, their bullets would have splintered thru the black boys.

"Are you moon-struck? Lower your weapons," commanded Lorrimer, sharply.

The mill men hesitated, and their leader advanced a few paces.

"Come nearer," ordered Lorrimer; "I'm shot and taking it easy."

Then the men swarmed in, and explanations were in order.

With the vengeance-seekers gathered round his tree, Lorrimer told of his wanderings in the bush and of the faithfulness of his blacks. Of the coming of the sundowner and his attempt upon his life, he touched upon in a few bare words.

"Well, I'll be strait-jacketed!" sang out the leader when Lorrimer finished. "Why, the blasted murderer is being made a house-pet right now by our ladies! Can you sit a horse?" The question was thrown point-blank at Lorrimer.

"Yes, holding on to some one."

"Then let's mount and off."

"If you dont mind," said Lorrimer, indifferently, "I believe I'll take my black boys along with me."

And he did; and two days later, when they rode into the settlement, the ladies' pet had vamoosed, damaged arm, bag of gold and six-shooter as intact as you please.

THE BLACK TRACKERS SET OUT FOR THE SUNDOWNER

The settlers laughed and went back to work; but Lorrimer camped with his black boys in the streets of the town, and near bit out his tongue with rage.

Then Pickle Bottle and his crew started working up and down the bush, picking up handfuls of dirt and moss and sniffing and worrying over them. Presently one of them gave a cry and started running, pointing down the valley toward the coast. And then the whole crew

started in full cry after him. Lorrimer and one or two of the interested whites followed after them on horseback.

Along toward sunset they came out upon a bit of meadow almost like Devon Downs, and Lorrimer wanted to stop and fool around there a bit. Then he began to smell the sea ever so faintly, and the cries of the black boys were getting farther and farther ahead of him.

sprinted like a 'varsity man in the soft sand and held his own.

But no lungs could stand this sort of work, and quite suddenly he slowed down and turned around to wait for them.

It was coolly done, and Lorrimer couldn't help liking the man's nerve, and held back for the others.

And so in a little crowd they marched down and surrounded him.

"I suppose you're looking for your

LORRIMER EXPLAINS TO THE MINERS

Suddenly Lorrimer came out upon them, huddled in a little group on a slope above the sands. And just beyond stretched the smiling, placid reaches of the Pacific.

A man, like a tiny doll, was running along the sands, and even from this full league away Lorrimer knew that he was the sundowner.

Then the horsemen sped down the slope, and the black trackers, sure of their quarry, jogged after them.

The sundowner was evidently making a last effort to escape, for he

d——d money-bag," he panted, "and here it is, and rotten luck to you!"

He flung the heavy bag on the beach, and Pickle Bottle stepped out bravely and brought it to Lorrimer.

"I'm thinking of a man," said Lorrimer, softly, "that I thought I was keeping thru sand-blindness, and who shot me in the back."

"Well, that's me," said the other, "and dont forget all that stuff about Devon and the white-faced girl."

"You poisonous toad," said Lorrimer, stepping close, his face working,

THE SUNDOWNER IS SIGHTED BY LORRIMER

"shut up instantly. It's just for that"—his voice went lower—"that I'm letting you off. I'm going back to England. You ought to be shot like the cur that you are, but I cant forget that you made me think of a subject that was once painful, but which is now so pleasant that I'm going home. I wont harm you, but if you starve and rot I know of nobody who will mourn."

He turned his horse to ride back.

"Is that all?" said a husky mill man, seizing his bridle.

"Yes," said Lorrimer.

"With your permission," said the other, rolling up his sleeves and flicking his heavy cattle-whip, "I'm going to take your friend up the beach and reason with him."

Lorrimer nodded vaguely — his thoughts were far away.

Their Audience

By GEORGE B. STAFF

Have the pictures come to stay?
  See their patron millions.
Are they growing every day?
  Ask the sixteen millions
Of their patrons, what a host!
Found in every town almost,
Reaching out from coast to coast
  Are their patron millions.

What a power they must hold,
  Daily viewed by millions!
Think what character they mold
  In those sixteen millions!
Bringing cheer to hearts each day,
Luring clouds of gloom away,
Thus they exercise their sway
  Over sixteen millions!

ALL THE POPULAR PLAYERS ARE HERE EXCEPT TWO. WHICH TWO? AND HOW DO YOU THINK THIS PICTURE WAS MADE? WAS IT AN IMMENSE PAINTED CANVAS WITH HOLES IN IT, THRU WHICH ALL THESE PLAYERS STUCK THEIR HEADS? IF SO, HOW AND WHEN DID WE GET ALL THESE PLAYERS TOGETHER?

BY FRITZ KROG

MONSIEUR PROSSER had just finished breakfast and was seated in his library, looking over his morning's mail, when he encountered a most extraordinary letter. A rose-scented envelope bearing his name in a delicate feminine hand had attracted his attention to begin with. The contents mystified him utterly, and, when he had glanced at them, at once he made haste to cover them with a very large book. At the same time he cast a furtive glance over his shoulder to see if, by any mischance, Madame Prosser were about.

He repeated this precaution twice, and even crossed the room to take a peep out of the door before he felt safe enough to read the quite inexplicable note again.

It contained the following brief message:

MON CHER:—I have received no present. Have you forgotten my birthday?

AMÉLIE DORÉ,
Boulevard Raspail.

Now M. Prosser was an old man, with thin gray hair, and growing stiff in his joints. His last love affair had resulted, twenty-five years ago, in his marriage to Madame Prosser, and he had never wavered in his staunch affection for her. Moreover, he possessed the heartiest contempt for those husbands who were any less devoted to their wives than he was to his.

Therefore the letter was such a profound mystery to him. He had never heard of Amélie Doré. Yet she was addressing him as "my dear" and rebuking him for being remiss in the matter of a birthday present.

Suddenly the truth dawned on him. He had a son whose name, like his father's, was Edouard.

"The rascal!" murmured M. Prosser. "I did not think he was old enough to have a sweetheart."

In this opinion he was guilty of a fond parent's customary blindness to the growth of children. For Edouard, Jr., was just past twenty, and, of course, a sweetheart at this age is a rather common experience. Then, too, he was a student at the University and occupied his own apartments close by it, appearing home only Sundays, which facilitated the sweetheart business greatly.

When M. Prosser thought over these considerations, he was not so much surprised, and, thinking at still more length, he conceived a great idea. There is not much doubt that the idea was great, if not magnificent. It so gripped M. Prosser that he at once seized his hat and coat to carry it out, and, as he hurried from his

apartments to the street, he fairly rippled with the idea. All the way from his home to the rue de la Paix, where every one in Paris makes important purchases, he chuckled in fond contemplation of what he was about to encompass.

Before a florist's shop, where flowers of many kinds made a riot of color of the show-windows, he fell into a rather sober mood, as if doubts were overtaking him, and when he went on his way again, he was shaking his head. He went thru somewhat similar motions before a jewelry store, a hatter's, a furrier's, a picture-dealer's and a curio-booth before he finally entered a candy-shop.

"My angel," he said to the *chic* girl who smiled at him across the confections, "I wish sweetmeats which will look well, quite *comme il faut,* but which to eat would shame a street-sweeper."

The girl was inclined to believe that such vile wares could not be had in this shop, and, after a lengthy conference with her superior, informed the old gentleman, who she had concluded was harmlessly crazy, that the best she could do would be to give him the worst sweetmeats in the store, which were nevertheless very good.

"*Merci,* they will do," beamed M. Prosser; "but be sure they are the worst, *ma fille.*"

The girl filled a five-pound box with a miscellany of chocolates, lozenges and gum-drops, which were kept in stock solely as presents for children.

"*Sans doute,*" said M. Prosser, "you will wonder why I do this strange thing, this *bizarrerie extraordinaire.*"

The girl smiled and nodded.

"It is because," he continued, extracting a fat wallet from his pocket, "I wish to create a surprise for a lady. *Voici!* The lady eats of the *candi exécrable. Hélas!* She is disappointed, hurt, heart-broken. But cunningly hidden in the box is this valuable present."

M. Prosser drew a hundred-franc note from his pocketbook and waved it at the girl.

"*Voilà maintenant*—she finds this and understands. She throws the box away and keeps the money. She is impressed with my cleverness. She adores me for my originality. *N'est-ce pas?*"

The girl laughed merrily.

"But, no, I forget," M. Prosser added. "It is not for myself that I please her. It is for my son, and I can assure you, my dear, that he owes me many thanks for what I am doing. The whole morning I wandered about town, from shop to shop, until my feet ached, searching for an appropriate, a useful, a unique gift. Who shall say that I have not found it?"

"You are a papa to be desired," the girl admitted.

In order to make the bank-note doubly hard to find, M. Prosser hid it in a bag of raisins which he buried under the candy, and when the girl had wrapped the box in the very best paper, tied with carefully selected blue ribbon, he smiled, bowed and expressed himself as satisfied in the very highest degree.

The beneficiary of so much care and acumen, a pretty, blue-eyed miss, was taking tea with a young man who was not M. Prosser's son, but of whom she thought almost equally well. In fact, she was wondering if she did not prefer Emile, who was the son of a wealthy hatter, to the student Prosser, and she was strongly approving of his admiration for her hands as she poured the tea, when the maid appeared with the candy.

"A box for Mademoiselle Amélie," she announced.

Amélie almost upset the tea-tray in her eagerness to receive the proffered package.

"*Un present!*" she exclaimed enthusiastically, as she turned it over to examine it on all sides. "How delightfully it is bound in blue ribbon! Perhaps it is from an admirer; dont you think so, Monsieur Emile?"

Emile looked doubtful.

"M'mselle must have many admirers," he murmured gallantly.

"I wonder what can be within," said Amélie.

"Let me open it for you," he offered.

But she would have none of such help. The present was hers; *ergo,* she would have the fun of discovering what it might be.

"From Monsieur Prosser!" she cried, as she read a card from the box.

"*Oui, certes!*" growled Emile, and looked gloomy as a rainy day.

But in the next instant he felt more cheerful, for when Amélie discovered candy in the box, some of the radiance departed from her face.

"Candy!" she murmured, and Emile recognized undoubted disappointment in her voice.

"What a poor offering!" he said.

"*Pouah!*" Amélie chimed in as she tasted it. "It is vile."

"It is not fit to eat," Emile made haste to agree. "You have been insulted."

Amélie tried another piece and made a wry face.

"Marie," she ordered, so indignantly that she choked, "you may have it."

"And the wrappings," Emile added, joyfully, and thrust them, with the box, on the astonished Marie.

"Two days after my birthday," wailed Amélie, "he sends me just candy, and that so bad that I cannot eat it. It is an outrage."

"He is a pig," chanted Emile.

The maid carried the box to the kitchen, and, after tasting of its contents, decided that it was made for the hyena trade. She had a sweet tooth of her own, and knew good from evil in candies.

"And yet," she considered, "the box is handsome. *Tiens!* It can go to an admirer. Men know nothing of the quality of candy."

One of Marie's admirers presented himself before long—it was Georges, the gendarme, who knocked at the kitchen door nearly every afternoon about tea-time to assure Marie of his admiration for her. When she presented him with the beautiful box, he could not resist kissing her, an act for which she slapped him, but not very hard.

"I will tell our grandchildren of your goodness," he said as he took himself off to the street.

MARIE PRESENTS THE BOX OF SWEETS TO THE GENDARME

At the nearest corner he stopped to investigate his gift. He was eating the first bon-bon and wondering how long he would be finishing such a quantity of sweets, when he saw his inspector approaching. He barely had time to hide the box and salute as the superior officer passed.

"*Sapristi!*" Georges muttered. "I surely must get rid of this diabolical package."

He gave it to Madame Beaumarchais, who lived in the next block, and who had, one cold night, rewarded him with a cup of steaming coffee in return for his arm in crossing a slippery pavement.

"You are a gentleman worth knowing," madame declared, and, full of love for humankind, conveyed the box, with the story of how it had

THE CONCIERGE AND HIS WIFE FALL HEIRS TO THE SWEETS

come into her possession, to her husband.

He was a retired pensioner, and an old man with no desire at all for candy. Moreover, he thought it was not good for his beloved wife to eat it.

"We will present it, with our best compliments, to the concierge," said he, "and will thereby be remembered with gratitude."

Madame Beaumarchais, nothing loath, because she had tasted the candy, at once hurried downstairs to the apartment of the concierge, who received the gift with the dignity of his profession, and sent for his wife.

The janitor's wife was a very wise woman, and she had no need to open the box to know what was within it.

"*Mon cher papa,*" she said, "it doubtless contains candy of the most delicious, and it will make the children sick if they get hold of it."

"You are right, *petite femme,*" her husband agreed, "but what will we do with it?"

"*Ecoute donc,*" replied the wife; "already for some time we are endeavoring to make the acquaintance of the architect, Monsieur Prosser, who will assist you into a good position when you lose your present one, as you are about to do, from the circumstance that the agent of this house is an idiot. We will, therefore, send the box to Monsieur Prosser, with a well-written letter expressing many fine sentiments and the hope that he will some day number us among his dearest friends."

The concierge quite fell in with the splendid idea, and as soon as the note could be written the youngest son was despatched with the box to the apartments of M. Prosser, who was seated in his studio, waiting for his chief draughtsman to hand him some completed plans, when a servant entered and produced the box of sweets.

"What is this?" asked M. Prosser, staring in utter amazement at the box.

"A boy brought it with this letter," the servant answered.

"But, *sacre bleu!*" cried M. Prosser. "It is the very same box——"

He stopped and read the letter. It puzzled him beyond measure, for how a concierge of whom he knew as little as of Noah's sons, should get possession of the box and return it, with a beggarly letter, was beyond M. Prosser's comprehension.

"Where is the boy?" he demanded.

Fortunately the urchin, a little fellow in knee-breeches, had remained at the street-door, in hopes of a penny for his errand, and so the servant was enabled to capture him and present him to M. Prosser.

Securing nothing from the boy except stammering and headshakes, M. Prosser resolved to investigate, and with the boy as a guide, he hastened to the home of the concierge. Here, after a lengthy conference, in which M. Prosser was compelled to give assurances that he would remember all favors shown him, he was informed that Madame Beaumarchais had given the box of candy to the concierge's wife. The Beaumarchais referred him, in turn, to the gendarme, Georges, who was luckily still on duty, and after receiving a generous tip, expressed himself as willing to confess that he had received the box of a very superior lady named Marie, God bless her.

M. Prosser, who was growing tired unto death and more alarmed every minute at the magnitude of the task in hand, did not altogether feel like agreeing with Georges, but he shook him warmly by the hand, nevertheless, and went on his way.

THE SWEETS FIND THEIR WAY BACK TO M. PROSSER'S STUDIO

He arrived at the apartments of the Dorés within a bare hour of midnight, and after much ringing of bells, first to arouse the concierge of the apartment house and then some member of the Doré family, he elicited a response from Marie. She looked suspiciously at the late caller thru a chink in the door.

"My dear m'mselle," M. Prosser began, "a thousand apologies for this

visit, but the matter in hand would not wait. I am an old fool with the dreadful mistake I made this morning in sending to your illustrious mistress a box of candy——"

"Hey?" cried Marie. "You wake me up to tell me of that vile candy?"

She would have slammed the door had not M. Prosser prevented that with his foot.

"I wish to explain in person to your mistress," he said. "I wish to say to her——"

"It is of no consequence what you say. She was engaged this afternoon to Monsieur Emile."

"Cannot you understand?" M. Prosser insisted.

But the maid cut him short.

"Away with the foot," she cried, "or I will summon the gendarme."

At the same time she gave M. Prosser a mighty push which sent him flying across the hall, on whose wall he banged his head with such vigor that he saw an entire universe of stars, and when he turned again the door was closed.

Holding his head in his hand, he mournfully made his way to the street and homeward. He arrived there at about two in the morning, and he had just stepped within the door of his library, when his wife confronted him. She had not retired, and had obviously waited for him, a conclusion which filled him with misgiving.

"When I came in here at dinner-time," she said, "you were gone, and I found on your table—this!"

She pointed to the fatal box, its lid thrown back, the hundred-franc note reposing on the top layer of candy, and beside it the card which he had written to accompany the gift. It was one of his own cards, as one of his son's had not been available, and

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

it bore on its face: "From M. Prosser to his little birdie."

What more evidence, coupled with the late hour of M. Prosser's return and his unwonted absence from dinner, could any wife demand of faithlessness in a husband? M. Prosser tried to explain, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. He could only stare dumbfoundedly from the box to his wife. He could only reflect bitterly of the relentless furies which seemed to have been pursuing him ever since he conceived the idea of acting as Cupid's intermediary, an idea which was great no more, but inexpressibly foolish.

Then, lo! the balance tipped, and M. Prosser was rewarded for the goodness which had, after all, prompted him to meddle in his son's love affairs. For his wife, turning on him in the moment of his greatest misery, threw herself on his breast.

"*Mon bien-aimé!*" she exclaimed, "best beloved! you are always thinking of your own little birdie, aren't you?"

"Of whom else, pretty creature?" he answered, in joyful amazement.

"All evening," she cooed, nestling in his arms, "I have waited to thank you for your thoughtfulness. It was so good of you, my love, to give me the candy. And the bank-note was such a surprise! Who else but you, my dearest Edouard, could contrive such a pleasure for his wife?"

The next day, however, M. Prosser began to worry lest his son should reproach him, and he continued to worry, until the following Sunday, when Edouard, Jr., a vivacious young blade in the throes of a first moustache, paid his customary visit home and learnt the history of the eventful box.

"So she is engaged to Emile?" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"What!" said M. Prosser, "is that all you care?"

"How could I care deeply," was the laughing answer, "when I allow my father to send my birthday greetings?"

"You may rest assured," said M. Prosser, with a solemn face and a twinkling eye, "that I shall nevermore attempt to send a present for my son."

Nor did he.

Perpetuity

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE

TODAY, at a Motion Picture show,
While passing a pleasant hour or so,
Somehow, there came to me, sitting there,
Other pictures by memory made fair;
And I thought of the actors of bygone days,
Who had played their parts in the good old plays.

One after another, in swift review,
Passed the famous figures my own youth knew;
Celebrities then at the height of fame,
Who have gone and left but an honored name.
Oh, if Art could recall, from the past's dim haze,
The actors who played in the good old plays!

So, now, I am glad that the present day
Finds famous folk in the Photoplay.
Bernhardt, Réjane and the others who pose
For the modern, magical picture shows.
And, in years to come, we may fondly gaze
On the stars of today in their good old plays.

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH"

BENEATH the blinding sky the pallid desert rolled and writhed in uneasy slumber. The feverish breath of a hundred centuries lingered along its gigantic spaces; the acrid flavor of rolling furlongs of emptiness; the hush of the time before sound was born into the world. Head pillowed on the desert's sterile bosom, she lay asleep, half-covered with her coarse, colorless veil, mysterious, motionless, seeming a creature that the desert had borne in some strange childbirth. Lumps of sandy soil, tamarisk shrubs and the sultry green of bamboos bounded the edge of the oasis wherein she lay; beyond was the wrinkled earth of the desert, the low dunes, limitless sterility; beyond that — nothing — anything —— The tossed sand, ridged by the simoon, was no wilder of posture than she. The film of veil expressed her figure in long, slow curves and sinuous lines, concealing her face.

Over the desert the sand rasped beneath footsteps hitherbound. Strange figures they, coming down from the cliffs, the malignant old hag whirled along like a withered branch behind the great bulk of her son, and he with his dead eyes and the burnt, bleached hair over them. Yet both were of the desert also; she like the dried shrubs that rattle bony arms across the winds; he dull with the torpor of monotonous distances, silence and loneliness. They walked with the peculiar plowing gait of sand-dwellers, the bundle of faggots on the old woman's back clattering at every step.

"Look, Ishmael, yonder," said the hag, suddenly, in shrill Arabic. "Strange folks from the town come hither."

"Aye," he replied heavily, "there be fools that find pleasure in the desert, Hager, my mother."

"*Allaheu!* It is the will of Allah," chirped she, "and it bringeth the silver into our fingers, Allah be praised!"

His glance, wandering vaguely across the sand-wastes, heeded the prone figure motionless, yet appearing to listen watchfully beneath the

veil. A consuming passion leapt to his dead eyes and flat voice as he sprang toward her.

"Lispeth — *thou!*" His hands fumbled with the veil, tearing it aside. "Art sleeping? See, mother, is she not as a flower from Allah's fingers——"

The old woman's shriveled talons clawed jealously at his arm.

"Nay—nay, Ishmael, my son, come thou with me. *Illah! Illah!* Wilt not harken to the mother that bore thee—*ai—ai—ai*——"

Unheeding her whine, Ishmael stared into the sleeping face, his breath hoarse in dilated nostrils. Suddenly he swooped down, seeking her mouth with eager lips. A vicious blow met him instead. The girl on the mound reared to her hips with animal swiftness, drawing back her head as a snake flattens before striking. A frenzy of fury twisted her face evilly. Her eyes, curiously colorless, hated him beneath narrowed lids. The man whitened. His heavy features lost their glow of mind and sank into clay again. Wordless, he turned away.

"Ishmael!"

The word was vibrant with the music of summons. She was on her feet now, arms extended, inviting him. The strange, hot wind of blue distances whirled about her in devil's dance, molding her coarse robe to the plastic swerves of her body, whipping the wild elf-locks about her smiling face. He looked back, groaned as if in pain, and would have crawled to her on his knees had the old woman not hurled her bent old bones between. The same wind, in mock of her hideousness, bellied the cloak witchwise around her. It snatched the words from her lips and tossed them, cracked and shrewish, over the sands:

"Ishmael, leave this woman alone! On with thee—on, I say——"

He was going. She flung a glance of triumph toward the girl.

"Ishmael—come to me——"

He paused—turned, in miserable indecision. A sharp rap from Hager's

"ISHMAEL, LEAVE THIS WOMAN ALONE!"

purple knuckles decided for him. Shoulders sloping, he shambled away, a cowed brute-thing. His mother, it was whispered, had the evil eye, and knew unholy spells. He feared her. Therefore he went. Behind, the two women faced each other—two female creatures at strife about a male, a scene ancient as the ancient world. If the mountains are the soul of the world, the seas its passions, the varying lands its moods, then the desert must be the memory of the earth—brooding, timeless, hiding the bones of buried centuries beneath its sliding sands. And the memory of the tawny desert held this same scene repeated endlessly back to the time when the Sphinx himself was young.

"Unhappy creature—I!" shrieked Hager. "I have nourished a viper in my bosom! Allah be praised that thou wast not of my womb. Yea, laugh, but harken! Have naught more to do with my son, or I will poison thee. I have spoken."

Left to herself and the desert, Lispeth flung herself on the mound again, still laughing uproariously. By degrees she became quiet, staring unwinkingly into the blinding, treeless distance. Her face, swept of the frenzy of expressions, was small and pallid, not the warm white that glimmers between the face draperies of the veiled Eastern maidens, nor the wistful white of illness. It was rather the absence of color than true whiteness, as tho the blood had never touched the skin, save where it blazed effulgent in the narrow, crimson lips. Lusterless black hair, heavy-lidded eyes, pale with the glitter of ice, and strangely old. By her body's young ripeness of curves and the swelling breasts beneath her coarse gown, she must have been young in years; yet about her was a timelessness like that of the great Sphinx himself. Like him now, she crouched, brooding, over the hot, brown sand.

"The sand-seer promised a way," she murmured, restless hands twitching about restless knees; "that which is written is written. He spoke of a change coming. Allah grant it! I tire of this shrew and her doltish son and this speechless desert——"

The words trailed into silence. Lispeth leaned forward, crouching. Strangers!

It was a meek-faced desert maiden, curtesying, with downcast eyes, that the tourists saw as they panted up, pathetic with dust and heat-stains, a moment later.

The lady laid her hand kindly on the girl's bare arm. Thru her glove the contact burnt strangely, as ice burns with the hot sting of intense cold.

"Do you speak English?"

"Yes, madame; I am in the town often; I have heard it there."

The strange lady smiled.

"Then you can tell us where we can get a drink of water," she said. "What is your name, child?"

"Lispeth."

"Lispeth, this is my husband, Mr. Corday, and my son. We ventured out from the hotel without a guide," she chatted on easily. Lispeth raised her head suddenly and fixed her eyes upon the older of the two men. His glance caught in the mesh of her gaze, caught and clung. The light walking-stick in his hand began to tremble; he stood motionless, helplessly staring into the strange, pale eyes.

"Look at me!" they seemed to say. "Look again—what do you see? Ah, yes, and *again*—what do you see?"

Then as suddenly as she had caught his eyes she freed them, turning to the lady, with a girlish gesture of confidence.

"If madame would come with me—madame and the rest," she smiled. She placed a timid hand in Mrs. Corday's gloved one, swaying toward her. "I like you, *madame,*" she murmured softly. "Please like me a little, too."

Mrs. Corday put an impulsive arm about the girl's shoulders.

"You adorable little savage!" she cried. "Strange, how you remind me of my daughter who died! She *is* like her, isn't she, Will?"

Her husband did not glance at Lispeth.

"I—I see no resemblance, my

dear," he muttered heavily. "Let us get a drink of water and return to town. This—this infernal desert is—is getting on my nerves——"

Hager greeted the strangers with the sullen suspicion of the desert-born for aliens, smeared over with oily graciousness in deference to possible profit. The hut of palm-logs, which was roughly fitted together, faced the desert, looking out into the illimitable bright levels thru curtainless window-sockets. Fan-shaped palm-trees tossed the heavy air lazily to and fro; about the oozing well at the oasis' edge several ungainly camels were feeding, and the breeze was pungent with the reek of their presence.

"Picturesque! charming!" cooed Mrs. Corday. Her son strolled at her side as she flitted about the hut, examining the rude furniture, questioning, exclaiming.

Lispeth's pale eyes were glittering, but the heavy lids hung demurely over them. The older man watched her furtively, with the fascination that impels one to gaze at a livid scar or a horrible deformity. Finally he left his seat and strode over to her. The languid lids quivered. Fierce triumph shot thru her, but she did not move. Behind the mask of her face her brain was busy. The sand-seer had said—and it was easy. She had only looked upon this gray stranger as she had looked so often upon Ishmael. Lispeth's instinct took the place of a soul. She had learnt nothing of life—she knew everything. She felt, rather than heard, the stranger's deep-drawn, quivering breath above her. Slowly she raised her head, claiming his eyes.

"HIS HAND SOUGHT THE KNIFE IN HIS VELVET GIRDLE"

As the darkness comes in the desert without warning of sunset, Ishmael was upon them. His hand sought the knife in his velvet girdle; his harsh face glared hot hatred into

the immovable white gaze upturned to him.

"And so," he snarled in Arabic; "so you give your eyes to the stranger yonder. *Aloui!* it drives a man mad to see——"

"Fool!" she replied coolly, in the same tongue, "I was but bargaining with him for yonder amulet. He will pay a price, and we shall buy oil and fresh dates and fish. Leave us, then, a while, Ishmael—*my beloved!*"

His great animal-frame a-quiver at the vibrant words and glance, the nomad strode out of the door, bearing his joy away to the desert, to gloat over it in secret till the strange folks should be gone; then he would return. She would not hate him or mock him longer—had she not called him *beloved?* Allah was good—praise be to Allah!

"Well?" It was the stranger's voice in Lispeth's ear. In a violent, shuddering movement, she leaned forward, brushing his arm with henna-crimsoned finger-tips.

Her eyes smoldered like flame-lit steel. "You saw," she said fiercely. "He wishes to marry me. I hate him! Take me away from here! Take me with you!"

Heat and silence brooded on the brown hut peering thru the palms. A painted lizard etched his fantastic shape against the sand, the only color on the afternoon. Far away across the distance gleamed the minarets of Mohammed, and the raucous *"Oosh! oosh!"* of the camel-drivers as they goaded a patient caravan train, trailing grotesque black shadows across the horizon, came to them faintly. Silence, full of sounds that could not be heard; indistinct movement, as tho the sand had a soul in it and the desert were a-dream.

"Lispeth!" Ishmael stood in the low doorway, blinking at the feeble interior light. "Art thou here—*Lispeth?*"

Instead, Hager's claw-like fingers clutched his sleeve.

"She's gone—gone, my son!" It was a song of triumph—a chanting. "Gone! May Allah deal justly with her! The stranger-fools took her away. She bewitched them all. No longer shall she flout us, Ishmael. Thy mother hath saved thee!"

"Gone!" he echoed stupidly. He looked outside. The desert reeled.

"Gone!" The blank sky and sand flung back the hoarse cry; the far, flat places moaned it. *"Gone!"* Into the pitiless, impersonal emptiness he staggered, his hands to his head, running blindly in a pale cloud of sand, like a demented thing bent on destruction. And, now and again, thru the passionate sand-fog rose a voice, agonizing across the world: "Gone—my beloved—gone! Gone—"

Lispeth leaned against the latticed casement, her hands clenched by her sides, as the thin notes of the song tinkled up from the Street of the Dancers, spangled with a sensuous midsummer moon. Above her trailing black gown that breathed "Paris" like a perfume in every clinging line, the blinding pallor of her face glowed thru the dusk of the room. The coarse hair was disciplined into loose waves now, but the eyes were those of the tattered, desert beggar-girl of a month ago—empty, desolate, barren as the desert itself.

"Oh, Allah!" said Lispeth aloud, staring before her steadily. *"What* is it, this love that the dancing-girls sing of and the men understand? *I* want to feel it, too—*I* want to shake as men do when I wish it, to blush and tremble. *I cannot feel*—I cannot even cry!"

The arcade below, the bazaars and gardens throbbed like a heart with the passion of the song. Painted women, unveiled and bold of glance, smiled upon their companions in the garden; guitars tinkled, and a half-naked girl danced furiously in the blue-lit square below, her moon-cast shadow moving fantastically across the pavement; and over all the throaty voice sighed, like the night become vocal:

That thou mayest know the kiss that tells
the love of woman.

"Some women are like the golden light on the desert; some like the cold sand-storm that chokes and destroys," mused Lispeth. "Ah, the desert! I fear it—I would go away, but they like it. They plan to stay. I *must* go. I *will* go!"

The halls of the hotel were full of tourists. A jargon of tongues lisped across the noises of the street. Beyond the walls, on every side beat the East, mysterious, alluring. Within, the West chattered, bargained, gossiped and quarreled. In a palm-protected corner, Derrick Corday and his lately acquired fiancée bent over his mother.

"Madelaine never saw a native knife-dance, mother," he was urging; "do come along. They say it's a sight you oughtn't to miss."

"Well, if your father wants to——"

The older man hesitated. His eyes, wandering restlessly to the stairway, caught a glimpse of a black-robed figure descending. With an elaboration of unconcern he arose, flicking his newly lighted cigar into a palm-pot and yawning ostentatiously.

"Not for me," he said. "Go along, all of you, and enjoy yourselves watching the Zanzibar girls slash each other to ribbons. I'm dead tired, and I'm going to turn in."

In the conservatory the blue moonlight writhed over the floor; the shadow of the palm-trees seemed to rustle faintly. Steeped in the distance swooned the song of the love of women and the kiss of women. Lispeth's face blurred the shadows like a pale stain, as she stood waiting. She knew he would come. Had her eyes not demanded him, and his answered? She did not even stir at his step, so sure was she. One of her hands lay outstretched on the edge of a marble urn. A blue pulse in its back beat slowly, like a sluggish heart. The man's hand quivered over it. She turned, head flung back, looking seriously, pensively up at him. His eyes slid from her face to her sloping shoulders, slipped down along the curves of her body, in a glance avid as a touch. Presently he spoke, with deep-drawn breath.

"My God, but you're beautiful tonight, Lispeth!" he exclaimed.

LISPETH WATCHES THE TOURISTS WITH ENVIOUS EYES

She swayed infinitesimally nearer. A strange fragrance, like the perfume that the sun wrings from the ground of the desert, lurked about her. "But I am not happy."

He regarded her steadily. Again she swayed a shade nearer, her eyes heavy upon his. "I hate the desert—it stifles me—I want to go away—"

Her breath was on his face. His arms went out to seize her, but, with a mocking laugh, she was gone. He looked after her in silence, his face

quivering. "The little devil—she makes a fool of a man." He flung himself down on a marble bench, talking to himself in a monotonous undertone. "What *is* it?—must be this infernal desert—makes a man forget everything. She is wonderful—ugly, too—no, no, *beautiful*—cold as ice, but kisses would warm her—kisses that choked that cursed laugh from her throat and that stare from her eyes. Good Lord! what *am* I saying? My wife—Heaven help me, I wont *let* her make a fool of me—"

"Mr. Corday!" The miserable man started to his feet.

"No, no, I'm not going to listen." But he made no move to go.

He saw the scarlet thread of her lips tremble. The stormy rise and fall of her breasts disturbed her dress; her hands were on his shoulders, burning cold.

Suddenly his resistance snapped, as a straw, before the flood of passion. He snatched her to him, maddened an instant by the pressure of her arms and body, the strange scent of her hair in his face. Then again she slipped from him. Her skirts whispered as she ran thru the palms and roses into the room beyond. Blindly he followed the sound.

"Lispeth—you little Witch of Endor—Lispeth—I love you," he gasped. "Come back—I'll do anything you say—anything. Only come back. You're killing me. You know it, too. I'm—I'm mad about you—*mad,* do you hear?"

He stumbled against a table and threw himself into the chair beside it, burying his gray head on his arms. One idea alone clung to his shipwrecked brain—"I'll do anything you ask, only dont leave me——"

He felt her above him; then her voice on his cheek: "Take me away from the great, horrible desert, and I'll give you—a kiss!"

"It will mean a few days to get together money enough." His dry lips fumbled with the words. "Then we'll go away—where they can never find us——"

"*Father!*" The word hissed on the hot moment like water on red iron. Derrick's young face, grotesque with horror, floated man-high thru the darkness, toward them.

"Are you mad?" he cried shrilly. "Do you mean to say you are planning to elope with this woman—to leave my mother—to disgrace yourself and bring shame forever on her name and mine? Are you my father? Are you insane?"

The older man made no attempt at futile defense; his gray head sank lower, beaten down by the storm of pelting words. One shaking hand crept out, groping for pity, but his boy pushed it from him, loathingly.

"Dont touch me!" he shrieked. "I will go and tell my poor mother of your baseness." He flung himself from the room. Like a strange, black shadow, adrift from its substance, Lispeth followed.

"Wait one moment." The far-away, emotionless words tinkled on the tense air like ice. The boy paused with unwilling suddenness, as tho jerked back by an invisible cord. The small, rigid figure, silhouetted against the white wall, swayed piteously before the fierceness of his gaze.

"You dont—understand——"

"I beg your pardon; I am afraid I do——"

"Ah-h-h!" A sob undertoned the word—a quick step forward, and Lispeth had crumpled into a little pool of black on the floor, at his feet, her white face uptilted to his.

"Dont you know—haven't you seen—all the time—that it was *you* I loved—Derrick, *you*—you—you?" Her hands fluttered frenziedly around his knees—tightened.

All he could say stupidly was: "*Me*—you love *me?*" over and over, like the meaningless refrain of a comic song.

"I do—I worship you! It is because I love you—because I am hopeless in my love for another girl's sweetheart—that I wanted to get away. Cant you see? At least be merciful and spare me the pain of this shameful telling—Derrick!"

She hid her face in her hands,

rocking her body to and fro. Between her fingers her pale eyes peered watchfully.

"And you love—*me?*" he muttered. "*Me?*—no, no, it is impossible." He bent suddenly and seized her face between rigid hands, staring at her as for the first time. The strange, pale face, emotionless as her words were wild, seemed to blot out the world; so a match held before the eyes covers the moon and sun and sky.

"You are a marvel——" He was gone. She turned to the young man, holding out yielding arms. Her eyes closed. The black head swayed back upon his arm, and his kisses burned upon unkissing, scarlet lips.

The moon, bright craft washed with cloud-wrack, steered down the heavens to the dawn. The lights winked out below in casement lattice, minaret and tower. Up from the sun-soaked

"THE LITTLE DEVIL—SHE MAKES A FOOL OF A MAN"

Her hand crept to his, brushing it. A shudder shook him. He started back, then suddenly took her into his arms. She could have shouted aloud for triumph. Instead she hid her face against his pounding breast.

A furious laugh separated them. Mr. Corday stood in the doorway, his gray head shaking with the palsy of anger, and his face a terrible kaleidoscope of rage, jealousy and twitching mirth. Lispeth slid from Derrick's slackened arms.

"The only way to keep *our* secret," she breathed. The elder's face cleared.

ground poured the scent of drifting rose-petals, like the soul of the dying flower rising to the sky. The mysterious, delicate dawn-wind breathed against Lispeth's forehead as she knelt by her window, gazing into the night with fierce, unsleeping eyes—a wind born in the barren wastes of sand-strewn places, ghastly, she thought, with dried years, the bones of things that had died.

She bent cold forehead on cold, hard-wrung hands.

"Oh, Allah, is there no help for me?" she moaned. "Send thou

tears to my eyes—that have never wept, and love to my heart—that has never stirred. Alas, my eyes, my heart and soul are as dried and sterile as the desert itself! Allah have pity—pity upon me!"

Lispeth waited. Passing tourists glanced curiously at the listless figure, motionless behind the palms; then went on to view the lesser marvel of the Sphinx. Thru the window fell the shadow of the white mosque-tower and the far heaven-ascending drone of the muezzin whining upward: *"Oh, arise and magnify Allah, and purify thyself and depart from uncleanliness!"* Lispeth did not seem to be listening, yet she knew the step that halted at last by her side.

"You have everything?"

"Yes."

"Then let us go."

They turned, walked about their palm-shelter, straight into the very face of Derrick.

"Father—where are you going with her?"

"Derrick, keep out of this—it's none of your affair!"

The two glared at each other, stripped, in one horrid moment, from the years of affection, family love, respect and civilization to the primal brute, the beast-man that slumbers in the soul of every male.

"Derrick, if you touch that woman again I will kill you," cried the father.

"And if *you* touch her I will kill you." Lispeth shrank back against the wall. The heavy lids drooped over her watching eyes, narrowing them to slits. The pallor of her face was unflecked with color or excitement. A faint smile bent the cruel line of her lips.

The two men were breathing hard; the veins in their foreheads beating; the sinews tightening in their arms. In an instant they would be at each other's throat. The door was flung open. A furious figure, incarnate frenzy and threat, carrying a coarse robe over its arms, burst into the room. More horrible than his lifted knife was the face below—distorted, clammy white, as tho a corpse were angry, it glared down at the girl. The robe fell at her feet.

"Take off thy strange garments and put this on," cried Ishmael, hoarsely. "I have come to take thee *home.*"

Night on the desert. A wandering simoon tossing gusty showers of sand across the copper moon, rattling the dead leaves of the camel-thorn like

"THE BLACK HEAD SWAYED BACK UPON HIS ARM"

bony arms flung in wild appeal toward the sky. The ancient papyrus rustling agedly against the low, cinnamon-colored dunes.

"The desert again—the sand-seer warned me——" The wind caught the moaning words, whipping them to bits in dervish dance across the sky. It seized her flowing draperies and molded her figure with them; whipped the black hair loose from its coils into serpent streamers, and stung the white, upflung face with hissing sand.

The silent bulk behind her broke into sudden words. "The desire of man's soul is hot as the sun at noonday—the need of thy lips as bitter as the parching sand-storm." He moved nearer, his eyes flaming like living coals thru the night and storm. "I love thee. Thou art mine—*mine,* dost thou understand?" His arms were about her, drawing her down upon the mound. She struggled faintly, his fierce breath upon her face. Surely she could still manage him? Had he not always trembled at her scorn——

"I love thee—kiss me, Lispeth. I love thee enough to die for one kiss. Ah, ah! So you laugh at me still? *Aloui!*" He flung her from him, fumbling in his girdle. Something glittered in the air. "I love thee enough to *kill* thee!"

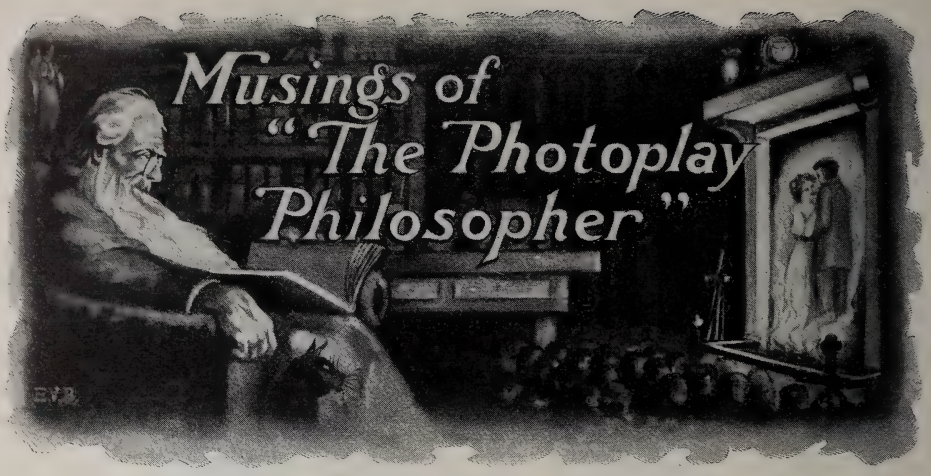
Lispeth's head fell back upon the sand. She stared up thru the darkness with a puzzled frown. In the whirling red pain of the world she saw only his face—the face of the man who had conquered her at last. Suddenly a strange light grew in her eyes. She struggled to her elbow, panting up to him—her master, so far away from her glazing gaze. Intense joy seemed to suffocate her—or was it the red stream that burst from her lips with every word?

"I *love* you, Ishmael," she gasped, her heavy hand reaching to his, lax at his side. Faster came the red stream. The new-born soul in the pale eyes was filmed with death. "Allah—be—praised—I have—found—love——" She fell back on the sand. "So—dark—it—is—the storm——" But it was Death. Yet the new light gave the dead face a sweeter look of Life than it had ever worn.

And the sands of the desert blew across her like a veil.

Allah forgive us, and be merciful to us all.

"I HAVE COME TO TAKE THEE *HOME*"



IF there is anything sorely needed by the Motion Picture manufacturers, it is good comedy. How rare it is! There are some people so constituted that they can laugh at anything, however ludicrous and silly, and these persons are to be envied. He who can laugh heartily on the slightest provocation is indeed fortunate. One of the unfortunate things about education and culture is that they tend to raise our standards so that we no longer enjoy the senseless jokes and situations that once roused our risibilities. When we learn to enjoy the delicious wit of Swift, Lamb and Washington Irving, we begin to frown on the mere punsters like Tom Hood, and we no longer appreciate the vulgar humor of the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers. Some of the Motion Picture comedies of five years ago would not now be tolerated. The public has become educated up to a higher standard of the art of humor. Only a few years ago a comedy was thought adequate to the demands if it contained the familiar procession of promiscuous citizens, constantly increasing in number, chasing a culprit and falling over one another as they came upon an obstruction. Most of us can no longer laugh at such pranks. Once it was thought sufficiently funny if the comedian merely met with a series of mishaps, such as being thrown into a mud-pool, or being crushed by a shower of debris, or being run over by a truck, or being put into a barrel full of projecting nails and being rolled down hill. We all have human sympathy, and it does not please us now to see even a comedian suffer from violent "jokes."

Addison's Genealogy of Humor is interesting, in this connection: "Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue, Humor. Humor, therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behavior and fantastic in his dress; inasmuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in he never fails to make his company laugh."

On this side of the door of Success is the word "Push," on the other side is the word "Pull"; but since most of us are on this side of the door, we must not look for *pull*, but must *push*. Nothing great was ever accomplished in this world by *influence*. Persistent effort is the price of Success.

It might be well to sound a note of warning to those who think that anything and everything pertaining to Moving Pictures is "coining money." It is true that those wise persons who, many years ago, had the foresight to see the immense possibilities in the crude, primitive device for imparting apparent motion to photographs have prospered beyond their wildest dreams, and it is true that hundreds of others, who became interested in Motion Pictures in recent years, are making fortunes; it must be remembered that along with the few successes have come innumerable failures. Hundreds of manufacturers of Motion Pictures have failed, and thousands of exhibitors have had to close down their doors. All is not gold that glitters. Photoshows will not pay everywhere, and not every person in the world knows how to conduct one so that it will prosper. The "show business" is an art. While butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers have been known to desert their callings, and, without previous experience, started Motion Picture shows and made money, these enterprises were successful *in spite* of bad management. They are exceptions, and they do not disprove the rule that the shoemaker should stick to his last. Doubtless a fool could open a picture theater in certain localities and make money, but it must be said that such localities are rare. And as for the manufacturing of Motion Picture films, it can hardly be said that there is room for more. The market is large and ever increasing, yet the present manufacturers are successfully meeting that demand by adding to their product. The inducements to invest money in one or more of the several branches of the business are alluring, and many a dollar has been lost in hopeless ventures. We all remember the day when everybody was investing his savings in mines and oil-wells that promised to yield fabulous returns. The Motion Picture industry is the modern gold mine—beware!

We truly have some great photoplayers, but has it come to that stage yet when we can say of *any* player, as we now say of the great actors who are gone, thus: Forrest's "Lear," Salvini's "Othello," Mansfield's "Richard the Third," Cushman's "Lady Macbeth," Booth's "Hamlet," Hackett's "Falstaff," Irving's "Shylock," Neilson's "Rosalind," Ellen Terry's "Olivia," Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," MacCullough's "Virginius" and Kean's "Brutus"?

Mr. Edward Endelman sends me an interesting booklet from which I glean the following: "My study of this question has led me to the following conclusions: (1) The Motion Picture can be applied to the school curriculum, strictly speaking, so that it will help the child's class-room study of history, geography, chemistry and the other concrete subjects in the school course. (2) It can be applied to the study of the abstract subjects—civic duties, social and moral obligations—for both children in the schools and for adults. (3) It can be applied to the study of trades and the development of industries, for both children and adults. (4) It can be applied to the general education of the adult by regular Educational Nights at the 'Ten-Cent Universities,' at church affairs, medical conferences and social entertainments."

It is only a question of a short time when there will be film exchanges that make a specialty of releasing educational pictures, and when there will be theaters where educational pictures only will be shown. The time is not far distant when we shall also have picture theaters devoted exclusively to "feature" dramas, and others where comedies only are shown. Furthermore, the

pictures will be repeated for two or three nights. There seems to be no good reason why a theater should advertise "Complete change of pictures every day." In every community there are probably a few who make it a business to attend the same picture theater every night, or two days in succession, but these are exceptions, for the great majority visit the same theater only once or twice a week. This being so, why should not a program be repeated at least once, so that patrons can recommend it to their friends? In New York City a play sometimes runs a whole season, and it gains most of its patrons by one person recommending it to another. And when citizens or visitors wish to spend an evening at the play, they make inquiry and learn that there is a comedy playing at this theater, a burlesque at that theater, a Shakespearean drama at another theater, a melodrama at another, a morality play at another, and so on; then, having decided what sort of play they wish to see, they make a choice. No doubt the same conditions will some day obtain in the Motion Picture theaters. And why not? Perhaps we shall some day see such signs as these: "The Erasmus Educational Photoplay Theater: Educational picture plays shown exclusively, and religious plays on the Sabbath," and "The Comedy Photoplay Theater," and "The Shakespearean Photoplay Theater," and "The Classics Photoplay Theater," and so on.

The time will also come when people will get out of the habit of attending only that picture theater which is nearest to their homes. They will be only too glad to take a car and ride to a distant part of the city to attend a photo-show whose program is to their liking. As has been said before many times, the Motion Picture business is only in its infancy.

It has been said that the Motion Picture is "A royal road to the human mind." Certain it is that we learn quickest that which is learnt from inclination, and the problem of education has been to make learning attractive. If the teacher can combine study with play, her pupils will prosper. If she makes the work uninteresting, the pupils will shirk it, and they will learn slowly.

How true it is that "a man is never a hero in his own home." Perhaps it is because distance lends enchantment and familiarity breeds contempt. And perhaps that is why we think *imported* articles superior to those made by our own countrymen, and why we look on foreign singers and foreign doctors as more gifted than our own. A man is seldom fully appreciated in his own town, in his own country, in his own time. It requires the perspective of distance or time to win our applause. For did they not make Socrates drink the fatal hemlock? And did they not make Galileo recant under penalty of death? Did they not sneer at Columbus and laugh at Newton? Did they not send Napoleon to St. Helena and put a price on the head of Cromwell? And were not such statesmen and world-benefactors as Bismarck, Gladstone and Lincoln called "demagogs" by their contemporaries? Milton was known as "The blind old schoolmaster" by his fellow townsmen, and the celebrated Waller criticised "Paradise Lost" in these words: "A tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be considered as merit, it hath no other." Seldom has a poem become more popular than Butler's "Hudibras," yet no less a personage than Pepys wrote in his memoirs: "When I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it . . . and sold it for eighteen pence." Cervantes, author of the immortal "Don Quixote," was thrust in jail, and the great Dante was exiled. Chaucer, father of English literature, was compelled to exchange a palace for

a prison, and Spenser was banished to Ireland to die in poverty. Our own Walt Whitman is just becoming recognized as one of the world's great poets. When his "Leaves of Grass" first came out it was pronounced the work of a fool. For example, one of the great critics said: "The book should find no place where humanity urges any claim to respect, and the author should be kicked from all decent society as below the level of the brute. There is neither wit nor method in his disjointed babbling, and it seems to us he must be some escaped lunatic raving in pitiable delirium." Emerson, however, was quick to recognize the merits of the new poet, for he wrote Whitman as follows: "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career."

In our own time, as it always was, genius is seldom recognized by those who stand close by. But if we acquire riches, we are at once proclaimed great, for gold is king.

Weak men take whiskey—also water, and sometimes both. Strong men never rely on stimulants. Most "drinking" men are weak men. Some drink because it is the custom, some because they are treated, some because they dont want to appear too virtuous, and some because they wrongly imagine that it adds to their strength. In any of these cases drinking is a sign of weakness. Man is the only animal that eats when it is not hungry and drinks when it is not thirsty. Very few men drink because they like the taste of liquor. Drinking is often the result of a false thirst. When the system cries for water, men translate the demand for fluid into a call for rum. Water will quench 'most any thirst. But—this was not to be a temperance lecture, but a brief paragraph to call attention to the too frequent drinking scenes in the pictures. Is it wise to give the impression to Young America that drinking is so common to all classes of people and that it is customary and proper everywhere?

It is remarkable how many Motion Picture companies are settling on the Pacific Coast. No, it is not remarkable, for not only are the climatic and other conditions exceedingly favorable there, but the tendency of all good things has always been to push on to the west. The star of empire usually rises in the south, soars northward and sets in the west. The great power-center of the world started in Rome, marched northward to London, from London to New York, and now we see it hovering over Chicago, whence it may ultimately move on to San Francisco. Going still farther back, Egypt and Assyria were once the world-powers; then the scepter passed north and west to Rome and Greece, thence to Spain and France, thence to Germany, then to England, thence across the Atlantic, and now it is marching across the continent. The northerners usually conquer the southerners, other things being equal, for the northerners are the more hardy and the southerners the more indolent, owing to Nature's indulgence. About ten out of every eleven of the earth's inhabitants live north of the equator. The farther north they get, the harder they have to work, hence the stronger and the better they become. But perhaps the Pacific Coast is too luxurious, too indulgent. If the earth there gives up her treasures too generously, without demanding a fair equivalent, men will not thrive, and the struggle for supremacy will carry the fittest to still more distant parts.

The Appeal of "Beulah Land"

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

We are told in The Arabian Nights' Entertainment that when Mr. Sinbad, The Sailor, returned from one of his particularly exciting adventures and rested, he was soothed by the sweet strains of music. When some twenty-odd millions of photoshow fans seek relaxation after the cares of the day, they also wish to be soothed by melody. To the discriminating, the music in the Motion Picture theaters has been anything but soothing.

During the enaction of the dignified production of Biblical times the incessant tapping of the triangle and roll of the snare-drum have rudely detracted from uplift and refining atmosphere. When Bob, the brave lieutenant who gives his life for his country, is breathing his last on the stricken battlefield, the enlivening strains of "Everybody's Doin' It" on the pianoforte has quickly sundered the cord of sentiment connecting the audience with the picture screen, and has transformed an appealing scene into incongruous comedy. But there is promise of better things.

The refining atmosphere cannot be too carefully fostered in the Motion Picture theater. I frequently visit a theater where the musical director requests the audience to name the songs. The favorite selections of children are particularly desired. One little girl the other evening asked for "Beulah Land." That song is close to the child's heart. It's an old-fashioned song; a song of the home. "Beulah Land" has beautiful words and lovely melody. It is a vision of a life Over Yonder; a dream of a joyous future; it is the strongest evidence of immortality there is.

The night "Beulah Land" was sung there immediately followed "The Star of Bethlehem." Never had the films seemed so appealing; the sacred atmosphere had been unconsciously prepared by "Beulah Land," and that large audience was made better for it all.

And there are other songs touching the life immortal that are not out of place in the Motion Picture theater when morality pictures are the program. There is the "Home of the Soul," "The Sweet By-and-By," and a score or more like them, all of which appeal powerfully to the child's heart, and that come into the life of the most cynical with vision unobscured.

The day of the Illustrated Song, with its insincere sentimentality, is waning in Filmland. Musical bills-of-fare are being selected with thought and care, and this, I unhesitatingly assert, is one of the most important steps forward.

Let us taboo the "popular" songs, many of them winning by their suggestiveness, and return to the good, old-fashioned airs of the everyday people, just as the pictures are turning from false standards of life to real people and human sympathy.

And it will not be long before Cinematography will be responsible for a revival of the classic light operatic music. The photo-opera is expected to make its initial bow before so very long. Then selections from "Il Trovatore," "The Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Faust," and the lilting airs from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mascot," "Mikado," "Pinafore," "Patience," etc., will add tone and good taste to the Motion Picture show.

There is nothing as demoralizing in this world of ours as poor or suggestive music. The little girl asked for "Beulah Land," and tears shone in the eyes of many in that audience. The exhibitor of Moving Pictures can teach other little girls and boys to request "Beulah Land," and then where will the "reformer" turn for material for criticism?

If the fair sex does in other elections as it is doing in this, the anti-suffragists will lose a good argument. As the battle of the ballots progresses, we find that the women are doing their full share of the work. Who said that the women did not want to vote? They do—at least they do in this election—and they are, perhaps, a little more willing to show their appreciation of the good work of the players than are the men. They say that men are not so appreciative as are women, and this election tends to prove it. When you come to think of the hundreds of happy hours you have spent at the photo-show, and of how hard the players had to study and work, in order to make those happy hours possible, and of how little appreciation these players get, then you are glad that this contest was started. After all, this contest is something of a hand-clapping affair. You see a play; you admire a player's work; you want to tell him and everybody so, and this is the only way you can do it. Thus far the vote has been spontaneous and right from the public's heart. As far as we can tell, there has been no "booming" by the players themselves, directly or indirectly, and that is as it should be. We want the public to decide this election, and to tell the world who are the popular players. At this early date, the figures given on page 172 do not tell the whole story. Many counties haven't been heard from yet, as they say in the regular elections, and many people have been saving up their votes, just as they did last year. No doubt there will be many important changes in the result-up-to-date that we shall publish in the next issue. The fact that the names of the Biograph players are now becoming known will make a difference, because many voters will now vote for Biograph players who, a month ago, voted for other favorites. Our advice is to vote early, for you are allowed only two votes a month—one for a male player and one for a female player. For full directions how to vote, and for the standing of the players up to date, see page 172. While this contest is on, the department known as "Popular Plays and Players" will be combined with this department, and all verses, criticisms and comments received will either be printed here or forwarded to the players mentioned. The character of the prizes and the date of closing of this contest will be announced later. Concealed elsewhere in this magazine are coupons that will help you to secure a large vote for your favorites. Address all communications to "Editor Popular Player Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." Following are some of the verses and appreciations that we have received:

Agnes, of Westerly—as well as a lot of other folks—is delighted to know that Arthur Johnson is posing for two- and three-reel films.

The fans who love the photoshows,
Altho they've idolized in prose,
Did never yet a rhyme compose
To Wilbur, of Pathé.

This lack of praise has roused my ire,
Dear, charming Crane we all admire;
Why doesn't some fan tune his lyre
And sing to him a lay?

Those wondrous eyes—what is their hue?
The softest brown, or violet blue?
I cant describe those eyes. Can you?
Oh! tell me what they say!

He's clever, handsome, graceful, young;
Oft fame on lesser things is hung.
Oh! why does he remain unsung—
This hero of the play?

VIRGINIA T.

Mrs. G. W. Hicks writes of the pleasant surprise she received when she recognized Miss Ethel Clayton in "The Last Rose of Summer." She remembers Miss Clayton as the most charming and beautiful member of the stock company playing in Minneapolis several years ago.

Every time I see him on the screen,
My handsome, manly Bob,
I wish it were an endless dream—
Oh! how my heart doth throb!
New York City.

Now, Mr. Robert Gaillord,
When you read my little prank,
I hope you wont be bored
And think I am a crank.

DOLORES BECKER.

And Washington, D. C., is looking our way. Here is a friendly word from the Treasury Department:

GENTLEMEN: When I was in New York, last summer, I was fortunate enough to witness a good deal of rehearsing and posing by the Edison, Biograph, Reliance, and other companies. I was much impressed with the fine work of Phillips, Cooper and Miss McCoy, of the Edison; Dion and Miss Robinson, of the Reliance, and Walthall, Miss Pickford, Miss Bruce, and others, of the Biograph. The acting of Claire McDowell, Henry Walthall and Miss Geneva in "Two Daughters of Eve" (Biograph) was about the best I ever saw. Respectfully,

THOS. W. GILMER.

THE QUEEN OF THE MOTION PICTURES.

Ofttimes, in my dreams,
My thoughts to her do go—
To her who rivals the sunbeams,
With a heart as pure as snow.

She has the sweetest dimples
That ever adorned a face;
To you they may seem but simple,
But greatly they add to her grace.

Oh! why cant you guess her name right now,
And save my time as a talker?
The fairest of all the queens in the play
Is the renowned Miss Lillian Walker.

H. J. K.

H., of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, considers Mary Fuller the most sensible, natural and unaffected actress in Motion Pictures.

From P. C. Levar comes a most sincere appreciation of Miriam Nesbitt, whose work he characterizes as finished, refined and pleasing: "Her talent is not of the showy kind, but she has plenty of vim and fire, beauty to spare, and a certain sweet dignity that seems the outward manifestation of a most pleasing personality."

Helen, of New York, is terse, but emphatic, in her praise of Warren Kerrigan:

here's an actor who is loved
By each Motion Picture fan,
I am sure you do not doubt my word,
For it's Warren Kerrigan.

New York City.

HELEN.

A new point of view is always interesting, even if the point pricks. For example:

EDITOR FAVORITE PLAYS AND PLAYERS:

I am not a kicker, but I have taken special liking to "Kalem's," with the exception of the war dramas, in which Union men are continually beaten by the Confederates, night after night. As I am a decided "Yankee," I think it would be much more interesting if those parts were reversed. Otherwise, the acting is excellent.

Newark, N. J.

C. C. SMITH.

There is a note of real pathos in this:

EDITOR: Greetings to Ormi Hawley and Alice Joyce, two of the sweetest girls in the Moving Picture world, who, with their sweet faces, seem to draw one nearer to heaven and the angels.

From one who, after she has seen them, feels comforted and not so lonely as before.

Another acrostic, with a word for many:

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC SUBSCRIBER.

M stands for Meyers, who in Lubin dramas does so well.
O for Olcott, of whose acting I need not tell.
T is for Turner, who for her work ought to be fêted.
I for Ince, who certainly is Lincoln reincarnated.
O h! you all know this next person,
N that's Kalem's Anna Q. Nilsson.

P is for Mary Pickford, so small and petite,
I am sure every one thinks her very sweet.
C for Costello, the handsomest and most popular actor.
T is for Talbott, in Motion Pictures quite a factor.
U for Urelle, of Gaumont, whom I dont know very well.
R for the Reids, Wallace and Hal, the best that I can tell.
E for Earle Williams, whose manners are so refined and gentle.

M stands for Morey, who can be so funny or so mad.
A for Anderson, the hero, tho he looks so mean and bad.
G for one we love to see—stalwart Bob Gaillord.
A for that cute little girl, Adele De Garde.
Z for Zena Keefe—the films she leads banish all grief.
I know you are all of the same belief.
N is for Neill, who for Edison does great work on the screen.
E verybody's doin' it now—what?
Reading THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

St. Louis, Mo. ELAINE VOLKERS.

A good criticism, this:

In attending an average of twenty picture shows each month, I have heard many comments in regard to seating people during the enactment of a film. In a large sense the Moving Picture theater is becoming the not-to-be despised rival of the theater proper. For the benefit of patrons, the seating of people who come during an act is not practised any more in the better playhouses. How much more necessary is it that we see every action and expression upon the screen, in order to gain a clear understanding of the portrayal! In the picture theater we have only our sight to aid us, and may not judge of the action by the all-revealing spoken sentence. Surely the many frequenters of the picture theaters would not object to standing for a few moments if they should enter during the enactment of a film, and the adoption of such a rule could in no way interfere with the business.

This verse from Iwago Orwyn, of Newburgh:

ostello's dimples may be fine,
Johnston's scowls most divine,
Earle Williams' eyes best of all,
Harry Morey grand and tall,
Morrison's so awful sweet,
Anderson you're daft to meet.
Of these the girlies seem to rave,
But give me the player that I crave,
Who has all these charms, and more besides.
He's a real fine fellow, that cant be denied,
He's Leo Delaney, I'll wager you know,
He's my ideal of the photoshow.

Edward C. Wagenknecht wishes to see more of the two- and three-reel films written in story form.

An admirer of Whitney Raymond asks for his picture. All in good time.

TO MABEL NORMAND.

The sweetest girl I've ever seen
Upon the Motion Picture screen
Is a dear little maiden, with winsome smile,
That's got other stars beat a mile.
Her ways are cute, has a pretty pout,
You can always guess what she's about.
She used to act for the A. B.,
But now has left it, as you all see;
Has gone to another company, fair,
To continue her captivating acting there.

526 East 156th Street, New York City. NAT MILLER.

This poem to Leah Baird, of the Vitagraph, was written on a paper heart. We wish we could reproduce heart and all:

I've seen them all, both great and small,
But she's the girl for me;
None half so sweet I ever meet,
In the picture plays I see.
No face so fair, no smile so rare,
No acting half so fine,
I've ever seen upon the screen—
Miss Baird, you're just divine!

Costello fans are "whoopin' it up" as enthusiastically as ever. Caroline D. Costello, of New York, writes: "I only wish I was Mrs., instead of plain Caroline."

Even suffragettes are human, as the following shows:

Strolling down the street one day,
Had nothing else to do,
I went into a picture show
And met my Waterloo.
But there appeared upon the screen
A hero, brave and bold,
And, before the reel had ended,
I lost my suffragette hold.

I must confess that I'm ashamed,
For I'm a suffragette;
I vowed that I would hate all men
And never would forget.
I left the show with a strong resolve—
To my principles be a good fellow;
Just changed to—I would hate all men
But charming Maurice Costello.

L. P. McC., Vitagraph Fan and Florence M. Hampton add their voices to the Costello chorus.

Louis H. Winters, who coyly confesses that he is "nineteen years old, single, but engaged to somebody else," sends the following to Alice Joyce, the result, he says, of "three months' thinking":

TO THE GIRL I LOVE, ALICE JOYCE.

ere's to the lilies that snow on her brow;
Here's to the violets that bloom in her eyes;
Here's to the roses that stain her fair cheeks
And her soft, sweet lips with their crimson dyes,
And here's to the girl I idolize—Alice Joyce.

This speaks for itself:

This is a tribute to Mr. Anderson, not as an actor or hero, but as a director. I have been noticing, recently, while attending Motion Picture shows, that many players are conscious of the camera, but I have never seen any of the players in the Western section of the Essanay Company who seemed in the least to know there was a camera near them; and they are natural. Every move seems to be made as tho it were happening in reality. And I firmly believe it is due to good management and directorship.

Here is another friendly tip. When the coat really fits, we should put it on:

The most common words in everyday use are frequently misspelled in the announcements on either side of the screen and in the films themselves. Motion Picture audiences are now made up of the most educated and cultured people, and it is rather jarring on one's nerves to have such titles as "A CUREABLE DISEASE" boldly displayed on the screen, especially as Motion Pictures are supposed to be educational as well as entertaining.

I entered one of our theaters the other day, after seeing the announcement of the film, "The Bride of Lammermoor," outside. This is my favorite opera, and I fully expected to hear the beautiful and familiar music while the film was being run. Not so! The picture was beautifully acted, and the sextette was all there, according to Hoyle, but the orchestra played "Ramona Waltzes" and "Moonlight Bay" while the despairing Lucia was acting the "Mad Scene." Do you wonder that I left with a keen sense of disappointment?

Memphis, Tenn. WELL-WISHER.

"Wesley" is too shy to give his full name, but Miss Normand will appreciate this tribute just the same:

It is just simply grand to see Mabel Normand,
As she puts on her cute little pout,
And then see her smile, in her own winsome style,
On the screen while she's marching about.

Josephine W. Steuphel sends in such a warm appreciation of Jack J. Clark, of Kalem, that the envelope was really scorched and the postman burned his fingers. "Admirable, manly, poetical, artistic, fine" are only a few of her adjectives.

Frederick Wallace, of Bristol, Conn., sends this fine verse to "The Little Blonde of the Biograph," Blanche Sweet:

I know a winsome maiden,
She's the sweetest ever seen.
And each night I wait her coming
On the Motion Picture screen.
With her eyes so true and tender,
And her crown of sunny hair,
She fills my soul with longing
Every time I see her there.

Not a haughty dame of fashion,
Jeweled and enthroned in state;
Not a queen of crime and passion,
Is the girl for whom I wait;
But a tender, trusting woman,
With a woman's hopes and fears,
On her lips the haunting sweetness
Of the smile that shines thru tears.

Never hers the shout of victory
(Hers to wear the martyr's crown),
Never hers the gauds of fashion
(Hers the simple, gingham gown);
Hers to give, without receiving,
Hers to make the sacrifice;
Love, unselfish, all-enduring,
Shines from out her tranquil eyes.

Always just a touch of sadness
In her eyes, so free from guile;
Always such a wistful sweetness
In the sunshine of her smile.
Yielding, with pathetic patience,
Whatsoe'er the will of Fate,
For her eyes have read Life's meaning,
And her heart has learnt to wait.

Queens may come, and thrones may perish,
Naught care I who wears the crown;
She, who has my heart's allegiance,
Wears a simple, gingham gown.
Pure in word and action, knowing
Naught of evil, all of good,
Humbly at her shrine I worship
My ideal of womanhood.

"A Wallace Fan" writes:

If I ran a Moving Picture company, William Wallace Reid would have the lead in every picture, for he has the handsomest *nose* of any Moving Picture player, so there!

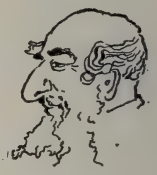
Grassville is up in arms! The sewing-circle and the postoffice gossipers have their heads together. For further particulars, see below:

MAKING UP THE MOVING PICTURE BAND.

What's all this fuss and noise about?
  Pray tell me right away.
A Moving Picture show's in town,
  It opened yesterday.
It's the talk of all the village,
  It's the best show in the land,
And Squire Brown's decided on
  "A Moving Picture Band."
He advertised for musicians,
  And applicants came quick,
So from the crowd he picked the best—
  The line-up, it is slick.

First comes the stalwart groceryman,
  A pianist, you know,
He, like a leader, takes the part
  Of Maurice Costello.
Then comes the parson's eldest son,
  So placid and serene,
He claims that Marc McDermott
  Is the best man on the screen.
Next we hear the village blacksmith,
  All ready for fun or fight,
He's going to blow the trumpet for
  Pathé's star, Pearl White.

And then we get a ladies' man,
  The greasy butter-churner,
He says that he will blow a horn
  In honor of Florence Turner.
Then they all come, in a line,
  Each rooting for his choice,
While even the minister beats the drum
  For his standard—Alice Joyce.
Now I have told you quite enough
  About this village band,
'Cept that I know Helen Costello
  Is the best little girl in the land.



Leon Kelley, of Rockville Center, L. I., expresses himself in regard to "the everlasting idiot who gabbles thru the entire show about nothing." We agree with Mr. Kelley that his foolishness may well be contrasted with the grim lesson of silence taught by the wordless drama:

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

Say, bo, are you a noisy guy;
  A guy who talks unceasingly,
Who throws the "bull," both low and high,
  And thinks it most gentlemanly?
Are you the kind that likes to brag
  And tell of what you've done,
Or some poor soul you love to nag,
  With chatter not worth a pun?

If this is you, I'll call your cure,
  I'll tell you what you need,
And, if you try, just tell of your
  Conversion to this new-found creed.

Now here is what I'd have you do:
  I'd have you seek the picture show,
And, as you watch each story thru,
  Just note the watchers, high and low.
You'll see the effect of each little smile,
  You'll see them sometimes moved to tears,
You'll see them roar—and you will pile
  Things in your head that'll stay for years.

And all this done without a sound,
  Without your chatter and violence,
Just by the grace and the truthful round
  Of a wealth that is given in silence.

Kathryn S. Payne, aged twelve years, is impartial in her praise of her three favorites:

f course, I have my favorites, too,
Every one has—now haven't you?
You know King Baggot I adore,
And Florence Lawrence, and Owen Moore.

In passing:

I would like to say a word of praise of some of my favorites, namely: Zena Keefe, Clara Kimball Young, Florence Barker, Hazel Neason, Anna Neilson, Julia Swayne Gordon, Kathlyn Williams, Gertrude McCoy, Jane Fearnley, and others too numerous to mention.

A. CARLYLE.

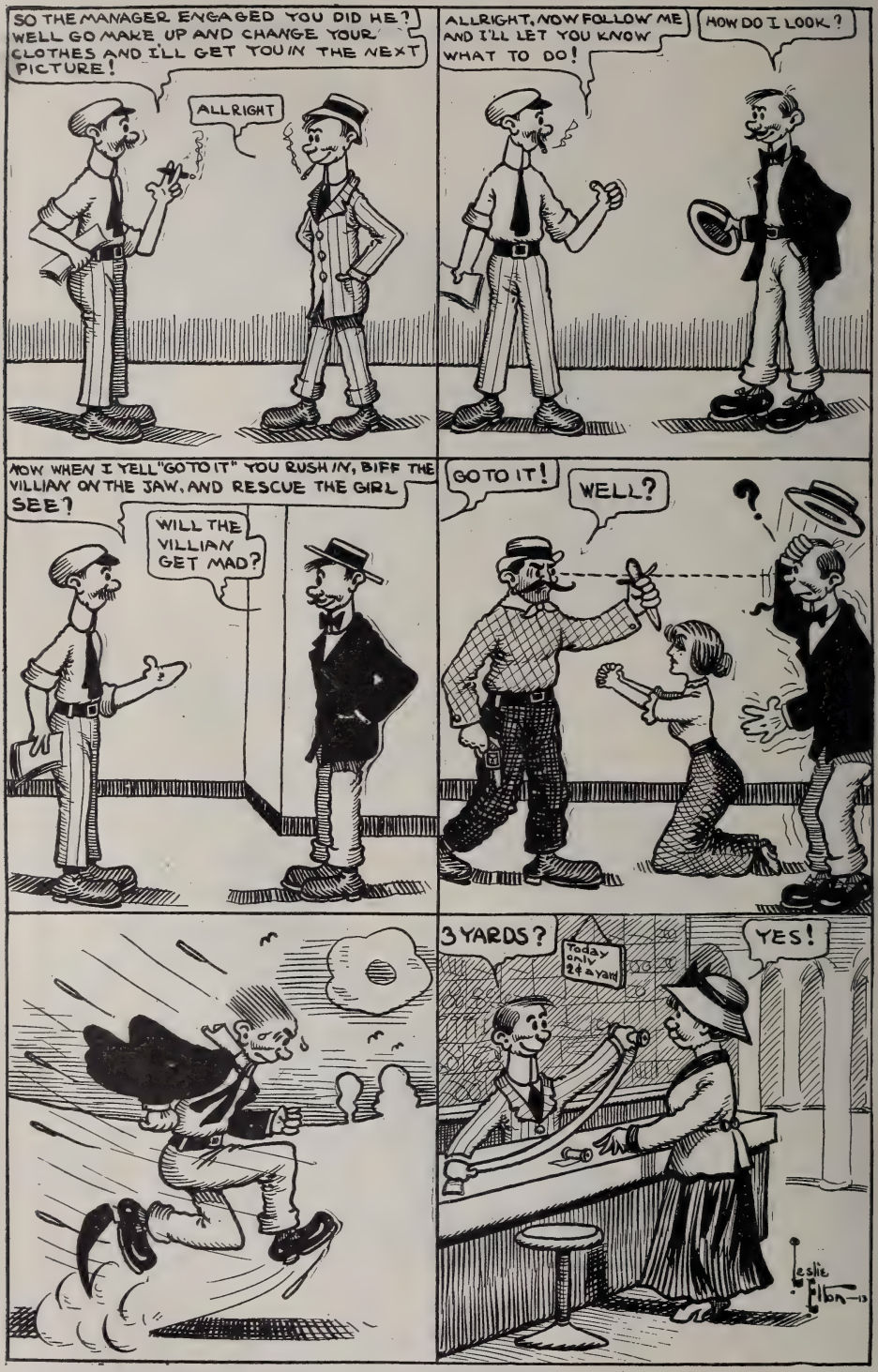
(*Continued on page* 172)

Another Feather in Her Cap

THE ELIMINATION OF LENGTHY INTERMISSIONS
THE DOING AWAY WITH ARTIFICIAL SCENERY — USING NATURAL INSTEAD
AN ENTIRE FAMILY MAY GO TO THIS PHOTO PLAY THEATER FOR LESS THAN ONE DOLLAR
SEE FIVE OR SIX PLAYS IN ONE NIGHT
THE PICTURE AT THREE OR FOUR TIMES LARGER THAN HERETOFORE
EDUCATIONAL MASTERPIECES THE PEOPLE'S THEATER
THE "CLASSIC FEATURE" PLAYS
PROGRESS
THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE GIRL
A. B. Shults

GREAT HAS BEEN THE PROGRESS MADE BY MOTION PICTURES IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, AND THE END IS NOT YET. NOW THAT THE CLASSICS OF LITERATURE ARE BEING FEATURED, IT MAY BE THAT THE NEXT "FEATHER" WILL BE "REPEATING BY THE EXHIBITORS," SO THAT WE MAY SEND OUR FRIENDS TODAY TO SEE THE PLAY THAT WE SAW YESTERDAY.

A NEW PICTURE STAR APPEARS, BUT


SO THE MANAGER ENGAGED YOU DID HE? WELL GO MAKE UP AND CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AND I'LL GET YOU IN THE NEXT PICTURE!
ALLRIGHT
ALLRIGHT, NOW FOLLOW ME AND I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
HOW DO I LOOK?
NOW WHEN I YELL "GO TO IT" YOU RUSH IN, BIFF THE VILLIAN ON THE JAW, AND RESCUE THE GIRL SEE?
WILL THE VILLIAN GET MAD?
GO TO IT!
WELL?
3 YARDS?
Today only 2¢ a yard
YES!
Leslie Elton

HE SOON DISAPPEARS

EDWIN CAREWE, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

"UGH! ugh! Heap fine playman!" I approached the teepee with a forlorn sensation of apprehension in my scalp-lock, and, in due course, was admitted.

"How?" said I, in approved Deadwood Dick style, extending one hand. Injun Chief Who-Makes-Pictures shook it cordially.

"How?" he returned. "Pale-face welcome. Injun heap glad, see? Sit."

We sat. The peace-pipe was passed, and, thru the fragrant clouds of smoke, I held the following pow-wow with one of the most picturesque figures in photoplay—Edwin Carewe.

To begin at the beginning, he happened in Texas, thirty years ago.

"I'm an original American—a real genuine, sterling, old-fashioned, first impression native," smiled Mr. Carewe, displaying two rows of perfect teeth, startlingly white against the brown tones of his skin. "My Texas-American father bequeathed me my appetite for baseball and the sporting extras, but my Chickasaw Indian mother is responsible for my insatiable thirst for adventure and thrills. I suppose I must have something of the redskin's battle-lust about me——" His glance rested vaguely on my over-prominent scalp-lock, and my pencil wabbled nervously but needlessly. "I work off my primeval impulses by automobiling and fishing for the festive trout in Michigan, when I get a chance to slip the screen for a few days."

Mr. Carewe went on to discuss various auto makes and trout-flies, while I took his number, so to speak. Nearly six feet tall, lean and brown and handsome, Mr. Carewe might easily be taken, or mistaken, for a college junior, in spite of his long years of stage service, the responsibilities of married life, and the six-hours-a-day-six-days-in-the-week amount of work he manages to turn off regularly. But, hark! I am missing something *Revenous à nos* motions.

"Fine magazine—THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE," says Mr. Carewe, in italics. "Read it from cover to cover. It's doing great business for the photoplay.

"I've been on the regular stage for years, in stock and with Otis Skinner, Chauncey Olcott, and Kitty Gordon—must have played three hundred parts in my time, but my six months with Lubin has shown me that photoplaying is the thing for me.

"The 'legit' has no finer actors than Florence Turner, Arthur Johnson, Roger Lytton, G. M. Anderson, and George Lessey. Of course, I'm not saying that Motion Pictures are going to outshine the stage. They're a parallel force, and, in their own way, they are as great in possibility, and that's changing to *probability* right along.

"I always study my parts before I rehearse them, just as carefully as I ever did for a speaking play.

"We're all pals at the studio, and the most energetic muck-raker couldn't stir up anything but good influences there. Then the pictures themselves are getting cleaner and more uplifting all the time. I played the lead in three pictures like this: "What Might Have Been," "The Miser," and "Gentleman Joe," and I'm proud of them, if I *do* say so, who shouldn't!"

Mr. Carewe finds life distinctly worth living. And that means that he is *alive*, intensely, vividly alive clear thru and all the time. When he is not working, he is reading Shakespeare's sonnets or Milton, or he is writing magazine stories and scenarios, or sometimes he is improving himself by a dip into mental science under the guidance of Ralph Waldo Trine.

"I believe that as we think, so shall we live, and as we live, so shall we be rewarded," said Mr. Carewe, when pressed for an original "sentiment" of some kind.

"But my religion spells the Golden Rule, and I belong to no sect, unless you call the Democratic party a sect. Some do, you know. I'm not afraid to register my belief that William Jennings Bryan is the greatest man alive today, even in defeat. Long may he wave! You must go? Sorry! I'm rather fond of being interviewed, you see."

"You've made things delightfully easy for me," I said gratefully. "I didn't once have to tell you, as I do most people, that it hurts me worse than it does them."

"Well, remember me to the public," smiled Injun Chief Who-Makes-Pictures. "I have two ambitions—to save money for a rainy day, and to endear myself to the lovers of the photoplay."

The stars predict that Mr. Carewe's latter desire will be realized.

DOROTHY DONNELL.

G. M. ANDERSON, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

AN interview with Mr. Gilbert M. Anderson, the famous Western producer, and one of the organizers of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, I had been told, would be more difficult to secure than to accomplish the feat of swimming San Francisco Bay. Why? Was it because his time was too well taken up with matters pertaining to his profession? I determined to solve the problem.

He makes his home at the St. Francis Hotel, one of the most exclusive hostelries in the West. I called there one morning recently, shortly before eight. The clerk informed me Mr. Anderson had not appeared in the corridors that morning, but might be expected any moment.

Soon the clever producer, whose animated reproduction is known to millions of Motion Picture theatergoers, stepped lightly from the elevator, in a natty, gray suit, with hat and gloves the same shade, a contrast in the extreme to the characteristic cowboy make-up of "Broncho Billy," in which he has made the Western productions of the Essanay Company famous the world over.

"Mr. Anderson," I addressed him.

"Good-morning. Who are you?" was his quick retort, at the same time glancing at his watch and walking slowly toward the street.

I proffered my card, and noted the hands of the clock pointed at five after eight.

"Will you favor me with an interview?" I asked as I kept apace with him.

"Gladly, but I am sorry I cannot spare the time now. I'm on my way to the studio at Niles, and the boat leaves in five minutes."

My hopes withered, but he added quickly: "If you care to take the trip with me you are welcome." Before I could reply, he entered his handsome touring-car, said to be the fastest pleasure vehicle in San Francisco's vicinity, and motioned me to follow.

A day of thrills commenced. Suddenly I was unable to speak, but was nervously watching the wheels of our machine graze by cars and wagons on busy Market Street. We finally landed on the ferryboat. I glanced at my watch. Our ride from the hotel had taken just three-and-a-half minutes.

When I recovered my nerve and looked around, Anderson was busily engaged preparing a photoplay to be produced that day, stopping a moment, however, to apologize.

Riding off the ferry at Oakland, my distinguished host smiled at some youngsters playing ball in a vacant lot.

"Interested in big league games?" he asked.

I informed him that I was a follower of the national pastime.

"So Frank Chance will manage the New York Americans," he continued. And smilingly: "Now New York will have a first division team."

At once I caught the meaning of his elation. Not alone was he a lover of outdoor sports, but it was in New York that Gilbert M. Anderson first entered the Moving Picture world and made good from the start. His suggestion that the 1,000-foot film be put on the market is said to be responsible for the one, two and three thousand foot reel pictures of the present day. The Essanay Company, since its formation, when Mr. George K. Spoor met Mr. G. M. Anderson, has profited by the original suggestions of this forethoughted man.

He urged the chauffeur to make haste. We were soon riding at such speed that it was impossible to carry on a conversation. I studied Anderson's face. The marks of determination were visible. This, it is said, has much to do with his continuous success. It seemed but a few minutes from the time we left Oakland to our arrival at the studio in Niles.

"We start for the canyon immediately," he said. Instantly cowboys sprang into chaps and spurs. Actors and actresses prepared for the play, while the director himself entered his dressing-room.

Suddenly he reappeared. Not as the G. M. Anderson I had met earlier in the day, but as "Broncho Billy" of the photoplay.

"If you care to ride out with us, there is your horse," he said.

I dared not decline, altho I was never much of a horseman.

Simultaneously ten or more riders mounted their horses and started on the journey. The old, historical six-horse stage-coach used in the early California mining days followed. I tried my best to ride alongside Anderson, whose eyes were taking in every possible spot for a "location," but I found myself too busily engaged keeping my mount, which seemed, to use a cowboy term, "ready to rear at any moment."

We had no sooner stopped at an old and odd-looking mountain cabin, when the camera man began turning the crank, while "Broncho Billy" proved himself a hero by disarming a rough-looking character who threatened the life of the heroine. Other scenes were taken, Anderson all the while directing and instructing others in the art of photoplaying.

As each performer went thru his part, the great director, standing behind the camera, seemed to go thru each part mentally. His eyes were constantly on every move. He was a study. I was so interested watching him that I almost forgot to watch the acting.

Soon Mr. Anderson showed his cleverness with the shooting-irons, handled a lariat with ease, and gave an exhibition at riding that one would go miles to see. He appeared to love his work.

A halt was called for a bite to eat. Some cowboys began tossing a ball. It was not long before my subject showed adaptness in that game also.

More scenes were taken, and then the ride back to the studio. In a few minutes we were speeding over the country roads to Oakland with several members of the company. It was a jolly crowd, and I found no time to begin the interview I sought that morning.

It was after five in the evening when we rode up Market Street toward the hotel. The streets were crowded. From the sidewalks we could hear: "There's G. M. Anderson." Newsboys at every corner saluted their idol with "Hooray for Broncho Billy!"

A short while after, we arrived at the St. Francis. I was in the midst of thanking Mr. Anderson for the pleasure he had afforded me when he stopped me. "I enjoyed your company," he said; "come and see me again."

With a parting salute, he was gone to his apartments.

Did I get the interview? Hardly—I didn't have time.

M. A. Breslauer.

THE BENHAM FAMILY, OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY

IT was in the Thanhouser studio that I met Harry Benham. He had just stepped out of a society wedding scene, so he was immaculately attired, and he seemed perfectly at home in his clothes. Interviewing is not always a pleasant business—one feels so impertinent, catechizing a perfect stranger—but Mr. Benham's easy courtesy removed any trace of strain in the situation, and the few moments' chat was a pleasant one.

Before he went to the Thanhouser Company, Mr. Benham was a star in musical comedy, playing a lead in the popular "Madame Sherry" as his last rôle on the regular stage. "Peggy from Paris," "The Sultan of Sulu," "Woodland" and "The Gay Musician"—in which he had the title rôle—are some of the light operas in which he was popular.

"And you left it all for the pictures?" I asked, wondering a bit. "How do you account for that?"

"Here comes the reason," he laughed, turning quickly, as a childish voice just outside the door called "Father!"

"Come in, son," Mr. Benham said, and smiled encouragingly at a miniature edition of himself who appeared in the doorway, glancing shyly at the stranger with the notebook; "the lady's writing a story about me, and maybe she'll put you in it, too."

The lad came forward then, holding out a small hand with a ready courtesy that matched his father's. He is six years old, and his name is Leland, he informed me gravely; he plays in the pictures, and he likes it very much, thank you. Master Leland is an uncommonly attractive youngster, and the pride that shines out of his father's eyes is quite justifiable.

"And here come the rest of them," Mr. Benham laughed. "Now tell me, how could a man with a family like this go chasing around the country with comic opera?"

A pretty, fair-haired woman—scarcely more than a girl—came in, holding a round-faced baby, who stretched out coaxing hands toward Mr. Benham.

"This is my daughter Dorothy," he declared proudly. "She's two years old, and she's a little actress, too. She just came out of a picture—you see, she's made up."

Miss Dorothy is a charming, dimpled mite of humanity, and seemed to be as happy in the gingham attire as in her own dainty frocks.

"Yes, we're all actors," said Mrs. Benham—whose stage name, by the way, is Ethyle Cook, "and we are a happy family. New Rochelle is a delightful place to live—near to New York, with all the joys of country life. The kiddies play in our yard and have all kinds of outdoor games. We're like a lot of kids all together."

"Now you see why I left the regular stage," Mr. Benham said, as we watched them out of sight. "I'm distinctly a family man—my home and family are all the world. In this work I can settle down and enjoy life like any other home-lover."

Gradually the talk drifted to many subjects. Mr. Benham claims that he is "not literary at all," but he touches the subjects of literature, art, the sciences and all current topics with a ready familiarity.

He delights in outdoor sports, as does his wife. They take long walks over the hills together, both in winter and summer; they are expert swimmers.

The Benhams love their home, love their profession, love their public—and their public loves them back again, with good measure. No wonder they are a happy family!

M. P.

THE COSTELLO CHILDREN, OF THE VITAGRAPH

All the world knows Maurice Costello, and all the world admires his fine acting, so it was only natural, when his two little daughters made their bows to the public, that all the world should sit up and begin to ask questions about them. They are fortunate children, to come before a public already prepossessed in their favor—a public that was ready to love and admire them for their father's sake.

But the public soon saw that these children were worth noticing, quite apart from the heritage of their father's fame. Both of them possess unusual talent and ability, and would come rapidly to the front in any group of child-actors.

Little Helen is five years old; Dolores is eight. Helen resembles her mother; Dolores is like her father. Those who have seen them in the films know exactly how they look and act in real life, for they are perfectly normal, natural children both on and off the stage.

At their beautiful home in Flatbush the children get all the joys of country life, combined with the advantages of a great city. Every morning, in the summertime, the whole family pile into the big touring-car and are off to the beach, where they frolic in the waves to their heart's content. Neither of the little girls has learnt to swim, tho both are fearless in the water.

Indoors, at home, they are dainty, rather demure little girls, with spotless frocks and the prettiest, most girlish rooms imaginable. But when they go out to play it is very different, for Helen and Dolores adore boys' games and boys' playthings, and to see their collection of toys one would think that Maurice Costello had two robust sons instead of two dainty daughters. Each girl has a bicycle—a boy's bicycle, mind you—and they are daring riders, too. Then they have Indian suits, calculated to strike terror to the heart of the beholder, while cowboy outfits, footballs, baseballs and bats, and real steam engines that run on a real track, are among their cherished possessions.

The Costellos are nothing if not democratic, and the children attend the public school, so all the scenes in which they appear must be acted after school is over for the day, or on Saturday. But now they are preparing to leave school behind them for a while, for they are going with the Vitagraph Company on their Round the World tour. What a journey it will be for these two children, and what hosts of friends thruout the country will wish them bon voyage and a safe return! L. B.

Chats with Laura Sawyer, Lillian Walker, William Garwood, Jean Darnell, Florence Lawrence, Miriam Nesbitt, Marie Weirman, Gertrude McCoy, and others, next month, or as soon as there is room. They have all been taken, and some of the chats will be accompanied by cartoons.

This is a good picture of Maurice Costello in his new car. He will soon return to Brooklyn, after having completed a tour of the world with a branch of the Vitagraph Company

How Long Will The Public Tolerate This?

One Moment Please While we change Reels
WEAR KICKEM SHOES
GROCER
Next Picture Will Be TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM
JONES' WHISKEY IS BEST
Next Picture will be From Manger to Cross USE HOBO SOAP
An Edison Educational will be shown next
SMOKE ZOZO CIGARETTES
EAT SMITH'S ROASTED SAW DUST
Pathe's Weekly shown here every Monday
USE ORIENTAL CORN CUR
LADIES PLEASE REMOVE HATS
BUY YOUR HATS AT SMITH'S
Next Picture THE MORPHINE VICTIM
GET YOUR DRUGS AT KILLEMS
MEATS
BUTCHER
USE MOTHALINE

Advertising on the Screen

By HARVEY PEAKE

There's nothing that makes me one-half so mad,
When I go to the picture show,
As having to look at the same "ad" slides
Wherever I choose to go.
They slip the things in between the reels,
And take up a lot of time,
But it isn't for such entertainment as this
That I give up my hard-earned dime.
There's a slide about takin' your hats off, please,
And the drug stores in town require four,
While the clothing emporium over the way
Requires for its story two more.
And so they go on adding more, day by day,
After while not a film will be seen;
But the whole hour will be given up, dont you see,
To throwing "ad" slides on the screen.

THE FIFTH ESTATE

By EARL TREE

BEHOLD the Fifth Estate, the Motion Picture. With its birth a new era in world-wide education has been ushered in. The Fifth Estate speaks a universal tongue. Her alphabet is light, motion, color and form—all understood alike by peasant and prince. For the emotions a-play in the features are peculiarly intelligible to the human mind. The Motion Picture appeals to the most important of the senses—sight. Landscapes, people and organic growth in foreign lands are not easily impressed upon us by scientific descriptions of such. But the name, connected to the visual image, is all that man requires to form a correct concept. This is the mission of the Motion Picture—to visualize phenomena, to true off false impressions and to elevate intelligence.

Sight is the sense we exercise most. Any one can look. Our education depends on what we see to far greater degree than what we taste, smell, feel or hear. In fact these latter senses have been somewhat atrophied in modern man. No sense is thus belittled. All senses and the organs, tissues, bones and veins have justification under laws of evolution, else they would not exist; but the radius of the sense of sight is far the widest.

Definitions will not always do. Our mathematical text-books, in recognition of this truth of visualization, are profusely illustrated. How easier it is to understand the geometrical expression of a parallelogram when accompanied by the drawing! The psychological resultant is that proper concepts go over into proper action. It is important to know this: that morality is not objective, but subjective; not from free volition, but from objective causes which produce subjective effects. Thus the evolution of man to higher planes of action will be superinduced by the objective lessons of the Motion Picture.

The Fifth Estate will elevate by a philosophy of optimistic positivism, not pessimism. Augmented, as it may be, by the voice, the Fifth Estate merits an extension of its empire.

On a recent visit to what the small boys call a "Nickel Theayter," in Chicago, "The Siege of Troy" was pictorially presented. It was shown in the heart of a Greek settlement, and the "Sons of King George" manifested enthusiastic approval. Ever since, "The Siege of Troy" has been to us a "sure 'nuff happening," not a mere marginal reference. Likewise, the Urban Smith Kinemacolor films have indelibly stamped upon our consciousness the coronation of King George, with its wealth of color, soldiery and military maneuver.

Comedy is enhanced by the new estate. The Motion Picture, by tricks of film connection, is enabled to evoke hilarious laughter. Anything out of its proper place in Nature is comical. The new estate can produce effects that set at naught laws of motion, form, color, gravity and dimension.

So here is a great university, teaching, in Nature's Esperanto, lessons in light to all the nations: Greek, Pole, Lithuanian, Scandinavian, Italian and Englishman. A miracle that outmiracles the "gift of tongues." What single influence else in civilization reaches so many variant classes? Subtly it mingles pleasure with learning.

Man grows by what he feeds on, intellectually as physically. He is a product of sun and soil, like the tree. He does not mould, but is moulded. All knowledge arrives thru the avenues of his five senses. This is the manna of his mind. Therein rests the responsibility of the Fifth Estate.

By patronizing the Motion Picture we may all be globe-trotters: in India, Norway, Alaska or sea-isles. Ideas of beauty are an invigorating satisfaction to the mind. Toward this end labors the Fifth Estate.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

SIG AND ROSE.—Pauline Bush was the wife in "The Loneliness of Neglect."

IOWA GIRL.—Want to have a chat with the Answer Man? Zounds! Dont you have a chat with him every month in these twenty pages, and isn't that enough?

A. W.—Irving Cummings in "The Open Road." Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "His Children."

MAYBELLE R.—Always glad to welcome beginners. Romaine Fielding had the lead in "Courageous Blood." Anna Stewart was the girl in "Wood Violet." G. M. Anderson is still playing.

IRISH, 1.—Norma Talmadge was the girl in "Just Show People." You refer to Dot Bernard, formerly of the Biograph and now with Poli.

MARJORIE.—Wallace Reid was Tom in "The Indian Raiders" (Bison).

EDNA AND ALICE.—Edwin August had the lead in "Satin and Gingham." The Thanhouser Kid was the tiniest star in that play.

L. M., SAN FRAN.—The International Exposition of the Motion Picture Art will be held at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, from July 7th to 12th. It is given in conjunction with the third annual convention of the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League of America. Yes, everybody will be there, including the Answer Man, but even then you may not be able to identify him. See ad. about the photographs and drawings for sale. Yes, the original of every photo and drawing you see in this magazine is for sale, except those in the Gallery.

NANCY JANE, 16.—James Morrison is no longer with Vitagraph. Nancy, your other questions have all been answered in last month's magazine, and if we repeat, this department wont be interesting to others. We would answer them all by mail.

FLO, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Western Essanay at Niles. Keystone is not managed by any one who was formerly connected with Biograph. That Vitagraph was taken in Brooklyn. Brinsley Shaw is the Essanay villain, and a good, Christian one. You may ask your Biograph questions now, but not about real old ones.

BILLIE COLA.—You can write to Arthur Johnson in care of Lubin. You came just a little too late. Edwin Carewe and Edna Payne had the leads in that Lubin.

BESS, ALBANY.—Harry Millarde was the lead in "The Message of the Palms."

F. B., NEW YORK.—Thanks for the Easter card. We are making a collection of the presents we receive—all but the tobacco. Your questions will be answered if they are in compliance with our rules.

MARGUERITE V. G.—Yes; Thanhouser Kid is a child. "Gee, My Pants" was a Pathé and not a Selig. Pathé wont give us that information.

OTHER HALF LIVES—AT THE PHOTOSHOW

FRANCES K.—We dont go by writing; first come first served, but your answers will appear. We have never printed Marshall Neilan's picture yet, but he is due. Nor Earle Metcalf. Harold Shaw was Dick in "A Man in the Making.' Marin Sais was Rose in "Red Sweeney's Mistake." Kalem say they haven't any more pictures of Carlyle Blackwell to give us. Isn't it a blarsted shame! And spring has came. And Sweet Alice has had so many!

L. H. G. (SWEET SIXTEEN).—Edwin August was Dick in "The Good-for-Nothing." Jack Halliday is playing in "The Whip," New York. Sorry you were kept waiting so long—not *our* fault.

ANNA JANE, AKRON.—"Leading woman" is preferable to "leading lady." Use the word *woman* when you wish merely to designate sex. You wouldn't say "leading gentleman," would you? Remember the woman who rang the doorbell and said: "Be you the woman what advertised for a washerlady?" Yes; Ned Finley, who has just joined the Vitagraph Company, is the well-known Broadway star. Fred Mace has left Keystone.

MARGARET.—Harry Myers was John, and Martin Faust was George in "The Lost Son." Martin Faust was also Martin in "Until We Three Meet Again." Thomas Moore did not play in either of these. Bryant Washburn was Flinty in "The Sway of Destiny." You refer to Leo Delaney in "The Vengeance of Durand."

MRS. BARRY F.—Robyn Adair was the soldier. Kalem have a company in Birmingham, Jacksonville, Glendale, New York and Santa Monica. Lubin have one in Elendale, Philadelphia and Jacksonville.

EDITH G. MC.—Marin Sais was the girl in "The Days of '49." Hector Dion was Guy Mannering, Irving Cummings was the father and also the son in "Guy Mannering." Will tell the editor you want a chat with Anna Nilsson. Sorry Guy Coombs is not higher up in the Battle of the Ballots. Perhaps it's because he suffers too much from the Bullets of the Battle.

D. M. C., BROOKLYN.—You're right.

FLO M. K. says if she could only kiss Pearl White. Anthony, what sayest thou? Yes, we shall have to start a department for the lovelorn for you soft ones.

1. FARMER STEBBINS GOES TO SEE A PICTURE SHOW

WILLIAM TELL S. F.—William Noel and Phil Nesbaum were the nephews in "Her Nephews from Labrador."

THE BUG.—Address Mr. Bushman in care of the Screen Club, New York City. Miss Ray was the mother in "Cowboy and Baby."

"BING" AGAIN.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "When the Light Fades."

OLGA, 16.—Where have you been, Olga? We missed you dreadfully. My dear, we dont know Carlyle's telephone number; why, he's away out in California. See above.

U. N., PITTSBURG.—You will have to call up the Independent Exchange, and they will tell you in what theaters you can see Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush.

TED, BROOKLYN.—We agree with you. Motion Pictures now average up so well that the public prefer an extra reel to an illustrated song. All of us here think that vaudeville and songs have had their day in the picture theaters.

D. M., MONTGOMERY.—You are one of several who want to see Selig pictures in this magazine. It is up to Mr. Selig. Why not write him?

C. W. W.—Carlyle Blackwell was Red Ellis in "The Redemption." Roderick McKenzie was Roderick and Myrtle Stedman was the mother.

J. S., ST. LOUIS.—Frank Clark was the pirate, and Betty Harte was the girl in "The Pirate's Daughter." Sorry, but we cant answer your Imp question.

FRISKIE TRIXIE.—Thanks for the little Dr. Cupid you sent. We will consult him. Did you say "couple of questions"? It is more like a pamphlet. E. K. Lincoln has no special leading lady. You refer to Frederick Church in the Essanay.

BUMBLE BEE.—Kathlyn Williams was Queen Isabella in "The Coming of Columbus." Maurice Costello is expected to return on September 7th or thereabouts.

FLOWER EVELYNE GRAYCE.—We agree with you when you say: "Letters are my strong point." See above.

DAWN.—If your magazine is defective, of course, we will make it good. Just tear out two duplicate pages as an evidence of good faith, and we will send you a complete magazine. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

FLO E.—No, you refer to Ethel Clayton. Nellie Navaree was Nellie in "A Race for an Inheritance." Verse is good.

2. FARMER STEBBINS LISTENS ATTENTIVELY

SWEET SIXTEEN.—The old and popular players are known to every one, and hence they are not inquired for as often as the new players. There is nothing the matter with Arthur Johnson's right eye. Perhaps he was a little sleepy in that eye when the picture was taken.

G. E. M., JANEVILLE.—See our March, 1912, issue, page 132, for the article on "Wheels," which tells why they appear sometimes to go around backward.

L. B., MONTREAL.—Elsie Albert was Snow White in "Snow White" (Powers). The picture was taken when May Buckley was playing for Lubin.

TOM X. says: "Kalem without Alice Joyce would be like a ship without a rudder; Vitagraph without Florence Turner would be like 'hash-house' soup (very thin), and Essanay without G. M. Anderson would be like the Sahara Desert without sand." All those so in favor please signify by raising the right hand.

M. AND P., NEW YORK.—Mabel Normand was the wife in "At It Again." The Mirror Screen is certainly a fine thing—for new films, at least, but it is a question if it does not emphasize the defects in old films.

PLUNKETT.—*Bon jour!* Luckie Villa was the mother, Earle Metcalf was Private Smith in "Private Smith." Marshall Neilan was the beau in "The Horse That Wont Stay Hitched."

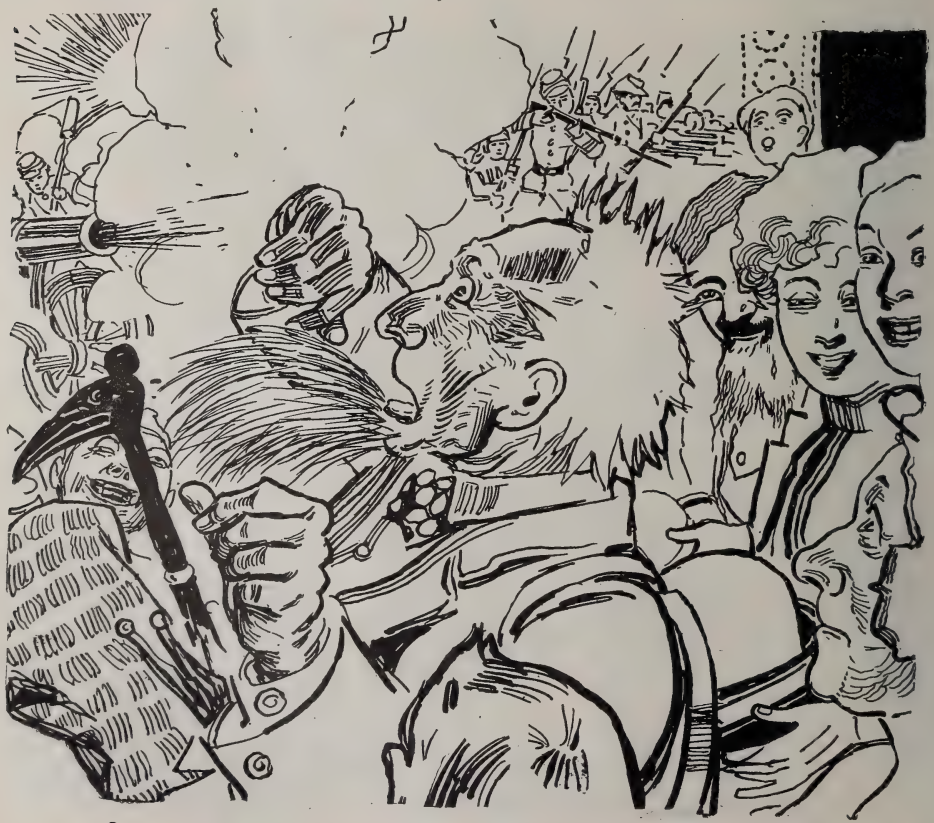
ELEANOR K.—We answered none of the letters received in answer to the puzzle on page 31 of the February issue. We only answered to the winner. About 7,000.

E. H. D.—Bigelow Cooper plays for Pathé and Edison. Robert Conness is playing on Broadway, New York City.

PANSY.—*Auf Wiedersehen.* Thanks for the Easter card. Pathé wont give us the information. Aren't they mean! Edna Payne was Madge in "The Engraver." Clara Williams generally plays opposite Edgar Jones. Vitagraph doesn't allow kissing (while taking pictures). Thanks for the invitation. Regrets.

FRANCES.—We asked the editor to do as you request.

ETHELYN.—Thanks muchly. Yes; Florence Turner had the lead in "Elaine" (Vitagraph). So the maid is infatuated with Ed O'Connor; poor thing, afraid there is no hope. Stationery is all right, with a capital A.



3. FARMER STEBBINS HEARS NOTHING, BUT SCENTS DANGER

HELEN L. R.—Baby Lillian Wade and Ray Clarke were the children in "Love Before Ten" (Selig). Guy Coombs was Gordon in "The Exposure of the Land Swindlers." Francis Bushman was Prof. Delaplace in "When Soul Meets Soul." Thanks for the fee, also the clippings.

ESTHER, SAN PAL.—Thanks for the letter; why didn't you wait until you asked some questions?

M. M., EL PASO.—Thanks! You did not say whether you wanted your questions answered in the magazine. Courtenay Foote is of the masculine gender. You evidently haven't placed him. Carlyle Blackwell and Francelia Billington had the leads in "A Life in the Balance." Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood had the leads in "Two Men and a Woman." Dont believe Miss Williams is the girl you refer to.

MARJORIE DAW, NEWARK.—So you like the "sketchy effect" of the pictures and designs used in this magazine. That's nothing—everybody does. We dont believe in too many straight lines, square corners and geometrically perfect designs—that is not art. Perhaps our artists have too much "freedom" with their pens and brushes sometimes, but, anyway, that's better than mathematical precision. No; Jack Halliday did not join Selig, but May Buckley did.

MARY P.—All of the trade journals give a list of the plays that have been released for the month. The Rex would not give us your other information. Sorry.

E. W., CINCINNATI.—We cannot help you with your question. Some companies are very slow in giving us information.

MISS M. "JACK."—Francis Cummings was Jim, and Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "The Open Road" (Reliance). William Garwood was the fireman in "Her Fireman." Harry Benham and Jean Darnell were the leads in "His Uncle's Wives."

RUBY K. C.—Sorry, but we cannot answer your American question.

FLOSSIE KING, AUGUSTA, ME.—We dont know whether King Baggot was in Gardiner, Me., a while ago.

DOLLY J. C.—The American Co. is located at Santa Barbara, Cal. Dont know the player you mention. Oh, yes, plays are being done from the classics every day. You can obtain photos from the manufacturer, or see any of the ads. in our magazine. You were a little too late for May. Thanks.

4. FARMER STEBBINS MAKES A HURRIED EXIT

JULIET, BROOKLYN.—"Chains of an Oath" appeared in our December, 1911, issue, but you never saw the film a year ago, as it was only released February 14th. Verse is very good. Believe he will join the Brooklyn branch.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for the nice comments in French. E. H. Calvert and Ruth Hennessy had the leads in "Odd Knote" (Essanay). Carlyle Blackwell's picture was in October, 1912, last. Thanks for being our friend "until the stars melt." Quite nice of you. Hope you dont mean meteors!

C. R., CLEVELAND.—Yes, almost any player would become popular if he had a pleasing personality and was always given heroic parts. Villains and weaklings seldom get popular. Too bad, isn't it? Glad you like educational pictures. Yes, travel tends to broaden one, but a padded coat will do it, too.

DOTTY.—That was Warren Kerrigan in "Calamity Anne's Inheritance." American films cannot be shown where Lubin, Vitagraph, etc., films are shown. Wallace Reid is directing now. Thanks for the fee.

J. G.—Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall had the leads. The pictures are of Blanche Sweet and Harry Myers.

RUTH B., SYRACUSE.—Send in your 500 votes for whomever you want to, and we will have the picture sent. Will have a chat with Marie Eline soon. Most actors are whiskerless, because otherwise it would limit the variety of their make-ups.

SUNNY TENNESSEE.—Augustus Phillips has been with Edison about two years. He has been with no other Moving Picture company. That's his real name. Hazel Neason is married and not playing. Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "Range Law." Harry Myers and Marie Weirman had the leads in "The Old Oaken Bucket." Thanks.

SAXET encloses two-cent stamp and wants to know why we insist on having the names and addresses on all questions. This is one of the rules of this department. We wont print the real name and address, but we insist on having them as an evidence of good faith.

D. A. M., BURLINGAME.—Vitagraph produced "Thomas a Becket." We have heard Charles Arthur left Lubin. It wouldn't be fair to have one person sit down and write five hundred names in one handwriting, and have them count as votes, would it? You are right about that writer, but hist!—dont breathe it to a soul.

ANCY KID.—Sorry, but we cannot answer those Nestor questions. You see, we can answer all the Licensed questions, but the Independents are slow in supplying us.

C. H. A., MASS.—"The Lady of the Lake" was taken at Mount Kisco, and "Rip Van Winkle" was taken in the studio. Cines are Licensed.

JULIET.—Glad to hear you are going to help boost George Lessey; he deserves it. We didn't see that Kalem picture, so cannot describe it. There is no rule against producing a play similar to one that has already been produced, but no good company would do it if they knew.

EVA S.—Mildred Bracken was Molly in "Molly's Mistake."

1. WHY IS IT THAT MOST CHILDREN DO NOT LIKE SCHOOL?

E. T., Brooklyn.—Martin Faust was George in "The Lost Son." Irving White was Joshua in "The Good-for-Nothing." Marie Weirman was Marie in "The Village Blacksmith." Wheeler Oakman was the son in "The Flaming Forge." J. W. Johnston was the lover in "The Country Boy" (Pathé). Thanks.

A. T. W., Bangor, and Other Artists.—Always glad to see your drawings, and we always show them to the editor, but he seldom buys; most of the drawings he uses are made to order. We cant return drawings unless postage is enclosed.

A Moving Picture Fan.—That's what they all say. We know of no sons belonging to Maurice Costello. Earle Williams was the Minister of Foreign Affairs in "The Ambassador's Disappearance."

Gladys G. R., Rochester, says she admires that "cynical and ne'er-do-well expression of Thomas Moore. Quite a charming lad." It's hard to tell who Carlyle's leading lady is. He has a new one every week. Yes, they all say there's none like Sweet Alice.

Dorothy S.—William Todd was the ruffian, and Frederick Church was the bandit in "On the Moonlight Trail." Frank Dayton and Helen Dunbar had the leads in "The Three Queens."

Bumble Bee.—No; Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence are not with Victor. You had better read some of the back magazines. Francis Bushman is no longer with Essanay. No, no; Gene Gauntier did not marry one of the Arabs, but it might have been one of the Irishmen, and his name might have been Jack, but we daren't tell.

Dorothy, '09.—Yes; "Earle Williams has understanding, and a sympathetic nature, personally." Is that all?

Gladys G. G.—Florence LaBadie was the girl in "The Pretty Girl in Lower Five." Earle Foxe and Irene Boyle had the leads in "The Fire Coward." Luelia Durand was Betty in "The Cowboy Heir" (American). Harry Millarde was Jack Fisher in "The War Correspondent" (Kalem).

Arthur J. M.—Your letter inspired an editorial by our Philosopher; but dont blow your own horn too much or you'll be a soloist!

Tex.—The mine was hired for the occasion. Ruth Roland and Edward Coxen had the leads in "Hypnotic Nell." She is in Santa Monica.

Dorothy D.—Address G. M. Anderson at Niles, Cal. Thomas Allen was the fugitive in "The Fugitive" (American). Edward Coxen and Lillian Christy had the leads in "The Greater Love." Xavier is Bushman's middle name, not Xerxes.

Bessa H., Gouverneur.—Sorry, but we haven't the cast for that Bison. Call again.

H. G.—Certainly you can get a money order for 30 cents. But you can send one-cent stamps or wrap the coins in paper. Here's a point: in sending one stamp, touch the tip of your tongue to the center of the stamp, not to the corner.

K. B., Brooklyn.—Julia Gordon has no special leading man. She plays a great deal with Earle Williams and Edith Storey.

C. D., Brooklyn.—Yes, sir, Sir William Duncan is with Selig. Dont know anything about that Sir. Why have you knighted him?

Buttercup.—You must sign your name and address. E. K. Lincoln's picture will appear very soon. Helen Costello was the little girl in "Two Women and Two Men."

2. THIS IS ONE WAY TO MAKE CHILDREN SCOOT TO SCHOOL

CORNELL, SOPHIE.—Isabelle Lamon was the girl in "The Miser." Mabel Normand is the girl you mean. They both play leading parts, but in different companies.

HELEN, 19.—How many times must we tell you not to ask questions about relationship? Maybe the editor will have a better picture of Earle Williams. He is a white man, but that royal bromide made him look like an Ethiopian. It did not reproduce.

BESSIE AND MARIE.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "The Surgeon." Jean Darnell was the widow in "The Poor Relation." Hazel Neason was Angelina in "The Nurse of Mulberry Bend" (Kalem). Alice Joyce was the nurse.

BILLY BAKER.—Wilfred Lucas was the widower in "The Widow and the Widower" (Rex). Formerly with Biograph. Lester Cuneo was the Englishman in "Bud's Heiress" (Selig). E. K. Lincoln was the actor in "How Fatty Made Good."

WAVERLY AND JEANNE.—Leah Baird was Adrienne, and Flora Finch was Sylvia in "Cinderella and Lord Browning." E. K. Lincoln was Jack Hall in "A Modern Atalanta." In "White Roses" (Essanay), Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne had the leads. Why, that was Carlyle Blackwell in "The Two Runaways." Master Calvert was the child in "Not on the Circus Program." William Bailey was Mr. Brown in "The Browns Have Visitors." You'll see Mrs. Costello soon. Much thanks for the fee.

M. B.—Had to read your letter twice; it would save a lot of time if you would double-space your letter instead of writing single-space. Thanks for the enclosure. Henry Hallan was the father in "The Message of the Palms." Pauline Bush was the wife, and Jack Richardson was the stranger in "The Lonesomeness of Neglect." Guy Coombs was the attorney in "The Prosecuting Attorney." Mignon Anderson was the wife in "Half-Way to Reno." Essanay say it was Brinsley Shaw who played in "Broncho Billy's Ward." Some say it was Frederick Church. We did not see the play. You refer to Edward Boulden in "The Heroic Rescue."

A. R. M.—That's quite an ARM on your letter-head. We dont know of any company who will purchase scenarios in story form, but Pathé has. Arthur Johnson was educated in Iowa, and he has been in Arkansas. Thank you kindly.

HELEN A. H.—Florence Turner was the wife in "Stenographer Troubles." Guess you mean Harry Mainhall in that Essanay. That nurse is not on the cast. So you say you are "gone on Anderson." You belong to a very large army. Harold Lockwood was the lead in the Selig. Thanks muchly for the fee.

MISS P., NEW ORLEANS.—Received the 500 votes for Ormi Hawley, and she informs us that she has mailed to you her autographed photo. Yes, the offer still holds good. We believe that every player would gladly send an autographed photo to any person who secured 500 votes for them, but we dont count subscription votes.

E. C. F., KENTUCKY.—Marin Sais was the wife in "The Last Blockhouse."

KEESERVILLE BRUNETTE.—But we dont find the questions. We are always glad to answer them. We believe Tom Fortune has left Vitagraph.

DIXIE MAY.—She plays under the name of Mrs. Mae Costello. Send the picture along. What company produced that play?

GERTRUDE L.—Helen Dunbar was the mother in "The Three Queens."

A. S., DAYTON.—We believe that play is still on the market. We know of no producing company at Cincinnati.

D. M. C., BROOKLYN.—Ray Gallagher was Jacques in "A Tale of Old Tahiti," and Mildred Bracken was Ternia. She is now playing for Broncho.

FAY, 21.—No; Augustus Phillips has played with no other Moving Picture company. You say you "would like to warn Warren Kerrigan about smoking too many cigarets. It will cause him to lose his good looks." No doubt he will stop quickly when he sees this.

KITTY, ST. LOUIS.—Ruth Roland was the stenographer in "Stenographer Wanted."

MISS T. G., OHIO.—Edwin Cartridge was Dick Cartridge in "On the Threshold."

ALF. G. P.—Our first copy was dated March, 1911. We believe Miss Pates has had stage experience.

TRIXIE A. B.—Clara Williams was the teacher in "The Teacher at Rockville." Marie Weirman was Marie in "Aunty's Affinity."

"LUNY ABOUT 'EM."—Better change that name or they will be appointing a committee to inquire, etc. Sorry you are complaining, but remember that all good things come to him who waits. Evebelle Prout was the girl in "The Supreme Test." That was Fritzi Brunette in "The Professor's Dilemma." Lillian Drew was Olga in "The Spy's Defeat." You had better write to our Photoplay Clearing House.

MAZIE V. H.—The picture you enclose is of Frederick Church.

TEDDY C. B.—Dont imagine that grasshoppers can disturb our equilibrium. With a sweet smile, your effusion was consigned to the waste-basket.

FLUFFY, 17.—You are correct on the Essanays. Frances Mason was the girl in "Identical Identities" (Essanay). Pronounced Lu' bin and Path ay' Frare.

BILLY BAKER.—Whitney Raymond was the girl's sweetheart, and it was an Essanay.

E. L. L., W. VA.—Charles Arthur was Herbert in "Village Blacksmith." The "Reincarnation of Karma" was taken at the studio.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

THE GREAT MYSTERY PLAY

is now complete and, having passed the Board of Censors, will soon be shown to the public. Watch for the announcement thereof in the advertising pages.

OUR DEPARTMENTS

Our "Answer Man" will continue answering 4,000 questions every month in his exquisitely breezy way, and about twenty pages are reserved for those that are not answered by mail. Our interviewers and "Green-room Jotters" will keep our readers informed of Who's Who in Filmland, and the Photoplay Philosopher wi l give his learned opinions on matters of interest within and without picturedom.

And we must not forget our artist, Mr. Fryer, who will wield his able pen and brush for the amusement and edification of our readers. He will continue to embellish the pictures and to design new ideas and cartoons, as also will the other artists, including Mr. Shults.

Hence, watch out for the July issue! We shall try hard to make it more pleasing than ever. Order it now! The summer months are coming and the newsstands and theaters are readjusting their orders. Watch out, or you will meet with the frequent answer—"Sold out!"

In our new home, which we have bought and furnished for ourselves exclusively, we intend to do even better things for our readers.

We have tried to make our motto, every month,

"STILL BETTER"

Compare the present number of The Motion Picture Story Magazine with the February, 1911, number, which was the first, or with the February, 1912, number, and note the progress we have made. The June number is even better than the May number, which is saying a great deal, we believe. It has taken two years and a half to learn what the public wants, and our constant aim has been to give our readers what they want, and at the same time to raise the standard of the entire Motion Picture industry.

We believe that the stories in The Motion Picture Story Magazine compare favorably with those in any other magazine in the world, and we know that the illustrations are superior.

OUR WRITERS

We have striven to make our editorial staff of writers second to none, and it at present includes the following celebrated writers:

Edwin M. La Roche	**Leona Radnor**
Henry Albert Phillips	**Claribel Egbert**
Gladys Roosevelt	**Courtney Ryley Cooper**
John Olden	**Peter Wade**
Rodothy Lennod	**Karl Schiller**
Dorothy Donnell	**Norman Bruce**

We occasionally have had stories by such famous writers as Rex Beach, Will Carleton, and others, and our aim will be, not only to maintain the high standard we have set, but to reach a still higher one.

We are pleased to announce that the distinguished inventor and author of various works, including "The Science of Poetry,"

HUDSON MAXIM

is now engaged writing a photoplay, and a story for this magazine which will appear in an early issue. Also that

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

is writing a story for us, taken from the photoplay, "B. Clarence, Genius," which is now being filmed by the Vitagraph Co.

DOROTHY DONNELL

E. A. B.—Paul Kelly was Billy in "Billy's Burglar" and Florence Turner was the wife of Leo Delaney in "The Skull."

Billie S.—Bigelow Cooper was John Bond in "The Awakening of John Bond."

Alverna V.—Yes; "The Bandit of Point Loma" was taken in California. Virginia Chester was Constance in "When Uncle Sam Was Young."

I. R. S., Cleveland.—Gene Gauntier is the maid with her hands clasped, on page 47, February. Marian Cooper was Nancy Tucker in "A Battle in the Virginia Hills."

Flossie C. Y. explains that "This is the only name my parents were generous enough to give me"; hence, other Flossies must not account her a copyist. Have heard nothing about Lottie Pickford. Ethel Grandin is with the Bison.

Doc, Eddy.—Riley Chamberlin was Gray in "A Will and a Way." 'Most all films are passed by The National Board of Censorship.

The Kid, L. S.—That film is too old. We haven't the cast. Surely; send a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will answer you promptly.

C. D., Binghamton, rises to remark that he dislikes to see a player point and gesture as if to say: "I will go there," just as if everybody did not know he was going where he went. Sobeit. Either those players who do that are afflicted with poverty of expression, or they think that we onlookers are very stupid.

W. S., Toronto.—"The Kerry Gow" was taken in Ireland on the good old Irish sod. Sometimes the crowds are hired for the occasion, and at other times it is not necessary to hire them—they come when you dont want them. We believe it is the British-American Film Co. E. H. Calvert was the monk in "The Shadow of the Cross."

Dorothy D.—You were right. We wrote to Champion and asked who the tramp was in "The Tramp's Strategy," but they failed to tell us. Very often the Independent company have no casts on hand of the plays. Jessalyn Van Trump was the girl in "Dawn and Passion." Alice Joyce was leading woman in "In the Power of the Blacklegs." William Duncan was Billy in "Billy's Birthday Present."

Harry H.—Francelia Billington was Florette in "A Life in the Balance." William West was Fealy. Lottie Briscoe was opposite Arthur Johnson in "John Arthur's Trust." J. J. Clark played opposite Gene Gauntier in "The Wives of Jamestown." Take your pick, Alice Joyce, Jane Wolfe, Neva Gerber, Francelia Billington, Lillian Christy, and others; which do you refer to?

C. Jones, St. Louis, sends us a newspaper clipping, saying that there are 483,000 people who visit Moving Pictures in St. Louis each week.

Flower Evelyn Grayce.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood had the leads in that Selig. Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "The Pink Opera-Cloak." Why all the signatures on your letter? How many of you are there?

Centipede.—Absolutely wrong. We deny the allegation and defy the alligator. Ormi Hawley—yes, she is very popular. What, you dont like her walk? Nor Alice Joyce's either? You might write them to try Delsarte. Now, how many really graceful walkers are there in this world? Dont expect too much.

Todd, Bois.—Ruth Stonehouse is not a Mason, but we'll bet that you are an Odd Fellow. Haven't you heard that a pun is the lowest form of wit? We cant please *all*. If giddy girls keep up the pace, levity and not gravity will prevail in this department. But hold! there's business before the house.

C. B., Brooklyn.—Dont know the name of the company who took the picture of Mead's Shoe Store, on February 10, 1913. Perhaps some one can tell us.

Dix.—George Stanley was the prospector in "The Angel of the Desert." Earle Metcalf was Sneaky Jim, and Edwin Carewe was John Clancy in "The Regeneration of Nancy."

Betty L.—Leo Delaney had the lead in "The Money Kings." See March issue, page 94, for the contest that appeared in February. Thanks for the clipping. We dont file letters to this department. We would have to hire a storage warehouse.

Elena C. G.—Thomas Moore played opposite Alice Joyce in "A Race with Time."

J. B. C.—Bill Thompson was Burton in "Bar K Foreman" (Lubin). Courtenay Foote was never with Selig. Lillian Christy was the girl in "The Fugitive." We dont happen to know how many Moving Picture theaters there are in Washington; never counted them, and there is no record that we know of. See our August, 1912, issue for the difference between Licensed and Independents. It is a long article.

R. F., Brooklyn.—"A Business Buccaneer" was taken in New York, and "The Redemption" was taken at Glendale. Alice Hollister was Lovie.

H. M. E.—Thanks for your kind words. Sorry we haven't room to print your letter. Tan shoes take black in the pictures. Yellow and black always come out dark.

R. T., El Paso.—You refer to Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall.

Dorothy M.—Essanay have no studio in New York. Whitney Raymond is with their Eastern company, at Chicago.

J. R.—Robert Grey was Dan in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan." Mary Fuller was Jean in "More Precious Than Gold." Julia Swayne Gordon was the Duchess in "In the Days of Terror."

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ADDRESS DEPARTMENT B

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

DOT-DASH.—The defect you mention was trivial, and your criticism is as insignificant as the little end of nothing whittled down to a point. A critic like you reminds one of a fly, which passes over the best parts and lights only on the sores. Cant you see any good in anything?

BILL MATTOON, ILL.—Alice Joyce and Thomas Moore had the leads in "The Flag of Freedom." George Cooper was Luigi in "The Adventures of an Italian Model." Miss Adams and Robert Frazer had the leads in "A Lucky Loser" (Eclair). Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "The Shuttle of Fate."

FLORENCE, 15, HUMBOLDT.—The Thanhouser Kid was Tim in "In the Truant's Doom." Jean Darnell was the mother, and Mignon Anderson was the teacher. Florence LaBadie was Mary, and Helen Badgley the baby in "The Country Prize Baby."

BABY ALICE.—Guy D'Ennery played opposite Ormi Hawley in "The House in the Woods." That's one that hasn't been asked before. It wasn't necessary for you to tear that sheet in half. Come again.

PEGGY.—Dont address your questions to the Technical Bureau. There is no more Technical Bureau. Fritzi Brunette was the girl in "The Lie" (Victor).

T. M. R., RIVERHEAD.—Yes; Carlyle Blackwell always studies his part, even to the part in his hair. He was once with Vitagraph. Bunny as Falstaff? Fine! Yes, fat men are always funny, but that is not saying that thin men are always solemn.

FLOSSIE CASTOR-PRICE.—No; Crane Wilbur does not use a curling-tongs to frizz his hair. We just entered that on our cards today. We dont know on which side Mr. Bunny sleeps. What university do you attend? You are of a very serious turn of mind.

THE GIRL IN BLUE.—*Mon ami*, that was W. J. Tedmarsh as the guard in "The Girl of the Manor" (American). Wallace Reid was Joe Mayfield in "At Cripple Creek." We are not supposed to know the ages of players. Our own age? Well, we were seventy-two on our last birthday.

L. T. V., PHILA.—If you think that player does not know how to wear a dress-suit, write him how. He may not like it, but it will do him good. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a man to take unto himself a wife, dont imagine that this is the place to announce that fact. Avast and avaunt!

R. L., CHICAGO.—Bessie Learn was the girl in "Over the Back Fence" (Edison). Marie Weirman was Marie in "The Guiding Light." "The Lady of the Lake" was taken at Mount Kisco.

H. L., LOS ANGELES.—True Boardman, sheriff in "The Reward for Broncho Billy."

A. L. R., ROME.—Barbara Tennant was Marian in "Robin Hood." That was a trick picture.

FRANCIS.—Jerold Hevener with Lubin. Pearl White played in "Naughty Marietta."

F. A. M., BUFFALO.—That was Myrtle Stedman, and not Kathlyn Williams, in "A Canine Matchmaker." Mr. Bushman is not dead.

CUTIE, BOSTON.—Howard Missimer is the uncle, and the "cute fellow with the blond hair and dimples" is William Mason. The picture you enclose is of Henry Walthall. We know of no Harry Hyde.

N. B. O.—Mary Ryan and Romaine Fielding had the leads in "The Unknown."

LILY C.—E. H. Calvert and Dolores Cassinelli, leads in "Melburn's Confession."

BONNIE D.—Florence Turner's chat in October, 1912.

BILLY BAKER.—Arthur Finn, doctor in "Some Doctor." Edwin Carewe was Juan.

F. P., NEW YORK.—We know of no Gertrude Heath. Does any of our readers?

F. D., BANGOR.—Oh, yes, we have an inexhaustible supply of wit. If you dont see it, it isn't our fault. That was a Kalem. Marshall Neilan.

ETHEL C.—Lillian Lorraine was the old hag in "Dublin Dan." Marguerite Snow was Jess, William Garwood the lawyer, and Jean Darnell the doctor's sister in "Sisters." William Garwood is no longer with Thanhouser.

J. B., WHEELING.—Marian Cooper was Polly, and Anna Nilsson was Anna in "On the Farm Bully." Edna Payne was May in "Down on the Rio Grande."

LILLIAN, OF READING.—Robert H. Grey was Ted in "Yankee Doodle Dixie" (Selig).

R. A. H.—Edna Payne was the trained nurse in "Higher Duty"; and Adrienne Kroell was Mrs. Lane in "Nobody's Boy."

TEX.—Frank Lyons took the part of the president in "The Money Kings."

D. A. M., BURLINGAME.—Elsie Greeson was the girl opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Missing Bonds."

L. G., NEW YORK.—You never saw Owen Moore in "Oil and Water." He is still with Victor. We like typewritten letters, but dont insist on them.

MARIE E., NEW YORK.—We dont understand your complaint. You say "Miss Price does not look quite right. She doesn't put enough make-up on her mouth." Write direct to her about those troubles. We dont supervise the make-up of the players. Oh, yes; Crane Wilbur plays just as often as ever. Did you notice him on the cover?

N. AND F.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Mayor's Crusade." We never can tell how many times a week or month any of the players play. There is no regular rule for this. They have to wait until the right part is assigned to them.

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"Insanity"	Lubin
"Miss Prue's Waterloo"	Lubin
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H. F. M., OHIO.—Gertrude Robinson was the wife in "The Man Who Dared."

BUCK D. V.—Watch out for the "Great Mystery Play"; you'll hear of it soon. Biograph releases three pictures a week.

JOSEPH W. H., CHICAGO.—Harry Myers was the artist in "Art and Honor." Mildred Bracken was the girl in "The Kiss of Salvation." Mabel Normand you refer to. Fred Mace has left Keystone.

G. M. B.—You may ask those Biograph questions now, if they aren't too old.

"FRAU."—We interviewed Guy Coombs in January, 1913. Mrs. Todd was the girl in "Alkali Ike's Motor-Cycle." William Meck was the wild man in "A Wild Man for a Day" (Lubin). Tom Powers did not play in "The Mouse and the Lion" (Vitagraph). Essanay do not publish a monthly publication. Will see about another interview with Carlyle Blackwell. Thanks very much.

H. M., ROCKY MOUNT.—We dont know whether Warren Kerrigan can sing. We dont see it on the cards, and never heard him, but we have often listened. Why not see his chat in last month's magazine? He was Jim Gleason in "The Law of God." Edgar Jones has been with Lubin about a year. Thanks for the fee.

KITTY B., 16.—Yes; Guy Coombs was Congressman Gordon in "Detective Burns in the Exposure of the Land Swindlers." The picture was of Thomas, and not Owen Moore. Thank you.

LOTTIE, GOLDFIELD.—Herbert Barry was Jan, and Ned Finley was Clarry in "The Strength of Men" (Vitagraph). Courtenay Foote was Karma, and Rosemary Theby was the snake in "The Reincarnation of Karma." Much obliged for the sum.

A NEWONE.—Warner Features and Monopol are not Licensed. Why not get one of our lists. Vitagraph have a company in Santa Monica, one that is traveling around the world, and several branches in Brooklyn. Hazel Neason was the widow in "The Answered Prayer." Thomas Allen was the fugitive. We have you beaten; we get three first runs and three commercials. We would rather have that than the two songs you get. The enclosure was much appreciated.

D. M. R., GALVESTON.—Several want the magazine to come out twice a month. Thanks for your kind words and also the coin. Hope to hear from you again.

M. B., SARATOGA S.—Your poem for King Baggot received. Perhaps it will be published, but we cant be too sure.

M. C. A., BUFFALO.—Perhaps your theater has discontinued using Independent service and is now using Licensed; in that event you wont see Owen any Moore, nor Warren Kerrigan. Francis Bushman was never with Solax. Sorry we cant print your letter; very interesting. Thanks.

NELL C. O.—Will tell the editor you want a chat with Harry Myers, to find out what color his hair, his eyes, his teeth and his fingernails are, and possibly a few more things. Thank you very much.

E. D. EVELINE.—Irene Boyle was Ruth in "The Face at the Window." 'Most all the popular players have had stage experience. So you admire Olga; yes, she is in love with Crane Wilbur and Carlyle Blackwell, and cant seem to help it. Oh, yes, that includes the seven "What Happened to Mary" series that have been done.

E. M. MISS, BROOKLYN.—Clara Williams was the lead in "The Daughter of the Sheriff." Bessie Sankey and G. M. Anderson had the leads in "Broncho Billy's Last Deed" (Essanay). Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "The Lesson."

H. W. E. B.—Glad to see you using the Simplified Spelling; much nicer than the old-fashioned kind. Kinemacolor are Independent. Here are the Licensed companies: Vitagraph, Biograph, Kalem, Essanay, Edison, Pathé Frères, Cines, Eclipse, Selig, Méliès and Lubin.

PAULA.—We haven't been able to get that information as yet; look for it soon.

K. S.—Florence Lawrence is not posing; she appeared in one scene of a Kinemacolor. Cutey is Wally Van. You must not ask about brothers, or even husbands.

JACK AND MAY.—Louise Lester played the parts you name. We dont give private addresses of the players. Oh, yes; Imp is still producing.

LOUISE MC.—You mean Lillian Walker, not Jane. She is still with Vitagraph. Octavia Handworth plays opposite Crane Wilbur often.

SOPHIE N.—Kempton Green was Winter Green, and Isabelle Lamon was Mrs. Green in "What's in a Name?"

LADY LUCIA.—Helen Gardner is playing in her own company, but some of her old Vitagraphs are still on the market, and occasionally a new-old one, like "The Vampire of the Desert." The player you describe is Harold Lockwood.

BILLY BAKER.—Hazel Neason was Angelina in "The Nurse at Mulberry Bend" (Kalem). Tom Moore was Doctor Leslie. Yes; Hazel Neason has played for Vitagraph.

PERRY.—See here, you must sign your full name. Dont let it occur again. Mae Hotely and Robert Burns played leads in "She Must Elope" (Lubin). Clarence Elmer and Isabelle Lamon were Mr. and Mrs. Hall in "The Higher Duty." Stuart Holmes was Tom in "The Fire Coward." Irene Boyle was Dot. *Au revoir*, nameless one, and good-by till you get one.

PHOTOPLAYS READ, REVISED, CORRECTED, TYPEWRITTEN AND MARKETED

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has been organized, and is being added to by taking on the best available men and women in the business. Criticism, revision and reconstruction is personally conducted by well-known, established editors and photoplaywrights, such as A. W. Thomas, Edwin M. LaRoche, Wm. Lord Wright, Dorothy Donnell, and others. While the Photoplay Clearing House is an independent institution, it will be supervised by THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and will be conducted, in part, by the same editors.

THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE IS NOT A SCHOOL. It does not teach. But it corrects, revises, typewrites in proper form, and markets Plays. Tens of thousands of persons are constantly sending to the various film companies manuscripts that have not the slightest chance of acceptance, and in many cases these Plays contain the germs of salable ideas, if sent to the right companies. The Scenario editors of the various companies are simply flooded with impossible manuscripts, and they will welcome the **PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE**, not only because it will relieve them of an unnecessary burden, but because it will enable them to pass on only good, up-to-date Plays that have been carefully prepared.

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At an early date we will publish a few of the hundreds of letters of appreciation that we have received and a list of scripts that we have sold.

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It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. **If the manuscript is hopeless, we shall so state,** and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

The fee for reading, filing, etc., will be $1.00, but to readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. Stamps (2c. or 1c.) accepted.

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La Lor.—Timmy Sheehan was Tommy in "The Lesson" (Selig). Jack Nelson was Jerry in the same play. Carl Winterhoff was the husband in "The Clue."

M. M. H., Wash.—Thanks for the sympathy. It goes a long way. Yes; Crane Wilbur is just as nice as he appears to be.

Mary E., St. Louis.—Irma Dale was Maude, and Nellie Goodwin was Alice in "A College Chaperon." Palmer Bowman was Jim, and Maxwell Sargent was Ned, while John Lancaster was the janitor. Why didn't you ask for the whole cast? That play must have impressed you. Virginia Ames was the girl in "Western Girls." Edgar Jones was the surgeon in that play. Louis Thomas was Jack, and Mr. Richmond was his roommate in "That College Life" (Exhaust).

J. M. F., Port Henry.—Thanks for the fee. Florence Turner was the lead in "Flirt or Heroine?" Maurice Costello is still with Vitagraph, now traveling in Egypt.

Dolly D.—Marie Weirman was Marie, and Clarence Elmer was Tom in "Aunty's Affinity." Touchin' on and appertainin' to Miss Weirman, she is much inquired about these days. So are all the Lubin players.

H. P. A. & Co.—Are you incorporated? Whitney Raymond was Richard in "The Pathway of Years." Charles Kent was the king in "Thomas a Becket." Hal Reid was Cardinal Wolsey. Mr. Kent is still with Vitagraph, and Mr. Reid is not.

J. B., Brooklyn.—Sorry those 1,300 votes for Lillian Walker wont count. Do you think that you can send us a city directory, and write Lillian Walker's name on it, and have all those names count for her? Not on your celestial. Every vote must be personally signed by the voter, together with the address.

W. T. H., Chicago, writes: "You say you are of neuter gender. B'gosh! that's 'newter' me." Never mind what we are, as long as we are here. This department is sexless; we are simply "we" and "us." Sorry, but the *Photoplay Magazine* is now out of existence, but, doubtless, there will be others coming along. Ormi Hawley is in Jacksonville at this writing. Too fat? No! She is just nice and plump.

Lacore Laning.—Thanhouser have several leading women: Florence LaBadie, Marguerite Snow, Mignon Anderson, etc. Broncho and Kay-Bee are taking pictures in Los Angeles, but their main office is in New York. We believe that was Anna Little. Victory Bateman and Ryley Chamberlain, and Marguerite Snow and James Cruze in "His Heroine." Several others have asked this same question.

M. M., Dayton.—Mignon Anderson and William Garwood had the leads in "With Mounted Police" (Thanhouser). Thomas Moore is Alice Joyce's leading man. Darwin Karr you refer to in Solax. We prefer the typewriter. You have our sympathy, relative to the flood. Glad you did not forget us in the excitement.

Joyful Penelope.—The picture is of Alice Joyce.

B. C. W., Rushville.—Anna Rosemond is still with Thanhouser; Frank Crane is with Lubin. The elderly lady is Mrs. George Walters. Vitagraph are building a large studio at Santa Monica. Guess they expect to do things out there.

V. S., Buffalo.—Dolores Costello did not play in "The Vengeance of Durand." We are not familiar with Crane Wilbur's loving off the stage. Can anybody else supply the missing information? Such important matters you have on your mind!

J. M. Keene.—Lillian Christy in "The Greater Love." We dont know what company she is now with.

Marion.—Jane Fearnley really rolled downstairs in "In a Woman's Power."

Betty, 2nd.—Your contest idea is a novelty, but too limited in its field. Yes; Alice Joyce played in "Detective Burns and the Land Swindlers."

Helen L. R. (Third Edition).—Marshall Neilan, John Brennan and Horace Peyton were the three suitors in "Three Suitors and a Dog." Guy D'Ennery was Horace in "Literature and Love." *Auf Wiedersehen.*

Janet.—The girl is unknown in "The Dance at Silver Gulch" (Essanay). Edwin Carewe was the Mexican spy. It is pronounced just like ostrich plume.

Herman, Buffalo.—Photoplays are told by the action and without conversation. They must be typewritten. See Photoplay Clearing House.

Mrs. T. S., New York.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Open Switch." We have not as yet printed her picture.

H. P., Tenn.—Bryant Washburn was the secretary in "The Bottle of Musk." His picture will probably be printed next month.

Crescentville, Pa.—You must send a stamped, addressed envelope, not only the stamp, but the addressed envelope also, when you want your letters answered by mail; otherwise they will be printed in the magazine. If your answers do not appear here, it is because they have been answered before, or that you have not given your name and address. Arthur Johnson was Jim in "Annie Rowley's Fortune" (Lubin).

Flossie's Friend.—Fred Truesdell was the black sheep in "The Black Sheep" (Eclair). The Reliance you give is too old.

The Gew-Gaw.—Warren Kerrigan was Jack in "Love Is Blind." Leland Benham was Jack when ten years old in "Cross Your Heart" (Thanhouser). We haven't the cast for "As in a Looking-Glass" (Monopol) as yet.

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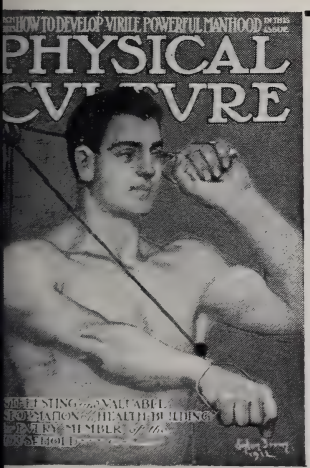

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J. J. Noberly.—We dont quite understand, but if you mean you want to send in more than one coupon, that is permissible. You may send as many coupons as you like.

Nellie M. M., Long Beach.—Amen, say we. Glad that that director was arrested for allowing the horse to plunge over the precipice of jagged rocks to his death, merely to make an exciting picture. As you say, it was heartless cruelty.

R. R., Bayfield.—Looky-here, Ruth, you ask too many silly questions, such as "Does Arthur Johnson dance? How old is he? Is he sentimental?" You know what happens to girls who ask such questions.

H. W., Lockport.—We agree with you on your criticism of "With the Boys of Figure Two." We all know how absolutely necessary branding of cattle is, but we dont like to see those painful subjects in the pictures any more than is necessary.

Wilbur P.—You must give your address. The Motion Picture Patents Company holds patents for the following ten Licensed manufacturers: Vitagraph, Biograph, Méliès, Kalem, Pathé, Essanay, Lubin, Edison, Selig, and Eclipse and Cines. The Licensed films are rented to the exhibitors by the various General Film Company Exchanges all over the United States. One of the objects of the Motion Picture Patents Company was the regulation of the film to and thru the exchanges, preventing the making and distribution of immoral and ultra-sensational melodramas. The Independents are divided into two classes, the Universal and the Mutual, and then there are others, and still others are coming with every new moon.

Helen L. R., New York.—Write your name and address on two pieces of paper; on one write the name of your favorite actress, and on the other the name of your favorite actor. You may send in as many coupons as you secure. E. H. Calvert was Frank, and William Bailey was William in "The Hero-Coward." Leslie Scose was Lily in "The Nurse at Mulberry Bend" (Kalem). Arthur Hotaling was Willie in "Will Willie Win?" (Lubin).

Betsy (?), Chicago.—Betty Gray and Roland Gane had the leads in "The Gate She Left Open." Gene Gauntier is playing in her own company. Thanks for the fee.

Flossie, Jr.—Elsie Greeson was the daughter in "The Missing Bonds." Lillian Christy was Virgie in "Where Destiny Guides." Marshall Neilan was the guardian, and Junita Sponsler was Sally in "Sally's Guardian" (Kalem). Bessie Sankey was the sister in "Broncho Billy's Sister." Thomas Moore was Mr. Gregg, and Naomi Childers was Edna in "Panic Days on Wall Street" (Kalem). Much obliged.

J. J. W.—We are sorry, but we cannot help your friend to get with some company. Why doesn't he write direct to the manufacturers, telling them of his experience, etc.? It sounds good to us.

Nellie, London.—We are always pleased to hear from England, even if there are no questions to be answered.

Evelyn.—Eileen Paul was the child in "The Redemption." Herbert Rawlinson and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "John Bolton's Escape." Irene Hunt was Helen in "The Lucky Chance" (Lubin).

A. J. C., Vancouver.—Cannot identify the Keystone director and player from your description yet. Yes, we have noticed the defective make-up. Players who wear high collars on the street should remember that the line of demarkation between the weather-beaten skin above and the ladylike skin below the collar line will make him look like a half-breed unless he makes up his neck like he does his face. 'Tis to laugh to see a sailor with a white throat. Perhaps you refer to Fort Sterling in that play.

L. P.—No, nothing has happened to Florence Lawrence. We cannot reproduce the pictures you send—cant make a good half-tone from a reproduction.

Brunette.—Lila Chester was the wife of the manufacturer in "The Cry of the Children" (Thanhouser).

M. M. O.—E. H. Calvert was the skipper, and Ruth Hennessy was his wife in "Odd Knotts." Small favors thankfully received.

G. W., Salida.—Just put "Inquiry Dept." on envelope, and we will get it. After the contest is over, the votes and poems are sent to the players.

M. C., Bridgeport.—Yes; Thomas Moore has had stage experience. Once more, Harry Myers, Charles Arthur and Martin Faust were James, Frank and Martin in "Until We Three Meet Again." Florence LaBadie was Mary in "Mary's Goat."

Saxet.—But you must sign your name. Lillian Christy was Conchita in "The Greater Love." Yes, she was formerly with Kalem.

R. M. M., New York.—You can get back numbers direct from us. The nearest Lubin studio to New York City is in Philadelphia, otherwise known as Lubinville.

W. H.—Lillian Christy in the American play, and Harry Myers in the Lubin play.

E. O. M., Washington.—Yes, if you subscribe to the magazine you will receive it earlier than the newsstands.

Peggy O'Neal.—Pathé wont tell us about "The Half-Breed." No, you need not typewrite your votes; write them in pencil, and they'll count just as much as if they were embossed in gold. Thanks, Peggy.

Miss Texas.—That's trick photography. Get Talbot's book for that. Thanks.

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O. B. Nice.—Honestly, you ought to join the Gentle Voice Society. We cant and wont be nice to everybody. When inquirers are decent and respectful, we neither bark nor bite, but otherwise we wont be responsible. Your questions are answered above.

Bert and Gert, Newark.—Riley Chamberlin was Mrs. McFadden, and Mignon Anderson the daughter in "While Mrs. McFadden Looked Out." William Wadsworth was lazy Ben in "Mother's Lazy Boy." Georgia Maurice was Princess Louise in "The One Good Turn" (Vitagraph). Full name and address, please.

Ivy, Boston.—Leo Delaney was Miguel, Tefft Johnson his friend, and Roger Lytton was Lorenzo in "The Mills of the Gods." Kempton Green, you refer to. That was Carlyle Blackwell in "The Redemption."

Mildred.—You are getting too personal about James Cruze. Will tell the editor you want a chat with him.

Rex B., Cal.—We will try to print the pictures you request.

Patsy.—Guy Coombs was Congressman Gordon in "The Exposure of the Land Swindlers." Charles Arthur in that Lubin, and Ed Coxen in the American. Your questions are all right. Thanks for the fee.

Teddy C.—Hobart Bosworth was Colonel Grey, and Eleanor Blevins was Dixie Grey in "Yankee Doodle Dixie." Thank you.

A. E. P., Hob., N. J.—J. W. Johnston was Jack in "The Man Who Dared" (Eclair). Lottie Briscoe was Helen, and Clara Lambert was Martha in "When John Brought Home His Wife" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan and Junita Sponsler in that Kalem. Thanks.

Pansy.—Charles Bartlett was Jack in "A Four-Footed Hero" (Bison). Wallace Reid was Tall Pine in "The Tribal Law" (Bison). All Licensed theaters have that framed Biograph picture, but we will soon picture all Biograph players.

C. L. M.—Yes, that was Alice Joyce posing for a Kalem picture at the Prospect Park Plaza on April 9, and she and the others were discovered by our Mr. La Roche, who took them into his home at 31 Plaza.

B. H., Tenn.—We dont know the name of the horse in "Equine Hero" (Pathé). Joseph De Grasse was the girl's sweetheart. Florence LaBadie had the lead in "Her Gallant Knights." Thank you.

Eveline K. C.—Yes; Edna Payne was Marie, and Isabelle Lamon was Mrs. Hall in "The Higher Duty." No, cant say that the picture of Marian Cooper looks like Carlyle Blackwell. Maurice Costello never played with Biograph. Thank you.

Kid Joy.—So you like the Simplified Spelling. Yes, it's much shorter. You must always give the name of the company. Children are all trained to do their parts, and they are rehearsed several times. They are not so camera-conscious as the elders.

Yetive.—Marion Swayne was Mignon in "Mignon" (Solax). Ethel Clayton was Ethel Wynn in "His Children" (Lubin). Ruth Stonehouse was Margaret, and Ruth Hennessy was Eleanor in "The Pathway of Years" (Essanay). Maata Horomona was the leading lady in "Hinemoa." Ethel Clayton was Grace in "Art and Honor" (Lubin). We are neither a "modern Job nor a gentleman Griselda." Thank you.

Wendy.—Marin Sais was Mrs. Grey, and Neva Gerber was the nurse-maid in "The Redemption" (Kalem). Thanks for the fee.

Helen L. R., New York.—Fred Nankivel was Uncle Mun in the Edison plays. Long "i" in Vitagraph. Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Fire Coward." Edward Coxen was Jim. Hazel Neason was the sister in "The Finger of Suspicion." Thanks for your letter and fee. We shall take the place of J. Pierpont Morgan.

Helen E. S., Mo.—Afraid we cannot help you, unless we send you list of manufacturers, so that you may communicate directly. There isn't much chance these days unless you have had experience. Thanks very much.

H. L. M., Cincinnati Rube.—R. Leslie was the butler in "What a Change of Clothes Did." William Duncan was Joe in "The Bank Messenger" (Selig).

Blank.—Your letter should have been addressed to the waste-basket. There was no necessity for such a letter. We pray you to take some lessons in good manners.

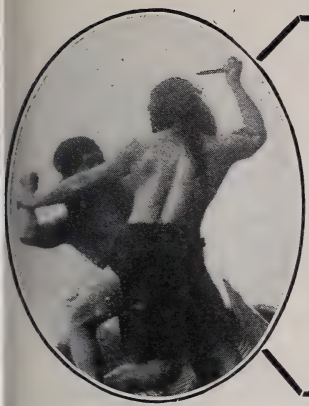
Franxie.—We never heard of the title you give. If it was a Biograph it must be a pretty old one. Martin Faust, Harry Myers and Charles Arthur were the three. Thanks for the fee. We use about eighty-five tons of paper each month.

Helen L. R. (Third Edition).—Glad to hear you root for the Giants, but how about the Dodgers? Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon had the leads in "For His Child's Sake." Harriett Kenton was the girl in "The Belle of North Wales" (Kalem). Yes, they were real dark people in "Hubby Buys a Baby."

Flower Evelyne Grayce.—You refer to Marian Cooper in "The Land Swindlers." So you know Tom Moore personally. That's nice.

M., Salem, Ore.—Winnifred Greenwood was the stage-struck girl in "The Understudy." See above. If your questions are not all answered, you will find them elsewhere in this department.

C. K. Wanta No.—The films are usually selected by the exchanges for the exhibitors, but an exhibitor can put an order in advance for any certain film. You refer to Marie Weirman. Selig release five films a week.



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VIOLETTE EDYTHIA LORRAINE.—You and Flower are all the time seeing actors; do you see them in your dreams? Mavourneen is not a disease—haven't you heard it?

GLORIA C.—William Humphrey was Morgan, and Leah Baird his fiancée in "Red and White Roses" (Vitagraph).

SUSAN.—Joseph De Grasse and George Gebhardt played in "The Bear-Trap" (Pathé Frères). We presume our Circulation Manager will get up a new premium for subscribers, since the colored portraits have run out.

IOWA GIRL.—Yes, we are vastly pleased to have you send letters instead of postals, and written with real ink. We will chat George Cooper soon. Two of your questions are against the rules.

A HOME.—You refer to Ruth Stonehouse in that Essanay, and Lillian Christy in the American. Twenty pages aren't half enough for these answers.

OLGA K.—Bryant Washburn was Paul in "The Broken Heart" (Essanay). Bessie Sankey was the girl in "The Influence of Broncho Billy."

NELLIE L. J.—Edwin Carewe was John Clancy in "The Regeneration of Nancy." Guy D'Ennery was the husband in "The House in the Woods." Yes; Francis Bushman was the miser in "The Virtue of Rags."

J. P.—Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde, leads in "The Message of the Palms."

EDDIE L. P.—Sorry, but some of the Independents dont send us their casts.

ANTHONY.—Mr. Méliès is traveling around the world at present. Yes; Maata Horomona is quite a player. *Kia Ora!* (Means good luck in Maoria.)

MAE, OF MALDEN.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan had the leads in "The Power of Silence" (Lubin).

MAXIE, No. 20.—We haven't got that Champion. Warren and Jack Kerrigan are one and the same. Edward Coxen was Bill in "The Cowboy Heir." Wallace Reid is directing for American.

D. M. B. G., OHIO.—We cant advise "four nice-looking, cute, young ladies, very talented," where to get a position as actresses.

C. C. C.—The mother in "A Child of the Purple Sage" (Essanay) is unknown.

GLADYS, 23.—The picture is of Alice Joyce. Marguerite Courtol has no regular leading man.

SUFFRAGETTE FLOSSIE.—The picture you enclose is of Ruth Hennessy and Whitney Raymond. Kathlyn Williams is the one who plays with the animals. Myrtle Stedman plays mostly in Western plays. Thanks. We are dripping with joy.

S. S., STATEN ISLAND.—Harry Carey and Blanche Sweet had the leads in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph).

CRAZY, WESTCHESTER.—It would be very expensive to the manufacturers if the horses were really shot when taking a picture. No, they are trained to fall at the proper time. That's horse-sense.

MAXIE, No. 20.—Have had pictures of Owen Moore in the magazine, but will publish another soon. You say that when automobiles start, in the pictures, the chauffeur seems to start off without throwing out the clutch and shifting from neutral into low speed. Time is an important element in the pictures, and most directors order that no time be lost in getting started. It might be a little more natural if we saw the chauffeur shift from neutral to first before the machine started.

R. W., TEXAS.—We are very sorry, but Solax would not give us the information you ask. Perhaps some of our readers know who Sapho and Jean were in "Sapho."

D. V., NEW YORK.—Dorothy Gish was the girl in "My Hero" (Biograph).

B. M.—Mabel Normand was the lead in "Tomboy Bessie" (Biograph). Mary Pickford had the lead in "So Near, Yet So Far" (Biograph). Romaine Fielding was chatted in June, 1912.

HELEN C. R.—So you would like to be Mrs. Mason. Alas! alack! there is not much hope. Ruth Hennessy was the girl in "The Gunman" (Essanay). "The Romance of the South Seas" (Méliès) was taken on and around Catalina Island.

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—Yes; Ethel Grandin has had stage experience. She played in "Rip Van Winkle" with Joseph Jefferson; child parts with Andrew Mack; a season with Edna May; in vaudeville with Richard Golden, and three years with Chauncey Olcott. Yes; Richard Rosson has left Vitagraph, and Adele Lane is with Selig.

MEPHISTO.—You can get the colored portraits with a subscription if you write to our Circulation Department. Send a stamped envelope for a list of manufacturers.

J. R. P.—There are two or three actresses who are advertised as being the highest-paid actress, but we dont concern ourselves about salaries. We know of no position. Guy Coombs played in the two plays you name.

FLORENCE M. B.—Yes, that was Crane Wilbur in "The Infernal Pig." Roy Clark was the boy in "The Little Hero" (Selig).

THE BIG 2.—You will have to sign your name and ask proper questions.

GABY YANKE.—We dont get the Hepworth casts. Ruth Roland was the schoolmistress in "The Schoolmistress of Stone Gulch." Katherine Horne was Cigaret in "Under Two Flags" (Thanhouser).

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MERELY MARY ANNE.—Marin Sais played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Last Blockhouse" and "The Buckskin Coat" (Kalem). Brinsley Shaw was the son in "Broncho Billy's Love Affair." Edwin August was Dick in "The Good-for-Nothing." Benjamin Wilson and Laura Sawyer had the leads in "A Day That Is Dead" (Edison).

MISS BROOKLYN.—Phyllis Gordon and Wheeler Oakman had the leads in "When Helen Was Elected" (Selig).

PERSETHYNE (?).—Frank Bennett and Flora Finch, leads in "The Hand-Bag."

P. C.—Your album came, and I wrote the following in it and sent it on to you. This is the first and last offense. Anybody else who wants us to sign in her album can save time and trouble by copying this verse therein, because we haven't time:

Yes, I am the mysterious Answer Man,
And I answer questions whenever I can;
Four thousand each month! Yet I am so dumb
That I cant write a verse for your al-bum.

F. E. W.—Brinsley Shaw was the rich son of the old couple in "Broncho Billy's Last Deed." Robert Grey was Dan in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan" (Nestor).

R. A. SANDEN.—J. W. Johnston was Jack Clayton in "The Little Mother of the Black Pine Trail."

SNOOKS, SAN FRAN.—Julia Swayne Gordon is the star in "The Stolen Brooch." Oh, yes; Alice Joyce's disposition is as sweet as her face.

F. P., BROOKLYN.—Dont ask for Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady. It's a puzzle as hard as the fourth dimension. Your other questions are out of order. Dont ask age.

DOROTHY D.—Florence LaBadie was Aurora Floyd, and Justus Barnes was Floyd in "Aurora Floyd" (Thanhouser). Mignon Anderson was the wife in "Half-Way to Reno" (Thanhouser). Yes, we get tired sometimes, but it is fun.

E. E. S.—W. Melville wrote "The Moonshiner's Daughter" (Lubin).

T. C. B., BINGHAMTON.—Norman MacDonald was the colonel in "Ghosts."

F. J. H.—Anna Nilsson was Charlotte, and Guy Coombs was James in "The Toll-Gate Raiders" (Kalem). Ormi Hawley was Ethel in "The Surgeon's Heroism."

DAN, BRADFORD.—Guy D'Ennery was Rev. Bailey, and Mary Smith was Mrs. Manning in "The Lost Note." William Shea is still with Vitagraph.

EDNA MAY.—There is no book with pictures of all the players, but we have a book with 150 pages of players. See ad.

DORIS D.—Harold Lockwood had the lead in "The Governor's Daughter." We haven't that Kay-Bee. Bert Ennis is their publicity man!!!

RUTH T.—Bryant Washburn was Flinty in "Swag of Destiny." Ethel Lyle was May in "When the Last Leaf Fell" (Majestic).

MRS. E. A. D.—Isabelle Lamon and Ernestine Morley were the girls, and Bernard Seigel was the father in "The Supreme Sacrifice." True Boardman was the husband, and the girl is unknown in "Where the Mountains Meet." Edgar Davenport was the senator, and Tom Moore was Congressman Lord in "The Senator's Dishonor." Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Fire Coward." You're welcome.

A SOUTH C SAILOR.—We cant get that picture of Flossie. We dont know the undertaker who is going to embalm her; if we did we'd send him to you.

SWEET PEA.—Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "The First Prize."

PANSY.—Thanks very much for the Irish postal-card. You never forget us, do you?

L. M. H.—Yes, the story differs from the film sometimes, because occasionally the director does not follow the scenario, and when our writer writes the story from the scenario it is different in some of the scenes.

COLETTE.—It is not necessary for the wind to blow when taking a picture. You will have to give the name of the company.

MISS S.—No; Florence Lawrence is not dead. Who next? You refer to Irene Boyle. We believe Miss Lawrence was with Lubin for about three years. Evebelle Prout has left Essanay.

FLORENTINE H.—Kempton Green was Winter Green in "What's in a Name?" Good for you! Let us know when you accept the position.

M. S., MAINE.—No, no, that's J. J. Clark and Gene Gauntier on the Tree of Fame, and not Warren Kerrigan. Edwin August and Jenaie MacPherson had the leads in "His Ideal of Power" (Powers).

HENRY B. R.—True Boardman was the outlaw in "Broncho Billy and the Outlaw's Mother" (Essanay). Certainly, Helen Costello can sign her name. Just try and see.

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—The passage which you quote from the Talbot ad. is correct. M. Bull's invention is under the head of Electric Spark Cinematography, which, in connection with his special apparatus, will take 2,000 pictures a second. His apparatus is thoroly covered by illustrations and text in the book.

FLORENCE M. B.—William Graybill was the husband in "For Sale—A Life." Gertrude Robinson is with Victor. Beverley Bayne was the girl in "The Butterfly Net" (Essanay). Barry O'Moore was the boy in "The Man He Might Have Been." Thanks for the bit of green.

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BIG BROWN EYES.—Flossie never did anything great; only asked questions.

ELEANOR.—Harry Cashman (deceased) was the father, and Ruth Stonehouse was the dancer in "Requited Love" (Essanay).

BUFF.—Mr. McDonald was Bill, Jeanie MacPherson was Nell, and Edwin August was Smiling Joe in "On Burning Sands" (Powers). Bessie Eyton was Lavinia in "The Story of Lavinia" (Selig).

M. D. D., VA.—Thanks for your interesting letter. We will try to have a picture of George Gebhardt and Harry Morey.

PLUNKETT.—We dont know yet whether Biograph will have any individual pictures of their players for sale. Hazel Neason was Faith.

TWO SISTERS.—Hazel Neason was the invalid in "The Finger of Suspicion" (Kalem). Francelia Billington was the wife of Carlyle Blackwell in "The Boomerang." Mildred Bracken was leading lady in "The Kiss of Salvation." Lily Branscombe was Kathleen in "The Clue."

ELLA K.—George Periolat played opposite Louise Lester in "One, Two, Three" (American). Virginia Westbrook plays leads in Punch.

J. H., NEW JERSEY.—You must understand that we dont sit down and write the twenty pages of this department in one day. You know that lots of things can happen after the first ten pages have gone to press, and the players are always changing about.

SWEET HELEN.—Harry Benham was the floorwalker in "The Floorwalker's Triumph." George Gebhardt was the servant in "Her Faithful Yama Servant."

HELEN A. H.—Kay-Bee is the name of a company; did you think it was an insect? Miss Mason was the Indian girl, and George Gebhardt was the Indian lover in "The Branded Arm" (Pathé). Yes; Pathé players in our Gallery right along now.

A. H. B.—Marian Cooper was Stella Lee in "The Turning-Point" (Kalem). Your letter is interesting. Certainly we want to popularize the players.

SALLY.—Edgar Jones was Jack in "The Girl of Sunset Pass" (Lubin).

VIOLET MAE.—Frank Mayo does not appear in Moving Pictures, but Harry Mayo does. He is Vitagraph's champion bartender of the world. Edward Coxen was Ed.

F. I. D., ROXBURY.—Owen Moore is still with Victor.

THE N. J. X. CLUB.—We cant print the stories you want; we get them right after they are made and before they are shown to the public.

I. B., PARKVILLE.—Mr. Fox was Billy, Dorothy Kelly's lover, in "All for a Girl."

BETTY C. S.—We cant get that Majestic news. Sorry.

ALICE G.—Richard Rosson was Little Eagle in "Heart of the Forest."

CORRINE.—So you would like to see Florence Lawrence playing with Francis Bushman in the Vitagraph. That's a good idea. Why not?

MISS E. A.—Owen Moore did not play in "The One I Love" (Biograph), we believe, unless it is a very old one.

ETTA C.—Clarence Elmer was Sam in "The House in the Woods" (Lubin).

GERALDINE M. F.—Shame you had to buy two magazines in order to get the pictures of Mary Pickford and Billy Mason, being on opposite sides of the same leaf. If you had told us in time we could have saved fifteen cents for you. An economical scheme would be to cut the leaf out and hang it up on the chandelier in the middle of the room so that it will swing around freely. See?

JACQUELINE.—No, we dont happen to know the breed of the dog in "The Artist's Romance" (Lubin). Consult our kennel department.

R. G. R.—Why dont you send your questions in on a letter? Wheeler Oakman was Mr. Knobhill, and Frank Richardson was Otto in "The Millionaire Vagabonds."

C. O. K.—The old films are made up into by-products. We haven't the casts for the Excelsior Co. Do you think Florence Turner will have to walk back?

SNOOKUMS.—W. Williams was the son opposite Octavia Handworth in "A Simple Maid" (Pathé). Certainly, Gene Gauntier is not so popular as she was.

I. W. P.—Anna Nilsson was Agnes in "The Darling of the C. S. A." Ormi Hawley was Miss Meredith in "The Receivers" (Lubin).

CURIOUS CARRY.—We know of no permanent studio in Lowell, Mass.

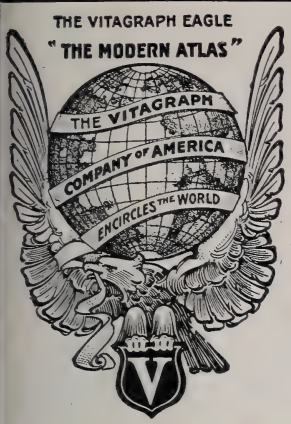
F. D., NEBR.—Kate Price was Nora in "Nothing to Wear" (Vitagraph). William Shea was her sweetheart, and Harry Morey was the husband of Edith Storey. In "How the Cause Was Won" (Selig), Betty Harte and Wheeler Oakman were Mabel and Tom. May Buckley was never very popular, but she always played well.

C. P., NEW YORK CITY.—You have Bessie Eyton placed correctly. Romaine Fielding was the unknown in that play. Ruth Stonehouse was Alice in "An Old, Old Song."

BILLY.—We dont want to be funny and dont try to, but sometimes we just cant make our pen behave. Space is too precious, too. No, love-sick maidens dont jar us, but they take up a lot of room. Others answered—besides, we dont want to miss that ball game this afternoon. Yes, we work nights and holidays, sometimes.

STAR.—James Young was James Howe in "Professor Optimo." Tom Moore was the son, and Lillian Hines was the cash-girl in "In the Power of Blacklegs."

F. L. H., BROOKLYN.—You can get back numbers direct from us.



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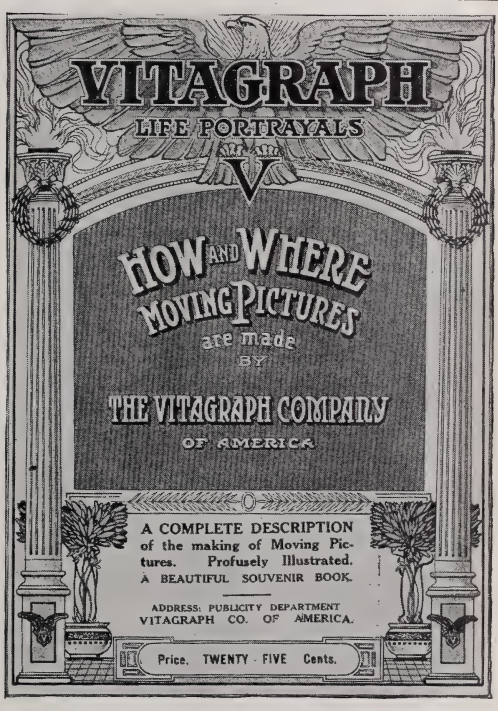
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EDRIS, CAL.—E. K. Lincoln was Jack Hall in "A Modern Atalanta," and he was the son in "The Scoop." Effeminate? Oh, Edris! Fie, fie!

FLOSSIE M. F.—George Field was "No Account" in American's "The Orphan's Mine." Marguerite Snow had the lead in "Idol of the Hour."

MARJORIE M.—But you must sign your name and address, if you have any. Ormi Hawley was the rose, and Ernestine Morley was the vision in "The Soul of a Rose."

PEGGY M.—Winnifred Greenwood and Kathlyn Williams were Louise and Henrietta in "The Two Orphans." Thanks for the information. Beth Taylor is playing in stock at Sacramento, Cal.

JEAN.—Winnifred Greenwood and Carl Winterhoff had the leads in "The Cowboy Millionaire." That was one of Selig's most popular films, it seems.

BESS, ALBANY.—Irene Hunt was Helen, and Carl Von Schiller was Tom in "A Lucky Chance" (Lubin).

L. G. E., REDKEY.—Edna Payne was Alice in "Gentleman Joe," and she was the wife in "The Moonshiners."

HELEN OF TROY.—Letter very interesting. Will be glad to hear from you again.

GABY J.—Harry Benham was the country sweetheart in "Blossom-Time." Herbert Prior was Dick, and Mabel Trunnelle was Daisy in "Dick and Daisy" (Majestic).

MARJORIE L.—Betty Gray was the girl in "The Gate She Left Open" (Pathé). Dot Farley was leading lady in "A Wordless Message" (American). Lillian Christy is no longer with American. Owen Moore formerly played with Biograph. Thanks for the fee.

BUNNY.—Baby Lillian Wade was the little girl in "Love Before Ten" (Selig). Get photos direct from the companies, or see our ads.

EDIE "LANKY."—Neva Gerber is with Kalem Glendale company.

WALTER B. I.—G. M. Anderson is playing at Niles, Cal. You can reach him there.

THE BELMONT.—Brinsley Shaw was the bandit in "The Sheriff's Story" (Essanay). Earle Williams was interviewed June, 1912. Edwin Carewe and Edna Payne.

EMMY LOU.—Your letter was very interesting. We agree with you about tormenting that steer. It wasn't right.

SWEET PEAS.—Vivian Prescott, now with Lubin, did not play in that Vitagraph.

H. M. S., DALLAS.—William Clifford had the lead in "The Reason Why" (Méliès). You refer to Lillian Christy.

C. J. F., SYRACUSE.—Laura Sawyer had the lead in "The Lorelei" (Edison). It was taken out West. Thanks for your comment on "The Photoplay Philosopher."

M. G., BOSTON.—Marshall Neilan was Arthur in "The Peace-Offering" (Kalem). Marguerite Courtot was the daughter in "The Grim Toll of War" (Kalem). Miss Ray had the lead in "The Prodigal Brother." Mildred Weston was Maud in "The Discovery."

FLORENCE, 15.—William Bechtel was Weston, and Edward O'Connor was Weary's pal in "The Green-Eyed Lobster." George Reehm was Spoony Sam, Tommy Aiken was Cy, and Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "Spoony Sam."

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—A capital idea! Why not try it? A photoplay on "The Houseboat on the Styx" would be immense; but where would they get a good Nero, Confucius, Gulliver, Munchausen, etc.? Harper Bros. holds the copyright.

S. E. P.—Mary Fuller did not play in "Barry's Breaking In"; it was Bessie Learn. Frank Dayton was John, Margaret Steppling and Dorothy Warrington were the children in "Three Queens."

BEATRICE M.—Guy Coombs was Yancey, and Marian Cooper was Rose in "The Confederate Ironclad." You think Guy camera-conscious? Very well.

EDITH F. HAND.—Owen Moore and John Charles had the leads in "The Lie" (Victor). Herbert Rice was the baby in "Oh, You Baby!" Louise Lester was Anne Carey, and Charlotte Burton was Jane in "The Animal Within." Peggy Reid was the girl in "In the Old Lawn" (Majestic).

JUDY G.—Romaine Fielding was the Mexican soldier in "An Adventure on the Mexican Border." We do not give the players' private addresses.

DIP, 16.—Crane Wilbur's picture in December, 1912. Al Swenson was Tom in "Betty and the Roses." Pearl White was Naughty Marietta. Letter was all right.

BETTY M.—Mabel Brown was Betty in "The Greater Love" (American). Alice Joyce was Mary Archer in "The Exposure of the Land Swindlers."

MOVIES, BRIDGEPORT.—Edith Storey was Marie in "The Strength of Men" (Vitagraph). Lillian Christy had the lead in "The Trail of Cards."

A. E. S., WORCESTER.—A. E. Garcia was the lion-tamer, Kathlyn Williams was Alice, and Hobart Bosworth was Barker in "The Artist and the Brute" (Selig).

R. M., NEW LONDON.—Yes; Marian Cooper was Kitty in "Detective William J. Burns." Barbara Tennant is with Eclair, and not with Selig. Lillian Logan is now with the American.

JOHNNEY, 18.—Edith Storey was the daughter of Durand in "The Vengeance of Durand." Alice and Edna Nash were the twins. Their pictures next month.

MAY B.—Mlle. Napierkowska was Esmeralda in "Notre Dame de Paris." Robert H. Grey is now with Edison.

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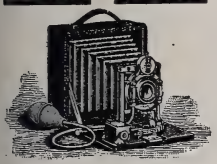

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PEGGIE-O.—You refer to Kenneth Casey. He is still with Vitagraph. Leigh Hunt once said that he was perplexed whether to speak of himself in the singular or plural number; whether to subject himself to the impatience of vainer people by saying "I," or to hamper himself with saying "we." We had the same debate with ourselves and, finally, decided that we would remain plural, altho single, which seems singular.

S. S. M., EUGENE.—Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Ward" (Essanay). Warren Kerrigan's brother does not play in the pictures. After all that joy, Gladys Field left the Essanay Co. when their Los Angeles section returned to Niles, and her director, Mr. Mackley, left for Scotland. Isn't it too bad?

VIVIAN C. P.—Return your August, 1912, issue if it doesn't contain a chat with Alice Joyce. The child was Florence Klotz. Margaret Loveridge is with Selig.

H. H., BROOKLYN.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Ranch Law" (Selig). E. H. Calvert was Mr. Gregg, and Beverley Bayne was the stenographer in "Seeing Is Believing." Mae Hotely was Mary, and Robert Burns was Harry in "She Must Elope." Guy Coombs was Lieutenant Gaylord, and Marian Cooper was Helen in "Woe of Battle."

HIRAM, LOCKPORT.—If you are so clever as you think you are, try to write a scenario around Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." By the by, how many have you had accepted? We like our new home very well, thank you. You can get all the back numbers direct from us.

A. F., NEW YORK.—We are notified by O. F., Sacramento, that Beth Taylor is playing in the Ed. Redmond Stock Co., Sacramento, Cal.

DIXIE LOU.—We haven't seen "As Life Fades"—cant tell you about the ending.

L. A. "CRIP," SARATOGA SPRINGS, advises us that the exterior scenes of "Wood Violet," "Off the Road," "How Fatty Made Good" and "The Vengeance of Durand," all Vitagraphs, were taken at Saratoga Springs.

S. W.—Bessie Eyton was the girl in "Shuttle of Fate" (Selig). Oh, fie, fie! Knowest not thou that marriage questions are contrary to the king's commands?

L. F.—Your letter is all right, but if we told you now who Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady was, by the time you read this he would have another one. He is so fickle, is Carlyle. Perhaps he misses Alice, like we all do.

P. P., IND.—No, little one, we do not drink pepper in our tea to make our answers hot. See above. Yes, more Biograph players in the Gallery next month.

H. W., NEW YORK.—Harry Millarde was Jack, and Marguerite Courtot was Myrtle in "The War Correspondent" (Kalem).

S. AND A.—We dont know why Billy Mason doesn't get more publicity. We thought he was quite popular. Perhaps he will be chatted soon.

H. K., NEW YORK.—The picture you enclose is of Vedah Bertram. Hazel Neason in that Kalem play.

UNORIGINAL OLGA.—"The Merchant of Venice" was produced by Thanhouser. Sorry you didn't like it. E. K. Lincoln was the brother of the twins.

L. E. S., OAKLAND.—We dont know and cant ascertain the date and name of the first release in which Maurice Costello appeared.

K. D., CAL.—Jack Halliday had the lead in "The Stubbornness of Youth" (Lubin). No; John Bunny is not dead—there is too much of him to kill off. When he dies we will let you hear about it.

DANIEL, BROOKLYN.—Thanks very much for the Easter card; very thoughtful.

MARIE, 15.—Laura Sawyer was the girl, and Benjamin Wilson was her lover in "A Day That Is Dead" (Edison). The Biograph blonde's name is Blanche Sweet. Her fictitious name is Daphne Wayne. Biograph used to call her that in England.

ANNA BELLE.—Marin Sais was the girl in "The Buckskin Coat." Subscribers usually get the magazine about the 13th. We shall try to interview Thomas Moore.

T. B. M., NEW ORLEANS.—George Gebhardt was the Indian in "Branded Arm" (Pathé). Gwendoline Pates and Crane Wilbur had the leads in "His Second Love."

LOUISE L.—Yes, the picture is of Alice Joyce, but the name is not correct.

BERTIE AND GERTIE.—As to a position for you in the Photoplay Clearing House, communicate direct. They need no extra help just now, tho.

DOTTY.—Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers had the leads in "Art and Honor" (Lubin). We dont know where it was taken.

D. I. Q.—Harold Lockwood was Joe, and Henry Otto was Richard in "The Diverging Paths" (Selig).

JOSEPHINE.—Yes, we have a subscriber by the name you mention. Dont know how he got your address; surely not from us.

WINNIFRED D. H.—Sidney Cummings was the child in "Under the Make-up" (Vitagraph). Roland Gane was Betty Gray's lover in "The Gate She Left Open."

M. L. S.—You refer to William West in the Glendale Kalem. We are informed that Robert Conness is playing leading man for Baker Stock Co., Portland, Ore.

A. G., ELIZABETH.—Gertrude Robinson was the sweetheart in "The Vengeance of Heaven" (Reliance).

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PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

D. C., New York.—Herbert Rawlinson was Rev. Allan Wilson in "The Flaming Forge" (Selig). True Boardman was the husband, and Arthur Mackley the father in "Across the Great Divide."

M. F., Mobile.—Warren Kerrigan has been with American for three years; he formerly played with Essanay.

M. H. S., Omaha.—Shoo! Keep off! You will get us in trouble if you make us tell which company produces the best pictures. Zena Keefe is taking a trip to Europe.

S. O'M.—Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The Broken Heart" (Essanay). Sorry, but we dont keep cards of the legitimate plays and players.

Anthony.—You have a lot of admirers. Yes; Pearl White is still playing.

Olga, 17.—*Bon jour!* Cant tell you anything about your verses to Carlyle Blackwell and Crane Wilbur. Winnifred Greenwood was Pauline Cushman in "Pauline Cushman, the Spy" (Selig). Robert Burns was Johnson, and Julia Calhoun was the wife in "Fake Soldiers" (Lubin). Buster Johnson was the child in "Tamandra, the Gypsy." Ormi Hawley was Tamandra.

Scranton, Pa.—Warren Kerrigan had the lead, and Jessalyn Van Trump played opposite him in "Matches" (American). Thank you.

E. H., Willsboro.—Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy and the Indian Maid" (Essanay). Robert Thornby was Jack, and Charles Bennett was the sheriff in "A Wasted Sacrifice." Thanks muchly.

V. E. O., Pittsburg.—Yes; Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Bible" (Essanay). We dont know when the players will visit the Cameraphone, if at all.

M. B., Sedalia.—Dorothy and Lillian Gish were the sisters in "An Unseen Enemy."

Sis, Fort Wayne.—We haven't the name of that baby you mention. Rose Tapley was Amelia in "Vanity Fair." She is playing just as much as ever.

W. J. K., Marietta.—The title is "Fred and Oscar Out of Luck" (Great Northern). The two actors were Fred Buck and Oscar Striboldt.

Dorothy D.—Glad to hear you got such high marks in your "Cæsar" examination. The American wont give us the leads in "The Invaders." Sorry.

C. R. H., San Francisco.—We dont happen to know where Joseph Waldron is.

Henry B. R.—My, what long letters you write! You certainly are in love with Helen Costello, and who can blame you? Your 500 votes were received and recorded.

Charlestown Girls.—Cant insert your ads., particularly the one which says: "For sale—Jean, a fine dog; will eat anything; very fond of children." Libelous!

L. R. B., Lockport.—We believe we remember you going to the Union. Beatrice Oldfield was the stenographer in "Until We Three Meet Again." The picture was taken when May Buckley played with Lubin. Give our regards to Main Street.

Susie.—No; Lottie Briscoe's name has not yet appeared in the Popular Player Contest. Suppose they will come in at the end with an army of votes for her. Thanks.

R. E. D., Alameda.—Charles Brandt was Sam Robbins in "When John Brought Home His Wife" (Lubin). Expect to print Courtenay Foote's picture soon. So King Baggot really frightened you in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Thanks. Call again.

Bert and Gert.—Richard Stanton is now playing for Kay-Bee. Thomas and Owen Moore did not play in "Oil and Water." Thank you.

R. S., Boston.—Gene Gauntier was Claire Ffolliott in "The Shaughraun" (Kalem). See August, 1912, for Licensed and Independent.

H. M. L., Philadelphia.—Yes, a chat with Harry Myers next month, and it is a wonder. We offer a prize of one large, red apple to any person who can read it without throwing a fit—of laughter. Harry is very breezy, and so is the chatter.

The Pink Lady.—The Ambrosio will not supply us with the cast for "Satan," so cannot tell you who the devil he was.

George, Montreal.—Miss Tony Sylva was Suzanne in "The Theft of the Secret Code" (Vitascope).

Anthony.—Again? Charles Clary was Warren in "A Change of Administration" (Selig), and Adrienne Kroell was Inez. Mildred Bracken is with the N. Y. M. P. Co.

Betty B.—You refer to Hobart Bosworth in "The Count of Monte Cristo." You are wrong on that Biograph title; guess again.

Russell L.—Dorothy Davenport was with Selig last. We have no such Reliance.

F. E., Norfolk.—Mr. Kimball and Miss Gill had the leads in "The Message in the Cocoanut" (Majestic).

K. P., Savannah.—So all your votes are going to be for Harold Lockwood. That's nice. Much obliged for the fee.

W. T. H., Chicago.—Shades of all the king's jesters, but you are a bright lad. If we cannot print your letter, we can laugh and enjoy it. Yes; Flossie C. P. is on deck again. As you say, it is not necessary to wear glasses to see pictures. Pictures do not hurt weak eyes, and "eyesinglass" dont help. That's right; stand up for Alice. What—Clara Kimball Young, too? Ah, those eyes?

Teddy C.—We are willing to start the correspondence club if enough of you readers are. You mustn't ask about relationship. Muriel Ostriche is now with Reliance. Thanks.

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Address: Art Editor, M. P. S. Magazine, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. H. S. sends us a correction: "Will you kindly correct a mistake in this month's issue? Mr. Walker's name is Ben Walker (not Hen Walker)—he makes a good deal of noise, but does not cackle."

BETSY.—Florence LaBadie was the inventor's sweetheart in "The Race" (Thanhouser). We have not yet printed Violet Horner's picture. That was not Miss LaBadie in the Bison. Thankee.

PEGGY THE FIRST.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Missing Bonds" (Kalem). Florence Hackett was Cecile in "The Burden Bearer." Arthur Johnson was Robert, and Howard Mitchell was Dudley in the same. Oh, you mustn't ask the color of his eyes. Thank you kindly.

SPGFD. P. B. X.—Your letter was very interesting. We did not find the sheet with the questions on it. Sorry. Many thanks.

JNO G. JACKSON.—We dont answer questions about relationship; cant just tell when we will use Tom Powers' picture; dont know whether Miss Sais is a California girl, and you must always give the name of the company. Sorry we cant help you. Thanks.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Why, how do you do! It seems years since we have heard from you. We are glad to see you back. The girl you refer to is Ethel Clayton. Still true to Crane Wilbur, eh? He will like that.

SKINNY.—Yes, there is a William Shea with Vitagraph and a William Shay with Imp. Andre Poscol was the leading lady in "The Ways of Destiny." It was made by the French Pathé. Clara Kimball Young will play opposite Maurice Costello in the foreign plays.

S. H. R., DALLAS.—Gene Gauntier was interviewed in March and October, 1912. She has her own company now. Thanks for the fee.

M. L. T., SPOKANE.—Tom Moore played opposite Alice Joyce in "An American Princess." Riley Chamberlain had the lead in "Won at the Rodeo" (Thanhouser). Crane Wilbur did not take part in this play. No, your scenario should be written in scenes and not in story form.

DOC EDDY.—Mabel Normand was the girl in "A Tangled Affair" (Keystone). Thanhouser Kid was the child in "The Ghost in Uniform" (Thanhouser). Her name is Marie Eline. Lillian Christy was the girl in "When the Light Fades" (American). She has left. It is pronounced *Bayrd*. Oh, many, many thanks!

HELEN A. H.—Bigelow Cooper was the villain, and we have no cast for the other characters in "The Great Steeplechase." Yes, Florence Turner was the mistress, and Veronica Finch, Helen Costello and Jesse Kelly were the children in "The Servant Problem" (Vitagraph). Thanks.

HELEN, 19.—We cannot tell you about "As in a Looking-Glass" (Monopol). They do not supply us. John Brennan was the father in "The Mummie and the Cowpunchers."

N. L. G.—Yes, the picture is of Lillian Walker.

FOR ALL.—So that we wont receive two hundred letters asking the same question, we give the following leads appearing in the stories in this issue. Warren Kerrigan was the son of shame, Edward Coxen the son of love, Jack Richardson was town boss, and George Periolat was the cripple in "Ashes of Three" (American). Mrs. George Walters was Rosemary Sweet, Bertley McCullum was Dr. Widdle, Florence Lang was Hilda, Eleanor Dunne was Alice, and Eleanor Middleton was Mrs. Shelburne in "Brightened Sunsets" (Lubin). Helen Gardner was Lispeth, Harry Morey was Ishmael, Tefft Johnson was Mr. Corday, and James Morrison his son in "The Vampire of the Desert" (Vitagraph). Helen Gardner has not returned to Vitagraph. This was taken some time ago. Mabel Trunnelle was Mrs. Carroll, Marc MacDermott was Mr. Carroll, and Miriam Nesbitt was Nada Malinsky in "The Concerto for the Violin" (Edison). Marguerite Snow was Carmen. William Garwood was Don José, William Russell was Escamillo, and Peggy Reid was Mercedes in "Carmen." Hereafter we wont say "thanks" when we receive fees. Our gratitude is understood.

DOROTHY D.—Harry Blakemore and Mignon Anderson had the leads in "The Farm and Flat." No, use the name of the producing company instead of Universal. We haven't that Bison. It is hard to get all the Universal casts. Hope you are successful.

BESS, ALBANY.—Yes, we answer Biograph questions, but the one you ask is too old. Yes; Isabella Rea is now with Kalem.

R. M. S., INDIANA.—Florence LaBadie was the bride in "Arab's Bride." Thanks for the comments.

E. H., MIDWOOD.—Charlotte Burton was Betty in "The Greater Love." "Yours Unquestionably" is good.

BESS OF CHICAGO.—Yes, it is too bad that Broncho wont answer, but they wrote us a nice letter, saying they dont get all the casts from the Western studio, and they said they were very sorry not to accommodate us. Now Eclair and Crystal wont answer your other questions for us. We can answer everything in the line of Licensed.

BEE.—Irving Cummings was Don Cæsar de Bazan, Isabel Irvine was Maritana, the lad was Bobby Tansey in "Don Cæsar de Bazan" (Reliance). That was Mabel Normand in the Keystone. Your definition of "oracle" is good.

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After reading the stories in this magazine, be sure and stop at the box-office of your favorite Motion Picture theater and leave a slip of paper on which you have written the names of the plays you want to see. The theater managers want to please you, and will gladly show you the films you want to see.

DORIS.—We have no Tim in "Sally in Our Alley." Yes; Robert Burns has had stage experience. We haven't the girl in "Too Much Wooing for Handsome Dan."

M. D., BRIDGEPORT.—Ormi Hawley did not play in "His Children."

THE TWINS.—Mlle. Napierkowska was Mabel in "Over the 'Phone," and Max Linder was her opposite. Carl Von Schiller was Tom, Irene Hunt was Helen, and Joseph Holland was Pedro in "A Lucky Chance." David Kirkland is in Niles, and Harry Todd was in "The Housekeeper of Circle C." Hazel Neason was the widow, and George Cooper her son in "The Answered Prayer."

CHIQUITA.—Guess you were seeing things. Brinsley Shaw did not play in that Lubin. Carl Winterhoff was the fiancé in "Prompted by Jealousy." Red Wing was the heroine in "The Unfulfilled Oath."

A. A., DUBUQUE.—Harry Benham was the husband, and Mignon Anderson the wife in "Just a Shabby Doll." Florence LaBadie and Jean Darnell were the girls, and William Garwood the young man in "The Pretty Girl in Lower Five." Lillian Christy was Betsy in "When a Woman Wont." Yes, call again.

MARY G.—You have a different name every time you write. Florence LaBadie was the girl in "The Way to a Man's Heart." Gene Gauntier and Jack J. Clark had the leads in "Far from Erin's Isle." Earle Metcalf was Jim, and Marguerite Ne Moyer was Bess in "Sixes and Nines."

MYRTLE F. S.—Marshall Neilan was the husband in "The Fired Cook" (Kalem). Joseph De Grasse was the husband, Lillian Wiggins the wife, and George Gebhardt the second lover in "The Sheriff's Reward" (Pathé).

PAULA.—Fraunie Fraunholz was the husband, and Blanche Cornwall the wife in "The Canine Rivals" (Solax).

A. W. W. W. W.—Why not add one more? Mignon Anderson was the girl in "The Wall Street Mystery" (Thanhouser). Howard Missimer was the gunman in "The Gunman" (Essanay). Paste all your rejection slips in a scrap-book. All great writers have a fine collection.

G. W. C.—J. W. Johnston was the stranger in "The Stranger" (Eclair).

MRS. A. M.—Edna Maison was the girl in "The Padre's Gift" (Nestor). Ray Myers and Ethel Grandon were Harry and Irene in "The Coward's Atonement."

PAULINE R. M.—Maurice Costello has not been ill. You will see him soon.

MARION.—Nolan Gane was the young chap in "The Dynamited Love." You can vote for both Florence Lawrence and E. K. Lincoln if you want to.

R. R. R.—Oh, yes; "plenty of wind, unlimited patience, chronic perseverance, and a motto entitled 'Positively No Swearing Allowed.'" It would mean a month if we were to arrange the questions in alphabetical order. The Thanhouser Kid is a girl, and she played in "The Heart of a Child." Lila Chester was the governess, and Mignon Anderson the wife in "Just a Shabby Doll." Letter was fine. No, we wont worry over funeral expenses. *Essanay* is an abbreviation of Spoor & Anderson (S. & A.).

IRISH, No. 1.—"Pickwick Papers" was taken in the original scenery in England. William Humphrey was the Russian in "Chains of an Oath." Yes; Florence Barker played in "The Diamond Star" (Biograph).

R. P. VAN.—Martin Faust was George in "The Lost Son." Gladys Field and True Boardman had the leads in "Old Gorman's Gal." Herbert Prior was Robert in "The Lost Deed" (Edison).

MAY M. ELOISE.—Pauline Bush was Miss Carlton's daughter in "Jocular Winds."

PANSY.—William Clifford was the man who was killed in "On El Camino Real" (Nestor). We used to go to the Golden Palace.

SUSAN.—William Wadsworth was John in "After the Welsh Rarebit" (Edison). George Gebhardt was the bandit in "The Clutch of Conscience" (Pathé).

C. V.—We haven't Becky in "Becky! Becky!" Who knows?

ANTHONY.—The girls want you to join the Correspondence Club. They want to receive postal cards from you. Thanks for the handkerchiefs; we appreciate them. Yes; Pearl White was the gypsy in "The Gypsy Flirt" (Crystal). Lizzie Conway was Miss Finch in "Man Wanted" (Crystal).

TRIXIE, 2173.—Barbae Montville was the heroine in "A Heart Reclaimed" (Rex). William Morse was James in "His Old-fashioned Mother" (American). Bertha Blanchard was opposite Harry Benham in "The Baby Bride." You ask too many questions for the magazine. Try Uncle Sam.

OLGA, 17.—Only one camera is necessary to take any length of film, no matter how long it is. You were right.

HONEST, CHICAGO.—There is only one Arthur Johnson—only one. Will see about your verse.

PANSY.—Yes, you were the first to send in your ten cents for the Correspondence Club. You want it called the "Pansy M. P. Correspondence Club." Want the pansy as our emblem and our colors purple and yellow. That's fine. You now want Olga, 17, Anthony, Flossie C. P. and The Pest's addresses. Wait till we see what they say. You have got the Answer Man placed incorrectly.

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GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH, leading woman of Pathé Frères, has just recovered from an attack of diphtheria.

Zena Keefe, of the Vitagraph, left on April 26th for a brief vacation in Europe.

Shannon Fife, an able Lubin director, is the author of the photoplay "Brightened Sunsets," the story of which appears in this issue.

Eleanor Blanchard, the versatile character woman of the Essanay Company, has resigned on account of ill health.

Ray Gallagher arrived in San Francisco last month, having left the Méliès Company in Japan. And while we are on the subject, Fred Mace has left Keystone Company to organize a company of his own. Now we have Helen Gardner, Gene Gauntier, Florence Turner and Fred Mace, each paddling his or her own canoe. *Bon voyage!*

Kalem players are great on machines. Carlyle Blackwell has an auto, and Ruth Roland and Alice Joyce have sewing-machines.

They are saying that Henry Walthall makes the best leading man for Blanche Sweet that the Biograph Company has had for some time.

Question: Is Anna Little, of the Kay-Bees, an Indian born? Answer: No, but her understanding of make-up and her expressive features are remarkably realistic.

Miss Mary Fuller cant play away from "Mary" parts. She is now engaged in an elaborate production in which she plays Mary, Queen of Scots.

Harry Handworth, of the Pathé Frères, has earned a rest, and he will be missed when he takes his vacation trip to Colorado in May.

The Lubin baseball team, under the direction of Benny of Lubinville, is in the market for games and victories. Same with Pathé's, only it has no Benny.

Romaine Fielding is a Corsican, and so was Napoleon. The latter may have been a better emperor, but he was not in the same class with Romaine as a sheriff in the land of the cactus.

The Vitagraph Company are viewing with alarm the recent activities of John Bunny. He has joined an athletic class, and is working hard to reduce his ponderous weight. He is up at sparrow-crack every morning, and can be seen at six o'clock doing a Marathon on Ocean Parkway, paced by his trainer.

Carlyle Blackwell is the proud possessor of a bull-terrier sent him by express by one of his Eastern admirers. The dog is a great favorite at Glendale, and Mr. Blackwell calls him "Kalem."

The Méliès Company have recently left Java, where they produced some elaborate two-reel pictures with native actors. They have just arrived in Japan for a long sojourn. As the Japanese are excellent and experienced actors, we may hope to see some beautiful pictures taken under the personal direction of Gaston Méliès.

The smoke-room at the Vitagraph plant has become quite an institution. Four monkeys have their quarters there at present, and as they get loose every now and then, they make life there quite interesting at times, especially when they get hold of a pinochle deck.

Maurice Costello has more children—at least Mr. and Mrs. Jos. S. Whitsett, of Ardmore, Okla., have named one of theirs after him, and others are doing it. It is the fashion now to name children after photoplayers rather than after presidents.

Gwendoline Pates has reason to be proud of her work in "An Exciting Honeymoon," and ditto can be said of Charles Arling.

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THE CALDRON PUBLISHING CO., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Alice Inward has left Excelsior, and is visiting relatives in London.

The Screen Club Ball of April 19th has come and gone, but it is still the talk of the town. It was held in Terrace Gardens, New York City, and every studio star and humble poser who was able to walk or roll up in a taxi helped to fill the place—in fact, over 2,000 people attended. The grand march was led by King Baggot, escorting Mary Pickford, John Bunny and Mrs. Bunny, Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe, Alice Joyce and Tom Moore. Many studio heads filled the boxes and showered confetti upon the dancers. As a result, the clubhouse fund was increased by $4,000. King Baggot auctioned the autographed program containing the signatures of all the stars and satellites present, and it went for $1,000 to Carl Laemmle and Adam Kessel, Jr. Fred Mace's bid of $500 was not accepted, and he appeared quite peeved, but forgave every one afterwards in a speech.

Director Brabin, with Miss Nesbitt and Mr. MacDermott, started for Europe. On the same day the Western Edisons will be back to fill the gap in the studio.

In a recent Kalem comedy John Brennan and Marshall Neilan made us believe that it is funny to have the toothache.

Edgena De Lespine, of the Reliance Company, is called "The Lillian Russell of pictures," and she will shortly be seen in a three-reel feature, "The Bawler-out," in which the loan-shark evil is exposed.

An amusing incident happened a short time ago to Mr. Charles J. Brabin, one of the directors of the Edison Company. In making one of the well-known "Mary" stories, he had occasion to use a large sailing schooner which was represented as being on fire. Mr. Brabin got his smoke-pots placed and into action, and the result was so realistic that the fireboats put out from shore at full speed for the burning ship.

Madame Nordica was at Los Angeles while the Thanhouser Western forces were producing "Cymbeline." Jean Darnell, who is with the Western company, stood alongside the songbird while the latter watched the picture people taking some exterior scenes, and is authority for the statement that when the last foot of film had been "snapped," the songbird said: "Admirable!"

Paul Panzer, of the Pathé Frères, had a narrow escape last week when, dressed as a convict, he enacted a scene close to the Snake Hill Penitentiary, and a guard mistook him for a real convict escaping.

Gladys Field has left Essanay again, this time for a man—now her husband.

On May 5th the Excelsior Company produced the final film—its plant, company and product having been absorbed by the Reliance Company, who will continue the weekly pictures of Excelsior.

The Garfield Theater, of New York, wants us publicly to thank Marc MacDermott, Marian Nesbitt, Yale Boss, Charles N. Seay and William Wadsworth for taking part in a benefit for the Ohio sufferers.

The Vitagraph Company is getting ready to release the first of their animal pictures. "The Amateur Lion-Tamer" will probably be the first, followed closely by "The Tiger-Lily," in which some fine work is done by Julia Swayne Gordon.

Jane Wolfe is using all her spare time to advantage by planting trees to beautify her homelike California bungalow.

The "Flying A's" new Western studio is called Hope Ranch, and is in Santa Barbara, Cal. Director Albert W. Hale, formerly of Vitagraph, is in charge.

The Vitagraph Twins, Alice and Edna Nash, are making a hit. At the studios, the other players have trouble telling who is which, but Wallie Van has none.

William Clifford, Bison's leading man, has just purchased a lovely Hollywood bungalow with a garden for that wonderful Clifford youngster.

If the Vitagraph Company get any more fat men, they will have to enlarge their plant if they keep John Bunny, Hughie Mack and James Lackaye.

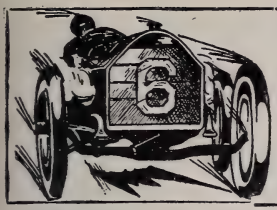
Gene Gauntier was in town last month. She seemed to be immensely pleased with the world and with good, bad old New York.

How would you like to crawl out onto a trestle in a forty-mile gale and hang by your hands two hundred feet over the Genesee River while a fast express whirled overhead? That's what Julia Stuart had to do recently.

Nero, the Vitagraph lion, is feeling terribly disappointed. He recently played in the same cast as Hughie Mack and did not get his appetite satisfied.

Mabelle Trunnelle has a horror of poverty. "I *hate* to play 'poor parts,'" she confesses. "Rags are not becoming to me. I like dress-up parts best."

Constance Crawley, cousin of Lord Kitchener and well-known tragedienne, is the latest acquisition of the Universal force. Crowned 'eads comin' our way, bless us!



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10 **Popular Player Contest** **10**

of the

Motion Picture Story Magazine

Ten Votes for

.....

It is whispered, and in a decided stage whisper, too, and not denied, that Edith Halleren and Bert Angeles have been quietly married, and that they are now enjoying a surreptitious honeymoon while still pursuing their duties at the Vitagraph.

Carlyle Blackwell's mail is assuming such proportions that he is seriously considering the hiring of a secretary. Girls—well, we had better not recommend it.

G. M. Anderson is building a large theater in San Francisco. Let us hope that he will leave out vaudeville and popular songs.

William West, the popular Edison actor, is getting madder every day over the deluge of inquiries and sympathetic expressions which his wife is receiving. The papers have contained notices of the death of a William West who has been appearing in vaudeville, and the picture actor is busy denying that he no longer exists. Like Mark Twain, he says that the report of his death has been greatly exaggerated.

In a Kalem Western play Marin Sais is rescued from a runaway stage-coach, which is overturned. Discriminating critics will see that this is no "trick" scene, but an unusual feat of daring on the part of Miss Sais.

The spring fever has gotten into Yale Boss' blood, and he is now constantly armed with his trusty ball-glove. He has corraled all the small boys in the neighborhood of the Edison studio, and takes great pleasure in demonstrating that Rube Marquard is a rank bush-leaguer compared to the doughty Yale. If McGraw ever hears of this prodigy, there is little doubt that filmdom will lose one of its young stars.

Mack Sennett, of the Keystone Company, will enter his racer in the Los Angeles race to San Francisco on July 4th.

Mabel Trunnelle has just been honored with an invitation to become a member of the English Players' League. Miss Trunnelle is the recipient of many letters. One recent one from Germany contains this naive request: "Please correspond with me, so that I may thus learn the English language."

Kalem combined three companies in producing "Shenandoah," and a galaxy of stars is presented. It is a rare treat to find Guy Coombs, Hal Clements, James Vincent, Henry Hallam, Robert Vignola, Anna Nilsson, Marian Cooper, Marguerite Courtot and Alice Hollister in the same play.

Gertrude McCoy coyly confesses that she is writing a scenario by herself *for* herself, which is to be produced by Edison soon.

The Vitagraph players are enjoying a good laugh at John Bunny's expense. The other evening the lions in the menagerie were extra noisy and their roaring could be heard several blocks away. Some one, who evidently did not recognize the nature of the noise, telephoned down to the studios and asked that John be wakened up, as his snoring disturbed the entire neighborhood.

J. Stuart Blackton, president of this magazine and vice-president and secretary of the Vitagraph Company, left New York for Naples on March 29th, accompanied by his friend and fellow artist, Carle J. Brenner. They intend to spend the next few weeks on a sketching tour thru Italy, and will pick up an art treasure or two to bring home with them. This is the first vacation taken by Mr. Blackton for a considerable time. He has been working at high pressure and has finally been forced, by the condition of his health, to take a rest. He expects to return, refreshed and ready for work again, toward the end of May, as he is scheduled to officiate at the opening of the Atlantic Yacht Club, of which he is commodore, on May 30th.

Ethel Grandon, of the Universal Company, confesses that she is no sailor. In a recent water scene she suffered agonies from *mal-de-mer*, altho she managed to go bravely thru her scene.

It is, indeed, "A Splendid Scapegrace" that Marc MacDermott has made out of Yancey Goree, O. Henry's familiar character in "A Blackjack Bargainer." There seems to be no limitation to the versatility of MacDermott's work.

Ethel Phillips has just stepped ashore from Australia and is on her way to join Reliance as a leading lady. She says that pictures made in Uncle Sam's country are the only ones wanted in the Antipodes.

The Vitagraph Company have discovered an unrecognized cartoonist in their midst, in the person of Dorothy Kelly. "Dot" causes all sorts of fun with some of her drawings. A recent one, showing John Bunny and Flora Finch, is called "The Soul Kiss." It created quite a furore in the studio.

Charles Baille (Universal) in a recent picture leaps from a rapidly moving horse, slashes canvas side of flying prairie-wagon, lights six sticks of dynamite and blows himself up grandly amid splinters of wagon and atmosphere.

Leah Baird will be seen shortly in an interesting love drama, "A Soul in Bondage," produced by the Vitagraph Company. In addition to playing the leading part, Miss Baird is also the author of the play. Several other Vitagraph successes owe their credit to her fertile imagination. Among them are "The Dawning" and "A Woman."

WESTWARD HO! FOR THE RIDGELYS

Cleo Ridgely and her husband, J. M. Ridgely, who, under the direction of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, are making a horseback trip from New York to San Francisco, Cal., are now at Meridian, Miss. Their route from now on will be as follows:

Jackson, Miss.	Fort Worth, Texas	Tucson, Ariz.	Ventura, Cal.	Santa Cruz, Cal.
Vicksburg, Miss.	Abilene, Texas	Yuma, Ariz.	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Alameda, Cal.
Shreveport, La.	El Paso, Texas	San Bernardino, Cal.	San Luis Obispo, Cal.	Oakland, Cal.
Marshall, Texas	Deming, Texas	Los Angeles, Cal.	Watsonville, Cal.	San Francisco, Cal.
Dallas, Texas				

Indian Chief Red Eagle will accompany the Ridgelys thru the states of New Mexico and Arizona.

Exhibitors desiring to have them appear at their theaters should correspond with us direct.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 118)

Miss Isabel Baily makes a "date":

I've seen good-looking boys in Plattsburg,
I've seen fine-looking boys from Peru,
But, honest, dear Francis X. Bushman,
They haven't got a single thing on you.

Your dear face is always before me,
No matter where I may go,
So meet me next Saturday evening
At the Motion Picture show.

It would be very pleasant for all concerned if we could print more of the excellent verses received, but space forbids. However, we shall, with pleasure, forward to the players themselves all verses that we do not print. We shall announce soon—probably in the next issue—the character of the prizes and the date of closing.

HOW TO VOTE

Every reader may vote twice each month, once for a male player and once for a female player, but two votes cannot be written on the same sheet of paper—a separate slip or sheet must be used for each player, and it must contain the name and address of the voter, as well as the name of the player voted for. Those who find the coupons that are elsewhere concealed in this magazine may enclose as many of them as they can secure, after writing on each the name of the player only. Those who wish to get up petitions among their friends may do as follows: Write at the top of the sheet "We, the undersigned, vote for ....," and then have each voter sign his or her name and address below, and number them. If our readers will carefully scan our advertising pages, they will learn something of value, because the circulation department of this magazine has prepared a plan that will be of great assistance to those who want to help along their favorites.

We have made a careful count of the ballots just before going to press with this section of the magazine. We find that there are about 225 players represented in the ballot-boxes, but we can give only the votes for the leaders, which are as follows:

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS

Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	24,498	Blanche Sweet (*Biograph*)	4,245
Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	15,555	Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	4,190
Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	15,151	Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	4,178
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	12,781	Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	4,110
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	12,754	Gertrude Robinson (*Victor*)	4,084
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	12,226	Betty Gray (*Pathé Frères*)	2,978
Florence Turner	11,207	Romaine Fielding (*Lubin*)	2,856
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	11,140	Pearl White (*Crystal*)	2,834
Francis Bushman	11,085	James Morrison	2,822
Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	10,883	Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	2,820
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	8,829	Thomas Moore (*Kalem*)	2,784
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	8,481	Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	2,775
Muriel Ostriche (*Reliance*)	7,622	Gene Gauntier (*G. G. Co.*)	2,640
Florence Lawrence	7,432	James Cruze (*Kalem*)	2,630
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé Frères*)	7,418	Frederick Church (*Essanay*)	2,613
Mary Pickford	7,411	Edna Payne (*Lubin*)	2,610
Florence LaBadie (*Thanhouser*)	7,239	Julia Swayne Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	1,551
E. K. Lincoln (*Vitagraph*)	7,039	Mabel Normand (*Keystone*)	1,535
Whitney Raymond	7,014	Benjamin Wilson (*Edison*)	1,527
Clara Kimball Young (*Vitagraph*)	4,873	Howard Mitchell (*Lubin*)	1,510
Leah Baird (*Vitagraph*)	4,838	Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	1,462
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	4,747	Eleanor Blanchard	1,458
Wallace Reid (*American*)	4,635	King Baggot (*Imp*)	1,457
Marguerite Snow (*Thanhouser*)	4,481	Marc MacDermott (*Edison*)	1,423
Helen Costello (*Vitagraph*)	4,433	John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	1,421
Edwin August (*Vitagraph*)	4,378	Augustus Phillips (*Edison*)	1,409
Gwendoline Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	4,375	George Gebhardt (*Universal*)	1,374
Pauline Bush (*American*)	4,360	Marie Eline (*Thanhouser*)	1,366
Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	4,342	Robert Vignola (*Kalem*)	1,360

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It Usually Pays to Read Advertisements

The fact that you have read this, indicates that you read the other announcements in this magazine. That is just what we want all readers to do; and since you have done so without being asked, the reward is yours. If you will cut this out and pin it to a piece of paper containing your name and address and the name of your favorite photoplayer it will count for fifty votes in the contest announced on page 113 of this magazine.

OLD COINS WANTED

$$—OLD COINS WANTED—$$

$4.25 each paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $600 paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted—it may mean your good fortune.
C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 99, Le Roy, N. Y.

Most of the high-class, well-regulated Motion Picture theaters (both Independent and Licensed) keep this magazine on sale for the convenience of their patrons. If it is not handy for you to buy from your newsdealer, please ask the girl in the box-office to supply you every month. The magazine should be on sale at all theaters on the 15th of each month.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

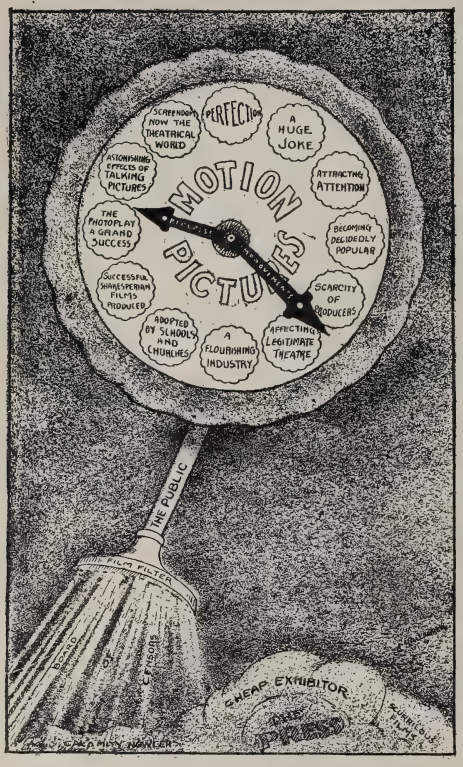
Sirs:—Enclosed find $1.50 ($2.00 Canada, $2.50 Foreign), for which send me The Motion Picture Story Magazine for one year, beginning with the.....number, together with the twelve colored art portraits as announced.

Name .....

Street.....City.....State.....

The Clock Puzzle

THE April clock cartoon called forth cordial response from all points of the compass. It would seem that all the editor needs to do is to push the button and wait for you to do the rest. You have done it so successfully this time that the hands of the office clock have whirled many, many times before the editor could finally decide between the numerous excellent titles submitted to him. The leather book of photoplayer pictures finally goes to H. F. Jamison, of Alexander, Arkansas, for his title, "Standard Time."



The two yearly subscriptions have been awarded to Howard McCauley for his title, "Perpetual Motion," and Albion Johnson, who suggests "The Pit and the Pendulum."

The three prize-winning articles are printed below, followed by selections from other clever letters:

STANDARD TIME.

In heaven's blue vault hangs the Motion Picture Clock. The hour hand of "Progress" stands between the hours of a "Grand Success" and the wonderful sound pictures, while the minute hand of improvements revolves, affecting the legitimate theater.

The public pendulum swings, feeling amply able to filter her photoplays, and soon will hurl from her entirely the small, narrow-minded censors, together with the "knocking" press, scurrilous films, cheap exhibitors and calamity howlers.

When both hands point to "Perfection," then what was once regarded as a huge joke shall not only continue to entertain but shall instruct the world as well.

Alexander, Ark. H. F. JAMISON,
Operator Western Union Tel. Co., Box 27.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

Like all clocks, this one moves ever onward, never backward; its swaying pendulum derives its motive power from that inexhaustible source—the public desire. Its longer and swifter hand will travel over and over its course, and with each circle finished, will have bettered its former beat. The shorter hand will progress until it reaches "Perfection," and even tho where there is perfection there can be no progress, this clock, like others, cannot run backwards, so neither will there be deterioration.

Then will we have perfection in motion, and motion in perfection, and perpetuality in both.

346 East 136th St., Bronx, N. Y. C. HOWARD MCCAULEY.

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

Slowly, hour after hour, the hands of this clock have gone, and will go their way until the stroke of twelve; then they will stop, never to travel over the face of advancement again. The dust in the pit will have settled, and the pendulum's water will shut itself off automatically.

2922 Champa St., Denver, Colo. ALBION JOHNSON.

THE PULSE OF THE PUBLIC.

A sign of the times in which the public itself, the real "Board of Censors," will sweep clean Moving Picturedom of scurrilous films, cheap exhibitors, and the other minor faults which are now hampering it.

614 Clay St., Dubuque, Iowa. THERESA KLEIN.

LAST CALL

For the Twelve Beautiful Portraits of Motion Picture Players

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

WITH the May number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE we **discontinued** inserting colored portraits of picture players in magazines going to subscribers.

The June, 1912, issue was the first number containing these colored portraits and since that date each copy going to subscribers has contained one. The series of twelve portraits ended with the May, 1913, number.

However, owing to an over-run on the part of our printer we have on hand a limited supply of these portraits, and will now send out to each new subscriber a complete set of these portraits **immediately** on receipt of subscription, until the supply is exhausted.

These exquisite portraits are lifelike reproductions from photographs in many colors, and represent the best in the printer's and engraver's art. They are printed on fine calendered paper of size **suitable for framing,** and are appropriate in every way for home decoration. They are **not for sale,** and if they were, the price would be at least 50 cents each. It is only by printing in large quantities that we are able to make this **exceptional offer:**

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The author deals with the history of the invention, its progress, its insuperable difficulties which somehow have been overcome. He gives, too, a full and lucid description of the cameras, the processes of developing the long celluloid films, the printing and projection, etc. He takes us to the largest studios of the world, where mammoth productions costing $30,000 are staged, and explains how they are managed—the trick pictures among others, some of the most ingenious artifices of the human imagination. He describes in detail Dr. Commandon's apparatus for making Moving Pictures of microbes; M. Bull's machine, which takes 2,000 pictures a second, thereby enabling us to photograph the flight of a bullet through a soap bubble, or tiny insects on the wing. The combination of X-rays and Cinematography which can show the digestive organs at work and the new color processes such as the Kinemacolor have received detailed attention. So much that is new appears as we read, so wonderful are the powers of the invention, that we have a whole new world opened up before us, with possibilities the like of which the most of us have never even dreamed.

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STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Copyright, 1913, by The M. P. Publishing Co. in United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business, No. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $2; in foreign countries, $2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (2 or 1 cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us; these should be sent to the Photoplay Clearing House (see advertisement).

Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both the old and the new address.

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THE MOVING PICTURE PLAYER
EDWARD DILLON
(BIOGRAPH)

BRYANT WASHBURN (Essanay)

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

JULY, 1913

Vol. V No. 6

The Mothering Heart

(Biograph)

By JOHN OLDEN

YEARS ago a great kingdom was torn to the bowels with civil war, and brother rode against brother into battle, with a prayer or a curse on their lips and a long-stemmed rose streaming from their helmets.

That was years ago, and roses have not changed—only men. The shivering lance has given place to the varnished cane; the helmet and the oath have doffed to the top-hat and—with a beggar's choice—the cigaret. Men's hearts still beat in time, and out of time, perhaps less stoutly.... Only roses have not changed.

It was the time of the dry bosom of summer, and a girl-woman walked in an old-fashioned garden and counted, in her heart, the withering white and red petals that yet remained about her. In martial rows the thick-stemmed, corn-like hollyhocks were blushing into summer bloom; masses of flame-colored phlox and border rows of heart's-ease flanked the turn of her steps. Trumpet-vines clung, like serpents, to the lower branches of venerable fruit-trees, giving tawny tongue. Of the roses, only the soul of years to come remained.

Two puppies frisked with an empty soup-can in the sun, barking elation, growling caution, nosing into its delectable emptiness. The girl watched their soupless efforts, swooped down upon them and, tucking one under each gingham armpit, carried them to a bench under the grape-arbor that sheltered the kitchen door. As she placed a pan of cool milk between them, their big-dog tactics quelled at once, and, with pink noses deep in the pan and baby tongues curling in and out, they were just puppies again.

"Poor little orphans," the girl said, "do you know that your mother is dead? And does an empty can and a milk-pan take her place, I wonder?"

She stroked their heaving backs caressingly, a mother's look caught in her slow, gray eyes. As the sun, thru the arbor, covered her shape with splotchy light, the swish-swash song of a rocking churn came to her from the kitchen. A jay flew by with a wriggling worm in its mouth.

"All the world's a-mothering," smiled the girl.

A currant-bush parted, and eyes shone thru. Then a quick rush of feet brought a man to her side.

"It's come, little girl," he panted, thrusting the pups from the bench—"my chance, and I'm going to get twelve dollars a week."

"Twelve dollars!" She shook her head doubtfully. "There isn't that much money in Faraday—outside of the bank."

"It's the city," he went on—"New York, where they make dollars grow in office-gardens and fade them away overnight."

"I'm afraid," she said wonderingly. "It doesn't sound right."

"'IT'S COME, LITTLE GIRL, AND I'M GOING TO GET TWELVE DOLLARS A WEEK'"

"Dont be a mole," he laughed, taking her cool hands; "come out in the light. Twelve dollars—think of it!"

"Yes, I'm thinking hard."

"We'll have a wedding," he asserted; "the good, old-fashioned kind you've always wanted, right here with mother—with violin music and a supper and a chivaree down at the station."

"Joe, it's all for me!" Her eyes widened, and her hands went to his shoulders. "Yes, let's brave it; it's daring, to be a city wife."

Two weeks afterwards he cut a way for her thru the rush and roar of street traffic and led her to the little all-in-a-row cottage on the city's edge. It was his surprise for her.

"You cant turn around in its yard," he said, as they gazed up at it, "and the walls are thin as cornshucks; but it's ours."

"Joe!" The bride's eyes were wide flashes of gray.

"Stucco," he repeated, closing his eyes in an effort to memorize, "half-timbered, parquet floors, plate-rail, combination fixtures—it's all ours."

"Joe!" She looked frightened.

"Owning a home is easy," he propounded, leading her up the stoop: "fifty dollars down, and the rest in the rosy future."

"Twelve dollars a week's a lot," she said solemnly.

They entered and walked, hand in hand, thru the tiny rooms.

"Why, there's no stove!" she cried, staring forlornly into the shiny kitchen.

"Gas," he said owlishly; "in the city people cook, pull teeth, commit suicide and make fortunes with just gas."

"I suppose so," she acquiesced. "Why, look! There's room enough for a garden in back!"

"We have everything," he said, burying his face tenderly in her shining hair; "let's begin."

For a month of delicious days she broke his deep sleep at six and met him, again at six, in front of the spick-and-span cottage.

"See, Joe, I bought this whole row of pansies today for fifty cents."

He hugged her young shape to him thirstily.

"And in the fall I'll put in roses."

"It's a risk, Myrtle," he cautioned, with rural canniness; "the soil's about an inch thick."

"Never mind, Joe; I'll mother them somehow."

At the supper-table Joe fell suddenly solemn. His country appetite became a thing of city daintiness. Myrtle watched each slow lift of his fork.

"It isn't coming out right," he said abruptly. "I forgot about gas bills, ice, carfare, and 'most a million things." He stared at her moodily. "Tomorrow an installment's due."

"Installment?"

"Yes; on the homestead. Didn't I tell you I paid only fifty dollars down?"

"Gracious!" She was thoroly frightened. "Do you have to pay more right away?"

He could not help laughing at her simplicity. "There, there! dont look so white. My boss gave me a fat cigar today, and I'm going to smoke trouble out with it."

Myrtle sat huddled up, quiet, and racking her brain over the thing; and he watched her fondly.

The next morning, when he had left, she came to a sudden resolve. Mrs. Mattoni, whose husband made rainbow-colored ice-cream underground, somewhere, in carload lots, lived next door, just four inches away. Thru the party wall of cinders and wall-paper Myrtle had heard her emotionally discharge her maid-of-all-work. The large Mattoni wash in the yard flew signals of distress at being deserted in a sodden state, as Myrtle, big with her idea, ventured her first social call.

Mrs. Mattoni was delighted with the idea of being assisted with the wash. She confessed that she was worn out from making ice-cream by hand in a milk-can, in less palmy days, and that servants, under the stars and stripes, were brigands, *conditore* and ingrates. If the little bride wanted to relieve her of the wash, she would pay her well and throw in a brick of "Mattoni's Neapolitan Nesseerode."

Myrtle accepted the contract, set her wash-boiler on the gas, bared her round arms, and smoothly and tirelessly set to work. The Mattonis were both large, and their pieces were numerous, but not near formidable enough to dampen the song in her heart. For a month Mr. Mattoni went forth in clean, polished linen and blessed the industry of his helpmate. As for Joe, his dinners were luxurious with vari-colored platters of frozen dainties, and he supposed they were made from a magical cook-book with the remains of a quart of convalescent milk.

When installment day came relentlessly around again, and Joe took to staring desperately at the wall, Myrtle opened his fingers and placed twelve dollar-bills in their lax grasp.

Oh, the delight of helping her big provider, and the hasty gulping down of memories of tired arms and blistered hands and backaches in that one healing hug of his!

And to cap the climax, Joe came stumbling in, some few weeks afterwards, unable to say a word, with his eyes glued to the money in his hand.

He had made good. His firm had begun to either fear or respect him, he couldn't say which. His salary had been advanced to the immeasurable sum of twenty dollars a week!

"Come, Myrtle!" he shouted, in pure overjoy. "Get out your old gray bonnet, and we'll hike in to the theater. And after that we'll take in one of those cabaret things. No more 'Mattoni's Nesseerode' for me!"

The vision of eight extra dollars flew to her light head like wine.

"Four times eight is thirty-two—thirty-five dollars a month! Gracious, Joe, it's a fortune!"

"I told you I'd make good," he said prophetically, big with the feel in him; "I knew it all along. And there you were mooning around with the roses and pups and things, and Joe Humphries working in the grist-mill. Lord! it makes me sick!"

Four hours later, they worked their way between the noisy tables of a big New York "Where to Dine Well" restaurant: Joe, cocksure, with the country tan set on his cheeks; Myrtle, little and slender and shy.

"Jiminy! look at the prices," he whispered across a table; "three dollars for a steak!"

"I wish I was home," said Myrtle —"honest, I do."

"You mole!" admonished Joe, fiercely, as a waiter hovered near; "I haven't eaten since breakfast—I'm a twenty-dollar man now."

A burst of weird music drowned out her weak answer, as a man and his woman, draped in wolf-skin, leaped upon a little platform. He flung her from him in elemental fury, and the orchestra, with a crash, opportunely bumped her head upon the canvas rocks of the cave behind them. She didn't seem to care and cavorted round and round him in half-naked abandon.

Joe paused, with a bite of the three-dollar steak trailing from his fork.

"Gee! this is great, Myrtle."

"I'm glad that you're glad, Joe."

The orchestra broke in upon them again, and the mad capers of the dance went on. Suddenly the man threw out his arms and sought the dancer, trying to draw her to him. The woman slid again and again under his arms. It seemed to infuriate him as well as the orchestra. He spurred on to new efforts, caught her by the hair, threw the prize across his shoulder and ran nimbly into his cave.

JOE AGAIN VISITS THE FASCINATING RESTAURANT WITH THE CABARET PERFORMANCE

A pretty girl, with hard eyes and white shoulders, seated near Joe, almost split her gloves in encore.

"Isn't Slavone magnificent tonight?" she beamed at her elderly escort.

"Disgustingly good," he simpered.

"Pshaw! you dont understand!" Her eyes flashed by him and caught the rapt, round-eyed stare in Joe's. As she looked him critically over,

from under the tan the red blood mounted and burned in his face. Their eyes met for a fleeting instant, like swords; then dropped again.

"Joe!" It was Myrtle, with her little lisle glove on his arm. "I dont think we're ever been up so late before."

He stumbled after her out of the place, with the whirr of his waiting alarm-clock jangling out the orchestra.

When Joe left the office the next day, it was still early, and he decided to walk part-way home. His head was hot and cloudy from the loss of a country boy's sleep, and he felt less than half the vigor of the "twenty-dollar-a-week man" that overnight had talked so big to Myrtle.

The table-lights and the cave-man's music were still glimmering and echoing in him uneasily, and the stucco cottage seemed just a bit less magnificent, somehow.

Joe swung into a broad, tree-lined avenue, flanked with stone mansions and pestiferously alive with autos and taxicabs. A canary-colored one had passed him slowly, then drawn up to the curb.

"Rats!" soliloquized Joe; "that dance was a little too much, after all. No sane man would fall for a woman the way——"

A girlish, beautiful face smiled at him from a yellow taxi by the curb, and he wondered where he had seen her before.

Yes, it was the girl of the cabaret, and she was smiling straight at him!

Joe stopped short, blushed fiery red and longed for something to sit down on or to kick at.

Was she making all kinds of a fool of him? Then he thought he heard her voice. Would he escort her to Minime's? Her father would be waiting there for her, and—well, you know, she could not enter alone. Her voice trailed off in delicious laughter as clear as bird-notes.

Joe got into the machine. There wasn't any harm in taking a girl to her doting father, and, besides, she liked him; there was no getting away from that, the way she looked at him—she liked him thru and thru.

In the beating of a heart, or a million rapid beats, he sat by her side in the restaurant. He felt a part of the place now; equal to it; a man of the world, ready for her good-by and her father's thanks.

"'IT'S NO USE, JOE; I DONT FEEL ANYTHING BUT JUST SAD'"

But no fond father came; only the music and the capering dance again, and he began to realize that she had played a huge joke on him. She was clever and beautiful and interested in him, so he had better let it pass.

It was past eight when the stucco cottage and Myrtle, with her hands folded, crashed down on him. There would be a dinner in the gas-oven,

and after that, Mattoni's Nesseerode, and always Myrtle with her hands folded till he came.

Joe got up suddenly and left the beautiful lady, with a stony look chasing the soft one from her brilliant eyes. He knew how to fling a quarter to the hat-boy now, and say good-night to the doorman, like a regular New Yorker.

It was sultry out, and he folded his overcoat over his arm, as if tucking his little digression away with it. Out under the quiet stars, his sudden

"TO SEE MYRTLE BENDING OVER THE CRIB"

interest in fatherless girls didn't look quite right, and he resolved to tell Myrtle nothing about it. It might be well to tell her that the office expected a lot more of him for twenty dollars, and let her draw her own conclusions.

But she had been brought up in a country where little girls dont draw conclusions, nor split inferences, and unfolded her hands, night after night, to fling them around his shoulders.

After a while she quit getting dinner and busied her hands with sewing on bits of baby-things—hands that had stopped and clasped like clock-hands when she had heard his step.

And then came a day, with her first back-yard rose-gift in his overcoat buttonhole, that she pulled a pair of scented elbow-gloves from his pocket and knew, with wide gray eyes, that Joe no longer loved her.

It was Sunday, and Joe lay asleep in their room above. Myrtle cast the poisonous gauntlets away from her and fell on her knees, to pray first for Joe, then for their baby, a little for herself, and then more for Joe.

She understood the shy, tender looks Mrs. Mattoni had given her, now, and the long hours of the twenty-dollar-a-week man. Joe would always be Joe—boisterous, blustering Joe, but she could never lay her cheek against his again.

He came cluttering down the stairs, and, with her first look, knew that something had happened. There was the old mothering look in her eyes, but not for him.

"I'm going home, Joe!"

A thousand words struggled to his lips; his masterful way with her came over him.

"It's no use, Joe." Her face became quite hard. "I dont feel anything but just sad."

He followed her to the door, but she didn't turn, and her little figure, carpet-bag in hand, walked resolutely out of his life.

Then the day came, as it will to all Joes not yellow to the heart, that the twenty-dollar-a-week boy longed for her bitterly, and over a bank full of dollars, with the riot that runs with them, could not tempt him from hoarding the heart-look in her gray eyes that she had once given him freely.

Three months had almost gone, and Joe had twice slammed the door in the face of the installment-man.

The bedclothes lay tossed and unslept in. Under his blundering fingers, the shiny kitchen became a smudge of dirty dishes and empty cans. With Myrtle's busy body, the

"AH, FATHERING HEART, WHAT WAS SOILED IN YOU WAS MADE CLEAN AGAIN"

spirit of orderliness and home-comfort had served their walking-papers on the sleepless man.

A resolution—something big—was sapping and mining deep down in him, and with the first answer to his many letters to Faraday, the thing exploded with a roar.

"And now that the baby has come, perhaps she will listen to you," her mother's note said, and, with the words, Joe became his old, reliant self again.

"I'll run down and see the little mothering heart soon. Perhaps—who knows—she'll take me in. And the baby—why, I'm its father; it's my son. It's Myrtle's and Joe's." He trembled at the thought. "She's just *got* to let me see it."

Ah, fathering heart! What are you worth? Not enough to cut the city's smoke thru to Faraday and to see Myrtle bending over the crib of month-old little Joe.

Yes, she called him Joe, knowing that what was soiled in you was made clean again in him.

And now, Joe, your son is very ill, and Myrtle has counted his breaths and read his eyes for days and nights, and you do not know.

And now, Joe, if you could only see. She is staring down into the little well of a crib where her soul lies —and it is still. And the old doctor tries to take her hand and lead her away, but she does not know that he is even there.

Come, Joe, it's time for you to be with her, for the little mother has stood more than life calls for, and her reason is in danger.

Dont break in on her so suddenly, Joe, and try so to assert your father's rights. Let her mother lead her from

"TO FIGHT HER LIFE BATTLE OUT, ALONE, AMONG THE ROSES"

the room, to fight her life battle out, alone, among the roses in the garden, in a frenzy of exalted hate and love and sorrow. And you, Joe, humble yourself before your silent image, and hers, in the cradle there.

The Tired Business Man

By E. S. L. THOMPSON

The tired business man
To the Motion Picture goes,
For he knows the stories can
Soothe his cares and heal his woes.

And he takes his tired wife,
And his restless children, too.
It's the medicine for strife
That the business man doth view.

And he sees his neighbor there,
With a laugh and with a tear,
For dim doubt and rusty care
Haven't any business here.

'Tis the sob that ends in smile,
Where the Motion Picture gleams,
In the glorious afterwhile
On the screen of hopes and dreams.

HAL BURROUGHS leaned on his billiard-cue and patiently waited for two of the players to settle their dispute over a "scratch."

"G'wan! Spot a ball!" clamored one, red-faced, domineering.

The other retorted, between oaths, that he was not responsible for the cue-ball's slipping into a pocket. "You touched it with your hand. That's what did it, and you know it!" he shouted.

The first one bore down upon him threateningly. "You're a liar!" he screamed, swinging his cue down upon the other's head.

The next moment they were sending their fists into each other's faces. Seeing that the dispute was taking a serious turn, Hal Burroughs threw himself into the midst of the trouble and tried to separate the combatants.

"Leave 'em alone!" "Dont you go butting in!" "Here's the police!" he heard about him. Then he was caught roughly by the collar and jerked to one side. The fighting ceased and quiet succeeded the din as the police singled out the main offenders against law and order. Hal explained his share in the brawl, and, corroborated by his friend, Tom Graham, and by others, he was allowed to depart.

Out on the street, he dabbed at a wound on his forehead.

"Have I much of a cut there?" he asked Tom.

Tom examined it. "No," he answered; "a nasty swipe, but not deep."

"If it were only a scratch, it would look mortal to Jennie. She doesn't want me to go to that place, anyway, and I should have thought twice before mixing up in that fight." He dabbed furiously at the bleeding wound.

"You're lucky that you weren't pulled in for the night. That detective acted as if he hated to let you go," remarked Tom.

"He sure did cast a covetous eye on me," laughed Hal. "I almost gave up hope of convincing him."

"Dont be so sure he's convinced of your innocence. He gave you a sour parting look, and if he ever catches you in another rumpus you wont stand a chance. So keep out of trouble, old boy."

"Thanks for the good advice, but I aint looking for trouble. And I've always got away from any I ran into," answered Hal. "Well, here I am home. Good-night."

He went slowly up the stairs to his apartment, rather dreading to face Jennie. Like all fond wives, she was so easily alarmed at the slightest mishap to him, magnifying it and using it as a demonstration of the necessity for caution. Jennie was very, very dear to him, but he simply could not bring himself to adopt her views as to the snares that were set for his careless feet. A man has to have some recreation after his day's

work is done. Pool-playing was his choice of amusement; and while Joe's Billiard Parlor was known as the haunt of several shady characters, it was conveniently located for Hal and Tom, and until this evening their game had proceeded without disturbance of any kind. But Jennie had always tried to dissuade him from going there, claiming that she felt sure that "something would happen." Nothing much had happened, but as he dabbed at his swollen brow with his stained handkerchief, he braced himself to meet his wife.

When he opened the door into the living-room, two voices greeted him with alarmed inquiries, and a tall figure, in the garb of a minister, followed Jennie as she rushed to her husband.

"Hello, Paul!" exclaimed Hal, a warm note of affection in his voice. "It's good to see you, old chap!"

Then kissing Jennie, he smiled at her anxiety. "Nothing at all, dear; a mere scratch. If you'll get a basin of warm water, I'll let you bandage it up and make a fuss over me."

As she left the room, the young men faced each other, eye searching eye. As they stood thus, except for the difference in their clothes, they were exact counterparts. Accustomed as they were to the mysterious bond of twinship and their startling resemblance to each other, there were occasions when the fact was reimpressed upon them with a little shock. This was one of those occasions. They had not been much together lately. Paul's work in his pastorate and among his poor left him little leisure. Hal's position in a business house kept him downtown all day, and in the evenings he had small inclination to seek his brother in the missions or settlements where he spoke words of hopefulness and cheer to the wrecked and the down-trodden.

Now, as they stood reading each other's thought, they realized that they had put leagues between them. The old love was there; the old sympathy was there; the old loyalty was there. But the mental and spiritual processes thru which they had passed, in such differing degrees, had robbed

"HAL EXPLAINED HIS SHARE IN THE BRAWL AND WAS ALLOWED TO DEPART"

them of the congenial comradeship of their boyhood and their infancy. Hal had the uneasy feeling that Paul was his superior, while not envying him that superiority. Paul, alive to a certain constraint in his brother, longed to get back on the old footing by making life and its deep problems of interest to the pleasure-loving Hal. He sometimes despaired of such a consummation, and at times was oppressed with a foreboding of ill that stretched forth wraith-like arms toward his twin.

He listened to Hal's account of the fight, and his face grew very serious.

"Be more careful of your associates, my boy," he admonished, "or the consequences may be more serious another time."

Jennie bustled in with a basin and bandages, and Paul refrained from saying more. Hal acknowledged the advice lightly, as he submitted to Jennie's deft and loving hands.

"My dear Paul," he laughed, "there isn't the least danger of anything happening again."

Looking at him, Paul had a vision of a long perspective of Hal's dwindling thru the knickerbocker stage to the pinafore régime, and always Hal was laughing and care-free. He interrupted Paul's retrospection by remarking quizzically: "You should reprimand me for playing the peacemaker! Why, I've heard you preach a sermon on the blessedness of peacemakers!"

"Peacemaking," retorted Paul, "should, like charity, begin at home. You have a wife and a child to consider. You are not contributing to their peace and happiness when you spend your evening in a questionable resort and return to them injured."

"You're right again, Paul," Hal remarked ruefully. "I never looked at it in that light. I'll be more careful after this. Sure I will, Jen," he added, turning impulsively and taking her in his arms.

By his promise to be more careful, Hal did not mean that he would not visit the billiard parlor again. He stayed away for several evenings, and then, when he dropped in expecting to meet Tom, he found only strangers in the place. They hailed him and invited him to join them. His conscience heard a faint warning cry, but the click of the ivory spheres drowned it, and he was soon engrossed in the games. They were playing for money, and Hal won steadily. When the game was finished, his score netted him four dollars. These were given to him in crisp, new bills by the young man who had been his opponent. Tho elated at his good luck, Hal had no desire to test it further, for he could ill afford to have the points count up against him. He left immediately, resolving not to be caught again, and started homeward. He stepped into a cigar store for a box of cigarets. When he came out, he casually noticed two men, one in police uniform, standing near the door talking. Had he turned, he would have seen them looking after him, and he would have recognized in one the detective who had reluctantly let him go on the occasion of the fight.

Hal had been at home perhaps half an hour. He had little Effie on his knee, telling her a bed-time story. Jennie sat by the table sewing. She glanced up to exclaim, laughing, "What nonsense you do put into that child's head!" Just then they were startled by a hurried knocking at the door. Little Effie whimpered and clung to Hal. He placed her in Jennie's arms and opened the door. Tom Graham, breathless from hard running, almost fell into the room.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked Hal.

"Did you go into a cigar store this evening?" gasped Tom.

"Why, yes; I went into Martin's and bought a box of cigarets."

"What did you give in payment?"

"A dollar bill—one of these," he explained, drawing the new bills from his pocket.

"Good Lord!" groaned Tom. "Where did you get them?"

"At the billiard parlor, from a

thin young fellow in gray," answered Hal in bewilderment, but scenting a calamity. "Why?" he queried.

"They're phoney!" said Tom. "Martin came running out of his store with the bill after you left. That detective that wanted to run you in the other night happened to be outside, so Martin showed him the bill and described you. Grady, the detective, came around to the billiard parlor looking for you. He asked Joe if you had passed any off on him, and Joe found a phoney bill in his cash register. You can imagine the excitement! And now they are on their way to arrest you. I got out ahead of them to warn you. So run while you've got the chance!"

"Run!" exclaimed Hal, with indignation. "I am innocent, and I can prove it."

"You can prove nothing!" said Tom. "You passed a counterfeit bill. You still have some in your possession. If you are arrested, it means prison."

"Oh, Hal!" sobbed Jennie, terrified, "you mustn't let them arrest you!"

"Get away and keep out of sight for a while," urged Tom. "They'll keep on digging, and they'll finally get the right man. But you'll have to stay on the outside of the prison if you expect to prove your innocence. So run to cover somewhere, or it will be too late!"

"Go, Hal, for my sake and baby's!" pleaded Jennie, with her arms about his neck.

The thought of Paul flashed into Hal's mind. He would go to him.

"All right, Jennie; I'll go. Be a brave girl. Everything will come out right," he said, hastily embracing her and the baby.

He followed Tom to the street, caught a passing car, and, after a short ride, swung off and bounded up the stairs to Paul's apartment.

"Escape?" repeated Paul, when he had heard the story. "Do you realize how foolishly you are talking? There is no escape. You might elude them for a time, but they would get you."

"It will break Jennie's heart," said Hal. He sank down miserably into a chair, at last aware of the hopelessness of his position. The snares had tripped his careless feet. The warnings he had made merry over were now so clearly justified he wondered that he had ever ignored them. He heard his brother's voice speaking calmly thru the throbbing tumult of the self-arraignment.

"Yes," Paul was saying, "that is the only way. It does not spare her or us the disgrace, but you will, at least, be able to remain near her. And it will give you time to run the guilty man to earth and prove that you are innocent."

"That's all I need," declared Hal, hope again flaring up. "I should lie in wait for that fellow and make him own up to giving me those bills. What is the way you mean?"

"I shall take your place," replied Paul.

"No!" cried Hal, sharply, as tho in sudden pain.

Paul placed his hands affectionately upon his brother's shoulders. "It is the only way," he repeated, "and for Jennie's and Effie's sakes it must be done."

"Oh, I cant! I cant!" protested Hal.

"The detectives will come here from your house," Paul reminded him. "So we must be ready. Come into the bedroom."

There they exchanged clothes. When the detective arrived, Paul was ready to accompany him. Hal began a last frantic appeal, but, with firmness and tenderness, Paul made him feel that his sacrifice was not the harder part. As the door closed upon him, Hal sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. Between his fingers trickled the agonizing tears of one who has been insensate and is beginning to feel, who has been blind and is beginning to see.

Several months had passed. Paul, convicted, was serving his sentence.

He was not making a martyrdom of his noble sacrifice. With dignity and patience, he submitted to the routine of the prison. He was soon noted as a good prisoner. He rose further in the estimation of the prison authorities when, while basket-weaving, he prevented a murderous attack upon the contractor who was inspecting the work. A vicious prisoner, with some fancied grievance against the man, raised his knife to stab him in the back. Paul grasped the prisoner's arm and wrenched the knife away. For this he was highly commended and granted extra privileges. Upborne by an exalted sense of having done what was clearly a duty to save his brother, and exulting in the thought that Hal was proving himself worthy of the sacrifice, he chafed less in his imprisonment than Hal in his freedom.

Paul's mantle had settled upon his brother's shoulders with an ease that the latter marveled at. Grown serious-minded and reverent, he could almost attribute the facility with which he took up Paul's work to the latter's spiritual presence.

"I feel as if he were beside me, telling me what to do and say," he confided to Jennie, with new, high hope.

He went often to the billiard parlor and talked to the young men there, trying to draw them to the clubrooms where there would be no dangerous associations.

One evening the man for whom he had waited and watched entered the room. Hal noticed that he glanced furtively about, then exchanged a significant look with the proprietor. He passed quickly into a rear room. Hal knew this to be a wash-room. He followed quickly, but, to his astonishment, the room was empty.

Dumbfounded, he searched in every possible place in the room, high and low, but in vain. Where could the man have gone? There was no other exit save the one thru which he had entered, therefore the man must still be there somewhere. He tapped the walls for false doors, but they all gave back a solid sound. He then turned his attention to the floor. Ah! a clean crack! Yes, another—and another. On hands and knees, Hal felt along the flooring for the hidden spring that he now knew was there and which probably connected with a trap-door. His search was rewarded, and he now plainly saw the lines that marked the four sides of the concealed opening. Thinking it inadvisable to make an entry alone, he hastened out and called up the police station. Policemen and detectives were soon in the parlor. The opening of the trap-door was followed by a fusillade of

"PAUL GRASPED THE PRISONER'S ARM AND WRENCHED THE KNIFE AWAY"

shots. These ceased suddenly, and Hal ventured down into the cellar. It proved to be a den, with a table and chairs and a small press, such as a counterfeiter might use. Huddled against the table was the young man. His face was ashen from pain and fear. He was wounded, perhaps the prisoner's, and his voice shook with emotion.

"If you have any heart; if you have any sense of fairness; if you want to go hence with a conscience cleansed of this great wrong you have done, tell these men that you passed those bills on an innocent man

"GROWN SERIOUS-MINDED AND REVERENT, HAL TOOK UP PAUL'S WORK"

fatally, but the detectives snapped the handcuffs on.

"Dont move him, please," cried Hal.

The detectives turned inquiringly toward him. "May I question him?" he asked. "It is very important."

"Certainly, sir," they answered.

"You remember," said Hal, turning to Grady, "that my brother was convicted for possessing and passing counterfeit bills. This is the man who gave them to m—to him."

Hal's face was almost as ashen as that evening," he exhorted the prisoner.

For a moment the young fellow looked with defiance upon the faces crowding about him. Then meeting Hal's haggard and pleading eyes, he said: "I did it, all right. That guy is innocent."

With a choking cry, Hal rushed from the den. The cross was lifted from his shoulders; he could once more look to the future with hope and joy.

Paul's release followed speedily.

"IF YOU HAVE ANY SENSE OR ANY HEART, TELL THESE MEN THAT YOU PASSED THOSE BILLS ON AN INNOCENT MAN"

Hal was waiting for him in the warden's room. As they clasped hands, Paul looked searchingly into his brother's eyes. What he read there satisfied him, for, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, he threw his arm about Hal's shoulder in the old boyish gesture of affection.

"It sometimes takes an upheaval to bring the gold to the surface," he reflected.

So they walked out from the prison shadows, the heart of each a-quiver with emotion, and in Hal's, something that made it big for evermore—a reverent gratitude for a brother's loyalty.

To All of Them

By EFFIE LENORE TRIPLAND

Dear picture-faces on the screen,
I love you one and all;
You cheer me when my heart is sad,
Sometimes cause tears to fall.
For sitting here in silence wrapped,
I watch you come and go,
And all the things you seem to do
I see and feel and know.
My spirits rise and fall with yours,
I breathe now swift, now slow;
My heart has known those sorrows seen
At every picture show.
Weary with little tasks of life,
I turn to thee at night;
Then drift away from every care,
With pleasure and delight.
How I would love to clasp your hand
And say here stands a friend,
One who will ever constant be,
Till sun and moon shall blend.
You may not know, you cannot tell
What seeds you plant, unseen,
To blossom in some tired heart
That sits before the screen.
For nothing in this world has filled
That void the whole world feels,
Like love and dreams and simple life
That spin from off the reels.

It was the day after the end of the session at O——, and the aisles of the Assembly Chamber were littered with a top-soil of confetti, crushed roses, peanut shells and bits of abandoned documents—the detritus of a brain-racking midnight wind-up of things legislative. The hands of the big clock above the clerk's desk still clasped resignedly at twelve. They had been set back so often, in the last feverish hours, that a decision to clasp and stop at twelve was finally come to.

From the foot of the serpentine causeway that led up to the Capitol, the breath of a laboring auto came to the ears of uniformed doormen, and presently a jaunty, claret-colored limousine swept up to the entrance, and a liveried chauffeur sprang off his seat to unprison the visitors.

A slim girl stepped out, barely over twenty, with a thicket of well-groomed black hair and vermeil-tinctured lips that set off her white skin.

"Come, Daddy," she urged the failing, middle-aged man who followed her, "I want to bowl Roger over with just two words: April twenty-fifth."

"Carefully, Phyllis; he may yet be closeted with some of his officials."

"A fig for his red tape," she laughed, picking her quick way thru the litter; "the affairs of a sovereign state should give way before a marriage date."

The silk of her fashionable skirt swished thru the empty corridor and stopped before a heavy, carved door. All sound was deadened from within, and, with some timidity, her gloved hand beat upon it.

"Come in!" declared a tired, bass voice, and instantly Phyllis had turned the knob and stood in the Governor's office.

The intruder walked thru an aisle of drooping floral pieces, with the fallen rose-petals whirling about her skirts, and stood before a flat-topped desk. Back of a hedge of bills and documents sat a big, square-shouldered, dark-eyed man, who rose up nervously to greet her.

"Why, Roger, you look like the wayward girl behind the 'select school' walls," the girl cried.

"It's graduation day," he declared, taking her hands. "See all my flowers."

"From nameless lady admirers, I suppose," Phyllis insinuated.

The Governor bent to kiss the slander from her red lips; then, his eye catching the shrinking figure of her companion, he coughed apologetically and patted her shoulder instead.

An answering cough came from among the flowers, and a voice.

"Howdy-do, Roger? I'll be back presently." And the intelligent Mr. Dawson's steps were heard faltering down the corridor. A moment of silence, and the big man had taken the girl in his arms.

"Phyllis, you rascal, what's on your mind?"

"*You,* dear; this is a careless moment in my daily grind."

The Governor laughed. "Shoot straight," he implored; "my back is against the wall."

"April twenty-fifth—less than four weeks," she pronounced solemnly, her finger leveled at his heart.

"April twenty-fifth!" he repeated meaninglessly. "April——"

"Our wedding-day, you spoiled child of the peepul." She discharged the words at him as if emptying a magazine-gun.

"Phyllis, you exquisite rogue!" he cried. "Could anything be happier news than this!"

The Governor stood over her, holding her close, drinking in the sparkle of her eyes.

"Listen!" she warned, pressing him away. "I hear footsteps—it's just like the stage."

A confusion of sounds echoed up the corridor, and a delegation of citizens, hat in hand, stood in the Governor's doorway.

Roger squeezed her hands cruelly, and, as she swung toward the door, the waiting committee made a passage for her.

"Wont you come in, gentlemen?" asked the Governor.

As the delegation filed up to his desk, with considerable solemnity, he noticed several of the prominent men of O—— among them. They grouped themselves formally before him.

"Gentlemen," suggested the Governor, "the legislature, as you know, adjourned last night; whatever you have to say to me must be in my capacity of private host, and I ask you all to draw chairs and make yourselves at home."

There was no move made, and the Governor felt the ice thickening.

At length, amid considerable coughing, a stout, elderly man, with a generous crop of perspiration on his forehead, addressed the Governor.

"This committee," he began, in the manner of a first-year Assemblyman, "has taken it upon itself to call upon you to direct your attention to the flagrant abuses in our State prison's system."

"I concede them all," said the Governor.

The spokesman looked troubled at this statement, but went on: "It is not alone the report of the Investigating Committee, nor the voice of the pulpit and the press in a matter of——"

"I heartily agree with everybody," interrupted the Governor, picking up a document, "and I regret that I cannot speak with less apparent naïveté."

A silence of incomprehension fell upon the committee and its orator.

"Your record of fearless justice," began again the stout gentleman, "is conclusive——"

"Of nothing whatsoever," said the Governor, deliberately putting on his hat. "Gentlemen, I thank you for your interest in the matter. At present your emotions and my actions are hopelessly at sea."

The baffled delegation filed out solemnly again, with the chapfallen message-bearer wiping his brow in his hour of need.

Governor Edgerton waited barely until they had left the Capitol before he arrived at a sudden decision. With his silk hat still pulled down in desperation across his eyes, he walked rapidly down the flight of entrance-steps and across the square to the Supreme Court House.

He entered a chamber of classic refinement, to find a whispy, little, old

gentleman, in the flowing robe of a judge, seated at his reading-desk.

"Dear old Billy Hough," greeted the Governor, "I've caught you again boning at the law, like a student up for exams."

The old gentleman smiled and nodded Edgerton to a seat.

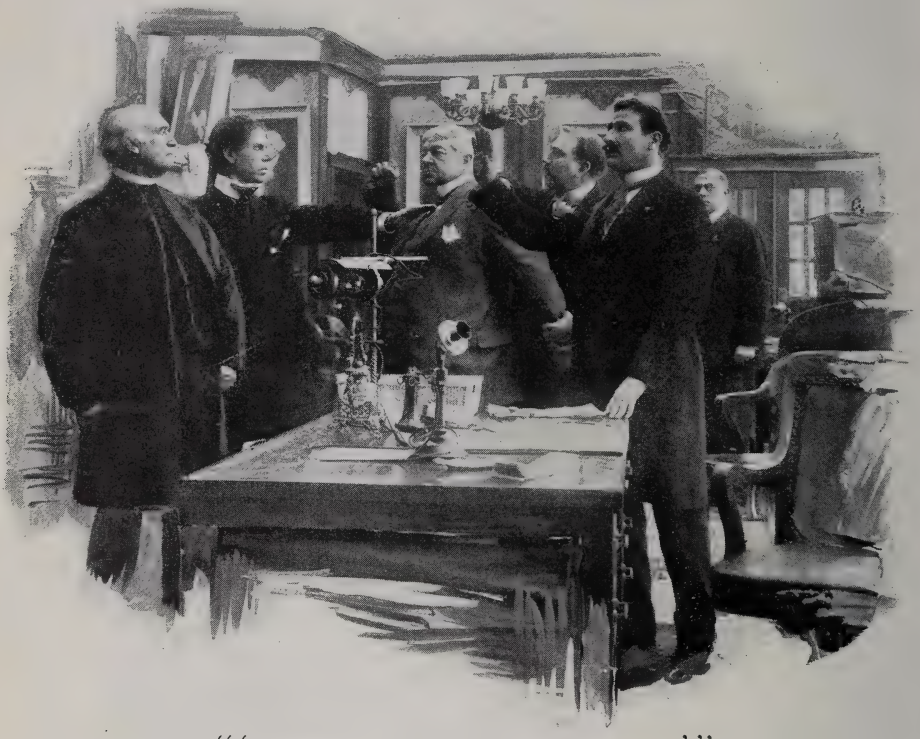
"A chip of the old block, Roger," he said; "always bringing your little joke."

"That sounds reasonable—for you. And then what?"

"In two weeks you will see that I'm discharged. It's a labor of two months, but the fact is, little Phyllis Dawson has decided to marry me. She has set the date, and my sentence has got to be——"

"Roger, you infernal joker, tell me what you're driving at."

Edgerton patted the judge's thin



"'I HEARTILY AGREE WITH EVERYBODY'"

"Yes, I am bringing a little joke," repeated the Governor, softly; "the richest, the queerest, the largest joke since the time you swore before the dominie you would not be my godfather."

The judge's little, blue eyes twinkled in reminiscence. "You're a great responsibility, Roger, for a man of my tame habits. But the joke, Roger; I was forgetting the joke."

Roger Edgerton leaned forward and, with each word, tapped the judge impressively on the knee: "I want you to send me to State prison."

chest, a trick of his as a boy when he wanted something. "They're after me again," he explained, "the leading citizens; and I know that crooks are buying their way out and buying themselves from getting in, thru perjured alibis, every hour of the twenty-four. And the Citizens' Committee know that I know it. I told them so." The Governor stopped, to breathe deeply. "But I didn't tell them that some of the biggest bosses of my own party were in the ring, and that I suspected them. See my point?"

The judge nodded. The Governor

went on: "Now comes the seriousness of my joke. I can never investigate this thing from the outside, without pulling down my party—perhaps a country-wide calamity. I prefer to see things for myself—from the inside. And after that, perhaps, some sudden resignations."

"Roger," said the judge, after a moment's thought, "I believe your plan a sound tho startling one. What kind of a criminal do you want to be?"

"Burglary appeals to me," said Edgerton, promptly; "it's bold, smacks of romance, and is perfectly harmless compared with some of the stuff pulled off in the Capitol."

"It would be better," advised the judge, "if the police were concerned in this. They could catch you *flagrante delicto*—red-handed at some job."

"I leave the legal end entirely in your hands," said the Governor, rising. "My secretary is waiting for my signature to a deskful of papers. Call me up at seven."

Back in his office, Edgerton glanced thru one document after another, then rapidly signed them.

"What's this?" he asked, picking up a typewritten packet of many folios.

"A pardon," said his secretary, "with a transcript of the case."

"I remember—a chap named George Brown. Here goes." Edgerton affixed his signature. "An ordinary, clever crook, with quite a career as a gentleman between lapses from grace. Technically called a 'porch-climber.' Yes, I'm going to let him out. From a careful review of the evidence I think this particular case was a 'frame-up' against him."

"Hello! it's six—let's be shutting up shop. Harry," the Governor instructed, "I'm going away for two weeks. Where and when, it's nobody's business. If the crowd here and the papers burst a blood-vessel trying to account for me, simply join in the hue and cry."

With a quick handshake, he was gone, and the pale secretary stared after his broad shape in tongue-tied bewilderment.

At seven o'clock the extension telephone rang in Edgerton's study, and a man wearing a dirty white sweater and a visored cap rose up to answer it.

"That you, Judge?—go ahead. Yes, I hear: Federal Steamship Line's office, at nine o'clock. Police will be waiting? How handy! They think this is a bona fide job, you say? That's different? By the way, my new name's Fritz Swartz, alias Black Dutch. Get me? Good-by till we meet in court."

At the other end of the wire the old judge hung up the instrument, with a sigh and a contradictory shaking of his head; but the man in the dirty sweater switched out his light, turned the key in his door, lit a cigar and smiled down at the street from his window.

The water-front of O—— is, as a rule, a deserted place at night, with its warehouses shuttered and black, and only a word here and there to greet an intruder, as some cheap saloon's door bursts open and, in the flare of light, a string of profanity or a sodden song streams out.

The office of the Federal Steamship Line was a busy place by day, surrounded by longshoremen and teamsters, but at night it lay, like its watchman, asleep and undisturbed.

On this particular night, at a quarter to nine, the industry of the white-sweatered man, who pried his jimmy under the office window-sash, was unlawful but highly effective. He succeeded in snapping the sash-lock, raised the sash and started to climb within.

No one but the harbor police patrolled the water-front, and the unusual sound and sight of a shrill whistle and three bluecoats on the run, closing in on him, held him spellbound with admiration.

Heavy hands closed around his collar; his windpipe suddenly contracted to nothingness, and a night-stick beat a heavy tattoo on his shoulders.

The man turned and faced his captors, with a look of injured innocence. A street-lamp flashed in his eyes. For an instant the pressure on his throat went slack, and the bluecoat stared stupidly at him.

"It's Big Brown!" he exclaimed. "I thought he was 'up th' river.'"

Then the choking fist began its work again, and the bracelets were snapped on his wrists.

"You're lucky, Casey; there's a stripe on your coat for this, sure."

"Smash him and send for th' wagon, darlin'—it's got to be done up in style."

The prisoner felt the whirr of a stick behind him and, afterwards, the clang of a patrol-wagon bell bruised into his senses. A street-woman started to sing "Waltz Me 'Round, Willie," as they lifted him into the wagon. "Phyllis," he groaned, to the jolts of the wheels on the cobble, "if you could only see me now—if you could——"

The courtroom was crowded with the usual filling of bums, benchwarmers and usurious Jew bondsmen as the prisoner was led in for sentence. The pimply-faced lawyer, who had been assigned to his defense, yawned over the eloquence of his efforts and its foregone conclusion.

"Prisoner to the bar!" called out the clerk, and instantly all was silence.

"Have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

His guard nudged him. "No!" spoke up the man, somewhat rebelliously.

"Fritz Swartz, alias Black Dutch," pronounced the severe little judge, "you have been tried and found guilty of burglary in the first degree. The circumstances under which you were discovered by the police, in the act of forcible entry, and your resistance to the officers of the law, makes your crime a serious one in the eyes of this community. I sentence you to five years at hard labor in State prison, and may you learn your lesson and become a useful citizen."

The judge's voice ceased, like clockwork run down, and the sentenced man was led from the room to the waiting van outside.

In the alley back of the courthouse a noonday crowd had gathered, and the man pulled his hat down over his eyes. To him, as he stepped into the musty, straw-littered van, with its grated toy window, his dream was just beginning. And then, as from a distance, he heard a newsboy's call:

"Uxtree! Uxtree! All abou' th' dis'pearans of Gov'ner Edditin!"

"It's real," he muttered; "I'm a felon, on my way to prison, and the town has started to buzz about the lost Governor."

"Little Phyllis!" he exclaimed, suddenly starting up. "What a nightmare two weeks for her! And yet I dare not let her know—the scheme is too big for even her quizzical, fun-loving soul."

And then, as the van jolted for hours along a country road, the former Governor, Edgerton the proud and finical, lay down on the straw and sheltered his aching head in his hands, and thought of Christian martyrs and kings' fools, and how near he came to being both.

Six foot of zebra-striped clothes and a close-shaved, round head walked musingly down a long corridor between a double row of cells.

"Whoa! back!" sang out the turnkey following him. "The boardin'-house is full, and you're goin' to double up with Big Brown in 60."

With the words, a cell door swung open a scant foot, and the convict was pushed inside. The lock clicked shut, and Roger Edgerton, alias Fritz Swartz, alias Black Dutch, was alone with his thoughts.

The odor of a particularly ropy cigar worked into his nostrils, and he turned, to notice a big man seated on a cot in the interior gloom of the cell. The red end of a burning cigar and the whites of his staring eyes showed out plainly.

As he glanced at the man, Edgerton noticed a peculiar lateral roll of

his eyes, ending with a downward sweep of the eyeballs. Then his hand made a slight movement outward.

"Say, where in h— did you come from—Sunday-school?"

"Not exactly," said Edgerton; "I'm in for burglary."

"Liftin' the cover or breakin' iron?"

"Both," said Edgerton, hopefully.

"Huh!" growled the unappeased smoker; "con or shovin' th' queer look more in your line."

"I'm just an every-day, strong-and-willing burglar," persisted Edgerton.

There was unsatisfying silence from the corner. "Have a cigar," said the other, suddenly, pulling a box from under his cot.

"Guess you've never done time in this State," said the smoker, noticing Edgerton's surprise. "Smokes and eats, and drinks too, are easy, if you come across with the swag. Say, what's your time?"

"Five years."

"Well, I'm duckin' from under th' gates today—got my ticket. Cost me a cold thousan' to grease, all along the line. Here, take this box of cigars," he commanded, throwing them to Edgerton, "an' smoke up on me.

"And say, when you get out," he growled, "if you ever see me, dont snuggle close, or I'll beat you up. Our mugs is too much alike."

Edgerton was getting used to the dull light, and at the man's last words he stared at him closely. There certainly was a curious resemblance between them: height, the set of the jaw, thick, black hair, deep-set eyes and all.

"My other and lower self," reflected Edgerton, puffing the privileged cigar; "the side one never sees."

Bustling steps rang down the corridor, and the two convicts cast their cigars thru the window bars. As the head warden entered their cell, Edgerton's mate rose and lazily stretched his big frame.

"Brown," said the warden, "here's your pardon, signed by 'Governor Dreamy Eyes.' He's got a life sentence—a skirt—and the poor thing took fright and ran away from her."

Big Brown laughed boyishly as he left the cell. "Everybody's got his number."

"Yes," said Edgerton, softly, to himself, "for two weeks more the crooks, big and little, will cake-walk over my remains. After that——"

The governor-convict started to serve his time, busily, as the law required. There were over eight hundred men in the prison, and their work at the sewing-machines, shoe-lasts and broom-binders was jobbed out to contractors who had free access to the workrooms. As the days rolled by, Edgerton realized what a closely welded system of graft this was—commissioner, warden, convicts and bosses in a daisy-chain of graft to beat the State. As for himself, on the wall of his cell he had chalked up a rough calendar and ticked off each day that brought him nearer to his release.

On the evening preceding the fourteenth day, Phyllis Dawson called upon Judge Hough and poured out all her fears concerning Roger Edgerton's disappearance.

The old man sat huddled in a dressing-gown at his desk, and, as her trembling lips confessed her fearsome devotion, his shaky pen-hand filled in the date on a writ of *habeas corpus*. It was the order to have Fritz Swartz appear before him, and, by due process of law, have his conviction reviewed.

The sound of Phyllis' voice was sweet music to his ears, but a horrid pain clutched at his heart and reached down to snatch at the pen-point hovering for his signature. With a desperate effort, he brought it down on the document and commanded his hand to write.

It was too late. Judge Hough half-rose, tore at his collar, beat the air like a swimmer in his last agony and slowly sank down in his chair. A

stain of ink trickled meaninglessly across the document, as if mocking his last effort in life. Fritz Swartz, alias Black Dutch, was irrevocably condemned to five years at hard labor.

The days slid forward to April twenty-fourth, a day but one from that day of days set by Phyllis for her wedding ceremony. And Roger Edgerton had apparently disappeared from the face of the earth. When the two weeks that he had allotted to his secretary had gone by, that calm young man lost his nerve and gave sundry and various contradictory reports out to the newspapers, which but added to the mystery. It was the seven-day wonder of O——, discussed at dinner-parties, on street-corners and in the shade of Capitol Square.

At high noon on April twenty-fourth a gentleman in frock coat and silk hat was seen to approach the Capitol and start up its entrance-steps. He was big, broad-shouldered and dark-eyed, with a peculiar set to his jaw.

In an instant the news shot thru the building that Governor Edgerton was entering the Capitol, and a group of party leaders collected at the entrance to greet him. A dozen hands shot out to welcome the ascending man, and the group crowded around the long-lost executive.

THE DEATH OF JUDGE HOUGH

At first he showed a curious embarrassment in answering their volley of questions; in fact, it was said afterwards that he faltered and would have turned back. Then his familiar jaw set resolutely, and he waved them aside as best he could.

"An auto accident, gentlemen," he announced, "with a severe shaking-up and a nasty jolt on the head. You will excuse my hurry," he added,

darting into the Capitol, "and I will satisfy you with details later on."

The Governor entered his office, and his secretary almost hugged him in his joy. "Governor," he confided breathlessly, "I've been put to my wit's end to invent white lies—you overstayed your time, you know—and Miss Dawson has literally lived a lifetime on the other end of the phone."

"It's a long tale," said the other, "and a nasty one, with a flat finish. I guess we better fix a story up for the press."

For a short half-hour the Governor dictated and the secretary wrote. At times the words refused to come, and the pallid executive stroked his injured head for inspiration.

Then the silken music of a skirt shrilled in the corridor, and the door flew open to admit Phyllis—radiant, eager-eyed, breathless.

"Roger!" she called, running to him and eagerly grasping his hands; "naughty, runaway Roger!"

"You see, I'm back," he smiled feebly.

"Yes," Phyllis admitted, "and it took a stranger to phone me the news. You poor boy, how pale you look, and how you must have suffered!"

The Governor passed his trembling hand across his forehead.

"Papa was terribly upset about the wedding," she went on, "and insisted on 'tabling the motion,' as he said, but I knew you, Roger—deep down—and that you would stand up like a man on the fatal twenty-fifth."

"GOVERNOR EDGERTON" AGAIN APPEARS AT THE CAPITOL

The executive half-leaned against a chair, watching the lovely play of color in her cheeks and the soft lights in her deep eyes. At her last words he started.

"Excuse me," he said humbly; "I have forgotten the church."

Phyllis came close to him and whispered a mass of wedding details in his ear.

"Till tomorrow, dear," he said, with sudden resolution, drawing her into his arms; "our wedding-day."

The morning dawned, clear and crisp; a heaven-sent day for Phyllis' wedding. It was to be held at eleven o'clock, and by ten a string of autos was drawn up in front of the Dawson mansion, lying in wait for the wedding-party.

Phyllis had been up and dressed for hours, from the tips of her satin slippers to the bewildering draping of her bridal-veil, yet, as she waited for the feverish prinking of her bridesmaids to come to an end, she felt none of the excitement that brides are given to.

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION

There was something wrong with Roger, an indefinable something, that made her wonder what was the matter with her wedding-day and with herself and with all the people in the world. He had seemed so cautious before her yesterday, and so unsatisfying, and—yes, she hated to acknowledge it—he had been rude, almost vulgar. Roger, of all things—finical, honest, tender Roger Edgerton!

She heard the laughing bridesmaids on the stairs and her father's voice calling, and, almost with regret, she hastened out to join them.

In a scant minute, so it seemed, they were in the church lobby, and the bridesmaids had passed in ahead of her to the swelling strains of "Lohengrin."

She leaned quite heavily on her father's arm and, with eyes half-closed, passed, in slow review, before the endless, staring rows of eyes.

They had stopped, and Roger had joined them before the altar.

Why was she marrying him, anyway—this cold, perspiring creature?

The ceremony began. Roger took her hand in his—a coarse, hard hand, she thought.

There was a sudden commotion at the entrance, and a big man jammed his way, bull-like, thru the crowd and flung himself down the aisle. He raced as far as the chancel-rail, and, setting his hands deep into the groom's coat-collar, spun him around like a top.

The two men faced each other—one in bridal livery, ghastly and trembling; the other, in a cheap overcoat, ready to spring and kill, if need be.

They were remarkably alike as they stood before a thousand witnesses, even to the shaven hair and prison pallor.

"Brown," said the voice of the other, "I've pardoned you once, and, with God's mercy, I'll do it again in

His house. I'm armed, and at a show of resistance, I will shoot you like a dog."

He sprang to Phyllis' side, as she wavered.

"Dear little Phyllis," he said, as she lay in his arms, "I've beaten and bribed and stolen my way to you in your hour of need."

She smiled up at him, her world righted again.

"I'm in convict's clothes," he went on; "a fancy of mine, and they are going to be recut to fit a lot of respectable people." He bent over her and whispered: "Shall we go on with the wedding?"

"It's just like you," she said.

THE ELECTRIC SIGN

BY LEON KELLEY

PHOTOTHEATRE

Perhaps you've often watched these lights,
As up and down they go;

Hurling 'round, in sparkling flights,
Their invites to the show.

Overhead they blazon out—
Arrayed like this in form—

Their tempting and illumined shout;
Hail they, thru shine or storm!

Outdoing in a fiery burst
All brightness, they descend

Their taunting glimmers, softly nurs'd—
Bid us their show attend.

Handsome is their witching call,
Alluring is their cry,

Eternally their flashings fall,
Upon the throng to lie.

And as one watches their bright dance—
This dance of twinkling jew'ls—

Their chasings e'en more wildly prance,
They flash like tempered tools.

Reared thus above the welcome portal
To the theater's aisles,

Ever seems the sign immortal,
Blinking down with glowing smiles.

For Old Times' Sake

(Pilot)

By RODOTHY LENNOD

"SOME folks the good Lord sets in families, and some He sets in flower-gardens," mused the Gentle Lady, over her lapful of fine cambric and lace. The needle slipped from relaxed fingers as she swayed to and fro musingly, tender eyes on the Freckled Family straggling by to the swimming-hole in a cloud of dust and twinkling brown legs. "Now, when Myra Louise Holly gets to Heaven, she'll give the angel at the gate a long list of the stockin's she's mended, an' the trousers an' little dresses she's patched, an' the bumped heads she's kist. But when I go, I'll have nothin' more'n a bunch o' lavender an' sweet-peas to give him. Land! land! aint it queer how it happens! I believe I'd 'a' been a real talented stockin'-mender an' bump-kisser, mebbe, if I'd 'a' been set that way."

The creak-creak of the rocker punctuated the little silence that trailed in the wake of her words. A golden-thighed bee droned by, full-fed from the hollyhocks. In the summer afternoon distance tinkled a lazy cow-bell and the sweet, wild, animal-like cries of children playing prisoner's base by the Soldiers' Monument. Before her, in long, fragrant, crooked rows, burned her flowers: extravagantly colored, streaky purple-and-white baby-pansies; flaunting husseys of scarlet poppies; nasturtiums in vivid, sappy crimsons and oranges. Her garden was the Gentle Lady's imagination. With the seeds she planted her old, hoarded girl-dreams of romance, her shy, secret joys, regrets and hopes, watching them blossom into visibleness before her eyes. But she never confided her fantasy to any one. In New England one does not confide.

"Sometimes," said the Gentle Lady, suddenly, so gently violent that the startled bee postponed his attack on the rambler rose by the porch step and boomed reproachfully away, "sometimes I wist I could do more in life than just pickin' flowers for weddin's an' buryin's, an' makin' baby-clothes for other folks' babies. There, Mary Ann Dalrimple, I sh'd think you'd be ashamed o' yourself, talkin' so, an' you a church member an' the president of the Ladies' Aid! I don' know what's got into you, I dont!" She laughed as she scolded herself, but the eyes above the edges of the laugh were wistful. Then they crinkled into sudden pleasure.

"Good-aft'noon, Dora-child," she called anticipatively. "You're comin' up an' make me a real nice long visit, I hope?"

The girl at the gate shook her head. "Not jus' now, Miss Mary." She rested a brown-paper bundle on the fence wearily. "I'm fittin' Miss Tibbits an' cuttin' out the minister's wife today—but I'm comin' around soon. I been plannin' to a long while back. What *you* doin', Miss Mary? You're so nice an' cool an' peaceful-like up there."

The Gentle Lady held the work in her lap for the girl to see. It was very tiny, dainty—baby-frail. The girl looked at it silently; then her eyes met the older woman's in a strange intimacy of woman understanding, and the shy, sweet color stained her clear, girl's skin.

"It's for Jennie Gordon's baby, when it comes," said the Gentle Lady, softly.

Impulsively the girl's hands went out, in a little gust of tenderness.

"Miss Mary—you're the *dearest!*" she cried. "It always rests me to come by. I've never seen you when you weren't makin' a little dress like that——"

"There's always babies, Dora—babies an' flowers," smiled the Gentle Lady. She leaned forward, suddenly solemn. "I hope I'll be makin' one —like that—for *you* before I die, Dora-child," she half-whispered.

The girl at the gate fumbled with her bundle confusedly. "Land! Miss Mary, I guess not—*me!*" she smiled pinkly. "Well, I mustn't be lettin' grass grow under my feet. If you're still settin' out when I come back, mebbe I'll stop up a moment, if it isn't too late."

"It's never too late by the clock for me to be glad to see you, dearie."

The Gentle Lady watched the slender figure hurry away thru a fine mist of white dust, nodding to herself wisely.

"Land! land!" she breathed softly, "Think o' bein' eighteen an' pretty an' in love! Aint it wonderful!" She paused, awed by the age-old miracle of Youth. A boyish young fellow, in smart flannels and tennis-shoes, waved his hand in passing; then looked anxiously ahead and disappeared Dorawards. The Gentle Lady's smile deepened, while the rocker took up the burden of her reflections in excited creaks over the uneven flooring.

"He's a real good boy, Harry is, an' she'll make him a splendid wife. I'm glad Dora aint goin' to miss livin'. It aint likely flowers could make it up to her like they do to me. But I wonder his mother's willin', with all her notions. She had her heart set on his marryin' that Evelyn-girl from the city that was visitin' 'em a piece back. Laws! she was real up-'n'-comin' an' fixed-jes'-so-lookin', with them narrer skirts of hers an' fol-de-rols, but I dont s'pose she could 'a' baked a pie or swep' a room behind an' under to save her life. She was jes' like a magazine-cover—real nice to set 'n' look at, but no use on airth."

The drowsy afternoon jogged comfortably across the moments. The Gentle Lady's gray head drooped forward, and the white heap lay loosely in her lap under lax, folded hands.

Sudden footsteps crunched up the gravel walk; a hand touched her shoulder convulsively. Her startled eyes flew open.

"Why, Dora-child, how you startled me! I guess I must of dropped off, kind-of——"

"Miss Mary"—the girl's voice was queerly hurried and strained—"will you—I mean cant we go into the house a moment? I got somethin' I want to tell you——"

But she could not wait for the telling. In the dim, prim little parlor, dropping limply on the slippery, horse-hair sofa, she began to cry in fierce little jerks, as tho the sobs came bleeding from her pride. The Gentle Lady hurried out into the kitchen and returned bearing a glass spicily odorous.

"There, drink a drop o' my elderberry cordial, an' then finish your cry out, nice an' comfortable," she said cheerfully. "*That's* right! I dont b'lieve in corkin' up tears where they'll turn sour an' spile your disposition. Better out with 'em an' get it over, says I. Now, dearie, what is it all about? You tell me, an' we'll fix it up somehow."

"It's—it's—*Harry*——"

The Gentle Lady laughed in soft relief. "Land sakes! is *that* all?" she cried. "Why, I was 'fraid mebbe somethin' *had happened* to hear you take on so."

"It has, somethin' has." Dora sat up and turned her tragic young face to the older woman, her slender, needle-pricked fingers strained and twisted in her lap. "We were down to the old bridge jus' now, lookin' at the falls an' talkin'. An', suddenly, Harry turned to me an'—an'—oh, oh, Miss Mary! he said—he said he *loved me.*" For an instant the joyous

memory made the girl's face too sacredly bright for the other to look at; then it clouded over pitifully. "An'—jus' as he finished tellin' me that, Miss Mary—mind you, *jus'* after—his father came along the path an' ordered him to leave me an' go home—an'—an'—*Harry went*—he *went,* Miss Mary——"

years since she sat down, and went to the door.

"Is she here?—tell me quick!"

The words tripped over one another eagerly.

"Harry Morrison," said the Gentle Lady, sternly, "what you want to know for? Tell me that!"

Her eyes sought the boy's, asking,

"'SHE HAD HER HEART SET ON HIS MARRYIN' THAT EVELYN-GIRL'"

Absorbed in her luxury of grief, the girl did not see the sudden, sharp pain twist the face opposite her. The Gentle Lady caught her breath. Her faded eyes, staring at the painted china vase on the center-table, seemed looking down forgotten aisles of Long Ago. A loud rapping on the front door brought her back to the Present with a start. She got to her feet stiffly, as if she had suddenly taken on

challenging. And his, haggard, honest, answered her.

"Because I love her, Miss Mary, that's why," was all he said straightly. "Now may I come in—please——" She opened the screen door, pointing.

"There," she told him briefly. He went, tall and tender, like a young god or a little, sorry child. Even with her back turned, the Gentle

Lady could see the looks of the two as he stooped to the girl and caught her hands.

"Sweetheart—forgive me!" Then the low sound of a kiss. The maiden-heart of the old woman in the hall-way thrilled with the ghostly touch of bygone kisses on her lips. The air was a-rustle with memories laid away

"STOOD THERE SMILING AT THEIR CLASPED HANDS AND RADIANT EYES"

in lavender these thirty years. They crowded about her now, the echo of long-forgotten words vocal to her ears. Like an accompaniment, the low voices in the parlor crooned and murmured across the sympathetic air.

"Miss Mary!"

The Gentle Lady started guiltily. "Yes—yes, I'm here."

She hurried across to the parlor and stood there behind them, smiling at their clasped hands and radiant eyes. There have been great discoveries made early and late in this world; none greater than the commonest of all, Love. To each two that find it together, it is a thing new, amazing, unique, unknown to the rest of the world.

"Miss Mary," said Harry, solemnly, "she's said she loves me—loves *me!*" He flung back his head, with a long, slow breath at the wonder of it. "I want to marry her right away, Miss Mary—now." His voice was argumentative, as tho meeting unspoken opposition. "Father and mother have got a fool notion in their heads that I'm to marry one of those Miss Fuss-and-Feathers, with a pot of tainted money and a brewer-father, that they have up here from the city, week-ends. But they're dead wrong—I'm going to marry Dora; and what's more, I'm going to marry her this afternoon."

"Wait, children!" The Gentle Lady smiled. "Wait till I get my breath an' my thinkin'-cap on." She looked thoughtfully away into the yellow afternoon. The mellowing light touched her soft face like gentle fingertips caressing the wrinkles.

"Where is your father now, Harry?" she asked suddenly.

"Down by the bridge when I left him," answered the boy. He hesitated, flushing. "We had—quite an argument—I guess likely he's there yet. Father always stays put when he's mad——" Shamed laughter trickled thru the words.

"*I know*——" She nodded rememberingly, unnoting their surprise. "Listen to me, you children," she said whimsically. "Do you think you'll be able to entertain yourselves while I step out a minute? Because there's a picture-album to look at if you get lonesome, or the 'Pleasant Thoughts for All the Year.' I'll be

right back. Now dont you stir till I come, an' then we'll see——"

The flower-petals swirled in mad little eddies of color-flecks as her skirt brushed rudely by them; the dust spurted like liquid powder under her quick feet. In her eyes ached remembrance and the shadow of past-shed tears.

He was sitting as his son had left him, stiffly, on the rustic bench by the stream. At the rustle of her coming, he turned, startled, and got slowly to his feet.

"Why—good-afternoon—Miss Dalrimple," he said awkwardly.

She did not answer at once; only stood looking at him, smiling sadly thru the wrinkles and the pitiful scars of age, until she saw the big hand begin to tremble on the seat-back, and a painful red stain his cheeks under the white thatch of his hair.

"*Mary!*" the old man cried slowly. The name sounded rusty on his tongue. He took a step forward; then paused at her gesture, waiting.

"Listen to me, John Morrison," cried the Gentle Lady. "I'm goin' to say my say, an' you're goin' to listen while I say it. Then it's between you 'n' the Lord." She pointed abruptly back along the way she had come. "They's a boy an' a girl at my house this livin' minute, settin' in my parlor, makin' love. At least, I hope they are. The boy's your son. He'd ought to do it well." He shrank visibly from the dreary humor of her words.

"The girl is Dora King, as nice a girl as you'll find in seven counties. An' they love each other. Now what you goin' to do about it?"

The bullfrog in the rushes shrilled an entire aria before he answered doggedly:

"Harold must make a good match—a young man has no chance these days without position and wealth. I shall not allow him to throw himself away."

"*Throw himself away!*" Her voice cut like an edged thing thru the grim little silence following his words. Suddenly she stepped forward, holding out wrinkled, shaking hands. Her softened face, upturned to his, was almost a girl's face again, flushing, virginal, shy.

"John"—the words were a shadow of sound—"have you forgotten—everything?"

The man made an uncouth noise of pain. His twisted face begged her mutely; but she shook her head, strangely exalted. "No, we got to remember—it's the only way." She gestured quaintly to her gray hair. "We're gittin' old, you 'n' me, John. But we weren't always old. That time we went mayflowerin' in Murray's Woods an' you kist me—we weren't old *then*. Nor yet when we uster come home thru the fields from prayer-meetin' an' watch the haystacks all ragged against the big, red moon. Mebbe you've forgot those times—but I aint. I shall remember 'em till I die—an' after."

"*Dont*—Mary!" he begged her. "I've hoped that mebbe you'd forgotten—after all these years——"

"Thirty years is long enough f'r a woman to grow old an' white-haired an' wrinkled in, but it aint long enough f'r her to forget her first kiss, John." She shook her head, smiling. "I aint askin' f'r pity—land, no! But I'm tryin' to make you understand. Your father said the same identical thing that you've just said, an' you listened to him. You know what happened. I aint blamin' you. I been happy enough with my posies an' makin' dresses f'r other women's babies——" She broke off, peering into his working face with tear-blinded eyes. "Why, I b'lieve you *do* remember, John——"

"There aint been a harvest moon in th' last thirty of 'em that I could bear to look on," he said solemnly. "I aint never been mayflowerin' since then." He paused, prodding his courage. "We *be* old folks, Mary—mebbe th' good Lord's give me this chanct a purpose to say 'I'm sorry' in."

The sunset glow caressed them,

YES, THE MATTER WAS IN SAFE HANDS

like peace made visible. There was yielding in the softened look of his face, and, seeing it, she turned, smiling, to the path, groping for it thru the mist that dimmed her vision; then paused an instant on the edge of flight. "It's between you 'n' the Lord what you're goin' to do, John," she said gently. "I guess the matter's in pretty safe hands. You'll come back 'long of me to my house an' make those young folks happy. An' they's one thing I want you sh'd remember. I been thankin' God f'r those walks an' that kiss every day f'r nigh on thirty years!"

Her Brother

By MINNA IRVING

Say. I had the greatest fun—
  Sister Helen and her beau
(He is awful sweet on her)
  Took me to the picture show.
Sis and him sat side by side,
  I was t'other side of her,
And they turned the lights all out
  When the reel commenced to whir.

He reached round and grabbed my hand.
  Gee! he made the fingers crack
Every time he squeezed it, tho
  I was game, and squeezed right back
It was dark, but I could see
  How it made his blue eyes shine.
Wonder how he'd feel today
  If he knew that hand was mine!

GOD spoke to Moses in the burning bush; to Noah in visions; to Daniel in dreams. The Almighty was very close to His followers in the younger and cleaner days. Yet now, in this latter time, above the whorl of human squabbling, the whine of the downtrodden, the battle-yell of brothers, God still speaks, and there are those who hear Him: the spent mother harkens as her new-born tugs at her breast; the ragged artist, lifting rapt eyes from his blundering effigy of the Ideal; the clean-souled man and woman in the crannies of their daily toil.

On—on, thru sterile acreage of alkali, thru scattered settlements and ugly towns gashed with the civic scars of factories, thru clean sunlight and across the track of storms—on like Destiny, mighty, grim, purposeful; trailing bright threads of fire beneath grinding wheels; leaving, when it is gone, only unheard echoes and frail smoke-smears across the sky—and on—on—on.

The man sat motionless, as if he were, indeed, a part of the mechanism above him, his hand steady upon the throttle—a daub of brittle human bones and flesh that carried, in its frail grasp, a hundred immortal souls and perishable bodies. Beneath his fingers throbbed the pulse of the engine; its hoarse, panting breath clogged his ears. The steel and iron muscles, responding cleanly to the impulse of the master mind, trod the miles shoulder to shoulder with the gale, until into the watchful eyes below the greasy cap came the content of one whose task is nearly done.

Every night, at the first symptoms of home, Bracey Curtis drew a long breath of relief that was almost a prayer. He was a slow, grave man, stooped of shoulder from bending above his throttle; inarticulate, with the silence of those whose lives are set to the deafening symphony of steam. He thought not so much in syllables as in distances, terms of pressure and response. But, given words, his breath of relief would have said: "Thank God! I've brought her in safe again. Ah! it's good to be home—good to be hungry and tired and *at home!*"

The lights of the station closed in about him—a blur of faces and voices—the uneasy sense of discontinued motion. Bracey unclinched his rigid fingers stiffly and clambered down from the cab.

" 'Lo, Brace!—how's th' track?"

" 'Lo, Jo!—oh, so-so! Gee! I'm tired. I'm goin' ter beat it to th' Y. M. C. A. an' get cleaned up—— 'S matter? Anythin' happened?" Bracey paused on the edge of departure, arrested by the pleasantly gossipy expression of the yardman's face.

"Yep; th' Old Man's been around today, and say, who'd you s'pose he fired?"

"Who?" Bracey's tone was tense. "Not—not Bob?"

"Yep—found him soused 's usual; gave him th' deuce of a rake-over an' wound up by tellin' him to get his time——"

"Lord!" The word was a groan. Bracey shifted the weight of his coat from one tired arm to the other. "What'll his sister an' father do, with Bob out o' a job?" He turned with sudden purpose. "Where's he now?"

"Settin' in th' round-house—say's he's 'fraid to go home."

"Well, I guess I'll drop around there now—s'long, Jo."

A minute afterwards, the hunched figure, crouching on the bench, shook off Bracey's hand peevishly.

"Lemme 'lone."

"Now, now, Bob, you dont mean that." The big engineer's tone was resolutely cheerful. "Just you brace up, an' we'll fix it somehow——" He paused, waiting. "Cant do nothin', onless you brace up, Bob," he repeated patiently. "Straighten out your shoulders, stick up your chin, an' we'll go find th' Old Man, you 'n' me."

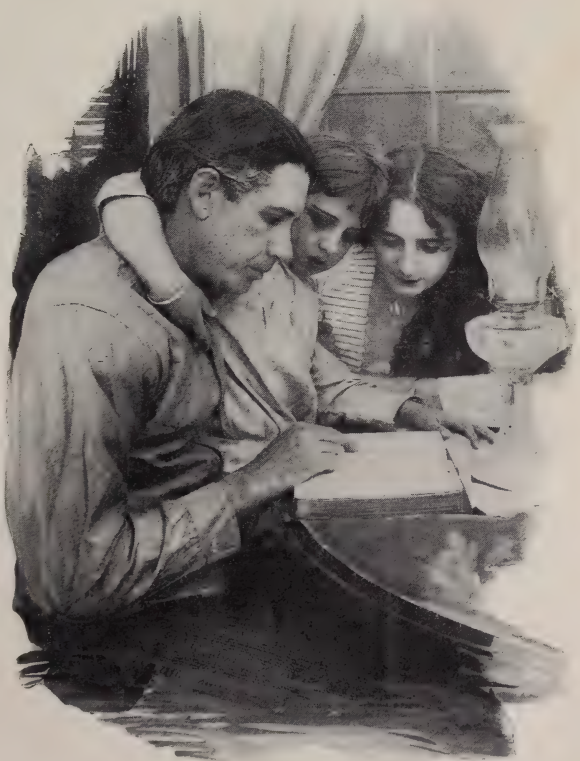
The boy choked. " 'Twont do any good." Yet a note of hope fluttered in his voice. "I guess I'm a bad 'un like he said—I've swore off an' swore off——"

"Dont swear off, this time, Bob; jus' *quit.*" Bracey laid his hand hard on the boy's drooping shoulders with a grip that went deeper, like a friendly touch on his shambling soul. "Th' Old Man 'll take you back if I say I'll be responsible f'r you, Bob—I been with th' road long enough f'r that. Then it's up to you. It aint all f'r your sake I'm doin' this, either—but your folks—your sister——"

Bob Glore clutched the rough hand wildly, as a shipwrecked man a plank. "I'll promise you——"

Bracey shook his head solemnly. "No, not me, Bob—I dont want your promises," he said, oddly shy. "Jus' you promise God."

In a town where every other door is a swinging one and the air is equal parts oxygen and stale whisky, the odds are decidedly unfair. For days, bending, dripping with sweat, to feed the red vitals of the fire-box; muscles burning with the weight of uncounted



"IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME"

shovels of coal; cinder-stung; racked with thirst, Bob clung doggedly to his pledge, under Bracey's watchful eye. And every evening his sister Mary was at the station as the big Mogul pulled in, to walk home with him. Yet always, crouching in ambush within him, was the menacing form of his Desire, biding its time.

It was a chill evening in the early fall, drab with colorless sunset and drifting leaves, when Bob stepped from the cab of 85 and found no waiting sister on the platform. A vague sense of ill-treatment accompanied him to his locker at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. and hung about, waiting for him to change his clothes. The flat little town looked raw and cheerless as he stepped into the street again, shivering in the transition from cab to open air.

"Hello, Bob!" He turned sulkily.

"Why, good-evenin', Reina!"

The girl laughed full-bloodedly, showing strong, even, white teeth as she slapped him familiarly on the arm.

"Been a dog's age since I seen you, Bob," she cried jovially. "Aint forgot your old pals, have you?" She leaned her vivid young body closer, peering up into his face with meaning eyes. Her round arm was warm against his—her bold, red lips daring his own. Unwilling admiration padded his reply.

"Well, I guess *not*—a fellow doesn't forget a pretty girl that quick——"

She gestured over one impudently raised shoulder. "Come in an' prove it, then."

"I—I—cant this evenin'." He was moving away, with the appearance of staying where he was. She laughed again mockingly.

"Ho-ho! You're no game sport," she jeered. Her tone changed subtly. "Just one little drink f'r old times' sake—what's one little drink, Bob? Come on; you cant refuse a lady fren'——"

He turned his back upon his Better Self, red-shamed at the weakness of him, yet yielding.

"Jus' one, then, Reina——"

Mary Glore hurried along the dusking street, searching the shadows with eyes that dreaded to see. Where was Bob? Not at the station—not yet at home. No, no, not *there*—surely not *there!* But before the dingy gilt invitation of Reilly's saloon she paused uncertainly, torturing her ears for proof. It came in a roar of tipsy

"COME IN AN' PROVE IT, THEN"

laughter, with Bob's voice, sodden and blurred, stumbling, high above the rest, thru the chorus of an unspeakable comic song. She slipped around the corner to the window of the back room. The squalid scene blinded her patient eyes with tears.

"What shall I do?" she whispered helplessly, knotting her hands. "What shall I do?" A sudden vision of a strong, grave face answered her need.

"I'll go ask him—he'll help us," she murmured. "He always knows what to do, somehow." She felt the slow, revealing red mounting her thin

cheeks and blessed the kindly darkness as she turned away. Yet to herself her secret was no secret, nor had been for many, many days.

"Hush, Babe, you'll wake father—poor father's so tired."

The child laughed gleefully. "Oh, he *wants* to be woked up," she claimed, with the joyous assurance of petted six. "Faver's a verry 'bligin' waker, Beth."

dont say such things. Now, be quiet just three hundred an' sixty-five seconds, and I'll begin. Once on a time there was a fat-fat king an' a thin-thin queen lived in a cottage made all of cherry pies. *Mercy, Mary Glore!* how you startled me!"

Mary's white face quivered in a pitiful makeshift of a smile. Her troubled eyes rested a moment on the gaunt figure stretched laxly in the uncomfortable wooden rocker under

THE SQUALID SCENE BLINDED HER PATIENT EYES

"Come here, You-Little-Bunch-o'-Mischief, you." The older girl caught her cleverly in firm young arms. "Now be a still Babe and I'll tell you 'bout th' King Who Had a Hundred Little Girls."

"An' ve Queen wif a Hunnerd 'Ittle Boys?" demanded Babe, tyranically, jumping up and down on the blue-checked gingham knee. "Tell 'bout ve 'ittle boy-folks first, Beth—I 'ikes 'ittle boys!"

"O-o-o-oh, naughty Babe!" chided Beth, from the immense vantage point of wise seventeen. "Nice little girls

the frost-rusted woodbine leaves. There was that in her look that mothers have, or wives—a something wistful, tenderly indulgent, yearning. Then it was gone, hidden away sacredly with her memories of her mother and her shy, girlish religion.

"Your father's asleep, isn't he, Beth?" she whispered. "I hate to disturb him, but I thought maybe he'd help me——" She hesitated, for he was sleeping no longer. His grave eyes rested on her with sleep-vagueness an instant; then he sprang

to his feet anxiously. "Miss Glore—you're lookin' worried—is anythin' wrong?"

She nodded, afraid to trust herself with speech. "It's Bob—he's—drinkin'——"

He snatched up his hat. "Where?"

"Reilly's—th' back room——"

Bracey looked down into the tense, in the hidden places of her soul. It was the first time she had ever walked anywhere beside him, her arm brushing his rough sleeve intimately.

"I c'n get home all right—I'm used to it," she protested faintly.

"You hadn't ought to. It aint safe f'r a girl nights on th' street in this open saloon town."

The sense of being taken care of enveloped her warmly, but words were suddenly lacking. The rude board-walks heaved and complained beneath them. Blotches of pink and yellow lights stained their path at frequent

"OH, HE *WANTS* TO BE WOKED UP," SHE CLAIMED

pain-seamed young face with tolerantly smiling eyes. "I'll go find th' lad, Miss Mary," he soothed her. "You—dont you worry. I'll bring him home with me f'r tonight an' fix him up good as new f'r th' run tomorrow. It'll be all right as right, *you'll* see!"

They walked down the gravel path and turned up the street. Mary faltered.

"Why, th' saloon's th' other way."

"I'm seein' you home first, Miss Mary."

She felt her secret leap thrillingly

intervals. Noisy men and bold-eyed women, the worse for whisky, stumbled by, but they two walked silently on until Mary's cottage was reached.

"Good-night, Miss Mary—dont worry about Bob. I'll take care o' him!"

"Good-night—and thank you," she faltered. With a sudden, impulsive movement she held out her hand. His strong, warm clasp tingled on it long after she had gone into the house.

"How old are you, Mary Ann Glore?" she taunted herself un-

mercifully. "Sixteen or thirty-two? An' besides, he never once looked at you."

She studied the face the mirror gave her back. In it she read pitilessly every one of thirty-two drab, emotionless years. "Mary—Mary—where be you? Is Bob to home yet?" her father's querulous voice shrilled up the stairway.

With a sigh, she turned the mirror to the wall. "He's stayin' over to Bracey Curtis' house tonight, father," she called soothingly. "I'm comin' right down now an' heat you up your milk."

"I'm all ri', Brashy—ol' man," insisted Bob. He flung his friend's supporting hand angrily from his arm. "S'phose I cant walk 'lone—eh?" He reeled forward miserably. "'S'all th' shidewalk—nev' shaw sus' a crook-ed walk. Maksh a fel' shea-shick—mus' spheak t' May'r 'bout it 'morrer——"

Bracey put a firm arm about the boy's swaying form. "Never mind the sidewalk, old man," he said patiently. "Just come on, like a good fellow, a little further, and we'll be home."

A sudden tremor of fright stiffened the loose body like a galvanic shock.

"Do' wanna g'ome," whined Bob. "M' shisther 'll cry 'n' th' ol' man 'll swear——"

"You're comin' to my house, Bob," said Bracey. He dragged the shameful figure up the gravel walk. "An' here we are."

He fumbled for his latch-key and struck a match in the dark hallway, groping for the gas-jet. Quick steps fluttered down the stairs, and a slight girl-figure, huddled in a flowered flannel wrapper, paused in the doorway.

"My, but you're late, dad," she cried, gently chiding. "Babe tried to stay awake for you to kiss her goodnight, but she couldn't—*o-o-o*——" as the gas hissed shrilly and flared into revelation. The boy leaning soddenly against the wall caught a blurred glimpse of a lovely, child-sweet face, framed in a mass of loose, waving hair, and two wide, innocent eyes gazing at him in horror—then she was gone. But the look stayed. It burned thru the film of drunkenness, scorching his very soul. And, for the first time in his reckless, uncaring life, Bob Glore felt his face crimsoning with the honest sting of shame.

"Good-by, daddy—I frew a kiss in ve lunch-pail!"

THE TWO OF THEM STRUGGLING

"Good-by, father—we wish you'd take us along, too!"

Bob Glore, a trifle white, but with a strange new poise to his head and shoulders, held out a hesitating hand.

"Wont you tell me good-by, too, Miss Beth?" he asked humbly. "I wish you *were* goin'. Maybe Brace'll take you a trip some time."

"Good-by, Mr. Glore. Dont let father run off the track." Her little hand fluttered shyly in his great fist.

He looked down at her with sudden meaning. "No, nor I aint goin' to run off th' track, either, Miss Beth."

The unkempt figure, blowsy of hair and fierce-eyed, watching the scene from the shelter of the coal-car, shrank stormily away. "Little baby-fool—wot's he see in *her?*" muttered Reina Loeb. Jealousy pictured the two of them, she and the other girl, struggling—her own defeat. She clenched her hands. They love, too, in their way, these gutter-girls. "I'm twicet th' girl she is——" she cried

mate with the colorless sky. Under Bracey's thinking fingers the Mogul swept along the rails easily. The engineer's eyes were clamped to the shining perspective of track stretching ahead, but his thoughts were not, this time, of distances or rails.

Presently Bob spoke, stooping elaborately over his work.

"Dont believe I ever saw your girl till last night, Brace."

"I AINT GOIN' TO RUN OFF TH' TRACK, EITHER"

viciously. "She shant have him. I say she shant."

"Bethie!" Babe's eyes sought her sister's flushed face impishly as the Mogul pulled out, coughing a hoarse farewell. "Bethie, doesn't you 'ike 'ittle boy-folks jes' a teeny-weeny, too?"

The monotony of the prairie unreeled beyond the cab windows, pricked, here and again, with cactus barbs, stretching, in dusty pallor, to

He dug his shovel loudly into the coal, lifted a mighty load and dumped it into the fire-box, his young face grim. Then, suddenly, he turned to the silent figure leaning from the cab. For an instant his hand rested on the grimy, blue-jeans shoulder in a bluff man-caress. "I never saw myself till last night——" The words were a confession, a plea, a promise, but Bracey did not turn his head.

"She's a nice little girl," was all

the father answered briefly, but the clear eyes fixed on the distance smiled contentedly. Bob turned back to his fire, clearing his throat awkwardly.

"You're sure white, Bracey Curtis," he muttered. "I aint ever saw any one who'd do so much f'r a feller as you. Dont make any difference

her father was thrown out of Reilly's saloon this mornin', an' th' ol' man's croaked—he was rotten with rum, anyhow, and his heart quit work. Th' girl tried to kill herself by takin' dope—I helped 'em get her to th' horspital 'n' then come to you. S'funny"—he paused uncertainly—

"SHE AN' HER FATHER WAS THROWN OUT OF REILLY'S SALOON"

how worthless he is, you're willin' to help."

"I guess I like folks pretty well," said Bracey, slowly. A shy smile touched his lips. "I believe in keepin' clouds turned wrong side out, so's to show th' silver linin', that's all. Most folks is pretty good underneath."

A week later put his philosophy to the test.

"It's Reina Loeb," said Bob, briefly. He pointed back indefinitely down the dusking street. "She an' "I dunno *why* I come. It aint your look-out, but, somehow—an' Mary said you'd sure know——"

The engineer looked down at him with queer eagerness. "Mary—your sister said that?" He glanced away to where, thru the meager foliage, a splendor of color burned in the western sky, with eyes that seemed to question.

"Reina, she's a real bad 'un——" Bob's tone hesitated, vaguely embarrassed. Bracey turned, with a breath of decision, and clapped the

boy's shoulder ringingly. "I'll go with you now," he cried. "We'll bring her home."

"But it's Sunday, Weina." Babe smoothed her short, starched skirt primly over coltish knees and twisted about on the grass, looking into the face above her. It was a month later, but the face was three years changed—older of lips set squarely; younger of eyes that looked out at the world with strange timidity, where they had been so fierce and bold. "Cind'wella is a Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday story—tell me a Bible one."

Thru the parlor window, opened to the Indian summer day, droned the murmur of low words—Beth's voice and a deeper one like a corollary of the sunlight. Reina smiled down into the child's limpid eyes. "Here's a story that isn't in th' Bible, but I guess, maybe, it's a Sunday one." She rested her head against the tree-trunk, looking dreamily away into the soft, hazy sky. "Once there was a Good Man, an' he went around doin' his work like other men do, an' nobody'd have thought he was a magician. But he was. Whenever he touched anybody he made them want to be good, too."

She paused confusedly. Bracey Curtis, awkward in his stiff, black, Sunday-clothes, had come out of the house and down the path, waving a cheery hand to the two under the tree. He turned up the street, his shoulders sloping patiently under the ill-fitted coat, and swung out of sight.

"What'd he look like—ve Good Mans?" shrilled Babe. Reina considered.

"Well, he warn't han'some, but he was better 'n that," she mused. "He was tall an' sort o' stoop-shouldered, an' his hair was grayish around th' edges, but his eyes—why, his eyes were gentle, like hymns sound or the sky looks right now."

"Pooh!" Babe was plainly disappointed. "Why, my faver looks 'ike *vat,* an' he isn't a magic man!" She rocked back and forth, considering. "*Nen* what happened?" she asked, wrinkling her small nose. "Stowies always end wif livin' happy, dont you 'member, Weina?"

Reina smiled down at the child, her eyes wistful along the path where Bracey had disappeared. She knew who would be waiting at the other end; she could almost see the joy-light in Mary's eyes—the solemn sweetness of his plain, grave face.

"THIS STORY ENDS WIF LIVIN' HAPPY, TOO"

"Yes, Babe," she cried, with a little break in her voice, and caught the astonished child to her breast in a sudden little gust of tenderness. "Yes, I guess this story ends wif livin' happy, too."

MARY STUART

(EDISON)

By Henry Arthur Phillips

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER loved Queen Mary. Little else mattered.

The dark gossip concerning Mary Stuart for the past ten years gradually faded from his romantic mind before the brilliance of his growing ardor.

What if he had believed it at the time? Had he not been under his uncle's roof-tree, where every mouth was fed by Queen Elizabeth, that it might belch forth calumny against the unfortunate Queen of the North Country?

He had heard his uncle, Sir Amias Paulet, repeat, a hundred times, Mary's affair—as he called it—with Rizzio, a beggar of an Italian troubadour. Sir Amias laid the crime of the assassination at Mary's door. But a bodyguard of the Queen had told Sir Edward the truth. She had commanded Rizzio to remain when all the others had withdrawn. They two sat there basking in the moonlight; she tenderly—yea, the yeoman had said tenderly—caressing his Umbrian curls while he thrummed at his harp and sang softly one of the ballads of the day. Thus Lord Darnley—Her Majesty's jealous spouse—had found them.

Rizzio was to have left by the secret passage—and would have done so right merrily, had not a half-score of daggers pierced his heart and stopped its song in a flow of blood.

Pah! They did not know the fair Mary as he, Mortimer, meant to know her. The woman's heart craved Romance, which Darnley had been incapable of. A fig for a woman with a silent heart!

That Darnley had later died by the hand of an assassin set ready tongues wagging again, averring that this was Mary's revenge. Gadzooks! he'd cut his uncle's throat, if he said so now!

Mortimer loved Queen Mary. Nothing else mattered.

This love had come about in rather an odd fashion. In search of Life, the young Sir Edward Mortimer had placed his heart and his soul in the hands of Romance and Adventure, and had fetched up, he never quite could fathom how, in the palace of His Grace the Bishop of Lorraine, at Rheims. Over his wine that very first night, he complained that England was no place for a nobleman of sorts, and that one with an itching sword and an aching heart must come to the Continent forthwith.

The Bishop led the spirited youth aside as he was passing to his chamber for the night.

"A word with thee, young hotspur!"

Mortimer followed the venerable prelate thru a walled passage to a heavy, oaken door, which His Grace opened by means of a secret spring. To his amazement, he found the banners of Scotland hanging on the walls.

"Said you there was nothing but dullness and dreariness in yon island

whence you came?" asked His Grace, softly. "See!" He snatched a flag from before the painted portrait of a face. "She awaits thy succor."

Mortimer stepped back a pace, as tho not to seem unmannerly before the intimate appeal in those otherwise haughty eyes. Such beauty he had never beheld in the flesh. The romantic craving in his heart fell prostrate before it. And in that instant, in which he knew he offered her, for all

JEALOUSY

time, his sword, his heart and his life, Mortimer realized who she must be.

"Is this Mary Stuart?" he quavered, turning to Lorraine, who scanned his emotion with satisfaction.

"Queen of the Scots!" corrected His Grace. "By kin, by right and by the law of God, thou shouldst stand by her, Mortimer!"

"By kin, by right, by the law of God, I will stand by the Queen of the Scots!" cried Sir Edward, drawing his sword and kneeling before the Bishop, his flushed face still turned toward the lovely Mary's eyes.

In less than a fortnight later, young Mortimer left France for the north coast of England, with a letter from the Bishop of Lorraine tucked close to his wildly beating heart. Mortimer had the contents ever before his vision:

YOUR MAJESTY—Confide in Mortimer, who brings you this token; you have no truer, firmer friend in England. He is acquainted with all the special means at hand by which to help you.

Faithfully,
LORRAINE.

A year's absence had seen many changes in England. Mortimer knew nothing of the sudden determination of Queen Elizabeth to take in custody the royal person of Queen Mary and to draw the net of intrigue tighter and tighter about her fair throat. When, as a special precaution, he went to pay his respects at Court, he learnt, with mingled pain and pleasure, that Queen Mary was then a virtual prisoner in the Castle of Fotheringay, of which his now despised uncle, Sir Amias Paulet, was warden.

Mortimer was annoyed when Queen Elizabeth chose to show him royal favors, for it would make his immediate departure a matter of displeasure on the part of Her Majesty. Whether the Queen was intent on piquing the Earl of Leicester, her favorite, and arousing his jealousy, or whether she was sincerely attracted by his comeliness, was difficult to say. Of one thing there was a certainty, namely, that Mortimer won the eternal hatred of Leicester.

At length Mortimer availed himself of the opportunity of hastening North. At the castle he was met by his uncle, who imparted, with elation, the perfidious secret that Mary Stuart was a prisoner within the walls. Mortimer had steeled himself against just such an occasion as this, and at once expressed the greatest interest, coupled with an evident animosity against the royal prisoner. He begged that he might be given an immediate post of active service that should win favor in the eyes of their virgin Queen. He asked that he be permitted to act as special jailer.

Sir Amias was so impressed and pleased with this loyal enthusiasm, that he granted his nephew's request forthwith, dismissing the man whom he had already appointed to that important post.

"I pray thee, uncle, dont laugh if thou shouldst hap to see me play my part with unction," cried Mortimer, gayly, on parting. His soul was aflame with the approaching meeting.

He found Queen Mary in her improvised audience-chamber, her lady-in-waiting reading from a tome that had been placed at her service. Mortimer fell on his knee and remained until she nodded him to rise.

"Your Majesty," said Mortimer, speaking in a low tone, and as tho making some perfunctory remark upon the occasion, "I have come from the Bishop of Lorraine. When we are alone, I shall present my credentials."

Queen Mary looked at him keenly for a moment, then signaled the lady-in-waiting and the attendants standing near-by to retire.

She read the Bishop's note, and then extended both her fair hands, the suggestion of a tear in her eye. Mortimer was deeply affected for a moment, as he stooped and pressed his lips respectfully against her proffered hands.

"Tell me, Sir Edward," she asked, almost wistfully, as Mortimer stood by her side, "why am I being detained here in this wretched castle?"

"I grieve, Your Majesty," he replied, watching the slow fire come into her fine eyes, "to be compelled to say the truth—you are a prisoner by order of the Queen of England."

Thereupon Mortimer saw Queen Mary respond with all the fire in her nature to the insult that had been laid upon her freedom and her royal person. At length she was dissolved in tears and lay as one distraught, sobbing out all the great ambitions that she had cherished.

"Have I no followers left in England—have the Scots' blood turned to water? Have I no loyal subjects who will sacrifice a part as much for me as I have sacrificed for them?"

"Nay, Your Majesty, spare me these words?" cried Mortimer, in an anguish of half-belief in their truth. "All Catholic England is ready to flock to thy standard under proper guidance. Leaders are springing up, and soon the time will be ripe. And behold, most noble Queen, my sword, my heart and my life are thine!"

The Queen looked up gratefully.

DEVOTION

The personal significance of Mortimer's passion may or may not have dawned on her. She had but just gone thru the gamut of emotion, and now seated herself with a half-smile on her lips.

"There is one great resource that I have waited until now to employ. Thy coming and thy loyalty have made this move possible. Thou shalt be the bearer of the all-important message upon the first auspicious occasion. Thy efforts, Sir Edward, shall be nobly rewarded in the day of victory!"

"All I seek, Your Majesty," murmured Mortimer, again the personal note creeping in, "is thy esteem."

For a moment the Queen seemed annoyed. "Forget not the cause in seeking my esteem," she said, and then, as tho fearing she had hurt him by this reprimand, she continued: "My esteem shall be thine, tho I should no longer be in a position to bestow it regally."

"Nay, Your Majesty, thou shalt reign as long as thou livest."

"Perhaps, truly prophesied, mayhap—*as long as I live.*"

Mortimer left her with these words torturing him.

A fitting excuse for a brief interim in his service as Queen Mary's jailer offered itself in the appearance of a royal summons for him to be present at a rout to take place within the fortnight. Mortimer hastened to Queen Mary with the news. She had a packet ready for delivery.

"Whatsoever thou shalt ask, after this service, Sir Edward, be it in my power to bestow, that shalt thou have."

"No service would I refuse my Queen," vouchsafed Sir Edward, the passion of love boiling in his breast. "And, if I am permitted to ask now, may it be some small token that I may regard as thy personal gift. A miniature presentment of thyself hangs by the chain about thy neck—that to me were dearer than——"

The Queen raised her hand. "Nay, but suppose 'twere dear beyond compare already to thy Queen?"

"Your Majesty, forget my idle request."

"Nay, the spirit of service that thou hast manifested has won thee many things. Tho the miniature be among my precious treasures, I give it thee to show the measure of my esteem."

Sir Edward extended a trembling hand, his emotion having become too great for utterance. He seized the fair hand that held the token and kist it passionately. When he looked up into her eyes, there was an enigmatical smile in them that almost brought an avowal of his love from his lips. Were this woman not a Queen, he would have taken her in his arms and breathed out the sweet tale upon her glorious hair.

Sir Edward Mortimer went forth from the presence of his beloved Queen, with all the glow of chivalry heightened to the point of any sacrifice thru the heat of his personal passion. The thought went singing madly thru his brain as he took that long journey southward—he loved Queen Mary, and only her love in return mattered now.

Thus Mortimer betook his way to the Court of Queen Elizabeth, scarce giving a thought to the message he was commissioned to deliver or its possible significance. On the day of his arrival in London he, for the first time, brushed from his eyes the colored silken strands of Romance, and began to wake to the important facts. Suddenly he became aware of the significance of the person to whom the packet was addressed—the *Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth!*

Mortimer hated this man with all the fire in his impulsive nature. To one royal woman Leicester must soon show treachery!

For two days he sought Leicester alone, but the fellow was ever fawning about the Queen. He hesitated at times, debating whether or not to deliver the incriminating packet at all into such treacherous hands.

At the moment Mortimer was requested to present himself and pay his respects to the Queen, she was giving an audience to Lord Burleigh, who was filling her with a fiery account of Mary's disloyalty. When Mortimer knelt at the feet of the Queen, his eyes fell upon a jeweled dagger that Burleigh had left.

"Mortimer," said the Queen, suavely, tho an angry passion throbbed behind her words, "thou couldst make the heart of England's Queen beat happily and save thy country the blood of a host of her subjects with this toy——" She paused, and then, weighing the evi-

dent response in Mortimer's eyes, she continued, in a low tone: "Thou art Mary Stuart's jailer, I understand."

"Thy bidding is my service," acquiesced Mortimer, thrusting the dagger beneath his cloak. As he rose to withdraw, he almost stumbled against Leicester, who alone had been near enough to hear the Queen's words. For a moment the two men looked deep into each other's soul.

MORTIMER'S EYES FALL ON A JEWELED DAGGER

"A word with thee, Mortimer," said Leicester, with an insolence of tone that made Mortimer clasp the dagger in his girdle.

"Not gladly, but willingly," he retorted, accompanying the other out of the audience-chamber. When they had once reached a corner of the great anteroom, Mortimer turned to Leicester. "It is to be regretted that we are enemies, when we cannot afford to be."

"How sayest thou—cannot afford to be?" retorted Leicester haughtily. Mortimer had taken the packet from his breast and was looking about to be sure that they were not observed. He placed it in the surprised Leicester's hand and folded his arms.

The Earl, now all a-tremble, broke the seal and hastily scanned the contents, a new emotion transfiguring his countenance. Apparently forgetful of Mortimer's presence, he pressed the parchment ecstatically to his lips.

The next moment it had been torn from his grasp and thrown to the ground, and Mortimer stood before him with flashing blade.

"Draw, or I'll run thee thru!" cried Sir Edward, passionately.

For an instant the Earl seemed about to obey; then he let fall his half-drawn sword. "'Twere more fitting that thou shouldst first read the message sent me by the Queen

thou servest." He picked up the parchment and handed it to Mortimer.

Under a scowl, Mortimer read it:

MY LORD OF LEICESTER—If thy love for me be still true——

With a cry of anguish, Mortimer read no farther. "Mary, thou hast pierced me deeper thru the heart than Leicester's blade could have struck," he moaned. All seemed lost—save loyalty. He loosed the miniature for an instant from beneath his doublet, gazed at it sadly, and then turned resignedly to Leicester.

"That miniature—what turn of fortune placed it in thy hands?"

"Aye, my lord, no greater fortune do I own—Mary, Queen of the Scots, gave it me."

"Odd so! I gave it her—but 'tis nothing, as her treatment of it shows. Let's turn to the more serious business at hand. 'Tis quite evident that we are both at heart, on the side of the Queen Mary."

Thereupon, the two men, with the deep stain on their hearts covered with the urgence of demands, set about to define the plot that should set Mary Stuart free, and, mayhap, place her once again upon her Scottish throne. Accompanied by one of Leicester's minions loyal to the Catholic cause, Mortimer visited the council of noblemen ready to take up arms. He cast the dagger in their midst that Elizabeth had designated for the heart of Mary. In the general confusion that followed, the weapon was seized by the zealous monk, Saurag, who promised to make good use of it. The next day Mortimer betook himself back toward the North, confident of an uprising that would stir England to its core.

VOWING ALLEGIANCE TO QUEEN MARY

In his own heart there had sprung up despair that even victory for the cause of her whom he loved could not dispel. The joy she showed when he

related the success of his mission seemed to center round its relation with Leicester. Nevertheless, a certain fondness had sprung up for him, Mortimer could see. She wanted him at her side constantly; she asked his opinion on all matters; she even bestowed many endearments of word and touch upon him. Not knowing the moods of Mary Stuart, and believing only the voice of his emotions, he was soon of the opinion that he was loved by the Queen.

Months passed, but so delightful was the idle sweetness within the castle that he felt none of the alarm he should have felt because of the inactivity of the English nobles. Queen Mary chided him for his selfish esteem for her, and not the cause. The quiet of Fotheringay Castle was suddenly disturbed one morning by the sudden appearance of members of the bodyguard of the Queen of England, announcing that Elizabeth would deign to pay a visit to the castle within the hour.

At first Queen Mary was overwhelmed at her own helplessness, and on bended knee besought the clemency of Elizabeth. But Elizabeth's haughty demeanor struck the natal fire in Mary's breast, which flamed into scorching denunciation. The very fierceness of her words drove Elizabeth from her presence. Mortimer would have followed her to her retreat in the castle, had he not seen the skulking form of Leicester hurrying in ahead of him.

MORTIMER BIDS ELIZABETH GOOD-BY

It was not until toward evening that he ventured to return there. Queen Mary received him coldly:

"So thou didst betray me and my secrets into the hands of Elizabeth?"

"I, Your Majesty!" cried Mortimer, involuntarily clasping his hand to his breast. "I but followed the lead of the Lord of Leicester."

"Nay, say not so; he did not accompany thee for very caution's sake. Thou knowest it."

"But a member of his household did," protested the man.

Queen Mary only shook her head sadly.

Mortimer had been gazing fixedly out of the window at a long column of men-at-arms making their way across the drawbridge of the castle. He turned suddenly upon the Queen.

"Your Majesty, let the matter of who betrayed thee rest. Affairs have grown sinister apace. This I tell thee: thy royal person is about to be seized. Men-at-arms are swarming about the castle. I alone have the power to save thee, if thou wilt but act on the instant."

"Thou hast trailed thy love of the cause in the dust of thy desire of passion, as it has been told me. Depart! Nay, I will have no further word with thee."

Thus seemed to end the untimely romance of Sir Edward Mortimer for Mary Queen of the Scots. But the love of the broken-hearted youth had no end except in death itself. When the Queen had withdrawn, he drew his sword and threw back the portières, where, as he had suspected, a dozen spies lay concealed. Three of them that day met their Maker before he was taken, wounded but defiant, before his uncle, who ordered him cast into the dungeon.

His jailer—an old body-servant of his own—told him of the events that

SAURAG MAKES AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

followed in quick succession. It seems an attack had been made on the royal person of Her Majesty the Queen of England by an old monk, Saurag by name, who confessed that his weapon had been given him by none other than Mortimer, in pursuance of the command of Mary Stuart. Death-warrants had been signed that very morning for the Scottish Mary for plotting the death of her sovereign Queen. Mortimer's name was the first on the long list destined to suffer execution. For this the doomed man thanked God. It

meant that once again, at least, he would be privileged to see the woman he would love until the end.

Once only did she speak to him again, but in that single time was the romance of Mortimer revived to take its place proudly beside his enduring passion for the beautiful Queen. They were being escorted along in opposite directions, within the walls of their common prison, when Mortimer saw her. He would have passed on, content with the sight of her, but she signaled for all to pause. She came forward, all the tragedy in her great eyes melted into a sublime light of resignation that he had never seen there before.

"I have wronged thee, my Mortimer. All the esteem I have in the world is thine, thine alone. Farewell, dear Mortimer!" She had stooped and kist his brow. "Tomorrow I die!"

"At that hour of thy passing into Eternity, noble Queen, I shall meet thee at the threshold!"

A dark figure had strode upon the scene. It was Leicester, his hands extended supplicatingly. Mary passed him by without a look or a word.

The next day saw Mary Stuart,

THE DEATH OF MARY

Queen of the Scots, ascending the scaffold. She spoke not a word until the signal was given to place her fair neck on the block.

She turned to the captain of the guard. "Has word been heard of Mortimer?" she asked.

"Mortimer died by his own hand within the hour."

Mary Stuart laid her head upon the block.

Where doth Romance end?

WHEN BUNNY APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. DRAWN BY A. B. SHULTS

Out of the Past

(Crystal)

By KARL SCHILLER

"I NEVER saw a purple cow—I never hoped to see one," quoted Eugene Brown, dreamily splashing an experimental brush along his canvas, head tilted at right angles to his spine. He stepped back, to better his vision; the crushed bracken steeped odorously into the sun-sweet air, drugging his industry. "Hang it all!" he observed plaintively. "How's an artist going to translate *this* into terms of oil and ultramarine?" His gesture caressed the filmy leaf shadows; the pine sprays, swaying like summer's censers; the pathway winding mistily away like a vein in the heart of the Druid wood. "It's Sherwood—or Arcadia—or Camelot. It's the old child-path of Romance, where dwarfs, outlaws, a dryad with eyes like music—— Hello! As I live, the dryad herself!"

She was humming in happy unawaredness of a watcher as she came, small, graceful, under the arching boughs. The scanty stuff gown molded the gracious curves of her as no folly of style could have done. Brown stepped from the bracken with an exaggerated bow.

"Welcome, nymph-lady!" he said whimsically. "A poor mortal would a word with thee."

The girl started, flushing, from her abstraction, the fawn's wariness in her eyes. Gradually amusement took its place. There are some grown-ups who keep a subtly winning echo of childishness in curve of chin or hollow of temple, that stamps them as only Little-Girls-That-Used-to-Be or Little-Boys-That-Grew, after all. Brown was such a one. A hesitating dimple puckered her cheek.

"I reckon y'u-all is jokin'!" she drawled, in the soft, slipshod Virginia tongue. "What y'u got hyeh, stranger?—oh—oh!" she broke off suddenly, with a delighted crow, "it's an easel, aint it? Is it yourn? Y'u an artist-folks? C'n I see?"

"It is; I am; you may," affirmed Brown, graciously. "But why this flattering warmth? May I hope you are fond of artist-folks——"

She interrupted, fervid hands clasped tightly. "Oh, but artist-folks must sho'ly live right int'restin' lives!" The quick flush colored her words. "I've hea'd tell of Bohemia an' Nu Yawk"—her voice caressed the names as tho she spoke of Heaven—an' I've cert'nly wanted to see them—jus' trees an' fields an' weather are so ornary. But I must go——"

Brown made a protesting move-

ment. "I was hoping you would pose for me a bit—I could be telling you about the city while I worked." He paused artfully.

She flung herself upon a moss-crusted log, swaying to and fro like an excited child.

"I'm posin'!" she laughed. "*Y'u* talk!"

Long past possible painting-light Brown stood, making mendacious feints at canvas strokes, talking briskly and watching the vivid face

"THEY DONE ARRESTED HIM LAST WEEK—F'R MOONSHININ'"

before him flash in sensitive response. At last she noted the twilight and sprang to her feet, on the edge of flight.

"*Why!* I must run right lively—thank y'u! An' good-by!"

"Wait!" Brown fumbled in his pocketbook, drawing out a card.

"If you ever come to New York—that's my studio. I can get you quantities of posing to do. Good-night, nymph-lady—I dont believe, somehow, that it's good-by!"

But many calendar-leaves fell withered before he saw her again. Then, one day, as he stood frowning tempersomely over a poster in his studio, a timid tap sent his nervous brush slithering across the picture in a messy trail of cerise. His "Come in!" consequently sounded more like "Stay out!" but the door trembled open, and, after a startled instant, he was across the room.

"Nymph-lady—*you!*"

She smiled tremulously, as tho it were an alternative to weeping.

"Y'u said—if—I was evah in Nu Yawk y'u could find me posin'. Well, I'm hyeh." Then, in a sudden whirl of heartachy phrases: "Tom—my brother—they done arrested him last week—f'r moonshinin'. He's in jail—hyeh in th' city. Me? I'm all alone——" Suddenly she was sobbing her grief and fright out on his shoulder, while he patted her cheeks in man-helplessness.

"I'll take you to my landlady—a dear old mother-soul. Then we'll see," he reassured her. "It'll be all right, little nymph-lady—you trust me."

She raised her big child-eyes to his gentled face. "Of co'se, I trust y'u," she said. "I cert'nly do."

With straws like this pointing the way of the wind, it was only the matter of weeks before Love had his sweet, old-fashioned way, and little Virginia Rose found herself staring, with incredulous eyes, at the wonderful third finger of her left hand, held a bit apart with the sacred meaning of its plain gold band.

And then the Beautiful Year of tender companionship and breathless hope that led them, togetherly, at last, to a wee, lace-frail cradle, over which Eugene hung as never over his most cherished pictures, and Rose cooed in the soft, mysterious tongue of mother-kind. If all trouble was what God sends, the world would be almost as happy as Heaven. But the troubles we make for ourselves—they are what

clutter Life, and bring the white hair and wrinkles and the tears.

One night the earth stopped revolving for Rose. She had been so happy that particular evening, with the pleasant, warm feeling of the secret she was cuddling to her heart as she hurried along the gas-lit streets toward the tiny flat that spelled Home. How glad 'Gene would be when he heard that dear old Tom was free once more, that she had been to see him, kist him a Welcome-Back! The darkness of the hallway startled her vaguely as being different from her expectations. With sudden unease, she fumbled into the sitting-room and lit the gas. A folded bit of paper on the table caught her eye. She opened it, a torrent of fears engulfing her—he might be sick—called away—— But she could never have imagined the thing that the letter said. Even after she had read it, she did not understand, and went thru it again with painful earnestness, her lips syllablizing the words. When its meaning at last reached her, she did not shriek nor even cry. That is what they do on the stage, not in a tiny, third-floor flat on Macdougal Street. But her eyes, burnt holes in the paper whiteness of her face, stared at a hideous scroll in the wall-paper pattern, and the cheek-muscles drew taut beneath the skin. Finally, after moments—or hours—she began to speak rapidly, in a queerly breathless way.

"ALL FRESH YOUNG CURVES AND SHALLOW, DREAMING EYES"

"No—no, it isn't possible—not *'Gene*. Why, he promised to love and honor. 'Gene never could have believed I wasn't true—not *'Gene*. 'Followed me to a strange lodging-house—saw me in a man's arms.' Why, yes, it was Tom—how funny!" She laughed a wrung-out, unmirthful sound; then, suddenly, caught her

breath. "But going away—never coming back! No, no! he couldn't have said that—I must have read wrong." The shaking little fingers smoothed out the crumpled paper. "I—dont dare look—— Nonsense! It was dark; I didn't read right—— Oh, God!" A thin, unhuman shriek shrilling upwards. Then silence. Then a pin-point of sound in the next room pricking her dulled senses. She was on her knees by the cradle, desperate fingers fumbling for her child. "Mama's here, Heart o' Love! Oh, baby—baby, he gave me you, anyhow——"

Then the blessed relief of tears came hot and fast.

And the man, that night, took the first drink he had ever had.

But not the last. He had cast his anchor of trust in solid-seeming ground. It had proved quicksand, and now he was adrift, careless of man or God, or the still voice of his soul. He passed thru every nicety of suffering in the few hours after he felt the blank world reeling as he watched his wife in the arms of another, and staggered away into the mocking darkness of damned souls. *His wife!* She had been God-on-earth to him—his religion—his faith in man! So he drank fiercely, with a shudder at the raw taste, to forget as soon as possible.

And gradually, as the days slid listlessly by, the pain eased, under the opiate of new excesses, until out of the wrack emerged another man—callous, sneering at virtue, unashamed of vice. He renamed this self Markham, set up another studio and began to paint, not serene woodlands, but bold, daring things that filled his studio with brazen, beautiful models and his purse with gold. And so the years slipped by, until he had forgotten to count them, and he lived unthrilled with the pulse of his old pain.

"Wrong—all wrong!" Markham flung down his brush angrily. "How can I paint 'Youth' with you as a model, I'd like to know?"

The girl flung a round arm about his neck in mock comforting.

"Look at me—am I not young?" she challenged.

"Your eyes are old as the hills," sneered the artist. "You're too wise, love. I need a different sort of model."

"I can find you one." She watched him slyly, between narrowed lids. "Sixteen—a baby-hearted fool—just the one *for you.*"

"Send her here, then—if there *is* such a paragon."

The next day she came—small, graceful, all young, fresh curves and shallow, dreaming eyes. "Mother doesn't know I'm here," she confessed ingenuously, as he arranged her on the model-stand. "She hates artist-folks——"

"But you—may I hope you are fond of artist-folks?" Strange freak! The words were like an echo from the past. The ghost of his buried pain stirred menacingly. With an effort, he thrust it back.

"Oh, *I* like them. I've never been in a studio before. It's awfully pretty. I suppose," she added wistfully, "artists have a right interesting life——"

Markham leaned forward, his eyes suddenly watchful. Again the old pain stirred. He hardened his heart. Fool! He had got over that nonsense long ago. He spoke softly:

"I'm giving a little dinner tonight. It will be a real artist-gathering. Would you like to come?"

She clapped her hand like a gleeful child. "Oh, I'd *love* to!" she cried.

A real artist-gathering it was. Her wondering eyes lingered along the room, shrinking from the women's naked shoulders, the men's leering smiles. On the buffet in the corner, confused among paint-tubes, palettes and brushes, were bottles and glasses. As the liquid in them lowered, the talk grew louder, the laughter more free. The young model with the old eyes seized Markham's wrist, with a mocking smile.

"Your pretty protégée is going thirsty," she sneered.

Markham turned to the buffet, filled a glass and bent over the girl, his wine-tainted breath hot on her cheek.

"You are drinking nothing," he said. "I'm afraid you are not having a good time."

Suddenly the girl looked up defiantly. Her fingers closed around the wine-glass he offered her. "So *this* is life?" she cried. "Well, I like life, then. Here's to it!" She lifted the glass. Unseen, his Better Self stooped to the artist, whispering. Markham writhed as one in pain. The sophistries that had been ready tools so long failed him. He looked strangely about him and, for the first time, saw skeletons beneath the bare, painted flesh of the women; death's-heads behind the men's meaning leers. To his panting nostrils came the miracle of sun-steeped bracken. With an inarticulate cry, he snatched the wine-glass from the girl's lips. The spilt red streamed like a wound across his white shirt-front.

The guests sprang up, startled; some of the women screamed shrilly. A sense of impending consequences beat like a heart thru the room. The door crashed open, echoing like the door of a tomb, and the Dead Past, resurrected, was before them, holding out shaking arms.

"YOUR PRETTY PROTÉGÉE IS GOING THIRSTY"

"Virginia—my baby!" moaned Rose Brown. Markham turned slowly, without his own volition, and confronted his wife of long ago. White hair, that had been golden; sad eyes, that had been joyful; yet his wife, and behind her a man——

Markham pointed an awful finger.

"Who is he—this man—quick?"

It was strange that she answered so simply, without surprise:

"My brother, Tom!"

The level voice seemed suddenly to fill the great studio. For the space of ten heart-beats its echo was the only sound.

"Oh, God!" cried Markham, in a ghastly voice. "Oh, God!—these empty, worse-than-wasted years!"

The huddled group of men and women watched breathlessly, as at a play. The daughter, standing like a link, or a bar, between them, looked from one to the other, uncomprehending. Yet they were alone with only God and Memory. Markham fell upon his knees, crawling across the floor till he touched the worn skirt of her gown.

"Nymph - lady — I suppose — you couldn't forgive me—I've suffered, too. Oh, my God! I've ruined my life and yours—too late——" He buried his shaking head in the harsh folds of her skirt, with uncouth, ugly sobs, that sounded like the ripping, tearing of heart-strings. Her worn face radiant, she knelt beside him, gathering the poor, agonized head against her breast.

"Hush, dear—hush!" she crooned, motherwise. "*I* forgive *you?* Why, of course I do. I've always forgiven you, my dear, my dear!"

"It is Christ's mercy!" whispered the man, fumbling brokenly with the words. She laughed softly, stooping to his quivering lips. "No, dear," she said. "No, it is only Love!"

Then and Now

By L. CASE RUSSELL

In the good old days of "legitimate plays,"
The actors were hampered in various ways.
If the scene was a street, there lovers must meet
And, regardless of onlookers, lovingly greet;
Then the villain would race to the very same place,
To plan for the hero's defeat and disgrace.
On the highway he'd rave so the faithful old slave
Could overhear all, and the hero could save.
(We hated to doubt, but how could he shout
On the street, and no one but the black be about?)

When war's wild alarms called the hero to arms,
His adieux to the heroine lost half their charms,
When their parting embrace, perforce, must take place
In public, because of the limited space.
But now come the days of the bright photoplays,
When scenes are depicted in natural ways:
The lovers can meet in a garden retreat,
'Mid the tinkle of fountains and blossoms so sweet;
While the villain can plot in a suitable spot,
Where, in foliage dense, the old slave is forgot.

When the hero departs, the sensitive hearts
Can murmur farewells far away from the marts.
With him we can go, to engage with the foe,
And thrill as his courage and bravery show.
When he falls in the fray, we shrink in dismay
As we think of the sweetheart he left far away.
If this were the street, a messenger fleet
Must tell to those gathered the tale of defeat;
But now we can view, in the photoplay new,
The things as they happen, in scenes that ring true.

L'Envoi.

Then here's to the day (and it's with us to stay)
Of the gripping, enthralling and *real* photoplay.
All the world here below is its stage, and we know
There's never a scene that the screen cannot show.

WHIST, darlint, an' listen, will ye, those av ye wid brisk ears for th' harkin' an' a smooth tongue for a tale, whilest I'm afther relatin' a foine, brave sthory of a owdacious hayro wid a bunchy, red head, an artful colleen wid twin twinkles in the eyes av her, and a black-hearted, colloguin', confabbin' crachure wid the map av Ireland writ large on his faytures an' a most misfortunit way of stheppin' on his own shadow. 'Tis a tale av the yon side an' th' hither side av th' say, as dawney a tale as iver ye laid ears on, thrue as me name is Donnell, an' a foine Irish name it is, sure, wid an O' befront av it as me ancistors wore it in th' ould counthry.

'Twas not so long since, ayther, that it happed, for th' shamrock was green thin, th' counthryside a-blossomin' wid heather and yallow gorse-stems, an' Patrick McGuire's nose as rosy as a peat fire in th' avenin', which, as ivery wise sowl in County Clare knows, is anny time in a twelvemonth froom nixt Candlemas Day.

An' now, by your lave, I'll commince. Faix, sorra a sthretch av deep throuble is there in th' worruld widout a colleen at one ind av it, and yit Sheila McGuire was not manin' harrum. 'Twas not her sin that she put th' comither on ivery lad who spied th' black curls an' purty, vexatious eyes benayth the Sunday-go-to-meetin' bunnit, nor yit her fault that the sight av her kneelin', riverant-like, at mass sint th' prayers whirlin' like windmills in th' hearts av th' callow, green gossoons. But wheriver is a colleen wid cheeks like th' sky at cock-crow, an' a neat foot as nimble in th' jig as sthraw rollicking before th' wind, min will sup sorrow in taycups, *ochone! ochone!* the saints presarve us all!

Now, what wid a father over-fond av th' noggin, an' a pair of lovers harryin' th' pore maid ivery livin' day in th' worruld, you may be thinkin' she spint her time 'twixt moothin' an' mopin' her sowl into vexation. 'Tis wrong ye are, intirely. Niver a smilinger lass in County Clare than Sheila McGuire, clanin' an' scrubbin' th' bit av cottage, diggin' petaties, tossin' a smile or a worrud hither an' yon with ayquil ease, an' niver an honester blush f'r th' one lad than f'r t'other. That is, niver until th' onsociable day whin th' thrue meat av my sthory begins.

Whin it rains afore cock-crow, there's tears afore sundown. This particular day began ill, wid th' hootowl screechin' heegous in th' blackthorn afore th' cottage an' th' brindle cow crabbed at milkin'-time. Thin Patrick, bad cess to him, was onaisy an' tempersome as a Brownie at a christinin' over his biled stirabout an' bacon.

"'Tis little ye're atin' th' marnin'," says Sheila at last, timid-like. Wid that th' father pushed back th' settle an' wint over to th' cupboard,

rummagin' within until he found a brown jug on one av th' shelves.

"Arrah, father, is it to Murphy's ye're goin' th' now?" cried Sheila, mighty wheedlin'. "Shure, ye'd better bide home like th' dacint, knowledgeable man ye are," she says, "an' mind th' cow-byre where th' rain comes in on th' pore crachure, an' thin sit, commodious an' warm, afore th' hearth——"

"Lave me be, ye ballyraggin' spalpeen, ye," growls th' father, wid a black look. "Divil a ha'porth will I bide home." An' thrue to his worruds, out he wint into th' weathersome day.

Sheila niver spint anny daylight in frettin', so she wint on sweepin' th' brick flure, little thinkin', th' poor lass, what sthrange evints were hesitatin' around th' corner av prettysoon. Prisintly feet slithered on th' door-stone, an' th' latch lifted. A face, faychures sharp as a ferret, gleeked around th' dure, follyed be long, scatterin' limbs.

"Whist, if it aint Michael Doolin!" cried Sheila. "Shure, it's ye that's a sthranger intirely!"

" 'Tis a sight f'r sore eyes ye are, mavrone!" complimented Doolin, goggling' his eyes an' smilin' th' while as he sidled near to her. "Ye're too foine-lookin' to be wurrkin' like a sarvint-gurrul. Shure be aisy on me, agra, an' give me a kiss—jist a wee wan' th' marn——"

"Away wid ye," said Sheila, wid a shake av th' broom. "I've a kiss f'r no man, ye bandy-legged rapscallion," says she. Wid that, Doolin quit his smilin' an' rached out to grab her, his face as pitch-dark as th' thundercloud over Slieve-na-Mon. 'Twas a thrillin' suspenseful minute. Thin av a suddint a welcomesome voice broke thru th' teemin' silence:

"DIVIL A HA'PORTH WILL I BIDE HOME"

Yarra, as I was walkin', th' counthry f'r to see,
I spied a purty fair maid a-sthrollin' on the lea.

"Gerald Kelly!" cries Sheila, her heart leapin' hot to her voice an' scorchin' th' worruds.

"Th' same," says he, pushin' back th' dure. Thin he sthopped on th' sthone, stharin' froom colleen to gossoon, ondersthandin'-loike, his smile muddyin' to a frown.

"Ye cowardly, croakin' bosthoon, ye," says he at last. "Ye covetous blaggard; I've a moind to bate ye to a jelly, I have." An' widout wastin' anny more time, he outs wid wan fist an' fells Doolin to th' flure. An' 'twas th' same moment that Patrick McGuire, conthrarier than iver be rayson av th' noggin av whisky warmin' his four bones, came sthumbling into th' room. Whin he spied th' plight av th' wealthy land-agint ferninst th' flure, he was feshed as ye plaze.

"Ye bad-bred, interferin' scamp," says he to Kelly. "Lave me hoose immaget, an' niver show your ill faychers here again." An' whin Sheila would have follyed Kelly to th' dure, he hild her arrum.

"Tare an' 'ounds, me gurrul," says he. "Hilp me brush th' dirt froom Misther Doolin's great-coat an' hould yer tongue. Shure, sir, I hopes yer Honor's not hurted. 'Tis throubled I am ye shu'd 'a' been discommoded in my hoose," says he, bowin' and scrapin'.

Doolin couldn't rayfuse a civil worrud, an' besides, 'twas Kelly his fingers were itchin' afther, so he gave th' maid an' her father th' top av th' day an' wint home, ivery dhrop av his blood bilin' wid raysintment, an' meditaytin' rayvinge.

Patrick gave his darter a sour eye. "'Tis yon feller ye'll be afther weddin', Sheila, allannah," says he. "Kelly is naught but a ne'er-do-well, an' t'other has a foine, dacint cottage an' plinty av goold. Ye moind what I'm sayin', or I'll bate ye, if nicissary, till ye *are* fond av him." Wid that he picked up his caubeen an' sthrode out, walkin' very haughty an' crooked, whilest Sheila sthared afther him, oncertain whether to moother or laugh.

Howsomiver, as she stood debatin', she heard a tappin' on th' winderpane, an' shure as pigs is swine, there stood Gerald Kelly himsilf, beckonin' to her.

"Sheila!" says he, gintle-loike. "Ye heart-breakingest of gurruls, 'tis worshipin' ye I am, asthore machree. I came back to tell ye I loved ye. Ye know it a'ready, but ye haven't tould me ye loved me yit. Tell it to me now, mavourneen—whisper in my ear—"

"A MOIND TO BATE YE TO A JELLY, I HAVE"

Sheila sighed a bit an' blushed a bit, an' thin ran trimblin' over th' flure to th' winder, rayched up on her toes an' whispered a worrud or two into Kelly's ear. What she said 'tis not f'r me to be tellin'—musha no, but at th' ind he rayched in an' hild her two little hands harrud in one fistful.

"Is it foriver—whativer may come, colleen bawn?" he said, as solemn as prayin'.

"Foriver-an'-iver, amen!" she ansthered him.

Now 'tis not to be supposed that Doolin would let th' blow moulder in his mimory widout thryin' to return it. But bein' a cowardly omadhaun,

he spint some time plannin' a way to kape his own shins untoasted in th' doin' av it. At last, afther lookin' over his ledgers an' rickonin' up his rint-roll, he called Darby O'Gill, his thrusty frind, an' tould him to carry an eviction notice to th' Kelly cottage as quick as his donkey's four legs would take him there. O'Gill was a conthrary sort av man, niver loath to do harrum in a meek way, an' nothin' was more to his likin' than watchin' women-folks greetin' an' mournin' whin he trun thim out av hoose an' home. So hitchin' his donkey backwards into th' cart—th' mayraudin' baste wint better that way—he stharted out on his errant joysomely.

Doolin spint a plisant hour picturin' to himself th' sorrowin' he was causin', an' an onaisy hour wonderin' what was kapin' his henchman so long. At last, misdoubtful that somethin' was amiss, he set out himsilf to foller up his vicious plans.

Ye may be shure 'twas bitter news f'r th' Kellys that O'Gill tould thim, an' bitterly they raysinted it. Gerald was not home, an' th' ould folks carried on terrible, mootherin', mopin' an' screechin' whilest O'Gill argyfied wid thim, his little, greedy eyes manewhiles snoopin' around th' room, countin' up th' blue-an'-white chiny tay-cups, th' foine, braided rugs an' th' chairs. Afther a pleasureful while av amusin' himself in this way, O'Gill wint whistlin' outside, tacked th' card to th' dure, called a couple of loafers to hilp him an' comminced to carry out th' pieces av furniture wan by wan. Sorra the day!

"'Tis ruined we are intirely," wailed Mrs. Kelly, wringin' her hands. "O, vo! vo! vo! if only Gerald would come home th' now—"

An' as if the banshee had heard her worruds an' was wishful av plazin' her, that same moment young Kelly appeared, his gun forninst wan chowlder an' a rollickin' chune on th' tip av his tongue.

"What's th' manin' av this?" says he, sthoppin' short in his thracks at th' sight afore him. "By whose ordhers is this, me man?"

"Niver mind thot," says O'Gill, batin' wan eye ojusly. "Ordhers is ordhers, an' mine is to evict th' whole kit an' caboodle av ye afore sundown."

Black rage clogged the tongue av young Kelly as he harkened. Widout rayplyin' a worrud, he looked about him, seized a bucket av branmash, still shmokin' froom th' fire, an' turned it upside down over th' misfortunit pate av Darby O'Gill. It was at this moment that Doolin sthopped on th' sod by th' dure. Whin he gleeked thru th' casement an' saw th' thruble his frind was enj'yin', he paused to consider. What can wan do whin a man argyfies wid his fists instead av his wits? A cowld chill throbbed onaisily under his weskit, an' he was sthartin' away prudintly whin his eyes fell onixpictedly on Kelly's gun, lanin' where he had dhropped it forninst th' dure, th' name-plate on th' stock glittherin' in th' sun. Auld Nick himsilf whispered a sly idea in th' knowledgeable man's greedy ears. Chokin' back a thraymindous chuckle, Doolin seized th' gun softly an' disappeared.

It was maybe seven days later whin Patrick McGuire, just doused enough to be cheery, was thrampin' homeward on th' edge av th' avenin'. As he turned down th' lane be th' chapel, an excitable owl in th' ivy sit up a screechin' an' clamorin' enough to frechten th' dead in th' churchyard. A dawney wind came up an' comminced to slither an' swish in th' thorn-hedge, an' all of a suddint th' moon squinched her light an' a mystarious murkiness cuddled down over th' raths an' faymiliar cottages an' th' lane itsilf. Patrick's sowl shivered, an' th' pleasuresome song on his tongue curdled to a doleful ballad, thin sthopped intirely.

"Whirra!" thought he, knees chatterin'. "But what a night f'r ghosts!" The rattlin' av his own breath sounded loike th' phantom coach, Costa Bower, comin' down th' lane, an' th' wail o' th' wind across

th' sky loike th' death-keen av th' banshee. So whin a shot crashed out av a clump av larches he was passin', he felt shure he was dead, an' accordin', bein' an accommodative omadhaun, he thumbled over in a limp puddle av clo'es in th' road.

"Shure I must be kilt intoirely," he mutthered an' swounded dead away.

In th' Kelly homestead that avenin' was merryment an' rayjoicin', f'r a foine bit av luck had befallen thim that very day. Patsy Fitzgerald, unkle av Gerald, who had thraveled to Ameriky since long an' lee, had died rich an' left his forchune to his namesake across th' say. A brave roast av mutton, biled turnips, white bread an' butther surprised th' table, an' ivery wan's tongue was waggin' loike bell-clappers, amongst thim Sheila's, f'r there she was, swate as ye plaze, in a white dress wid green ribbands to hilp thim cilibrate. Th' merrimint was at its loudest whin a rap sounded on th' dure, an' Michael Doolin, lookin' quare an' gashly, came sthumblin' in. Gerald was too happy to hould raysintmint.

"THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE"

"Why, be th' hokey, 'tis Doolin himself," he cried, an' hildt out his hand. "Sit down and draw up, an' let bygones be bygones," says he, plisintly. "Mother, tilt th' taypot f'r frind Doolin, an' tell him th' rayson f'r our cilibration."

Whin Doolin had heard about th' forchune, he thurned gashlier thin iver an' made a feint av swallyin' his tay to hide his workin' face. He thried to laugh an' talk wid th' rist av 'em, but ivery wance in a way he would give a hanted gleek at th' dure an' shiver as tho he was cowld.

Thin av a suddint th' dure was flung open, an' two constables, wan av thim totin' Kelly's gun, came hilpin' into th' room. Afore ye could wink an eye, Gerald Kelly was arristed, charged wid murdherin' Patrick McGuire that same avenin' wid his own gun in th' lane forninst th' kirk. Whin she heard th' charge, Sheila let loose an onairthly screech an' fell faintin' to th' flure like a flower fallin', as they led him away.

In the suspenseful confusion, no wan had noticed Doolin thransfer to his great-coat pocket th' deeds av th' forchune that young Kelly had been houldin' whin th' officers came in. An' in th' wink av a white's sow's eye, he was gone.

Now, an Irish colleen is the ayquil of a dacint, ordinary man as far as pluck an' spirrit is consarned. Did Sheila go greetin' an' snivelin' to th' kirk where they had tuk her father's body or moother an' mope at home hilplessly whin she came to hersilf? Arrah, not she! She thrudged sthraight home an' comminced colloguin' wid hersilf an' raysonin' things out, an' th' raysult av her contimplation was this:

"Shure, me own Gerald niver was doin' sich divil's wurrk since he came into the wurrld. But whirra! whirra! 'tis harrd to prove it an' th' gallus-rope itchin'—now the saints hilp me to save me man!"

'Twas maybe th' matther av an

hour or so later, sence ye're so partic'lar, whin Kelly, sittin', downhearted an' sizzlin' wid mortification, ahindt th' bars, heard a faymiliar sthep on th' flag-sthones in th' corridor an' a swate voice spakin' to th' guard, wheedlin'-loike. Prisintly Sheila's own face appeared t'other side av th' bars. Wid a gesthure f'r him to kape quiet, she lifted her lips to kiss him, an' he spied a small bit av paper sthickin' atween thim. Wid

"AT LINGTH THEY STHOOD, THREMBLIN' BUT SAFE, ON TH' SHORE"

his own lips he took th' paper from her, an' wid a smile an' a nod that sphoke louder than worruds av her love f'r him an' thrust in him, she thripped away. But she had lift what was betther thin spache, f'r, wrapped up in th' note was a small steel file. He read sacretly, whin th' guard was not by:

Cut th' bars. I'll be waitin' outside. Whin I see you wave I'll thry to disthract th' guard an' you can get over th' wall. I've a rope on th' edge av Faugh-a-Balla cliff, an' a boat be th' shore. SHEILA.

'Twas so late that 'twas nearly early whin Kelly stood, at last, with Sheila on th' top av th' cliff above th' say. Shure I raymimber hearin' me grandfather tellin' av the same spot —a sthraight fall av crool, jagged rocks waitin', grim and gashly, above th' wather f'r th' comin' av Judgmint Day. Sheila lifted a flat sthone an' drew out th' rope, a frail-seemin' thread f'r sich a fall. Kelly made f'r to kiss her good-by, but she shook her black curls. "I'm goin' down wid ye, Gerald mavourneen," she says. Ye could have scraped th' surprise froom his face wid a knife, but niver a worrud he answered her, only tied th' rope forninst her chowlders an' about his waist, an' so wint to th' edge av th' cliff an' commінced th' decint. 'Twould have feshed an ape to go over that sthone-fall, wid th' say ragin' and roarin' schandelous at th' fut av it an' th' onfrindly prison-rufs atop. Th' wind mouthed at their rope, suckin' it hither an' yon wid divilish ructions aginst th' rocks on th' wan side an' th' nothin'-at-all-at-all av th' ither. But down—down—down wint Kelly, wid th' colleen's arrums 'round his neck an' her warrm breathin' quick on his cheeks. An' be th' marcy av God! at lingth they sthood, thremblin' but safe, on th' shore, wid th' boat tuggin' at its sthring to be off an' away. Beyant th' harbor was a steamship due to sthart f'r Ameriky in an hour. If he was wishful av boordin' her he'd betther be gone at wance or sooner, but still he hesitated, throubled, houldin' her hands 'twixt his own.

"Lave me, Gerald *avick,*" she cried, naisy. "We're sunders here f'r a wee. But wid ivery 'Pather' an' ivery 'Ave' I spake I'll sind th' saints a bit av prayer f'r ye. An' I'll be

comin' afther ye by th' very nixt stheamer in the worruld, Man o' Mine."

"An' ye love me, mavourneen—afore iver this mistake is rightified? Ye'll be thrue to me?"

"Aye, aye!" she whispered, forninst his lips. "An' now 'tis a'maist cock-crow. Ye must go, bye, quickly—an' God go wid ye——"

Th' boat melted into th' say's own grayness, an' th' lispin' av th' oars was lost in th' bawlin' av th' wind. Her gown flew about her as she gleeked wishfully afther him, an' th' future sthretched ahead as onsartain as th' dawn-gray wathers av th' say. That her father had swounded an' not been kilt as they had tould her, she did not know yit—th' mortail throubles an' sthrange dangers comin' to her an' her swateheart she marcifully did not see. Only, she knew that Love was wid him yonder an' wid her here, an' where Love is there is no room f'r Fearsomeness to abide.

Now betwixt you an' me there's manny a plisinter place to sthay than th' hould av a stheamer, an' this our foine hayro, Kelly, discovered th' fourth day out froom land. On th' fifth th' mate an' dhrink he'd found in th' shmall boat an' brought wid him whin he schrambled shlyly aboord th' big wan, began to give out; on th' sixth there was only th' lashin's an' lavin's lift, an' on th' sivinth his insides clamored f'r shupport an' his outsides f'r frish air an' sunshine. But by thin he had made two rale discoveries. First an' foremost th' boat docked that afternoon—he heard two deck-hands sayin' that whin they wint thru th' hould; and secondly, Michael Doolin was aboord. Shure wasn't that th' very thrunk av th' blaggard yonder, bad scran to him!

But how in this mortail worruld was he himsilf to lave th' stheamer in safety? He fretted his sowl into a blisther wid this rayflection afore his foine, clever idea came to him. Afther th' idea, an' a bit av a job wid his jack-knife, he sthopped his worriments an' comminced plannin' how soon he could git hould av his forchune, sind for Sheila an' sthart in livin' dacint an' rayspectable in this foine new worruld.

In th' meanwhile Michael Doolin, that knowledgeable man wid an aisy moind an' th' makin's av a forchune in th' pocket av his body-coat, where he could kape it wid him day an' dark, stood on th' afther-deck av th' stheamer, gleeking in wondhermint at th' tall buildings av th' sthrange

"WASN'T THAT TH' VERY THRUNK AV TH' BLAGGARD YONDER"

counthry they were approachin'. Begorra! I remimber me own grandfather spakin' av th' same thing—how mushed he was at th' traymindousness av it all—av it all.

"Shure, 'tis a gre-at place," he tould himsilf, sniggerin'. "It's a foine life I'll lead here, raymimberin' wance in a while, f'r th' fun av it, that pore, sajooced blaggard mouldering in prison in County Clare an' th' saucy baggage av a colleen belavin' he murdhered her father!"

Ach, th' monsthrous spalpeen! But

I'm not thru me sthory yit, be anny manes. 'Twas later be three hours whin he rayceived his first rale shurprise. Mebbe th' saints were harkenin' to Sheila's prayers at th' time.

'Twas in his hotel room that it took him, suddint as a sthreak av lightnin' froom a clare sky. He had unsthrapped his thrunk afore openin' it an' was sortin' an' shiftin' th' precious papers, readin' thim aloud an' rollin' th' long lawyer worruds like a bit av honey-comb over his tongue, whin a quare sound brought him around face to face wid Kelly himsilf sthandin' up in th' bottom av th' thrunk an' glarin' at him wid a turrible look. He could not belave his eyes. But whin t'other man sphoke, he knew 'twas th' thruth an' turned gashly pale.

"Hould yer whist, Michael Doolin, ye divil-hearted vagabone!" said Kelly, deliberate-like, his blazin' eyes niver lavin' th' other's blustherin' wans. "So 'twasn't enough to slandher me repytation, but ye must be afther stalin' me forchune as well, must ye? F'r th' sake av ould Ireland I'll not have ye arristed. Small blame to ye if I dont! But ye'll give me thim papers immejit, if ye plaze!"

F'r a minute th' two min glared at aich ither loike bastes; thin, wid a sphring, Kelly was out av the thrunk an' upon th' thafe, throuncin' him wid wan hand while he rached f'r th' papers wid th' other.

Doolin watched him lave th' room, thin got up blackly froom th' flure, brushin' th' dust froom his whisker-stubble an' puttin' on his caubeen wid thrembling hands.

"I'll folly ye, me foine cock!" he mutthered as he wint out softly. "I'll have th' deeds yit, be th' powers I will."

Th' first place Kelly wint was a cable-office, where he sint this message to Sheila:

Come at wance to Butte, Montana, Amerika. GERALD.

Th' nixt thing he did was to git a dacint dinner av biled beef, cabbage an' tay, an' thin to th' station to boord a thrain f'r the West, where his unkle had lived. An' wheriver he wint, unseen behind him follyed Doolin, wid three sthrange min.

"There he goes—he's gettin' aboord th' thrain, misther," said wan av the min, as the four sthrayed careless-loike down th' platform amongst th' crowd.

"Thin *we'll* git aboord," cried Doolin, fiercely. "I've tould ye yer part av th' job, I've paid yer onraysonable prices f'r th' doin' av it, now folly me!"

What's that ye're sayin'? Where did he git thim? Whist, darlint, an' how d'ye suppose *I* know? Froom the strates, loike enough, somewhere, annywhere—there's plinty av hands to do th' divil's dirty worruk wheriver ye go, more's th' pity! An' I'll say this f'r thim, they did it well. At th' first change av cars they relaved Kelly av his papers wid nateness an' dispatch, an' put a polish on th' job be tyin' th' pore crachure to th' railroad thracks just out av sight av th' station. Thin they handed Doolin th' papers an' faded out av me sthory.

But th' saints is on th' side av Ireland ivery time, an' young Kelly's day f'r bein' keened be th' banshee was not yit.

Wid th' roar an' throb av th' comin' thrain ticklin' his very ears, he sthruggled free froom th' ropes that bound him, an', wid a mutthered 'Pather,' joomped straight f'r th' cow-catcher av' th' engine forninst him, clutchin' th' iron wid frantic hand-grips, th' shmoke an' spharks near blindin' him, but houldin' on wid th' grim purposefulness av a skillington clutching a cross. An', thanks be to th' luck that follys th' shamrock, he took th' same thrain goin' West that avenin' as Michael Doolin himsilf, bad cess to his smutty sowl!

'Tis sthrange how th' wurrld wags, be th' powers 'tis sthrange! If Sheila hadn't thraveled as fast as wather an' stheam could manage she'd have arrived at a wake instid av a weddin'. Aven as 'twas, two inches more an'—but, whist, will ye,

whilest I tell ye me sthory in me own way.

'Twas a warm-hearted, kindly sphring day wearin' th' bonnet av summer whin th' colleen descinded froom th' sooty, ill-smellin' thrain at th' Butte station. Spite av th' laughin' weather, she was th' laste bit onaisy in her moind, havin' carried a presintmint av harrum wid her across th' wather, an' hasted to th' hotel as fast as her four bones would take her, intindin' to inquire there about him. But th' sight av his name in th' register saved her worruds. Mindin' th' noomber av his room, she wint to her own an' rayflected. Thin patchin' her bits av courage togither, she sthole down th' hallway an' rapped on Kelly's dure. Not a sound! Wance more she rapped; then, onaisiness proddin' her ankles, she ran back to her own room, wint to th' winder, out on th' fire-eschape, an' froom there, choosin' her stheps loike Father Cassidy's goat in th' bog, she rached his room at last. Thin her heart scraped th' ruf av her mouth. He was gone, an' signs av a foine brave sthruggle were iverywhere.

"An Irishman has as miny loives as a cat," she rayassured hersilf as she wint downstairs. "I'll not be mootherin' yit awhile——" She sthopped av a suddint, th' eyes av her near sthartin' froom her purty head. Afore her, clamberin' into a cab, twice as nathural as loife, who should she see but Michael Doolin himsilf, bad scran to him!

"TIED HAND AN' FUT ON TH' FLURE LAY GERALD KELLY"

Now was no toime f'r considherin' or dayliberatin'. Th' cab was sthartin', Kelly was missin', blaggardism was on fut, an' no wan but she in th' worruld to prevint it. Th' whip squealed on th' mare's back; th' wheels rayvolved, an' Doolin was off, a knowin' frayquent smile on his lips. If he'd 'a' suspicioned that ahind av him, on th' back av th' cab, where a fly 'd 'a' had a sore time to balance,

clung Sheila McGuire, gashly pale but raysolved to hould on or be kilt f'r it, he'd maybe not have shmiled so beautifully. Howsomiver, he suspicioned nothin'. Th' cab rolled out av th' town, into a wild bit o' moorland, an' sthopped at last afore a shmall hut.

Sheila hid hersilf ahind a clump av bushes an' waited, thryin' to sthill th' batin' av her heart, that made as much moil as th' groans av a Brownie at mass.

Prisintly, afther an hour be th' colleen's feelings an' tin minutes be the clock, Doolin came out av th' hut wid three min, locked th' dure, got into th' cab, laughin' an' swearin' monsthrous, an' drove away. As light as a fay, Sheila was at that same dure, shakin' it wild-loike an' peerin' in thru th' winder-pane. An' musha, musha! 'twas a fair mendageous sight she saw! Tied hand an' fut on th' flure lay Gerald Kelly, an' aside av him a cask av gunpowder wid a fuse no longer thin th' tail av a mouse burnin' an' splutterin' merry as ye plaze.

Now supphose ye'd been she, what would ye have done wid th' nixt precious foive minutes? Thrue as me name is Donnell—an' a foine Irish name, bejabbers—I dunno how I sh'd have done mesilf. But Sheila niver sthopped to greet, or aven to pray; toime enough f'r sich afther she was on t'other side av the dure! She laned down, picked up a sthone an' comminced to batter th' lock as cool as a cucomber, tho her fingers trimbled till she could scarce hould th' sthone. Mebbe th' saints thought th' batterin' as good as a prayer. Annyway, afther three minutes av worrukin', the dure swung open, an' th' colleen half-fell, half-sthumbled into th' hut. Wid cowld hands she freed Kelly froom th' ropes and jerked th' gag froom his mouth. Thin, hand in hand, the two av thim joomped froom th' place an' ran like Good People on th' edge av cock-crow across th' field. Ahind thim came a rumble an' roar like th' infernal raygions on a picnic, an' bits av burnin' sphlinters pattered around.

"Sheila—rose av Ireland—acushla machree——"

The man's voice struggled wid th' worruds hoarsely. Th' eyes av him, haggard froom watchin' his death-keen, were hungry on hers. Wid a shaky laugh, she clutched his arrum.

"Doolin!" she ghasped. "Be quick, darlint, or he'll be at th' lawyers wid th' papers afore ye are. Coom——" She was drawin' him away, but he shook his head.

"No, I heard thim spakin' av that in th' hut. They'll cilibrate me wake first, an' be that time I'll be waitin' f'r thim mesilf wid th' sheriff. Thin we'll go sthraight to th' praste an' be wedded, Sheila mavourneen——" He bint down, his eyes shmilin' toward her.

"Ye were afther forgittin' wan thing back yonder at th' hut, lass av me love," he whispered forninst her black curls. "Ye remimbered to break down the dure an' untie th' ropes an' pull out th' gag, but ye forgot wan thing intirely, Sheila—ye niver wance sthopped to kiss me, acushla machree!"

The Picture Show

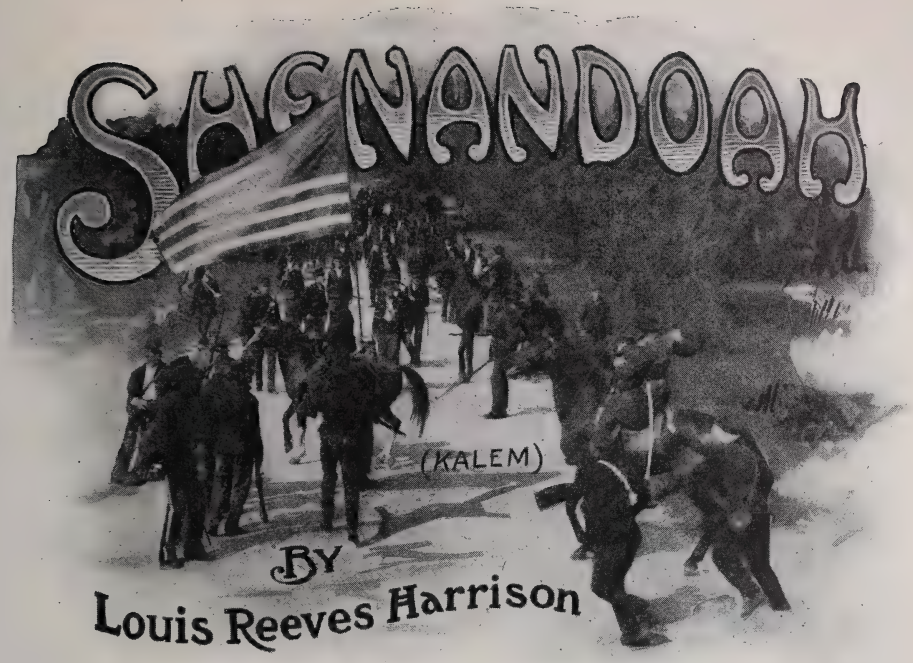
By RALPH M. THOMSON

In this world of weal and woe,
Life's a Moving Picture show;
And until Death interferes,
Will it run thruout the years.

Every one of human birth
Is a flickering film, and earth
Represents a mighty screen,
Where each shadow-form is seen.

Time is owner of the play,
And his operators, Day
And faithful Night, in their zeal,
Serve the ever-shifting reel.

Sing the praises, and in glee,
Of a Land beyond the Sea.
In this world of weal and woe,
Life's a Moving Picture show!



This story was written from BRONSON HOWARD'S war drama

No! It cannot be! Men were not born of women endlessly to battle with one another. Progress does not depend upon pitiless conflict. The great struggle is not a destructive one. The great struggle is that which enables man to rise out of nature into comprehension of his spirituality and appreciation that there are fine purposes in his being. One noble end is the construction of his own character. Another is this unselfish achievement for others.

The rose-gray shades of early morning were beginning to dim the lights of Charleston Harbor. Along the water's edge crowds had gathered to witness a rare spectacle—the long-promised bombardment of Fort Sumter. Now and then a signal-rocket flared against the sky. The air seemed charged with electricity. Men laughed nervously. A few shots would be fired; the fortress would surrender; Southern Rights would be enforced by a militant demonstration; recognition would follow, and all would be well. Ladies, in evening costume—there had been dancing in many of the villas along the shore—pinned favors upon their cavaliers in advance triumph and turned away to their verandas to watch the fireworks.

Out in the dark water lay the grim old fortress, sullen barrier to bright hopes, stern reminder that there was a national power above sectional advantage.

A conglomerate house-party had gathered at one of the shore villas and danced the night thru—the new hopes of Carolinians had become incorporated in their social life. Among the Northern officers present was Kerchival West, of the United States Cavalry, a young soldier of tranquil temperament, less concerned about political events of the hour than about a certain radiant creature of high spirit and warm sensibilities. He had fallen in love with Miss Gertrude Ellingham, and his indescribable sensations had proven so restful that he had sat down after the ball to meditate, and fallen into a state of beatific slumber. It was a matter of secondary consequence that Beauregard was about to light the torch of rebellion by firing on Sumter. The main

issue was how he would stand with the glowing Southern rose he hoped to transplant should war be declared.

Gertrude, more alive to the excitement if not the importance of pending events, had changed her ball-dress for a riding-habit and ridden to a

"THE GLOWING SOUTHERN ROSE"

point of vantage where she could witness the first shot directed against constituted authority. Certain rebellious instincts in the vehement young beauty—she and her brother Robert were devoted to what was vaguely described as "The Cause"—were in private conflict with a certain strong liking conceived for the young cavalry officer from the North. He was not particularly impassioned, but he was gifted to an unusual degree with a form of sanity known as commonsense, a quality in quantity that enlisted confidence from men and women of all classes and conditions. He was, in fact, at that very moment, a sort of unruffled storm-center of plots and counterplots enough to upset the equanimity of any man less self-possessed.

The gentleman who was calmly reposing after the ball, while all around him arrangements were being made to fire a shot which should be heard round the world, was in company with his superior officer, General Haverhill, and both were on waiting-orders, with passports in their pockets. War had not been declared, and many believed that the bombardment of Fort Sumter, notwithstanding the tremendous preparations made for it, would either be a mere flash in the pan or result in prompt Northern recognition of established Southern Rights. Before the sounding of what proved to be the first note of a great national tragedy, Kerchival became involved in a minor play of domestic unhappiness.

General Haverhill had a disgraced son named Frank, by his first wife, an unfortunate boy of limited intelligence and meager opportunity, who had contracted marriage, fallen in debt and resorted to theft. He was a blot on Haverhill's bright career and an outcast. The General's fellow officers sympathized with the proud old soldier, but it remained for Kerchival to attempt a delicate mission in behalf of both father and son. Frank, a fugitive from justice in Charleston, had managed to communicate with his stepmother, and Kerchival was selected by her to bear a return message. This act of kindness brought him into an intimacy of relation with Mrs. Haverhill which became subject to misinterpretation. Further than that, Kerchival undertook, in his quiet way, to spare his chief's wife the annoyance of some insulting attentions and found himself involved in a duel with her persecutor. Bent on unselfish achievement

for others, the young man had broken into Mrs. Haverhill's room in response to a call for help. Her bedroom had been invaded by a renegade officer named Thornton, and it was like Kerchival to go to her rescue. It was like Kerchival to leave his silk handkerchief behind, and the finding of Cassio's kerchief in the chamber of Desdemona had not lost its significance. He became an object of suspicion, and his duel with Thornton, in defense of the honor of another man's wife, contributed to a misconstruction of motive in his friendly relations with Mrs. Haverhill.

What of war, with its wholesale murder and theft, its false justification of necessity and justice, its glorification of military exploits, its elimination of brave and generous men to the advantage of mean and corrupt ones? The "brain-spattering art" was of small consequence to a young man in love. Kerchival dreamed and smiled at a moment when Charleston hearts beat high with excitement. The real issue was Gertrude, of glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. How would a mere variation of opinion between people of common aims and different climates affect his chances with the Southern beauty?

He was roused from his slumbers by Gertrude's brother Robert, his classmate at West Point, and a brief interview followed that was one of many thousands of similar nature, when men of brotherly sentiments were compelled by force of circumstances, rather than personal inclination, to assume the attitude of deadly enemies. One or the other would be proved in the wrong before the end came; both might lay down their lives for a principle, but their patriotism, a mere prejudice of birth, did not prevent them exchanging warm protestations of friendship before hostilities began. To both the idea of meeting in battle was horrible, but neither hesitated on that account to enter upon what was believed to be his duty. They separated after a few quiet words and hand-clasps, Robert to make ready for what seemed to be inevitable, Kerchival to procrastinate until he could have an interview with Gertrude.

In she came, attired in dashing habit, ready to ride to where she could obtain news of Beauregard's intentions, glowing with enthusiasm over the prospective bombardment and ready to wager a pair of gloves that it would occur within an hour. Kerchival made an effort—he was

"HER BEDROOM HAD BEEN INVADED"

willing to provide the gloves for the sake of one of the hands that went inside of them. Gertrude's head drooped, and she tapped her skirt nervously with her riding-whip.

"You Northern men are slow——" she began.

"I can remedy that——" he softly assured her.

"You are slow," she replied scornfully, "to realize that we are in earnest. We will compel you to haul down the flag of Fort Sumter—it is no longer ours—it is an enemy's."

"Am I your enemy?" he begged.

"Are you to take the field for the North?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, with decision, "I will."

"You will be fighting against my friends," she protested, "against my own brother, against me. We *shall* be enemies!"

He replied with grave dignity.

"If my country needs my services," he said, "I shall not refuse them, tho it make us enemies."

She wavered. This unaffected young officer was proof against her bewildering array of charms when he had made up his mind, and his decision of character could not do other than affect one of her impressionable temperament. She quivered like a guilty creature under his steady gaze. How fine he looked at this self-possessed moment! How different he was from the turbulent spirits among her Southern admirers! He was as brave as they, but so calm that he seemed apathetic, and he was steeled against every womanly influence she could exert to bring him over to The Cause. She turned away from him and walked to a window commanding Charleston Harbor. What better cause was there than that nearest and dearest to a woman's heart?

He followed to where she was standing. "Is it love?" he asked gently.

"I am a Southern woman!" she murmured.

"Speak out!" he implored—he caught her hand in his—"I love you. Do you love me? Answer me!"

A sweet answer trembled on her lips; then a low, bright line of fire appeared in the sky. She stiffened up with acute emotion. There was a distant report from a cannon, followed by reverberations that rumbled, with deep savagery, over the water. Her eyes flashed like the warning of a storm, and a flush of warm blood suffused her face. She turned in triumph to her suitor. "Now," she cried, "do you believe that we are in earnest?"

Kerchival turned away and strode to the door as if he had heard a bugle-call. He hesitated at the threshold. He faced about and met her questioning gaze with steadiness. "You will find," he said sternly, "that *we* are in earnest. I have received my answer. We *are* enemies."

It is like a dream. There is an ocean of blood tossing fragments of humanity on its waters, casting its torn wreckage on the shores. Yet, from amid these shapes quivering in death agonies, rises a vision of far-reaching change, an immeasurable force in opposition to wrong; a force world-transcendent and irresistible; a finite insistence reaching forth toward the infinite, replacing justice with compassion.

The years of hard fighting thru which Kerchival passed left him without battle-wound or sore heart. The determination of his character gradually enabled him to get rid of a tendency to compromise with himself and developed a fixed scheme of living. A cool leader, capable of inspiring his men with confidence at acute moments, he often turned from his sterner duties to the relief of wounded and fever-sickened men in his command. If his ringing voice stirred them to action in their death-dealing work on the field, it was none the less effective in hours of misery when the toll of battle was counted. The sufferings of his fellow men in the intervening dread silences stirred deep wells of pity within his resolute nature, so that he became loved by those ranking below him as he had ever been respected by his superiors. And he failed not when the assassin's knife, and worse, the jealous hatred of a friend he had defended rather than wronged, were turned against him.

Thru strange channels, by force of circumstances, a small object found its way—a miniature portrait of Mrs. Haverhill—and left a trail of death and disaster behind. She had sent it to General Haverhill's wayward son Frank, to encourage him in an effort of self-redemption. A first step of

that redemption was his enlistment as a private in the Union Army. The unfortunate boy was captured by the enemy, but he escaped prison and reentered the service. The fatality that pursued him brought about direct relations with his father, tho the latter had no opportunity to recognize his son in the obscure private. By Haverhill's own orders, Frank West, now stationed at the Ellingham homestead in the Shenandoah Valley. The portrait, a seeming instrument of destiny, was found when the prisoner was searched, and passed into the possession of the man unjustly suspected of having shown undesirable attentions to General Haverhill's wife. The meeting between Kerchival and the renegade he had wounded in a

"THE UNFORTUNATE BOY WAS CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY"

was one of a small body of men assigned to the desperate undertaking, that of securing the key to cipher dispatches sent by the enemy from a well-selected signal-station on Three Top Mountain, and he went on this hopeless mission with eager desire to prove his metal. He was fatally wounded, and the portrait taken from him by one of his captors, the renegade Thornton. The fatality attached to possession of the miniature pursued Thornton until he was taken prisoner and brought before Colonel Kerchival duel was characterized by an exhibition of ferocious hatred on the latter's part, not softened when Kerchival placed the miniature in his coat pocket, with the purpose of returning it to the rightful owner. That he, in turn, did not lose his life was due solely to fortuitous circumstances comprising the capture of a daring Rebel messenger, none other than Miss Gertrude Ellingham.

The young Southern girl, who had renounced love for a less feminine passion in her wayward nature, was

caught within the lines of the Union Army under circumstances that led to the suspicion that she had important dispatches on her person, and brought before officers quartered at her own home. No one seemed anxious to search the beautiful tigress, and this duty was assigned by a superior officer to Kerchival. Thus the two self-declared enemies met again after many years. She faced her former suitor defiantly until he dared disobey orders, and she was informed that the Colonel might be shot for insubordination to his commander. She then took a letter from the bosom of her dress and declared it to be the only document she carried. She gave it to the ranking officer with a plea that it should not be read aloud—it contained a reference to the nature of her sentiments toward Kerchival—and it proved to be a powerful restraint upon the fair prisoner's freedom of action. It was handed to Kerchival with directions that he should read it if she exhibited disobedience to his commands or attempted to escape. She was paroled in the custody of a man who aspired to the dread office of managing her as his wife, who might now, or at any other time, count himself lucky if he could keep her from managing him.

By turns amusing and vexatious, Gertrude Ellingham was transformed when she came to witness horrors insupportable behind the curtain of military glory, the agonies of sick and shell-torn men who had been exposed in long lines to machines of death-dealing precision. She who had supported the call to arms for The South and for The Cause, who had thrilled at the whistle of fifes, the roll of drums, the wavings of flags, the flashing of swords, now sickened at the sight of torn flesh and streaming veins. Men who were not being wasted were becoming brutalized.

"AND THE PORTRAIT TAKEN FROM HIM"

The endless work of destruction was inciting a riot of their worst passions. The jealousy of General Haverhill, entirely without justification, was quickened by a trivial article in one of the Southern papers and flamed out in savage form when Thornton, having escaped from the guardhouse, attempted the assassination of Kerchival. While the latter was lying in an unconscious condition, the miniature portrait of Mrs. Haverhill was discovered among the contents of his pocket and handed to the General, confirming his outrageous suspicions. Kerchival was given no opportunity to explain when he recovered consciousness, but was detached from his regiment and placed under a form of arrest by command of General Haverhill, an act that was without justification and that was committed at a critical moment in the campaign, when the army was on the eve of a general engagement and in sore need of able officers.

The finest exercise of woman's intuition is that which enables her to distinguish guilt from innocence without the evidences required by man. When Gertrude Ellingham came to know of Kerchival's disgrace and the cause of it, she refused to believe that he deserved his punishment. Nor could her faith be shaken when Haverhill plainly intimated that Kerchival was unworthy of honor or confidence. With the gradual change that had taken place in her views of the righteousness of her cause, this proud young Daughter of the South was beginning to experience a revulsion of feeling about all acts of violence, war included. She

"THE SIGHT OF TORN FLESH AND STREAMING VEINS"

not only resented Haverhill's intimations, but made a true prophecy that he would deeply regret the unvoiced part of his distrust, that which shamefully injured his innocent wife. He had occasion to remember this prediction when he eventually received a note written by his unfortunate son, a deathbed confession clearing Kerchival and indicating the strange channels thru which the incriminating miniature portrait had passed, but the angry General was in vindictive mood and spurred away to rejoin his troops.

The battle was on when Gertrude found Kerchival pacing the veranda of her home. He was coatless and hatless, but still wore his sword. The reverberations of distant cannon were rising in volume when they met.

"My regiment is at the front," he said bitterly, "and I—I am under arrest." He staggered toward her and brought his hand convulsively to his breast.

"Kerchival!" she exclaimed, in an agony of apprehension. "Your wound!" She supported him as he reeled and conducted him to where he could sink into a seat.

He paled in suppression of pain and closed his eyes for a fleeting instant. He smiled when an unconscious caress of pity betrayed her; opened his eyes to look up into her face and caught her hand. "Wound!" he exclaimed in surprise. "I have no wound. You do love me?"

"Kerchival!" she begged. "Let me call the surgeon?"

"You can be of more service to me than he can," said the unconcerned suitor. "Never mind that"—she seemed startled by the gathering sounds of fierce conflict—"it is only a battle. Do you love me?"

Sweet Rebel to the last, she made an attempt at resistance, but the oncoming roar reminded her that he might enter the fight without knowing what was trembling in her heart for expression. "Be quiet, Kerchival, dear," she implored. "Yes, I do. I do love you"—she caressed his hair with a trembling hand—"I said the same thing three years ago. It is in the letter that you have. No—no—you must be very quiet, or I will not say another word. If you obey me, I will repeat that part of the letter, every word. I know it by heart, for I read it a dozen times. The letter is from Mrs. Haverhill."

"Go on," he commanded, with a first assumption of rights proprietary.

"It says," Gertrude continued in low tones: " 'I have kept your secret, my darling, but I was sorely tempted to betray the confidence you reposed in me. If Kerchival had heard you say, as I did, when your face was hidden in my bosom that night, that you loved him with your whole heart——' "

"Ah!" exclaimed Kerchival, starting to his feet. He staggered back, and she had barely time to support him when he sank into the chair, dragging her down on her knees before him.

"Let me go for help," she entreated him.

He looked down at her tenderly. "Not at a time like this," he said softly. "You have brought me a new life. Heaven is just opening before me." He sighed heavily, closed his eyes and dropped his hands.

"Kerchival!" she cried. "You are dying!"

He was not dying. At a sharp burst of musketry near them, followed by a roar of artillery, he staggered to his feet, drew his sword and attempted to make the road. Still on her knees, she clung to him frantically.

"The enemy is close upon us!" he roared.

She rose and followed him to the gate. The enemy? The enemy he knew was clothed in gray. This was no moment for false gods. She must declare for him or against him. She must renounce country, family, all that she held dear for the man she loved. A sergeant of his regiment appeared and announced that the Union Army was in full retreat.

"Kerchival," Gertrude called, "you are under arrest."

"Damn the arrest!" he shouted. "Where is Sheridan?"

Sheridan was on his way, but the troops were thoroly demoralized. Fugitives were already beginning to appear.

"Kerchival!" cried the spirited woman, who was about to win forever in noble surrender. "Rally your troops! Rally them! Make a stand

Gertrude ran to his aid. "Men!" she called to the faltering ones. "Are you soldiers? Turn back! There is a leader for you. Fight for your flag —and—and mine! Fight for the flag my father died for!"

Vain effort. The stream of fugitives pressed on.

She looked around for Kerchival. Presently she saw him. He was

"FIGHT FOR YOUR FLAG—AND—AND MINE!"

until Sheridan arrives." She ran with him as he rushed out into the road.

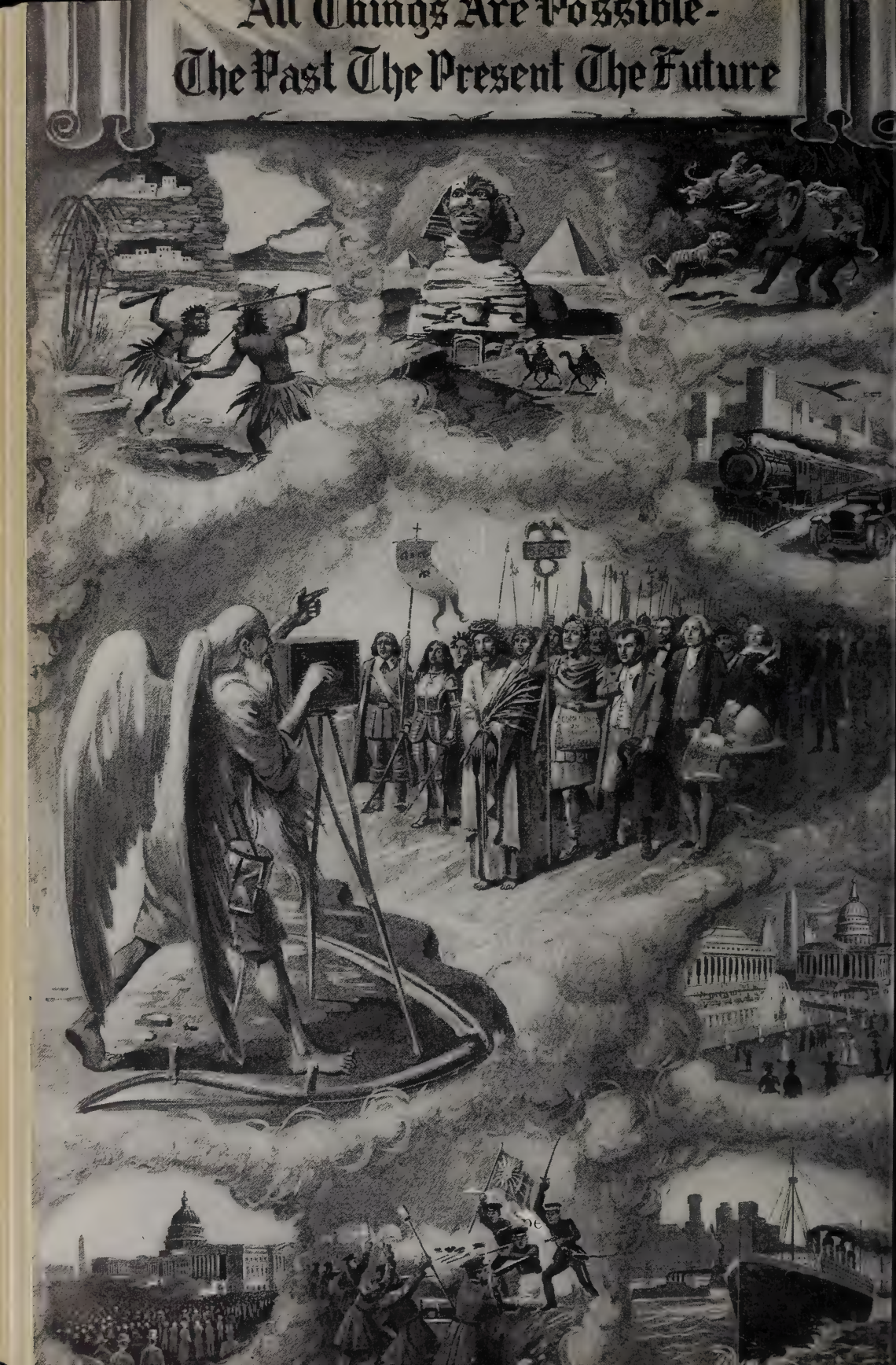
A confused mass of men now came up in a state of agitation plainly indicated in their pale faces and frenzied efforts to escape.

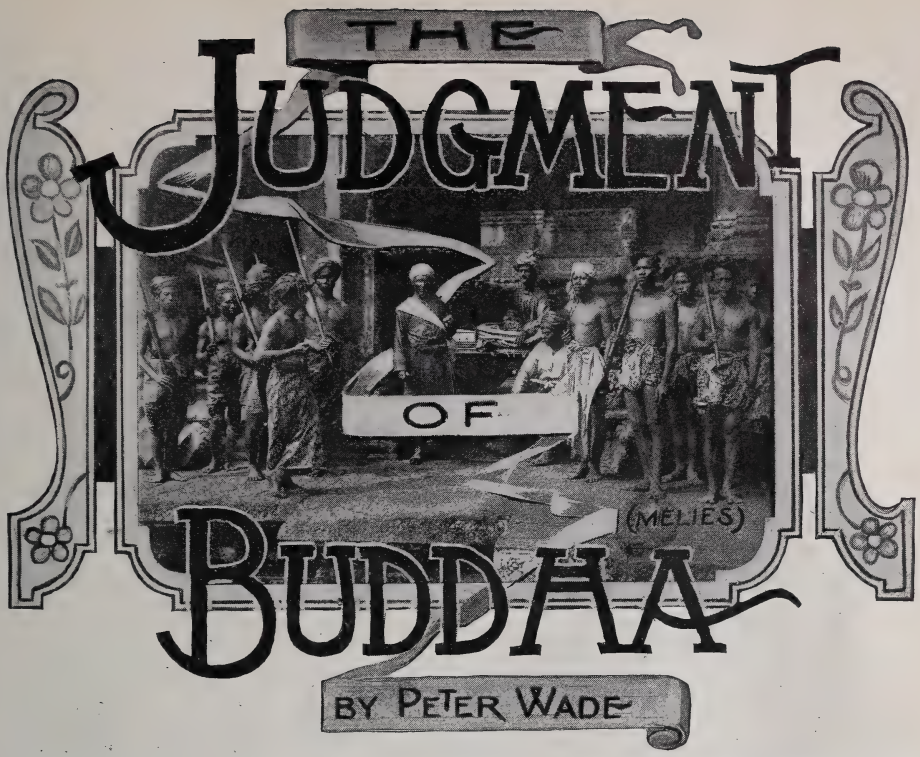
"Halt!" cried Kerchival. He was among them with drawn sword, attempting, single-handed, to press the fugitives back, but the impact was too great for him, and he was swept aside.

mounted on a horse. The men were cheering him. "Forward!" he cried in ringing tones. "Sheridan is coming."

And so the day was won.

The war raged on until the bitter end, but peace, with its count of ruined homes and missing loved ones, brought supreme happiness to Kerchival and the Sweet Rebel who surrendered in time.


All Things Are Possible-
The Past The Present The Future



(Author's Note: Angkor-Thom, the city, and Angkor-Wat, the temple, in Cambodian Siam, are the testimony of a vanished people. Today they are a mass of inaccessible, jungle-grown ruins, yet if we are to believe the early Chinese writers and the legends of the Siamese, the Khmers were once one of the most flourishing, most learned and most skilled of the earth's peoples. They built cities and temples, mined, and carved marvellously on stone, levied tribute on Siam and Annam, worshiped Buddha with a thousand chapels and temples, and lived, sang and danced with the splendor of the Far East. Nor can history solve the riddle of their disappearance. In the 15th century Angkor-Thom was completely wiped out. Whether by war, or pestilence, or self-destruction, time alone can tell. The Méliès company were fortunate in securing the original ruins and scenery as a background and setting for this legend.)

Divakara stood in the throne-room, before his king, and listened to the peasant's babble concerning an extortion in the matter of taxes, with a resigned smile curling from his thin lips. It was annoying—the accusation of this vermin about a stray gold piece that the collector's guard had abstracted from his person, especially as Divakara, the royal collector and king's favorite, was a holy man, and had made merit with Buddha thru years of austerity.

It was the month of the *kateen*, or royal visit to the temples, and Divakara had counted upon being made an angel by the Grand Priest for his purity. That the man's gold piece, with the king's own face minted upon it, lay snugly tucked in his sash mattered not. The robbing of the poor was an art; only its detection, if done clumsily, a disgrace.

Perhaps on this fête day Divakara had been hasty, and a bit overgreedy, for the man had raised an outcry and thrust himself into the king's presence. When he had raised his forehead from the stone flooring and had torn apart his clothing, showing the ugly marks of the collector's lash to all who would bear witness, the king's young face darkened.

"Divakara," he said softly, "make thy heart and tongue of one accord, and confuse the babble of this presumptuous liar."

"Oh, illustrious and compassionate King," the collector began, "it is evident to the holy that persistent devils

have bitten this man deep and have left their claw-marks upon him. The book-entries show that he gave his tax in betel-nuts, rice and fowls, but of gold coins, the Great Teacher is my witness, he was possessed not."

Even as Divakara spoke, still smiling, the peasant's hands slyly sought the folds of the collector's sash, opened the layers of silk, and the telltale coin fell tinkling to the flooring.

who has found terrestrial peace did not cease to form on his lips.

From under his silken tunic, blood began to drip on the flooring. The collector closed his eyes and swayed as if to music, but not till he had fallen, swooning before the court, did the king raise his hand.

"Raise him," commanded Suryavarman, "and carry him to a quiet chamber, there to meditate on the

"THE LASHES CURLED DEEP INTO HIS SOFT FLESH"

The king's soft eyes flashed.

"Divakara," he pronounced, "you speak with two voices—a voice of gold and a golden voice, and the two have convicted you. A taste of the many-tongued lash is but a gentle beginning of your punishment."

Thereupon, Suryavarman, the just king, clapped his hands, and four slaves appeared, armed with heavy bullock whips.

Divakara winced as the lashes curled deep into the soft flesh of his back, but the ineffable smile of one

difficulty of obtaining heaven by good words alone."

It came about that, on the next day, the king relented of his harshness and sent for Divakara, placing him again in favor and giving him presents of ivory and of beaten gold. And as a mark of affection, he permitted him to accompany him into the privacy of his overflowing harem. But, by the king's orders, the young and beautiful wives remained behind their screens, only the old women and children appearing in the courtyard.

Coming to an infant in the arms of its nurse, beside a bathing-pool, Suryavarman took it from the woman and exclaimed upon its perfections to his favorite. Only a slight birthmark on her shoulder marred her satin skin.

"She is a most excellent bud of the wisdom-conferring king," declared Divakara, and, with his words, a plan of revenge for his humiliation unfolded before him.

Among the army of attendants and slaves at the king's court was an old slave woman and her son from Divakara's own province, and these, with generous pieces of gold, he took into his confidence.

It so happened that Divakara possessed a knowledge of the king's gardens and knew the hour when the king's wives walked therein and when the children were at play. He posted the son of the slave woman in a closet overlooking the garden, with instructions to enter the garden and bear off the king's favorite girl-child the moment her nurse's attention was called away from it. Then the slave's mother took to wailing outside the garden walls, calling upon the nurse, and declaring that she was her relative. The nurse left the child in answer to the unseen calls, and the slave's son crept into the garden and, picking up the infant, bore her to the far corner where Divakara stood outside waiting for them.

In the collector's hand lay his naked sword, and on his lips formed again his resigned smile, for it was his plan that the child should descend from the wall alive, but not the man.

THE ABDUCTION

The body of the slave's son lay at his feet, and Divakara carefully wiped his sword-point with tufts of grass. Then tucking the infant to his breast, he carried her thru the brush to where the old slave now lay in waiting.

"Off to the mountains!" he commanded, giving her his burden, "and may the curse of Rahu strike you blind if you are ever seen or heard of again."

The slave woman watched his tall form disappear thru the rank grasses, then turned to the sleeping child. A beautifully carved coral necklace hung from its neck, and the woman hesitated what to do with this fatal bit of evidence. At last she dug a hole and buried it beneath a towering palm. And even as the sound of the king's gongs, giving the alarm from the palace, came to her ears, she picked up the babe again and made off into the trackless jungles.

Nine years passed away, in which Suryavarman never ceased to regret the loss of his favorite child, and in which Divakara could scarcely contain himself in the fulness of his joy over the completeness of his revenge.

It was now come to the *Radu raun,* or hot season, with a plentiful harvest, and the soft, young nuts falling from the trees. A white elephant had been captured and brought to the king, who, thereupon, ennobled its captors, granting them tracks of land and ordering a fête to be held in his court.

It was at night, with a thousand lamps glimmering, that the crowning event was to take place, for a com-

pany of girl dancers, gathered from all parts of the kingdom, were to appear for the first time in the king's presence.

To a weird lilt from stringed instruments, flutes, gongs and drums, the dancers appeared and contorted before Suryavarman. He was struck with the ivory-white face and toothsome ways of one of the little girls, and, during a lull in the postures, called her up to him and gave her a gold-wrought fan.

And as the evening proceeded and the king took note of her aptitude for sweetness, he determined that she should be, forthwith, one of his many wives.

On the morrow he sent Divakara out to the dancers' wattle-huts, where the collector came upon the favorite dancer and the withered crone in charge of her.

At the news of her marriage to the king, the little girl clapped her hands and received the rich *pahom* of silk and golden threads which Divakara cast over her shoulders.

Already the bridal procession was forming to escort her to the palace, and the clash of gongs made sweet music for her ears. The sacred elephant was led before her, and she mounted to the roomy *howdah* on his back. Then, escorted by a long procession of present-bearers, slaves with huge umbrellas, spearmen and fan-bearers, the bride was led before the expectant king.

THE WEDDING PROCESSION

After the wedding ceremony, Suryavarman led his bride to a private chamber, where wine, betel-nuts and light food lay ready for them. And as he raised her from her knees before him and drew back the veil from her face and shoulders, a livid birthmark stood out from her fair skin.

Suryavarman drew back in horror —the image of his child came crowding before him, and he questioned the girl, at length, as to her parentage. But she knew nothing, only that she had been brought up in the mountains by an old woman who always had plenty of money.

The king immediately sent for the

THE SLAVE WOMAN'S CONFESSION

old slave woman, and, in abject fear, she told him the story of Divakara's perfidy and her share in it, producing the coral necklace in evidence.

"It is enough," said the king, when she had finished; "I believe you. At sunrise Divakara will lose his head before the palace gates. He has worn it nine happy years too long."

And then, as the women withdrew, he fell into a fit of meditation as to how he could make merit with Buddha for the terrible crime he had committed in marrying his own child.

At the break of day the king appeared, white and shaken from his night of fasting and prayer, and announced that his daughter should be veiled and made ready to go upon a journey with him. And while the cocks were still crowing, the unfortunate king and his offspring passed beneath the curtains of the king's *howdah* on the sacred elephant, and set off thru the streets of the sleeping city of Angkor-Thom.

As they passed thru the city's gates and were swallowed up in the lordly forest, a thick steam arose around them, and hairy apes, hanging from the tangle of branches, grimaced and derided the bulk of the king's beast. But a great fear had come over Suryavarman, who lay back in the *howdah,* with his *pahom* pulled up over his eyes, and his thoughts urged in meditation of his sin.

And presently the elephant came out upon the great causeway of hewn stone that led, broad and straight, to the temple of Angkor-Wat.

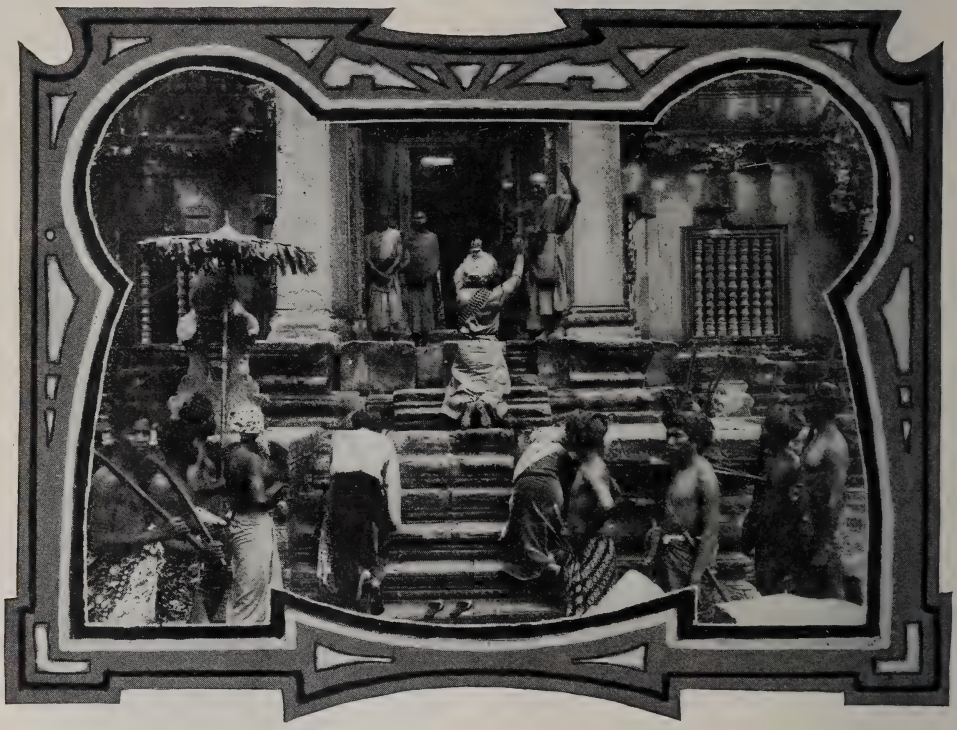
The king's daughter clapped her young hands together at sight of the wonderful thing gradually growing before her eyes; for, altho the imperial city contained countless temples and phrachedees, they were dwarfed into nothingness as compared with the stately pile, tier upon tier, that seemed to cover the whole horizon in front of her. On its three golden towers the young sun sparkled lovingly, and the whiteness of its walls and galleries shone like snow-covered hills.

It was when they had come to the outer gates of Angkor-Wat that the girl noticed a ceaseless procession of yellow-robed priests, like wasps, mounting and descending a huge flight of steps that led up to the altar of Buddha in the inner temple. And it was to an anteroom of this building that Suryavarman and his daugh-

SYMPATHY FOR THE IMPRISONED KING

ter were led, to await the coming of the Grand Priest.

At last he entered their presence, a grim-faced man, with a prison pallor set on his cheeks and eyes staring like fishes. The king, in low words, told him of his crime, and of the swift punishment he had meted out to Divakara. "And now, most holy Phra," he implored, sinking to his knees, "tell me what there is yet to be done fro in grief. The command of the Grand Priest went on: "Thou and thy child must immediately cast aside all insignia and dwell in the cells of Angkor-Wat. There, for the space of ten years, priests will come daily and read passages from the sacred Pali documents to you. The rest of your time will be spent in meditation and in the observance of the five hundred cardinal laws of the Great Teacher.



THE JUDGMENT OF BUDDHA

that I may attain the eighth heaven of Nirvana."

For the space of an hour the Grand Priest stood facing them, his eyes rolled up in their sockets and his heart communing with unearthy things. Then his verdict came, swift as a headsman's stroke.

"Hereditary Hluang of the Khmers," he pronounced harshly, "thou hast wounded the foot of Buddha so as to make it bleed, and thy punishment must be in accordance with the awful crime."

Suryavarman shivered slightly, and his little daughter rocked to and Thus, in time, you may go forth again with the lotus-flower of sins forgiven clasped in your hands again. From the feet of Buddha, I have spoken."

The king bowed in submission, and, forthwith, lay priests entered and took away all his fine raiment and jewels, casting about his loins a *panung* of coarse cloth. And then up the endless steps he was led, in solemn procession, to an eyrie cell under the roof of Angkor-Wat, with twisted stone bars in its one high window.

And the little dancing-girl, too, in her stiff finery of a bride, was led

away to a cell in a lower tier of the temple, where she wept unheard and beat her tiny breasts against the stonework impotently, until she was a sorry sight of dust and sodden tears stiffening on her parti-colored silks.

It was in such a plight, only more passive, that the old crone, who had stood as her mother for so many years, found her on a succeeding day. With the golden pieces the king had thrust upon her on the wedding-day, the faithful and tireless woman had bribed her way past the soldier on guard and into the dancing-girl's cell. And with the cunning of a mountaineer, she so contrived that the girl and she exchanged clothes, and, dressed in the crone's ragged garments, the child easily slipped by the sentinel.

But escape was far from her mind. For long hours, and in the pose of a veiled suppliant, she ranged the long, carved galleries in search of the Grand Priest. At length her industry was rewarded. Accompanied by a swarm of yellow robes, shaven to the last eyelash, and with his eyes rolled up from the sins of the flesh, the Grand Priest slowly crossed the open courtyard. The dancing-girl hastened after him and threw herself in his path.

"Oh, holy Somdeth Phra," she muttered, "grant me an audience, for my earth-weary bones have traveled far and beyond their strength to see you."

With a gesture, the Grand Priest bade his followers continue, and was soon left alone with the ragged, veiled woman.

The dancing-girl raised her face-covering, and the startled holy man looked into the features of Suryavarman's young and beautiful daughter.

"A boon, footstool of Buddha's footprint," she invoked, before he could turn away, "that you will again consult the oracle as to my father's penance."

The Grand Priest bowed his head in assent and continued on his journey, casting his eyes fervently inward, lest he had lost much merit with Buddha in parleying with this wanton daughter of a king.

With the beating of a drum at cockcrow, the next morn, the king's meditations were disturbed by naked feet shuffling thru his doorway, and presently his cell was filled with silent yellow robes. The time had come for the great bronze image of Buddha to pronounce his fate, thru the intercession of the Somdeth Phra.

Tho it was the second month of the *Radu raun,* and the moat around the walls of Angkor-Wat steamed in a circle of vapor below them, the air on the flight of a thousand steps leading up to the image was singularly cool and sweet. Suryavarman and the dancing-girl, the humblest of them all, formed in the procession of yellow-robed priests and ascended to where the Grand Priest stood ready to invoke the oracle. It was on a little stone platform high above the earth and containing only the ever-smiling image of Buddha and the praying Phra.

Suddenly the regiment of yellow robes cast themselves down prostrate before the image, elbows on knees and clasped hands resting on foreheads. And then the voice of the Phra, grown big with the revelations of Buddha, thundered above them:

"The Great Teacher has spoken. If Suryavarman, the sinner, will undertake to build a temple in the space of ten days, his crime will be forgiven. So speaks Buddha, the Inventor of the law."

The yellow robes began to file down the steps again and left the puzzled king and his daughter standing stock-still before the Phra.

"Oh, sinless Somdeth Phra," said Suryavarman, reflectively, "surely my ears have become clogged with clay in hearing that a temple must be built in the space of ten days."

"You have heard only too rightly," said the Phra, sternly. "Buddha has no hate for thee, only sorrow. Take heart of courage; all thy kingly powers will be restored to thee for the

space of ten days, that thou mayst accomplish the marvelous task."

And on the morrow stood a new man, a proud king, where the penitent had stood on the thousand steps of the altar. And to him, at his command, came elephants, architects and an army of slave laborers from Angkor-Thom.

All day and all night for the space of nine days, the elephants grunted and sweated under mighty backloads of stone in the courtyard of Angkor-Wat, and the nights were busier than the day, with the flare of a thousand resin torches and the thumping and heaving and cutting of cubes of stone. But at the ending of the ninth day the king and the sleepless dancing-girl looked upon the fruits of their labor and found it only the shabby skeleton of a temple, lacking a roof and a tower, and having no carvings nor gildings at all.

TURNED TO BRONZE

At daybreak, on the morning of the last of the fateful allotment, a multitude of citizens from Angkor-Thom had jammed the causeway and had flocked even as far as the foot of the Flight of a Thousand Steps, for they were bursting with curiosity to see the outcome of Suryavarman's efforts.

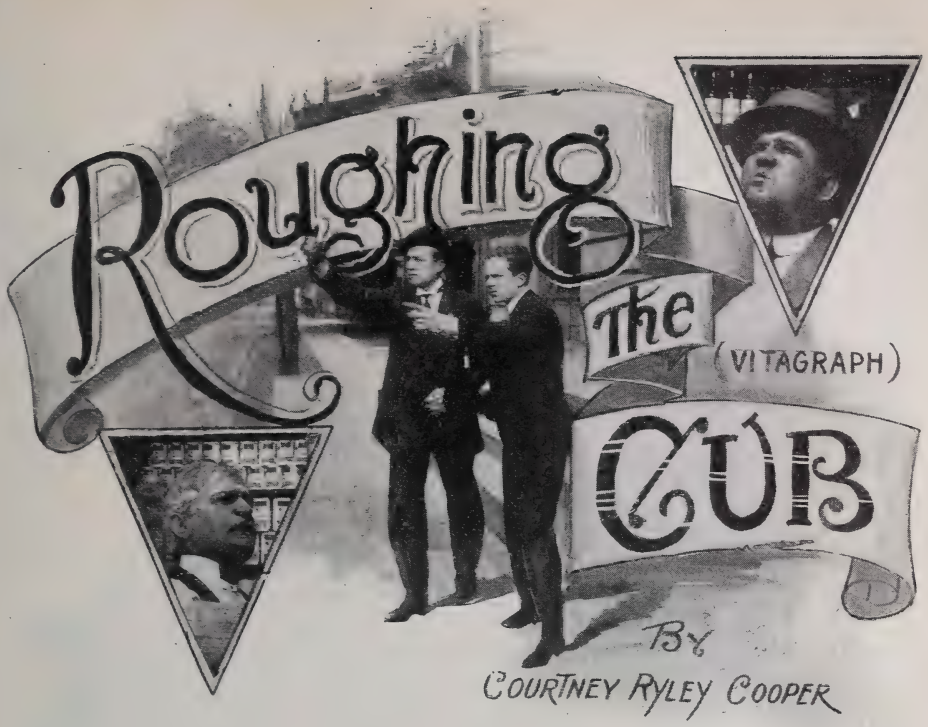
Presently the Phra and his cloud of yellow robes came out of the courtyard and started slowly to ascend the steps. It was then that the dancing-girl, affrighted at the failure of her father, implored the Grand Priest once more to consult the oracle.

A groan of pleasure swept thru the multitude as they interpreted his gesture of assent, and the wave of yellow robes gradually ascended to the smiling figure of Buddha.

As the Grand Priest raised his arms, the hush of the tomb fell upon the kneeling multitude, and none had the courage to look up until the Phra had started down with his message.

Suryavarman and the dancing-girl stood on the first landing of the steps, clad in royal holiday attire. Their pose was that of rigid expectancy. And lo, as the Grand Priest stood just above them, and again delivered his message of failure, the tall figure of the king and the soft little shape of his daughter were caught and held in the fixity of bronze.

Long and tremulously the footstool of Buddha gazed at the bronze figures of the former king and princess. Then he solemnly fell before them, with clasped hands, and meditated deeply upon the magnanimity of the Teacher who had turned them into lasting images of himself. For so runneth the proverb, that only by valiant striving shall the soul cast its form around the flesh.



This story was written from the photoplay by the same author

KING of the *Journal* drew three cards, and then threw down his hand.

"Far be it from me to break up this little game," he said, "but unless somebody takes a scout around headquarters and sees what's doing, we'll all be on the shelf with the rest of the preserves. Believe me, this isn't any time for card-playing—at least, it isn't for me."

"What's the row?" Akers of the *Globe* was shuffling the cards.

King laughed slightly.

"You ought to know what's the row. If you dont, here it is: have you stopped to realize lately what a small amount of news is being dished up to us? Now you cant tell me there isn't crime in this town—it's going on all the time, but the police are not giving out any information about it, that's all. The only way we're going to get it is to snoop around among our friends and get the tips that will put us on the right track—savvy? And it's about time to start snooping right now."

A swishing sound as a handful of cards struck the pressroom table. Frost of the *Star* was glowering.

"Well, all I've got to say is this: I'm willing to split everything I get, big stories and little stories, with you fellows that have been down here at headquarters long enough to know a doughnut from a hole in the ground, but take it from me that I'm not going to hand *that* plate of sour-krout anything."

He pointed across the room to where a rotund figure was bent over a typewriter, and where B. Clarence Snuggles, new arrival at police headquarters, was frowning in the throes of composition. B. Clarence, in the week in which he had made the pressroom his working-place, had not become a great favorite. B. Clarence was from Kansas—Tinkloe, Kansas—and he had come to the city with the expressed purpose of waking it up to a full realization of what a genius really was. B. Clarence was a genius. He was sure of it. He informed every one of the fact, and on account of his genius the *News* was paying him fifteen dollars a week for any and

all kinds of work, mostly that of rewriting death notices. At least, the *News* had started B. Clarence on that work, but three out-of-town assignments which had broken up the main staff, a convention or two, and a few cracking political stories had so disrupted the regular force of reporters that B. Clarence was "filling in" at police headquarters for three weeks in the place of Roberts, the regular man. And like the man with the three-card flush, B. Clarence wasn't a champion filler. Frost growled.

"What's he doing now?" he asked of King. "Same old thing—writing poetry about moss-covered tombs? I can stand a fellow that writes funny poetry; I'll even let him stick it up on the wall, but when one of these small-town birds begin to think he's a Milton, then it's all off."

King had tiptoed behind Clarence, and had looked over his shoulder. Then he had returned, grinning.

"The last two lines," he volunteered, "go like this:

And for their woes a reward was given
By a topmost place in heaven.

"Get the rhyme?" he softly asked, "'given' goes with 'hivin,' Irish pronunciation. Oh!" he groaned, "hold me, somebody! And we've got two more weeks of this!"

Then, pressing his hands against his temples, he left the room, in search of that commodity by which papers live—news. Frost followed. Akers started to leave his chair, changed his mind and picked up the cards for a game of solitaire.

B. CLARENCE, GENIUS, POET, CUB REPORTER, ETC.

Ten minutes more, and he turned.

"Kid," he called, and when B. Clarence left the typewriter, he looked at him long and seriously. "What's the matter with you, anyhow? You got a calling down from the office this morning, didn't you?"

B. Clarence looked hard ahead;

then shifting his view downward, brushed an imaginary speck of dust from his mottled brown vest. Clarence always had heard that outlandish clothes were a mark of genius.

"Yes," he answered at last; "it was about that story where a man thought robbers were trying to get in his room, and he got out a window and crawled along some telephone wires to get away from the fellows. I didn't see anything to it, so I didn't write anything. The *Star* had a column about it, and I guess——"

Akers had broken in.

"Didn't see anything to it?" he gasped. "Why, you ninny, where's your newspaper sense? Didn't you see the feature in that thing, where a fellow went to all that trouble and chased along on a bunch of telephone wires in his night-clothes to get away from imaginary robbers? Where's your nose for news, man? No wonder you're only getting fifteen dollars a week! Here, look here. I'm going to show you how to get a story and how to handle it after you've gotten it. I got a tip a few minutes ago that a negro killed himself in a room over on Fourth Street Now as far as the story goes, there is nothing to it, but I want to see how you go after news. Go over there and find out all you can about it, and then come here and listen to me telephone in the information. Maybe you'll get a hunch then. We're not down on you, Kid—only you just get us by the topsails sometimes with that love-junk you're always writing about. Understand? Now hike."

"YOU GOT A CALLING DOWN, DIDN'T YOU?"

B. Clarence nodded gravely. Then he reached for his green cap and was gone. When he returned, the old game was on again, and Akers was calling for one card. B. Clarence interrupted.

"It was a love-affair," he said mournfully.

"It was?" asked Akers. "Well, with that class of persons love doesn't make much difference. Now let's see if we can find a feature to this thing. How did he kill himself?"

B. Clarence thought hard.

"Well," he said finally, "he did it several ways. First of all he took poison; then he cut his throat and shot himself."

"There's your feature," said Akers, as he reached for the phone. "See? If he had just taken poison that wouldn't have been anything at all; but the fact of his killing himself in such an unusual way—three methods—that makes it a good little yarn. Catching on? Give me Randolph 100, Central. See, play up the feature of three ways of dying. Get me?"

"Um-humph!" said B. Clarence, and ten minutes later he was back at his work of twining poetry about mossy tombs. A half-hour of studious effort, and then he turned.

"You know," he said to Akers, "there was a kind of funny thing about that suicide. Maybe I ought to have spoken about it before, but I didn't think of it. When this shot was fired, it just kept on going and killed a grocer across the street."

Three men jumped to their feet. Three angry faces glared at B. Clarence.

"You simp!" came roaringly from Akers; "you double-dyed, deckle-edged simp! You—you—you——"

But the words were too choked with anger to be pronounced. Besides, the reporter was already out of the pressroom and on the way to the story.

An hour later, Akers leaned across the press-table again and whispered to King and Frost.

"That's just about the end for me," he said. "I've tried to protect him; I've tried to teach him, but it isn't any use. Now I'm willing to let you fellows go the limit. What do you want to do?"

Frost grinned.

"Well, the old kite-factory trick wouldn't be bad. He's dippy about fires and all that sort of stuff. Thinks the 'brave fire-laddies are just too grand.' We'll let a kite factory burn down. See? He doesn't know there isn't any such thing as a kite factory. I'll get Captain Whitsett to telephone us."

Frost left the room. In two minutes he was back and in his regular place at the table, grinning slightly. "The Captain's on. He'll call us in a minute. Let's get the game going good so B. Clarence won't get wise. Dont act like you're waiting for anything."

And so it came about that when the telephone jangled a few minutes later, it was not answered at once. The playing was too warm. It rang again. B. Clarence turned from his typewriter and his endless rhymes. Telephone bells always did break his chain of thought.

"The telephone's ringing," he said to Frost. That individual looked up, absent-mindedly.

"Was it?" he asked and dropped his cards. He reached for the phone. "Hello—huh? Yes, this is Frost. *What?* Good Lord, fellows!" He leaped for his coat. King and Akers were on their feet in an instant and putting on their hats. "The kite factory's on fire down at Thirteenth and Grand. Five hundred girls—gee whiz!"

"Fire?" B. Clarence was attempting to untangle himself from his chair. "Did you say Thirteenth and Grand—are we going—say, what—"

But Frost had disappeared, to leap into the Captain's office across the hall and hide. King had vanished. Akers already was outside the room and behind the water-tank. B. Clarence of the poetry looked once wildly; then hurried from the building. A fire—engines—brave firemen ascend-

ing ladders—screaming women to be rescued—perhaps a romance—— He ran for a car. He was off to Thirteenth and Grand.

And as he went, three men gathered once more in the pressroom to watch his frantic efforts to catch the car and to laugh among themselves.

"Maybe that'll cure him of his foolishness," said Frost, with a half-grunt. "I hate to run a fellow around town that way on a wild-goose chase, but something's got to be done with that kid." He walked to the typewriter and jerked a piece of paper from it. "Listen to this," he groaned, "and written at police headquarters:

The music of the spheres was
in thy voice,
O Eleanor, O Eleanor;
Thou wert my first, my only
choice,
O Eleanor——

"Oh, rats," finished Frost. "I wish I could be down there and see that guy chasing around looking for a fire in a kite factory. Who's stationed at Thirteenth and Grand?"

"Traffic squad, you mean?" Akers asked. "I think it's Mike Leary."

Frost grinned.

"All the better," he mused. "B. Clarence probably will chase around there like a bulldog with the mumps, and then he'll lope up to Big Mike and begin asking him questions about the kite factory, and then—well, about that time Mike'll ring for the wagon and try to put B. Clarence in a padded cell. Say——"

The telephone had jangled. King answered.

"What?" he asked and laughed. "This you, Saunders? No—no—nothing doing at all. We're just putting over a little fake on that wild and woolly poet of yours. We'll watch things down here at headquarters for you. All right." He hung up the receiver and turned with a grin. "The Boy Wonder's at work already. He stopped on the way to telephone his office and let them in on the secret that the kite factory's burning. He'll probably arrive at the scene of the crime in a few minutes. Well, I wish him luck. I'll play anybody a little rubber of pitch for two bits a game and a ten-cent hickey while we're waiting."

THE REPORTERS PLAN A TRICK ON THE CUB

The clur-r-r-r-r-r-r of the telephone again. King answered it; he grinned, and then he changed his voice to a deep bass.

"No," he said, "there aint any of the reporters here. They're all at the fire. This is Captain Whitsett. What's that? Who said anything about Thirteenth and Grand? I said Thirtieth and Grand, you idiot. What's that? Well, if you'd stuck around and listened instead of trying to be the

first one out of the building you'd—what's that? You was the last one? Well, that aint my fault, is it? Now beat it on out there to Thirtieth and Grand, if you want to see that fire." He chuckled a moment after he had hung up the receiver. "He'll telephone everybody in town before he gets thru. I never——"

"What's the row with him?" Akers asked. He was pounding the next hour, calls in which the pseudo Captain Whitsett sent the weary wanderer here and there about the city, in which he detailed the new terrors of the fire and how it was threatening the sausage mill next door to the kite factory; how a detachment of twenty-five police had been sent to the scene, and how a riot call was expected at any moment—then came silence on the wire. B.

THE CUB MAKES INQUIRY FOR THE KITE FACTORY AND——

table with one hand to further emphasize his roaring laughter.

"What's the matter?" King asked, as he picked up the cards. "Why, the poor thing says he's been down there at Thirteenth and Grand for the last ten minutes, and that he just cant find any fire anywhere. Besides that, nobody knows anything about any kite factory. By the time—— I'll bid three," he ended, a sudden interest in his hand supplanting that in the misfortune of B. Clarence.

There were other calls within the Clarence evidently had at last awakened. There were no more frantic questions over the wire; there were no queries for directions and interrogations regarding the other reporters. King squinted at his cards, and then looked over them at the other two reporters.

"I'm thinking," he said, "that when B. Clarence returns to police headquarters he'll at least know something about the city—why, hello, Little One!"

B. Clarence, tired-faced, a trifle

GETS IMPORTANT NEWS

nervous, stood framed in the doorway. His collar was sweated down; his hat was jammed hard on his head; his mottled brown vest was crumpled, and his long cuffs were dirty. Evidently, B. Clarence had traveled some. He gasped once or twice; then wiggled a foot.

"Did you fellows find the fire?" he asked.

Frost repressed the guffaw that shook him and became serious.

"Sure," he answered; "twenty people burned to death. Didn't you find it?"

B. Clarence shook his head.

"No, I didn't find it," he answered, somewhat vaguely. "I went everywhere around town—I ran lots of places, but there wasn't any fire and there wasn't any kite factory. I called up here lots of times, and I guess something must have been wrong with the phone, because every time I'd call I'd get Captain Whitsett, and every time I'd talk to him the address sounded different. So after a while I went back down to Thirteenth and Grand and looked around some more, and then I concluded that maybe it wasn't a fire after all, that maybe it was the other thing—but if you fellows say there was a fire, I guess there was, but I couldn't find it."

Something about the tone of B. Clarence caused Akers to look up quickly.

"The other thing?" he asked.

"Yeh," said B. Clarence; "you see, when I went back to Thirteenth and Grand I started looking for the kite factory, and I went into a jewelry store to ask them about it, and they thought I was there for something else, and they told me about it; and I telephoned the office, and then Saunders came down and kept me and wouldn't let me come back here and——"

Three men had risen. Three men were staring somewhat wildly.

"Saunders?" they asked. "Jeweler—what'd he tell you—what'd Saunders——"

There had come an interruption, several interruptions, from far away, from nearer—even from below the

"HEXTRY! HEXTRY!"

windows of the reporters' room. They were voices—voices which called loudly and long:

"Hextry! Hextry!—hextry *News!* All about th'——"

Three men gasped. They moved closer. Their hands extended. A newsboy passing saw their frantic gestures from the window and paddled up the iron steps of the headquarters' entrance and into the room.

"Pepper, anybody?" he asked. "Hextry *News?* All about th' big diamond robbery at Thirteenth and Grand? All about th' big safe-blowin' —twenty-five thousand——"

Three men had seized his papers and read; to gasp, to swear softly, then to wilt into their chairs. And seeing them thus, B. Clarence wondered a second, sighed at his disheveled collar and his dirty cuffs; then went back to his corner and his poem of the fair Eleanor and her mossy tomb.

"Sometimes," he murmured, "I just think a regular reporter cant appreciate genius anyhow."

The Two Lessons

(At the Moving Picture Show)

By WILL CARLETON

Near the ne'er-lifted curtain we sat, clasping hands,
And awaited the coming of seas and of lands,
And of forests whose branches bore fruits of surprise,
Springing forth—leafy miracles—plain in our eyes;
And of cities that glistened in wealth-laden camps,
As if fifty Aladdins were there with their lamps;
And the women and children and men! who, tho small
To the objects around them, were greatest of all.

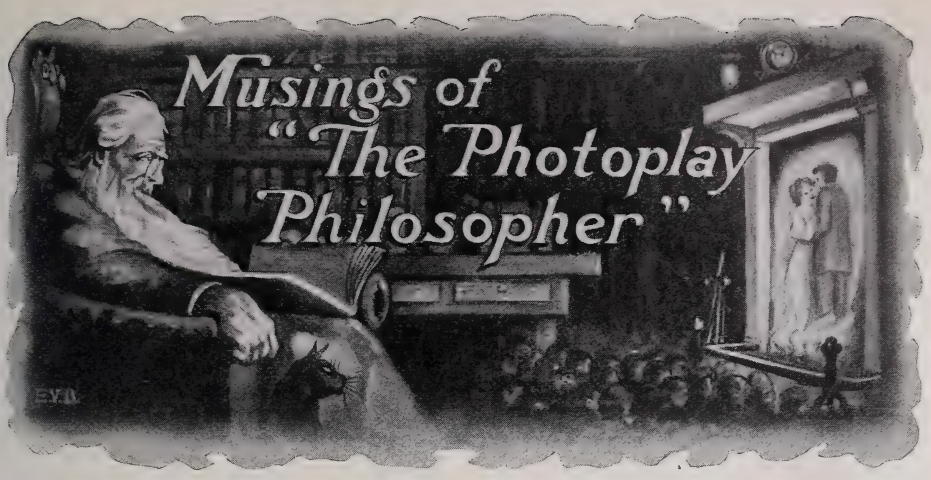
There were those that came out of the mansion's rich gates,
Or that nursed in the hovels their loves and their hates;
There were sailors who courted the sea, foul or fair,
There were birdmen who swam thru the treacherous air;
There were people from all of the corners of earth,
With their comedies, tragedies, sorrows, and mirth;
Tho they gave us no sound, tho they spoke not a word,
All they said that was worthy the hearing, was heard.

There was nought but seemed waiting the wizard's command;
All the world to us came, at the touch of a hand.
Still, no treasure that white-stretching canvas would win,
But could fade out as something that never had been.

So I asked, as we came from the dusk-sheltered spot,
"That was surely a picture of life, was it not?
There is nothing that winsome or lovely may seem,
But may fade like a vision, and die like a dream."

"Yes, 'tis life acted over," she blithesomely said,
"For it shows there is nothing on earth that is dead;
Nought we wish, if our efforts no energy lack,
But howe'er it may vanish, may some time come back."

EDITORIAL NOTE: This poem appeared in one of the earliest numbers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. The author died in December, 1912, and the poem is published again by numerous requests.



A PROPHECY

According to Mahomet, God Almighty has sent just four great prophets to this world—Abraham, Moses, Jesus Christ and Mahomet. Since Mahomet's time every generation has produced one or more "prophets," but they have been mostly those who, by some astrological, clairvoyant, spiritualistic or charlatanic device, predicted earthquakes, floods, deaths, the destruction of the world, and so on, and since most of these prophecies never came to pass, prophets have come into ill repute. Statesmen, politicians, philosophers and leaders of public thought are very loath to lend their good names to prophecies, because, with all their learning, they know that it is well nigh impossible to foretell what is to be. The art of foretelling by means of dreams, second sight, the stars and occult influences has become a joke, and nobody of sense takes these things seriously. Cicero once remarked: "I shall always consider the best guesser the best prophet." And he was right, because prophecy is mere guessing after all. While men of learning may, by studying the laws of cause and effect, successfully foretell the natural results of certain forces and conditions, and while it is true that history oft repeats itself, still no man can foretell with certainty what the future will bring forth.

To venture a prediction in the face of these facts seems hazardous, if not absurd, yet in the Motion Picture field conditions are shaping themselves so rapidly that it is quite obvious what the coming years will evolve. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought when I have the boldness to make the following predictions:

1. Motion Pictures will steadily advance, both in excellence and in popularity.

2. Free competition will come, and there will be no such thing as Licensed films. This will result in the survival of the fittest, both as to Licensed and Independent films.

3. The time will soon pass when stores will be converted into small, inadequate Motion Picture theaters. The future will see large, beautiful, modern Motion Picture theaters of brick, stone, cement and marble in every large community, containing wonderful inventions for the better display of the pictures and for the safety and convenience of the public.

4. Picture theaters will all have a scale of prices for reserved seats, probably from five to fifty cents each.

5. There will be theaters where pictures for children only are shown, and this will probably settle the question of official censorship.

6. There will be theaters (or seasons) for comedies, for educational films, for dramas, for historical and classical plays, and so on.

7. While short plays will always be made, some with two, some with one, and some with even three on a reel, there will be many photodramas of four or five reels, or more, requiring a whole evening to display them.

8. The present idea of changing the program every day will be antiquated, and the exhibitors will make effort to secure plays for a "run" of from two to twenty or more days, just as the "legitimate" plays now have runs of two or three hundred nights.

9. The people will get out of the habit of running around the corner to a picture show to spend an idle hour, and they will be glad to take a car or a carriage or an auto to ride to a theater in a distant part of the city to see a photoplay that they have seen advertised, or which their friends have told them about.

10. Exhibitors will see the necessity of pausing operation between reels to accommodate their incoming and outgoing patrons, so as not to disturb those who wish to remain; and those who arrive during operation will be required to wait till the end of that reel before taking their seats.

11. There will be an end of flaming posters pasted all over the front of the Motion Picture theaters. Announcements will be made in some more dignified way, and announcements of coming programs will be given in advance on the screen, in the newspapers and in neat frames displayed in the lobbies. Sensational titles will also be abandoned.

12. The casts of characters will be given by all companies, and these will be made public thru the programs, and not on the films as at present. These programs will be displayed in frames in the lobbies or distributed to the patrons.

13. Advertising of extraneous matter on the screen will be eliminated, and the public will force this condition.

14. No manufacturer will dare to produce a film, for public exhibition in the theaters, in which any brand of soap or other commodity is shown in grocery-store scenes or otherwise. The exhibitors will censor all such films and refuse to accept them if they contain intentional or unintentional advertising.

15. The public will become the only censors of films, and they will learn to show their disapproval by warning the exhibitor against exhibiting certain kinds of plays.

16. The scripts for photoplays will be written by experienced writers from everywhere, and the manufacturers will learn not to rely on scripts written by their own editors. Celebrated writers from various fields of literature will contribute photoplays as they now contribute poems, novels and stories. This will insure new blood and new ideas.

17. Publishers of stories, novels and poems will work in harmony with Motion Picture manufacturers, the one augmenting the other, which will mean that the best stories will appear in the magazines and periodicals at the same time that they are shown on the screen. Thus, as in the case of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, people may read what they have seen and see what they have read.

18. There will be more realism in the pictures. Instead of painted scenery, there will be real scenery. When an old man is required, an old man will be cast for the part, and not a young man made up. The players will learn to be camera-unconscious, and not to come down to the camera to speak their lines or to read a letter. All the players in every group will not be

facing the camera. And so on. In short, the photoplays of the future will be more realistic and more true to life.

19. Motion Pictures will be used in the schools for educational purposes, in conjunction with text-books, and the one will be considered as indispensable as the other.

20. All great events will be filmed for historical preservation.

21. An era of revival will come, when great and successful photoplays will be brought out again for a new run.

22. Old, poor and worn-out films will be retired at an earlier date than at present, because the exhibitors will refuse to run them.

23. Amateur photographers will be equipped with Motion Picture cameras and projection machines, and there will be many photographers who will make a business of taking Motion Pictures of families, estates, farms, localities and persons, for private use.

24. Talking pictures will not displace the silent drama, but better music and orchestral accompaniment will add to the effectiveness of Motion Pictures. The public will learn that anything that distracts from what the eye sees is not pleasurable, and that Motion Pictures are complete in themselves because words are not necessary and only retard the imagination.

25. The future will see better photography; not necessarily scenic, altho this, too, will be improved, but particularly portraiture. The art of making-up for the pictures will be changed so that when a scene is properly lighted the face will not appear chalky white and expressionless and the lips black. Briefly, the whole industry will advance rapidly from now on. The poorer companies will die off, also the inferior directors, actors, camera men and writers, and the fittest will survive. Even now competition is getting so strong that only the superior films can be marketed, and this will continue all along the line of march on the road of Progress toward the city of Perfection.

On April 9th the *Editor and Publisher* came out with the following suggestive little paragraph:

The New York *Sun* and the New York *Journal* have instituted regular departments relating to the Moving Picture field. This innovation on the part of these newspapers will doubtless be followed by the establishment of similar departments in other progressive papers.

There has been no newspaper more abusive and aggressive against Motion Pictures than the New York *World*, so far as I know, and they have never let an opportunity slip by to injure the industry. Yet in the *World* of April 10th I am pleased to note a leading editorial as follows:

LET THE MOVIES ALONE!

Some good arguments there may be for increasing the annual license charge for Moving Picture shows seating less than three hundred people from $25 to $500 a year, but they are not apparent. A story runs that the Children's Society is backing the measure on the ground that the movies are demoralizing to young minds. It is not improbable, however, that other forces, not so wholly thoughtful of others, are equally desirous of putting the shows out of business.

The child-mind is not so easily demoralized as sentimentalists think. It is, in fact, one of the most perdurable products of nature. A boy's brain is more wonderful than an elephant's trunk and much harder to deprive of elasticity. It can absorb stories of Indians, pirates, robbers, giants, princes, kings and warriors, and still cherish as the supreme of life a desire to be a baseball pitcher.

There can be, of course, bad Moving Pictures, but it is not likely there will ever be many of them, or that they will ever be popular. Good pictures are an education to

the child. And the New York child needs them. He has little place to play in the tenement or the street. Let the movies alone!

Perhaps this is the first movement of a double back-somersault on the part of the New York *World.*

Our old friend, Secretary William J. Bryan, shows very good taste when he instals a Motion Picture machine in the Department of State at Washington. He did so, too, not for instructive, but for amusement purposes, for he believes that his associates and employees should have a little pleasure mixed in with their work. It is probably only a question of time when the White House and the Capitol will follow Mr. Bryan's lead.

They never name a cigar after an actor who doesn't draw, unless he is an artist.

We do not agree with our contemporary, the *Moving Picture World,* when it says that chewing gum is clownish. It seems that the telephone girls of Boston and the stenographers of Montreal have protested against pictures showing them in the act of chewing gum, and the *World* says that "it is a very cheap sort of wit," and calls it "clownish tricks." When men chew tobacco it is not considered clownish, and betwixt chewing the weed and smoking it there is not much choice. Lots of men chew gum in preference to using tobacco. The habit of chewing things between meals is often the result of nervousness, yet it is harmless and not a bad habit, for it supplies an outlet for unused nerve-force, and it seems to be companionable, as it were, to those who have long, monotonous hours of work. The tobacco-chewer and the smoker are somewhat of a nuisance to those around them, but the gum-chewer offends nobody. The Boston and Montreal girls need not be alarmed. In the first place, most of them do chew; and in the next place, they have a perfect right to do so if they want to; and in the third place, nobody, except a few prudes, cares whether the girls chew or not. While chewing gum is not a dignified pursuit, and while some chewers look anything but beautiful while indulging in the luxury, there is an art in chewing, as there is in everything else, and some ladies have it down to such a fine point that it actually adds to their charms. The editor of the *World* should purchase a box of gum and try it. If he does, we will guarantee that he will be more tolerant to the gum-chewing ladies, and that he will write more learned and patient editorials.

Essay writing seems to be a lost art. Nowadays we must have our philosophy served up to us in the disguise of short stories. Every good story contains a deal of philosophy, cleverly concealed, and only those novels that contain wisdom and philosophy are successful. The masses will not read books labeled "Essays" and "Philosophy," but the masses will not, however, place the seal of their approval on novels that do not include the same stuff of which books, essays and philosophy are made. Stories are not constructed merely to entertain. They are sugar-coated pills, the sugar to give a pleasant flavor. Again, philosophy is best taught by practical examples, and what simpler way to teach it than to draw imaginary characters and make them do and feel and talk and philosophize like real ones?

DEAR friends of the silent players, have you ever been in a newspaper office on election night, when the returns from countrywide begin to come in?

If you have not seen and heard and felt this experience, we can assure you that it is as bewildering and as tensely dramatic as the moves of a great battle. The busy telegraphers over their instruments; the rain of electric sound, like bullets; the silent, moving snowdrifts of "copy," and the mounds of figures on the editor's desk—the tale of the beaten and the victorious—are sights long to be remembered. The contest, of which we are now in its very midst, bids fair to become the largest and most significant voting preference ever decided, national elections alone excepted. At the date of going to press, we have received and counted over *One-half Million Votes.* A floor of our new building and a large part of our staff have been commandeered to handle the daily increasing volume of mailsacks. We can safely predict that the cost of establishing the favorite players on their honor-roll will consume a grand total of over *Two Million Ballots.*

Stop to picture it—an audience of two million people applauding the efforts of their friends o' nights! Isn't it magnificent, the size and spirit of this great army of admirers? And their appreciation and friendliness for the ones they know only by their simulacra in ghostly reality?

It is "the little friend who sits in the audience" who will decide this election of favorites—the one who gets to know and to like a certain face, a certain manner and the appeal of personality that the finer artists can interpret thru their actions. While many systematic partisans have organized a campaign, sending in lists of individually signed names and swelling the roster by other ingenious expedients, it's "the little friend in the audience"—the one who hasn't the time nor the aptitude for organization—who is really in control. And a finer and more thoro appreciation than theirs we could not ask for.

Vote early and often, friends of the players, and if you are gifted with the knack of verse send it in, or even a bit of homely prose praise, and we will try to publish it. All written tribute to the players, together with their total votes, will be sent to the respective contestants at the end of contest. There are prizes, too, for the winners, and coupons printed elsewhere in the magazine as a valuable voting aid. Voting directions and the standing of the players are detailed on page 118.

And now for a half-hour of pleasant perusal of verse, fancy jingle and jest woven around screen stars by their admirers, including a few bits of gossip from the Contest Editor:

And now a wee word for a petite favorite:

TO MY FAVORITE.

ith a smile like summer sunshine,
With those laughing eyes of blue,
Surely, Miss Florence Lawrence,
None could be sweeter than you.

Lents, Ore. L. L.

And here's an interruption, right in the middle of our love-making:

EDITOR MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE:

Last evening I witnessed "The Prisoner's Story," produced by G. Méliès. In one of the scenes enacted by Mildred Bracken and Ray Gallagher, Miss Bracken is left to await the return of Mr. Gallagher, who has gone to seek shelter from a rainstorm.

Miss Bracken, becoming impatient at his continued absence, decides to search for him. She ties the reins of her bridle to a very small weed before leaving her horse.

At this point, the audience seized upon her apparent lack of judgment with hilarity and derision. It is a well-known fact that a Western horse will stand without being even tied, if the bridle-reins are thrown over its head and touch the ground.

It is disconcerting, to say the least, to be enjoying a picture and have the balance of the audience burst into a frenzy of unwarranted derision.

Sincerely and truly yours,

Chicago, Ill. G. O. WATSON.

MY FAVORITE.

He's one with just the sweetest smile,
And one we all adore;
You can bet his smiles are the very thing
To win hearts by the score.

Oh! how I would like to meet him
And shake him by the hand,
And say: "King Baggot, believe me,
I think you are simply grand!"

Petersburg, Va. L. B. H.

There is a real Southern warmth in this Baltimore burst of balladry:

Our choice is sweet Alice Joyce, who, if you chance to know,
Is the greatest of all posers in the Motion Picture show.
We watch for the name (Kalem) to appear on the screen,
And wonder, in excitement, if sweet Alice will be seen.

And Miss Alice Joyce, noted for her *beauty* and charms, is known in Baltimore as the Princess Alice, or the Kalem Queen.

Guess!

Of all the charming actresses
Revealed upon the screen,
My heart's gone out to one of them,
I see her in my dreams.

Her eyes are dark, appealing,
And rounded is her chin;
Wondrous is her acting, and
Laurels she will win.
'En tho she's but a shadow, seen only on the screen,
Yet I'll always love her dearly, my Motion Picture queen.

Chicago, Ill. ROSE BACKENHEIMER.

Cactus blossoms, these:

Of all the girls that pose out West,
I like Miss Pauline Bush the best;
Her girlish ways, in picture plays,
Have won my heart away from me.
I'm disappointed if I dont see
Pauline Bush, of the A. F. Company.

I also like Jack Kerrigan,
For a hero he's the man;
In "The Promise," and the other plays,
He had some awful pretty ways;
His dimpled smiles and big, brown eyes
Are just the kind I idolize.

SOPHIE FRANCES NECKERMANN.

The editor's sense of humor—oh, yes, editors do have one—was delightfully joggled by the following letter from "ten girls, one of us a grandmother five times":

We wait patiently for a Thanhouser release, with Mr. Russell and Miss LaBadie as the leads, but that mean company disappoints us, week after week. We consider it

a slight to our favorites that they dont get more leads, especially Mr. Russell, who has been just scenery for ages now.

We call them the cave-man and Psyche. For isn't he intensely virile in everything he plays? And when he's a tramp, he doesn't have a forty-horse-power shine on his boots. When he's a count—ah, then, the courtly gentleman shows to perfection; and the villain—well, he really makes a jim-dandy villain, but it's a shame he's got to do most of the dirty work.

And Miss LaBadie—how shall I begin? All the fairiness and all the airiness that belong to her—she is our own dear Psyche. In "Lucille," wasn't she the sweetest, little, old lady? How many more are there as versatile as she? Only one, I think, and that is Miss Bush.

We know it's perfectly awful, Mr. Editor, but dont you think you could, in some way, make Mr. Russell know that cave-man hair doesn't harmonize with silk hats?

B. P.

"Lest we forget" one of the best, the following bit is praiseworthy of Hobart Bosworth:

Now my worship's not divided,
On my idol I've decided,
Daily are my footsteps guided
To a seat before a screen.

'Bout my hero I'm quite crazy,
With the Selig Company plays he;
Other pictures fade, grow hazy,
When he enters in a scene.

'Tis a perfect film, but queerly
His grand image stands out clearly;
I can hear him speaking (nearly)
As he moves before my sight.

Oftentimes some other lover
On the screen a while does hover,
But can ne'er his glory cover—
Hobart Bosworth is my knight!

And the small ones aren't overlooked:

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHILDREN.

A is for Adelaide, sweet Kalem mite.
B is for Buster, a real Lubin knight.
Then there's Helen, Dolores, Kenneth, Adele.
Child stars of the Vitagraph, we know them well.
For Yale Boss, of old Edison, I put in my bid,
And I must not forget "The Thanhouser Kid."
Now all of these children I most truly love,
And also the others not mentioned above.

Chicago, Ill. ROSE BACKENHEIMER.

Betty Bidwell, of Chicago, believes in "Until death do us part" from Earle Williams:

I have watched you upon the screen,
I have seen you many a time—
The deaths you died I have watched beside,
And the lives that you led were mine.

And tho many others claim
A share of my earnest praise,
The grace of your art is the greater part
That charms and delights my gaze.

And the flame of your genius plays
On the Motion Picture screen,
In many a guise, for the simple and wise—
'Tis you, Earle Williams, I mean.

Miss Mirabelle Cody believes that "there's a reason" for her likings.

I consider Arthur Johnson one of the best actors, with Crane Wilbur, Anderson, Delaney, the dear old man in Biograph, and, *of course*, Costello making close seconds.

While for actresses: Mary Pickford for sweetness and childishness, Alice Joyce for beauty, Gene Gauntier for sincerity and splendid acting, and Bessie Learn for—well, just because she is Bessie Learn!

Harriet Orbison, of Chicago, has at last discovered Maurice Costello's allurements for the fair sex:

ust because his hair is curly,
Just because his eyes are blue,
That's just the reason why we choose him;
Not alone the lads, but all the lassies, too.
There's something in his smile and manner
That seems to take the ballot thru;
That's the reason why we choose Costello,
With his curly locks.

Aren't the ticks and mosquitoes bad enough? And now the old maids are after G. M. Anderson:

Some girls like one kind of man,
And some girls like another;
Some would like to claim
These men as a husband or a brother.

But I am just a stern old maid
Who never has much to say,
Unless it comes to questions
On the Motion Picture play.

I've seen actors by the dozens
And actresses a few;
The Vitagraph has some fine ones,
Kalem and Lubin, too.

But there's one I always watch for,
I'll tell you, if I may;
His name, 'tis G. M. Anderson—
The man of the Essanay.

Bath, N. Y. L. M. Carr.

Here's good luck to that sterling favorite, Carlyle Blackwell, and "what's left over" is for just us:

eally, Carlyle Blackwell,
Of them all I love you best;
I'm going to give you all my votes
In the Motion Picture Contest.

I haven't written to the actresses,
Because I have only one choice;
I love them all about the same,
Except you, my favorite, sweet Alice Joyce.

Now, dear M. P. S. Editor,
I guess I'm about thru,
Except to say: "Good luck always
To your magazine and you."

Editor of Popular Players:

I want to commend the work of Miss Edith Storey, of the Vitagraph Company, in a practical way. Have you noticed that many players, when their opposite "has the camera," or, on the regular stage, is speaking his or her lines, smile, frown, ogle, grimace, gesticulate and do the thousand and one facial and gestural tricks that really belong to the person supposedly speaking at the time? I believe it is commonly called "hogging the camera" in the studios. Miss Storey is remarkedly free from this habit. I think that her repression and evident modesty make for better acting. When her opposite has finished his lines, her face lights up with the proper answer, in its place, and the audience feels that she is not interrupting nor detracting from her fellow players. Catch my point?

So here's my best wishes for her continued success.

New York. Adolph Rawlins.

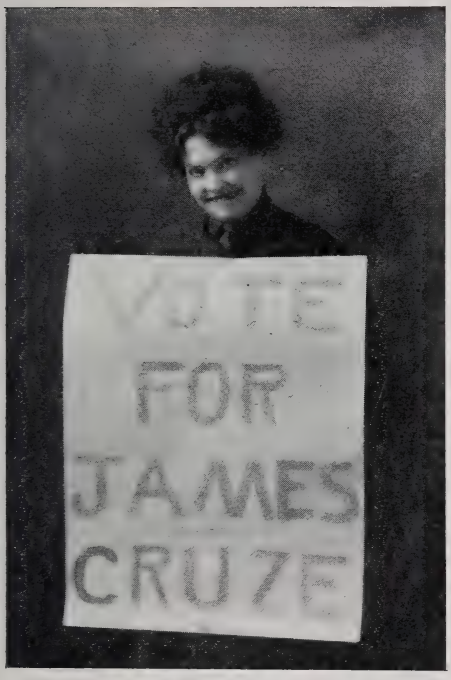
Oscar Edmunds, Kings' Mines, Canada, is his own Answer Man about Mary Fuller:

What form is that upon the screen,
With acting clever, accomplished, clean,
Who, in "The Rebellion of Madeline,"
With mirth soon changed my sober mien?
Mary, sweet Mary Fuller.

Who charms me with her winsome smile,
And makes the photoplay worth while;
Who beats them all above a mile;
On whom I all my votes will pile?
Mary, sweet Mary Fuller.

"V. M." has "clinging feelings" for handsome Harry Myers:

Here's to Ormi Hawley,
The beauty of the screen.
Big, dear Arthur Johnson,
My feelings toward thee cling.
Jack Standing is a hero,
One so grand and true.
To little Lottie Briscoe,
Men's hearts go out to you.
But with all of these I've mentioned,
The one I love the best
Is tall, handsome Harry Myers.
Can you blame me, girls?
Well—I—guess!



A certain charming young lady—if we are a judge from her picture—has sent us a large photograph of herself which contains a poster affixed to her shirtwaist reading as follows: "Vote for James Cruze!" We do not know if she parades about town with her appeal, but we wish her well in her militant efforts.

She certainly does look lovely
In her dress, from head to feet;
There isn't one of the players
Who could look half so sweet.

Many a night at the theater
I have sat for hours and stared
Upon my "Vitagraph Sweetheart"—
This charming Leah Baird.

505 Kettelle St., Peoria, Ill. HELEN L. F.

Speaking of practical industry, a handsomely bound book, containing some seven hundred votes for Crane Wilbur, has just been sent in to us from Washington, D. C. Its compiler is anonymous. The cover is lettered in gold, "Popular Players Contest—Votes for Crane Wilbur, Pathé," and its make-up, from cover to cover, is neat, clear and compact. Congratulations, careful, unnamed editor!

Arthur Johnson has started another one to "Johnson Dreamland":

There is one whose personality
Is strong—so strong it seems,
That it haunts me with its power
Awake and in night's deep dreams.
The strong, magnetic, noble face,
The firmly moulded chin,
The eyes, so dark and honest,
Show the character within.

419 McDonough St., Brooklyn. HELEN M. HENDERSON.

Leo has a file full of votes—this makes one more:

EDITOR POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST:
I did not see Leo Delaney's name in the list of the players—was there any reason? I hereby send in a vote for Leo Delaney.

5506 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill. MARIE BROWN.

Leah Baird's admirers carol like the new crop of robins about her:

MY VITAGRAPH SWEETHEART.

Everybody loves Florence Turner
And sweet Alice Joyce,
But of all the photoplayers
There is just one that's my choice.
She is that dark-haired lady,
So statuesque and tall,
Who is so grand in all her parts,
Whether great or small.

We regret to announce the premature demise of a vote-getter, Katherine Jackson, hailing from Philadelphia, who was tickled to death by Earle William's entry in the contest:

I go to the movies 'most every night, and I certainly think Earle has something on all the rest for his splendid acting, and there's no denying that he's handsome. I was just "tickled to death" when I saw, this month, that he stood third in the contest, for I didn't know that other people liked him as much as I did. Also glad to hear Edwin August has joined Western Vitagraph. I've been sorry ever since he left Biograph and Lubin. I like him nearly as much as Earle, but, of course, I couldn't like *any one* as much as him.

HOW TO VOTE

Every reader may vote twice each month, once for a male player and once for a female player, but two votes cannot be written on the same sheet of paper—a separate slip or sheet must be used for each player, and it must contain the name and address of the voter, as well as the name of the player voted for. Those who find the coupons that are elsewhere concealed in this magazine may enclose as many of them as they can secure, after writing on each the name of the player only. Those who wish to get up petitions among their friends may do as follows: Write at the top of the sheet "We, the undersigned, vote for .....," and then have each voter sign his or her name and address below, and number them. If our readers will carefully scan our advertising pages, they will learn something of value, because the circulation department of this magazine has prepared a plan that will be of great assistance to those who want to help along their favorites.

We have made a careful count of the ballots just before going to press with this section of the magazine. We find that there are about 250 players represented in the ballot-boxes, but we can give only the votes for the leaders, which are as follows:

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS

Romaine Fielding (*Lubin*)	60,569	Gwendoline Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	8,753
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	48,123	Wallace Reid (*Universal*)	8,665
Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	42,246	Helen Costello (*Vitagraph*)	8,626
Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	40,246	Pauline Bush (*Universal*)	8,568
Francis X. Bushman (*Essanay*)	34,218	Gertrude Robinson (*Victor*)	8,282
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	32,793	Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	8,190
Muriel Ostriche (*Thanhouser*)	32,783	Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	8,089
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	30,595	Norma Talmadge (*Vitagraph*)	6,999
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	30,519	Thomas Moore (*Kalem*)	6,794
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	28,579	James Morrison	6,722
Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	26,736	Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	6,312
Florence LaBadie (*Thanhouser*)	22,892	Frederick Church (*Essanay*)	6,144
Florence Turner	20,825	Pearl White (*Crystal*)	4,933
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	20,145	Gene Gauntier (*G. G. Co.*)	4,736
Crane Wilbur (*Reliance*)	18,663	George Gebhardt (*Universal*)	4,704
Mary Pickford	18,022	Eleanor Blanchard	4,230
Blanche Sweet (*Biograph*)	16,916	John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	4,182
E. K. Lincoln (*Vitagraph*)	14,912	Marc MacDermott (*Edison*)	4,042
Florence Lawrence	14,818	Marie Eline (*Thanhouser*)	2,986
Whitney Raymond (*Reliance*)	14,145	Julia S. Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	2,901
Leah Baird (*Vitagraph*)	14,015	Frances Ford (*Bison*)	2,840
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	12,869	Mabel Normand (*Keystone*)	2,838
Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	12,668	King Baggot (*Imp*)	2,597
Edwin August	12,600	Howard Mitchell (*Lubin*)	2,567
Clara K. Young (*Vitagraph*)	12,551	Benjamin Wilson (*Edison*)	2,538
Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	12,432	Augustus Phillips (*Edison*)	2,531
Marguerite Snow (*Thanhouser*)	12,373	Lottie Briscoe (*Lubin*)	2,424
Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	12,016	Robert Vignola (*Kalem*)	2,371
James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	10,283	Courtenay Foote (*Vitagraph*)	2,091
Betty Gray (*Pathé Frères*)	10,110	J. B. Budworth (*Majestic*)	2,086
Edna Payne (*Lubin*)	10,006	Harold Lockwood (*Selig*)	2,061
Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	8,873	Anna Q. Nilsson (*Kalem*)	2,055
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	8,803	Harry Beaumont (*Edison*)	2,009

NOTE: The contest will close at noon on July 23d. The prizes will be announced in the August issue.

Do You Like Fairies?

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

"Do you like fairies?" The question was naively asked in "Peter Pan," and has been answered in the affirmative, with loud acclaim, by the little folks—and their elders as well. Yes, we all like fairies!

The Moving Pictures are peculiarly adaptable to fairy stories, and, to my mind, the directors have failed to realize the popularity and worth of the children's tales until very recently. "Cinderella" was filmed two years ago and remains popular. "Beauty and the Beast," recently released, has met with a cordial reception, as has "Snow White."

I think it was Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun,* who wrote the classic to "Virginia." Some busybody informed little "Virginia" that there was no Santa Claus. She asked her papa. "Ask the *Sun,* for whatever you see in the *Sun* is so," replied her father. Little "Virginia" wrote to the *Sun,* and Dana replied. The reply is as imperishable a classic, in its way, as is Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Dana told little "Virginia" that there surely is a Santa, and that he lives in the hearts and the minds of mortals. And so there are fairies who live in the wholesome fancies of big and little people who pay no attention to those who would lead one to believe otherwise.

And so you and I, who pored over the fairy tales of Hoffmann and Grimm, and thumbed the pages of "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," in our callow youth, all have a sneaking fondness for fairy stories. Let us have more of them. The Moving Picture screen is just right for the faithful visualization of "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Hansel and Gretel," "Tales of a Caravan," "Hop o' My Thumb," and all the other good old favorites.

And then some feature-film spectacular productions from "Arabian Nights" would be apropos along about the Christmas pantomime season in Merrie England. There are: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "Sinbad the Sailor," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and all the rest.

Producers willing to spend money, and not having the false belief that people attending picture shows dislike such productions, can tap a goldmine of material in fairy lore. We all love the old-fashioned fairy stories, and, like the circus, we "will go to take the children."

Permit the fairy tale to supplant the adventures of the "fascinating criminal" on the picture screen. Perhaps some good fairy has already become active, for, luckily, film stories of the "Raffles" type are disappearing from the releases. I think the fact a noteworthy instance of the advancement and uplift of the art. The pictures having to do with the adventures of "high-class criminals" are becoming a thing of the past. There are too many "crook" plays, so-called, on the real stage, and they have no part on the Moving Picture programs. Unlike the fairy story, the Biblical story, or the clean and uplifting and convincing comedy or drama, the "Raffles" playlets are surely not beneficial to children, or grown-ups for that matter. Such plots are becoming rarer because producers have found that, with a little research, there is an abundance of good and wholesome material to film, without resorting to doubtful plots having to do with denizens of the underworld.

I am pleased to assert that the editorials in THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE have been no small factors in the rapid strides taken by the Art of Cinematography within the past year.

THIS SUSPENCE IS INTOLERABLE, I SHALL END-IT-TONIGHT —
I WILL GO ON BENDED KNEE-LIKE A KNIGHT OF OLD.
AND BE ACCEPTED IN A RUSH
THE NIGHT COMETH-AND SO BASHFUL-MOVE UP — THIS WAY SUGGESTED THE WIDOW
YOUR DIFFIDENCE STANDS IN YOUR WAY SIR
YOU SHOULD STUDY POSE AND SHOULDN'T SIT TO NEAR THE END OF A SOFA.
GOOD NIGHT!!!
THAT IS NOT THE WAY TO MAKE LOVE
LET US GO TO A PHOTO PLAY THEATRE COME TAKE MY ARM
THIS WAY OUT
THE WIDOW REMARKED — THATS "THE WAY TO MAKE LOVE - IT GIVES ONE CONFIDENCE TO LOVE AS IT IS ON THE SCREEN
THE LOVE SCENE
MOTION PICTURE
YES DEAR I'M YOURS YES !!! NAME THE HAPPY DAY
IT WAS SO MUCH LIKE THE LOVE SCENE ON THE SCREEN
IN TEN MINUTES HE LEARNED HOW TO MAKE LOVE THRU A MOTION PICTURE PHOTOPLAY
2 BEAT AS 1
AND WINS A TACTFUL LITTLE WIDOW
A.B Shultz

HARRY MYERS, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

I GOT into a Pullman car and went to Phil-a-del-phi-a. Of course, I know that rhyme is tough, but there I traveled, sure enough, to "talk" a man of photo fame; young Harry Myers is his name.

He met me at the Lubin door. "Why have you never come before? You've 'talked' the rest, both great and small, and never mentioned me at all. Of all the joys this world can boast, I like an interview the most. Sit down, sit down before the fire and hear my life," cried Harry Myers.

I sat down with the movie man. We lit a smoke, and he began: "I've been five years with Lubin Co., and played three-sixty parts, or so. And put this fact down, if you please: I go with the Lubin lease! I'm over thirty years of age; spent fourteen on the speaking-stage, with Girard, Forepaugh, Fleming shows, Hillman, DuBois and nobody knows what other ones, but this I know: none of them equals the studio. It's not a very easy job to make an audience smile or sob, all in a twenty-minute play, without a single word to say; but praise the Fates, I'm not a shirk. I like it 'cause it's harder work."

A noble thought for him to think; I took it down in pen and ink. And as he paused to think again, I scribbled, with my trusty pen, this memorandum for the fan who "just adores" this picture man. "He's six feet tall," I tacked him down. "His eyes are blue, his hair dark brown. He weighs two hundred pounds, I guess. I wonder whether he'll confess a wife and kiddies——" With a shout, he answered me: "The jury's out!"

"I'm a Republican and like to vote, but woman's suffrage gets my goat. The greatest—*what* is that you say? Oh, the greatest statesman of today? Why, 'Al McGovern,' of Pathé Co. Al says he is—he ought to know. Athletics? Yes, well, I should say! I go to Boxing Club each day, and motoring is my delight. I'm in the auto day and night. I've fixed the ceiling of my room with screws and bolts and tanks abloom and scent the place with gasoline, to make me think of my machine. Over my bed a brake I keep, to keep from 'speeding' in my sleep. And natural and nice it seems when I awake from 'cranky' dreams.

"Then I often write scenarios, and I like to go to picture shows. And then I read the sporting sheet and a magazine that cant be beat. It's the finest one I've ever seen —THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE."

I bowed a bow and smole a smile, and went on writing all the while. I love to interview a chap who always keeps his wits on tap. "Any theories of life?" I said. He thought a bit and shook his head. "I like water, air and exercise, and happy thoughts and jolly guys for friends to love and work to do; a dandy rule, I think, dont you? Glad I'm alive? Well, I should say! I may be President some day! And that's because I have one trait that you'll admit is simply great. I never lose my head, you see, no matter what becomes of me. The other day I fell downstairs—the steepest you'll find anywheres. And on the way, ker-bing, ker-bang! I picked up burly Peter Lang—two hundred thirty pounds of him sat in my lap, ker-bang, ker-bing! And on we went, amid the cheers of those who watched our swift career. But when

we reached the bottom stair, I didn't growl, I didn't swear. 'Excuse me, Pete,' I murmured low, 'but this is just as far as I go!'

"Influence? The studio's is the best. There's one improvement I suggest. Take Baggot from the Screen Club's chair, and put Yours Very Truly there!"

My pencil-point was growing blunt. This interview was quite some stunt, and yet I could not go away and leave him with some more to say. I scanned my trusty question-blank. "Your parentage?" "Oh, I'm a Yank! I've got the Yankee traits, you bet, and hayseed in my whiskers yet. Like to travel? Yes and no. An actor's always on the go, but I'm not a tourist fresh from Cook, with novel cane and Baedeker book. My work's my business, not a spree. You're going? Well, I'm glad you came. Dont let the fans forget my name. And come again some other day, when I can think of more to say."

"Thank you, I'll do it," answered I. "So long, old man, so long!" "Good-by!"

EDNA PAYNE, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

CALLING on and beguiling pretty little Edna Payne into a chat in her apartment in Philadelphia was very much like angling for a sunfish out of water, for the agile, blue-eyed, brown-haired heroine of "The Moonshiner's Daughter," "Kitty and the Bandits" and "The Bravery of Dora" is essentially an outdoor girl.

She was born and brought up in New York, but went West with the Lubin Company two years ago in her first photoplay engagement.

"I took to outdoor work with enthusiasm," she assured me; "it was so different from the artificial atmosphere of the stage. Real trees, great plains and deserts, horses to ride and genuine farmyards for a setting.

"I think my favorite parts are country girls," she went on, "and I actually feel like one—with a difference; for ranchers' and farmers' daughters make a task of the things that I love to do. But, you see, I am only playing, and they are working.

"It's true that my milking isn't thoro—I cant get used to the business end of a cow—but when it comes to horseback riding, I think it's the greatest sport in the world. And speaking of riding"—she stopped to ripple out a laugh at the remembrance—"I had to ride a frightened army mule bareback recently, and he literally shook all the conceit out of me. There is a difference between a horse and saddle and an ungaited mule with a razor-back, please believe me!"

Her fun-loving eyes took on a bewildered look at my next question; then she repeated it after me: "Are my tastes more manly or womanly? Well, I guess they're a home-made mixture: automobiling and walking, theaters and photoplays, sessions of reading and embroidery—and a decided aversion for the suffragette kind of manly woman.

"If we women are evoluting," she laughed, "then why not the womanliness of men? But I'm afraid my likes and dislikes are pretty positive—it's my principal characteristic."

I didn't want to bring the blushes forth from under the tan in her cheeks, so I reserved my own impressions for cold type. And my verdict is that she is vital without being aggressive, frank but not conceited, a fine chum for either man or woman, and wide-awake and pretty enough to win her way to the top of her chosen profession.

Pauline Bush stands 5 feet 4½ inches, weighs 130 pounds, has brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion, still single. She is of English parentage. Miss Bush has had about two years' photoplay experience, and her theatrical experience embraces Western stock: Belasco, Los Angeles; Ye Liberty, Oakland. Miss Bush is interested in woman suffrage.

LILLIAN WALKER, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"I've asked you several times to get an interview with Lillian Walker, but I've seen no results; please go down to the Vitagraph Company today and get the interview," directed The Chief, in the crisply courteous tones that characterize his remarks to the delinquent.

"Yes, sir," I remarked, with outward meekness and inward tumult. How was I to get an interview with Lillian Walker? Hadn't I been industriously pursuing that lady for six weeks, calling, importuning, enlisting the services of every one who I thought could help me, all to no avail? I had begun to believe that this actress was only a picture and nothing more—a phantom dancing across the films and vanishing into space. She was never at the Vitagraph's plant when I called; she was never at home when I telephoned; it was perfectly plain to me that she was running away from publicity, instead of seeking it. Now it was clearly up to me to deliver the interview or fall forever from the good graces of The Chief, so I resolved to enter the Vitagraph studio and camp out until I caught this elusive lady.

"Miss Walker?" said the publicity man, genially, when I had been admitted to his sanctum; "certainly. You'll find her up in the studio somewhere; she's always very pleasant to every one—just go right up."

It sounded very encouraging. I climbed the stairs and entered the scene of bustle and confusion that one always finds when half a dozen companies are doing half a dozen plays under one roof. A group of girls, ready for their parts, were chatting in one corner, and I approached them with my quest.

"Miss Walker? Oh, yes, you'll find her around somewhere," replied one; "she's always so lovely and pleasant to every one—you wont have a bit of trouble about seeing her—there's her sister, over by the stairs now."

I went over to the stairs and addressed the sister. "Lillie's out to lunch," she said, "but I'm expecting her back any minute; just wait around."

I waited around. A scene was set up; a bunch of actors assembled; a director appeared, looked things over and nodded.

"Call Miss Walker!" he said.

They called Miss Walker, but there was no response. The director looked impatient; the actors fidgeted; the sister puckered her brow into anxious wrinkles.

A half-hour went by; the actors watched the scenes that the other companies were playing; the director stalked up and down, with his watch in his hand.

Suddenly some one called: "Here she comes!" I looked, and the phantom materialized—there was the elusive lady dancing toward us, one hand upthrown in gay greeting to the waiting company. I expected to see her droop and wither before the stern gaze of the director, but I was quite wrong in my expectation. Miss Walker simply dropped a curtsy and announced cheerfully: "Come on, everybody; I'm here."

"It took you long enough to get here," grumbled the director, his frown fading.

"Oh, but I had to have my lunch, didn't I?"

"You must have had a tremendous lunch—you've been gone two hours!"

"I had just bread and jam," she declared, and audaciously stuck out a berry-stained tongue to prove it.

Every one laughed, and there was no more scolding. Discipline is not for Miss Walker. No man could remain angry at her, unless, possibly, it might be a blind man.

The play began, and I watched the first act, studying Miss Walker. She is vivacious, graceful, dainty; her eyes are bluish-gray, and she looks at one with childish frankness; her hair is truly golden and her cheeks are really rosy. She was playing a scene with little Helen Costello, and a real love for the child was evident.

"Yes, I adore little children," she confessed, when I finally captured her for a few minutes' conversation between the acts; "in fact, I'm always in love—I love everybody; every one is so good to me."

"You love the world in general—no one in particular?" I ventured, eyeing the solitaire on her left hand.

"That's it, exactly," she assented, with never a blush.

"I was born in Brooklyn, and educated in the public schools here," she said. "Yes, I graduated, but I just got thru by the skin of my teeth! Then I was a telephone girl, a typewriter, various kinds of an office assistant. Finally, I needed to make more money, and I saw an ad. in the newspaper—Gus Edwards was looking for young girls for his vaudeville act, 'School Boys and Girls.' I went to see him, and he shook his head at first. 'You dont want to go on the stage,' he said, 'you'll lose your rosy cheeks.' However, he took me on, and I played first with his school boys and girls; then I was one of his 'Blonde Typewriters.' After that I went with a melodrama, 'The Little Organ-grinder.' Maurice Costello was leading man in that, and Mrs. Maurice was in it, too. Now we are all with the Vitagraph, and we all love this work. It's so nice to be settled down here at home. I've traveled all over this country and Canada, but there's no place so dear to me as my home town."

"So you have a home here?" I asked.

"Yes; I just bought the dearest little house in Flatbush. I live there with my mother and sister, and I love it so much that I hardly ever go anywhere in the evening. I just stay home and read and rest—that's my way of enjoying myself."

"What do you like to read?"

"Love stories! David Graham Phillips and Rider Haggard, in particular. Mr. Haggard has such nice, thrilly adventures. No, I dont read current events or politics much. I cant bother my head with the suffrage business—I'm too busy in the daytime and too tired at night."

"There!" she exclaimed, her eyes on the scene that was being acted. "I'll have to go in just a minute. I'm sorry you had such trouble finding me, but you see I was scared—I didn't think I'd like being interviewed, but it wasn't so bad after all. But I'm sorry I'm doing a dramatic part today; I dont enjoy dramatic work, and I dont do it well. Why, when I am crying real, honest tears they'll stop me and tell me I look too happy. Comedy parts are the ones that fit me. There's my call—good-by."

I watched for a few minutes longer, admiring Miss Walker's natural, unaffected acting. Then I hastened back to the office, triumphant. I had actually interviewed Lillian Walker.

JEAN DARNELL, OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY

Jean Darnell was understudy for Hazel Dawn in "The Pink Lady" when the Thanhouser Company lured her away from the regular stage to join the ranks of the picture players. But she likes the business and is going to stay. Like all the Thanhouser players, she is enthusiastic about the company she is with, unhesitatingly pronouncing them the "best ever."

Texas was her birthplace, and she lived in that roomy state until six years ago. On the ranch she had a private tutor until she was old enough to be sent to Virginia College, at Roanoke. When she graduated from that institution, she wrote a class prophecy which is still referred to as the best prophecy ever done in Virginia College.

Indeed, Miss Darnell's talents are as much for literature as for acting. She has written and sold many scenarios, and for some time she contributed regularly to the Sunday magazine section of the Chicago *Record-Herald* under the caption "A Chorus Girl's Experiences." But her great ambition is to be an emotional leading woman —"like Helen Ware."

Born and brought up on a Texas ranch, it is no wonder that she is a skillful and fearless rider. "I'll ride anything with four feet," she declares, bristling with pride.

Perhaps the fact that she is a cousin of the famous Senator Bailey accounts for her clearness of mind in regard to politics; at any rate, she discusses this subject with

interest and intelligence. "I'm not exactly a suffragette," she said; "that is, I dont believe in militancy or parading, but I am against taxation without representation—which is just what women are getting now."

She lives with her aunt, in an uptown apartment in New York, and her happiest hours are spent with her three little cousins—all boys. These youngsters are actors, too. At present they are playing with Winthrop Ames in his production of "Snow White," and Miss Darnell is immensely proud of them, as she has reason to be. Whenever it is possible, she takes them out with her, and the children are fortunate to have so entertaining a companion.

WILLIAM GARWOOD, OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY

William Garwood came from Missouri, but he doesn't look a bit suspicious; on the contrary, his face radiates a trustful good-will and a blissful satisfaction with life. Perhaps this is because he left Missouri when he was only fifteen years old and came to New York after a prolonged stay in New Mexico.

The Alcazar Stock Company—the most famous stock company in the world—first presented Mr. Garwood's talents to the public. After this he played with stars like Ethel Barrymore and Virginia Harned until the photoplay called him and he came to the Thanhouser studio three years ago.

"I've no wish to go back to the regular," he declared; "I'd like to stay here forever. I'd rather be a star in pictures than a star on the regular stage, if I had my choice. And I'm working for the finest people in the world."

When Mr. Garwood is not busy with the pictures, he is usually out in his auto.

"It's a very intelligent machine," he said, "but I've given up trying to teach it to climb telephone poles."

Recently Mr. Garwood has played leading parts in the dramatizations of "Put Yourself in His Place" and "The Woman in White." He is a serious worker, throwing his whole soul into each character that he portrays. He writes scenarios, but is saving them to use when he is a director—for he is looking forward to that time.

It was not surprising to learn that this genial man is a popular and enthusiastic member of the Screen Club, for he is distinctly the "clubable" type.

"My father and mother are coming to New York soon, and I'm going to live with them—then I'll have a real home," he said, with evident pleasure.

"Then you're not married?" I asked boldly.

"No—how could I keep both a wife and an auto?" was the laughing answer. "Some day I'll settle down, tho," he continued thoughtfully, "and I hope it will be my fate to get a nice, quiet girl—I dislike the forward, pushing, suffragette type."

So there's a tip for all the girls who rave about Billy Garwood.

Jack Richardson was born in New York City in 1881. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall; has brown hair, blue eyes. Mr. Richardson is single; he has had three years' photoplay experience. His general theatrical experience covers the Metropolitan Players, Royal Chef, Orpheus Stock, and is more familiarly known as "Rich." Mr. Richardson has been educated at the Culver Military Academy. His principal characteristic is his general good-nature.

Jessalyn Van Trump is a California girl. She is 5 feet 3¼ inches tall, weighs 117 pounds; color of hair—dark brown; brown eyes, olive complexion and still unmarried. She had about one year's experience in photoplay work. Her theatrical experience has been chiefly in the West. Miss Van Trump is interested in woman suffrage.

MASON

JOHNSON

MACE

WILBUR

CARNEY

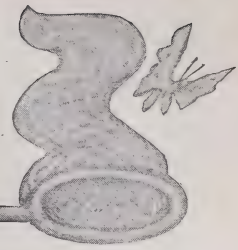
BLACKWELL

COSTELLO

BUSHMAN

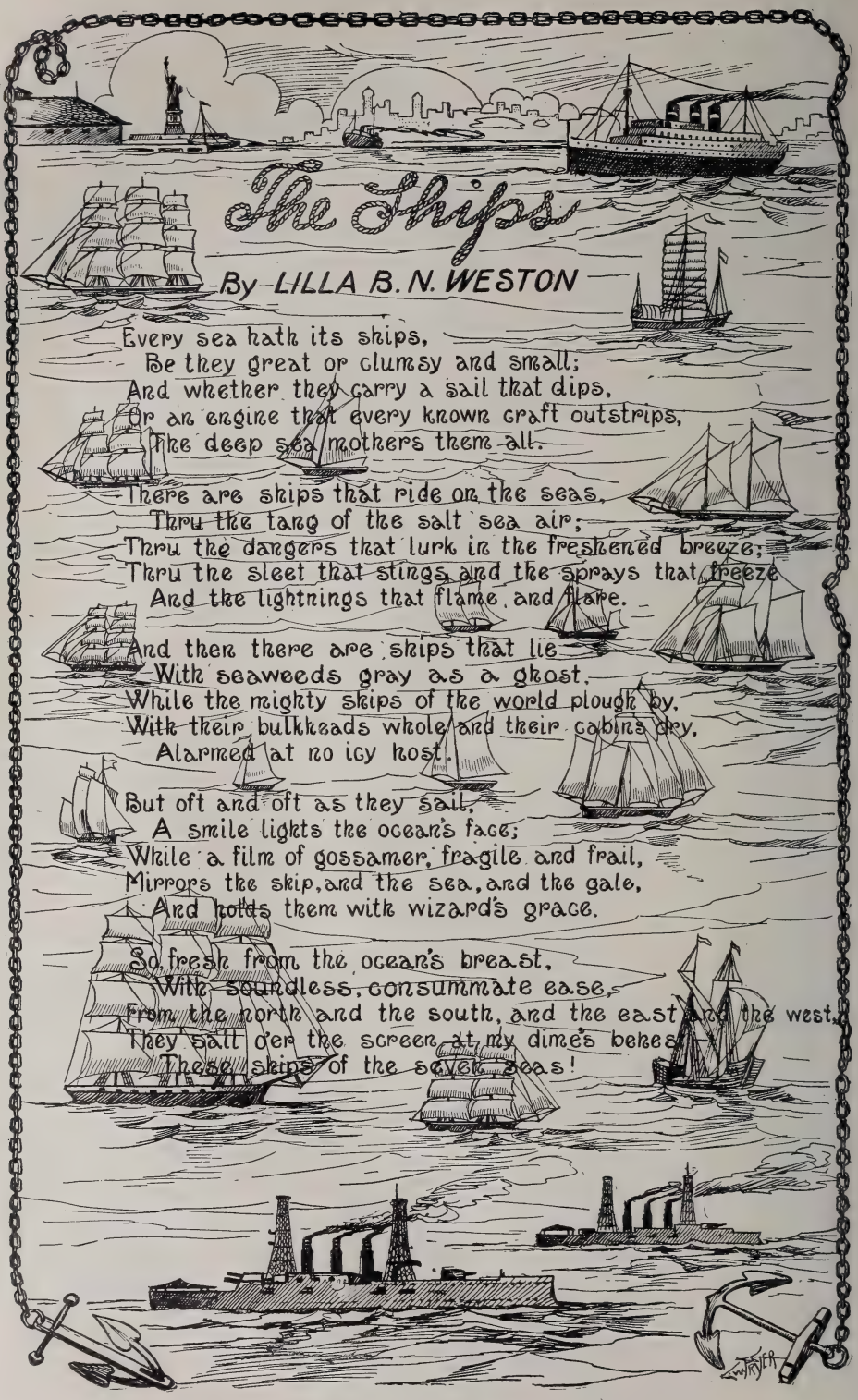
Popular Player Puzzle

Guess who these forty-six players are and win a prize



THE answers to these questions are the names of actors or actresses well known in the Motion Picture world. For example, the answer to number 1, "A favorite pet of the children," is, of course, "Bunny." For the three best and neatest lists of answers received at this office before July 15, 1913, we will give a handsome, leather-bound book of Popular Players, and two other prizes of a year's subscription to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. Address all answers to Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1. A favorite pet of the children.
2. A sleigh-riding necessity.
3. A question asked by every prospective purchaser.
4. What every lawyer wants.
5. An attribute of all nice children and of their confections.
6. The landlord's salvation.
7. An American martyr.
8. A bird in hand is more valuable than two in it.
9. Result of contact with a hot stove.
10. Something children learn to do at school.
11. A member of one of America's foremost lodges
12. Thirty-one days of very warm weather.
13. A thing that is impossible.
14. One-tenth of a bale of paper.
15. What you want when you have very little.
16. One who is not old.
17. The first of a pair of authors.
18. A common spice used in flavoring.
19. A representative body in the American Government.
20. A place for the pious and devout.
21. A political leader's nickname.
22. Refreshing to the thirsty hunter.
23. A bird whose plumage is highly prized by the ladies.
24. One whose business is to cultivate flowers and vegetables.
25. Usually the winning card.
26. A yachtsman's paradise.
27. Something accompanying the extraction of a tooth.
28. A swampy piece of ground.
29. An animal especially to be found in Russia.
30. A man who makes suits for men and women.
31. Name of an old-fashioned vehicle.
32. A house not built with lumber, brick or cement.
33. What a baseball player must be good at.
34. A small singing-bird.
35. Something told to children to amuse them.
36. One who will not ride.
37. The type of girl who has dark hair and eyes.
38. What children go to school for.
39. A wood-worker.
40. One who goes out with line and hook on a summer's day.
41. A quiet stretch of country, grown with grass or grain.
42. Name of a low order of savages in Australia.
43. A dark hole from which water is drawn.
44. What we all have to take, if we want to go far.
45. A great composer.
46. The children's favorite author.



The Ships

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

Every sea hath its ships,
Be they great or clumsy and small;
And whether they carry a sail that dips,
Or an engine that every known craft outstrips,
The deep sea mothers them all.

There are ships that ride on the seas,
Thru the tang of the salt sea air;
Thru the dangers that lurk in the freshened breeze;
Thru the sleet that stings and the sprays that freeze
And the lightnings that flame and flare.

And then there are ships that lie
With seaweeds gray as a ghost,
While the mighty ships of the world plough by,
With their bulkheads whole and their cabins dry,
Alarmed at no icy host.

But oft and oft as they sail,
A smile lights the ocean's face;
While a film of gossamer, fragile and frail,
Mirrors the ship, and the sea, and the gale,
And holds them with wizard's grace.

So fresh from the ocean's breast,
With soundless, consummate ease,
From the north and the south, and the east and the west,
They sail o'er the screen at my dimes behest,
These ships of the seven seas!

Lionel Adams, Robert Dronet, Robert Fischer, Peggy O'Neil, Mardiel Turner, Ben Hendricks and Ray Gallagher have joined the Lubin forces.

Guy Coombs was recently asked to join a star cast for the revival of an old Broadway success with which he has been identified, but he remained loyal to Kalem, and says he has entered photoplay to stay.

Tefft Johnson, of the Vitagraph players, has a hobby which he seems never to get away from. He is an ardent fisherman, and it is not an unusual thing for him to get up at three or four o'clock in the morning for a little fishing-jaunt. He was caught the other day casting his line in the studio tank, presumably keeping in practice.

A Parisian modiste has provided several summer gowns for Alice Joyce, and we shall doubtless see some superb creations in Kalem's coming society dramas.

Helen Case, formerly of the Vitagraph, and now of the Bison Company, is not an Indian but an Indianian, and she plays both parts well.

Jane Wolfe's portrayal of the Indian squaw in Kalem's "The Tragedy of Big Eagle Mine" was one of the most artistic creations seen in many a day. As the Indian girl and later as the decrepit old woman, she introduced fine touches of finesse.

George Gebhardt, formerly of the Pathéplayers, now has a company of his own under Universal auspices.

Phyllis Gordon recently left Selig to go with the American, and now she has left American to go with the Bison Company.

Hindoo fanatics, looking for a chance to stand in well with Buddha, killed Selig's sacred bull, "Sanskrit," so he would not be exposed to the sacrileges of photography.

The Thanhouser Kid and the Mayor of Cleveland are now old cronies.

Alice Joyce sold one thousand autographed photos of herself at a fair for the flood sufferers lately.

Edison's latest, "The Dance of the Ages," is quite a remarkable screen surprise.

King Baggot has gone abroad to associate, for a time, with other kings. Naturally, he selected the *Kaiser Wilhelm*.

Gene Gauntier has written a Klu-Klux-Klan story that will make film history.

Attachés at Imp studio have their orders from King Baggot to return thousands of gifts of flowers, painted china, embroidered slippers and handkerchiefs.

Jennie Nelson, of the Lubin Company, was recently married, with William Chamberlain playing the masculine lead at the performance.

Cucumbers, tomatoes, green-peas, asparagus, strawberries and films are some of the crops of Universal City.

Did you see John Brennan in a suit of armor? The portly Kalem comedian caused a riot of fun by capturing a comedy bandit whose bullets could not penetrate the coat of mail.

Augustus Carney's fame is now established. He has had a toy named after him. May the Alkali Ike doll grow as popular as the Teddy Bear.

Rosemary Theby, who has been a Vitagraph player for two years, has joined the Reliance Company to play opposite Irving Cummings.

Francis X. Bushman is back with Essanay, and everybody is glad.

Louise Glaum has left the Nestor and has joined the Kay-Bee and Broncho forces as leading woman.

Fred Mace is now with the Majestic Company.

Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump have left the American Company, and Vivian Rich is now playing opposite Warren Kerrigan. (Gracious! but there are a lot of removal notices this month!)

Carlyle Blackwell recently spent a brief vacation at San Francisco, and was greeted by many admirers as he rode along Market Street in his auto. He had the honor of marching with Mrs. Rolf, the wife of San Francisco's popular mayor, in the grand march at the Motion Picture Exhibitors' ball.

If you fell from the Mecca Building, one hundred and seventy-five feet high, into Broadway, would you break your contract? Ask the Samarun Troupe of Dancers, who recently did handsprings on the parapet for the benefit of Kinemacolor.

"Smiling Billy" Mason, of the Essanay Company, wont be cheated out of his favorite golf because he works all day. He has invented a phosphorus ball that works at night. Ruth Stonehouse beat him in his initial game.

The Pictures, an English weekly, gives the following nicknames, based on the initials of the players: Mary Pickford, My Picturette; Alice Joyce, Alias Joys; Clara Kimball Young, Keeps Captivating You; Romaine Fielding, Realistic Fiend; Maurice Costello, Makes Custom. And by the way, the English call their feminine and masculine leads "lady lead" and "gent lead." Perhaps they distinguish between *gentlemen* and *gents* by the fact that the latter wear "pants."

Not many picture beauties are willing to make-up with burnt cork. Miss Marian Cooper, however, attests her versatility by appearing in "Topsy" characters in several of Kalem's Southern dramas.

In order to get the proper atmosphere for a Pilot comedy, Louise Vale spent two days down in the Italian section of New York. Miss Vale played the part of an Italian sweetheart in "Tony, the Tenor," and her characterization is excellent.

Mary Pickford is to be seen in the pictures again; this time in "A Good Little Devil," which is being filmed.

Kinemacolor "style shows" have been increased by a film entitled "The Elegant Parisienne in Her Boudoir," which is to be shown only at special feminine matinées.

Eclair has gone North again for more of those Northwest thrillers.

"When Fate Decrees," a strikingly novel drama in which Alice Joyce recently appeared, was written especially for the Kalem Company by "Little Mary," Mary Pickford. Miss Joyce and Miss Pickford are warm friends, and the artistic production was a signal triumph for author and actress.

"Pearl in Pants" again! This time Pearl White plays the part of a street gamin in "Girls Will Be Boys" (Crystal).

Marc MacDermott considers the East Side picture audiences his best critics. He often visits these shows to watch the faces as one of his pictures is turned off.

Jack Carrigan, formerly of the Selig Company, is now with the Imp Company.

Ruth Roland has not declared herself on the suffragette question. However, she recently demonstrated, in a Kalem comedy, what a lady can do when appointed to the police force.

Laura Sawyer is exhibiting a magnificent collection of ostrich plumes and Mexican chain-work, trophies of her visit West.

Kathlyn Williams is now playing leading parts in photoplays which she herself wrote. Harold Lockwood is playing opposite.

So many good actors are promoted to directorship these days—Roger Lytton, of the Vitagraph, this time.

The remarkable costumes worn by Mary Fuller in the film, "When the Right Man Comes Along," show her originality as a designer. For in addition to writing the story of the play, she also evolved the semi-male attire in which she appears.

Mrs. Maurice, the famous old lady of the Vitagraph players, is a regular spelling fiend. Her strong point is correct pronunciation, but, unfortunately, she cant show it much on the screen.

Director Charles J. Brabin, Miriam Nesbitt, Marc MacDermott and Otto Brautigan have been in Europe since May 3d.

Jack Kerrigan and Vivian Rich had a novel ride in an aeroplane at Ventura, California, recently. The famous Gilpatrick exhibition of flying at Ventura was utilized. This was Mr. Kerrigan's first flight.

Robert Gray and "Billy" West joined the American forces at Santa Barbara last week. Mr. Gray has been with Kalem, Edison and Pathé.

Two alligators, a canary, a dog and a parrot are the pets of Julia Swayne Gordon, of the Vitagraph. She made great friends with Prince, the tiger, and Nero, the Nubian lion, with both of which she will be seen on the screen.

Robert Brower has a strong juvenile following in New Britain, Conn., headed by his nephew, Robert Brower. The little fellow watches the picture theater posters like a cat, and when he sees a film in which "Uncle Bob" appears, he does a regular Paul Revere act, and the youngsters storm the theater.

Glen White, of Gem, has gone to Europe to stage a picture.

"The Lion's Bride," which is now engaging the attention of the Vitagraph Company, is an unusually strong drama founded on the well-known legend on which the famous picture of that name by Gabriel Max is based. Julia Swayne Gordon will be seen in the title part. The Vitagraph lion, Nero, will be her fellow "lead."

From Cambodia, Gaston Méliès proceeds with his staff to Yokohama, where he will probably remain about three months, employing the best Japanese actors and actresses.

Some time ago we stated that those who secured 500 individual votes for their favorite player would probably receive an autographed photo from the player. Carlyle Blackwell writes: "Only too glad to send photo to anybody who takes the trouble to send in even 100 votes for me." That is fine! All the players have granted our request, except one Edison player, whose name we wont mention.

Adam Kessel, Jr., and not Karl Laemmle, bought the Screen Club autographed program for $1,000. We thought it was a partnership buy.

Maude Fealy, the stage star, has joined the Thanhouser Company. Whitney Raymond and Lottie Pickford have joined the Reliance Company.

Dont neglect your favorite in the Popular Player Contest. That is the least you can do for those who have done so much for you.

John Bunny has his Flora Finch; Augustus Carney has his Marguerite Joslin, and that's the way it goes. Things always average up all right in most families.

Late news: Edwin August has left Vitagraph. Muriel Ostriche has joined Thanhouser. Crane Wilbur and Fritzi Brunette have joined Reliance. Fred Mace is directing for Thanhouser.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

RUBY R. C. M.—Joe King was the brother in "The Sharp-Shooter" (Broncho). John Adolphi and Peggy Reid were the city couple in "When Dreams Come True" (Thanhouser). Harry Benham was Sherlock Holmes in "The Sign of Four."

O. C., CHICAGO.—We are indeed sorry we haven't that cast.

S. C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA.—Hector Dion was Joe in "Joe's Reward" (Reliance). Miss Ray was the wife in "The White Rose" (Pathé Frères). Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "How It Happened." No answer on that Bison.

W. S., BATH BEACH.—Barry O'Moore was Harry Dwight in "The Photograph and the Blotter." Pathé dont answer all of our questions yet.

EVIE.—Dont ask us if we have received your last letter. How do we know? The joke is good. Isabella Rea and Dixie Compton were the sisters in "The Blind Composer's Dilemma" (Kalem). No, we dont like your red ink, except when the letters are red hot.

P. D., THETFORD MINES.—Marshall Neilan was Bill in "The Mission of a Bullet" (Kalem). Romaine Fielding was Don in "The Blind Cattle-King" (Lubin). Lottie Briscoe appears to be Arthur Johnson's leading lady.

A JEWEL.—Yes; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been produced by Thanhouser and Imp. Yes; Imp formerly stood for "Independent Motion Pictures"; now it stands for good pictures. Yes; King Baggot played in "Human Hearts." Dont know whether King Baggot will ever have a company of his own, but, being a king, he can if he wants. Write to the Photoplay Clearing House about your scenarios. Street and character costumes are furnished mostly by the players. We wont tell you which are stage names. Certainly, we'll be your friend. *Au revoir.*

YOLANDE, MINGO.—Yes, a new subscriber gets 500 votes, beginning with June issue. Yes; Florence Barker is dead. We never heard whether she was married.

CATHLEEN, N. Y.—Dorothy Phillips and Bryant Washburn had the leads in that play. Yes, the Big Ben binder is a cloth (board) cover, and will hold six magazines.

H. H. F.—Miss Edith was Olga, and Mme. Susanne Grandais was the other girl in "Olga, the Adventuress." Lillian Logan was Helen in "An Idyll of Hawaii."

TRIXIE C.—William Russell was Don Rodrigo in "The Ring of the Spanish Grandee."

MARJORIE M. M.—Irene Boyle was Ruth, James Ross was Edward, and Earle Foxe was Harold in "The Face at the Window."

A. I. R.—You can get Jack Richardson's picture from American Co. Also see ads.

F. D.—Augustus Carney is always Alkali Ike. Romaine Fielding was the cringer. Guy Coombs was the wanderer in "The Wanderer."

BLANCHE R. S.—Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "The New Cowpuncher."

ALES
WHISKIE
BIER
JUST ONE MORE
CAFE
UNIQUE
PHOTO PLAY THEATRE
AS YE SOW SO SHALL YE REAP
WHO GETS THE BENEFICIAL
ENTRANCE
NO MORE TONIGHT IM GOING OVER TO THAT PICTURE SHOW NEVER IN ONE BEFORE, MY WIFE AND CHILD GO OFTEN GOOD NIGHT BILL IM SURE PRIZING MYSELF

BIRDIE CHARMEUESE.—William West was Harrison Grey in "The Redemption."

J. V. G.—We dont care what you want to know; it is against the rules. Other questions silly. No.

E. W., PITTSBURG.—Arthur Mackley was the sheriff in "The Sheriff's Kid." Paul C. Hurst was with Kalem last.

ORIENT.—Samuel Wiel was Robert, Ray Gallagher the adopted son, and William Ehfe was Arthur in "The Castaway."

NETTIE.—William Todd was the sheriff, and True Boardman was the cowpuncher in "The Making of Broncho Billy." We cannot give you the addresses of our writers.

DIXIE BOY.—Harry Cashman was the tramp in "The Money." Evelyn Selbie was Jack's mother in "Jack's Burglar." Your letter was all right.

B. M., NEW YORK.—Evelyn Selbie and Bessie Sankey were the step-sisters in "Broncho Billy and the Step-Sisters" (Essanay). Marie Weirman was Marie, and Clarence Elmer was Tom in "Auntie's Affinity" (Lubin).

N. O'H.—Charles Brandt was the elder Mr. Brandt in "The Insurance Agent" (Lubin). You refer to Joseph Allen.

F. K. H.—Your letter was interesting. You refer to Harry Myers.

DON F.—Who was the Pullman? Mr. Train. He has appeared in B. & O., N. Y. & N. H., and Erie. We refer to "The Pretty Girl in Lower Five."

R. A. P.—You refer to Edna Payne in the Lubin. No answer on the Pathé. You dont like Pearl White's leading man? We will see that she gets another.

HELEN.—Alice Hollister was Pepita in "The Peril of the Dance-Hall." William Williams is leading man in "His Date with Gwendoline."

M. I. H.—George Gebhardt was the male lead in "The Love That Turned." He is now with Universal.

MRS. H. S.—Harry Benham was the press agent in "Wanted—A Good Press Agent" (Thanhouser). He also played in "Brains and Brawn." William Garwood's real name.

VIOLA O.—Yes, the boys were skating on the same pond where the other boys were bathing in "Her Nephews from Labrador."

B. H., ONT.—Earle Foxe was Jim Houston, and Stuart Holmes was Tom in "The Fire Coward." Anna Levitte was the child in "Until We Three Meet Again." Harry Myers was Fred, and Ethel Clayton was Jane in "Heroes One and All" (Lubin).

FLORENCE M. B.—Gertrude Bainbrick was the girl in "Near to Earth" (Biograph). Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Sister." The black baby in "Bunny Buys a Baby" is nameless, and you are not serious. Mary Pickford was the servant girl in "The Unwelcome Guest." Mignon Anderson was the crippled sister in "The Ghost in Uniform." Anna Drew in "The Idol of the Hour." Gertrude McCoy was Grace, and Elsie McLeod was Hazel in "A Letter to Uncle Sam." Mary Fuller was Mary. Pearl Sindelar was the wife in "Who Was the Son?" (Pathé).

QUEENIE K. ST.—Glad to know you. Yes, the girl you refer to is Blanche Sweet. Your letter was very interesting, but a little long.

NANCY JANE, 16.—Edward Dillon and Grace Lewis had the leads in "What a Boob!" (Biograph). Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Little Tease" (Biograph). Edna Payne was the girl in "Private Smith."

C. R. H. informs us that Lottie Collins was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Wife." Maude Callohn was the girl in "Wife of the Hills" and "A Woman of Arizona."

J. A. L.—Francelia Billington played the wife in "The Two Runaways," "The Usurer" and "The Boomerang."

D. K., FAIRMONT.—We dont know when Warren Kerrigan will come East.

YETIVE.—Mabel Harris was Bella, Isabelle Lamon was Joe, Jack Standing was John, and Richard Travis was Paul in "Diamond Cut Diamond" (Lubin). Mrs. Taylor was Marion in "In the Days of War" (Pathé). Always glad to see you.

I. B. A. N., CHICAGO, wants to know if Florence LaBadie wants rain, will Margaret Snow? If Jean Darnell were homeless, would Thanhouser? If Ormi Hawley is good in Lubins, what is Ethel Grandin? If Little Mary loves Bunny, does she love Owen Moore? These questions are too important to answer hastily. We'll think them over.

HELEN, 19.—Yes, it's those little things that often spoil the illusion when one notices them. Glad you like the picture of Mary Charleson. We are very gentle and pathetic, and never sting intentionally.

HERMAN, NIAGARA, wonders why the companies do not produce more of the French humorous classics. Perhaps there is material in the exaggerations of Rabelais, in the questionable *naiveté* of Montaigne, and in the comedies of Molière. Why not try it?

LITTLE WOMAN.—William West was the warden, and Marin Sais was the wife in "The Honor System." Mrs. Mary Maurice still plays regularly. She is loved by all.

I. R. C., AKRON.—No, they are the sons of a director. Harold Lockwood was Richard, and A. E. Garcia was José in "The Spanish Parrot." Guess you mean Walter Miller who looks like Thomas Moore.

NO NAME.—Thanks for the coin, but what's your name? Paul Panzer and Miss Ray in "The Prodigal Brother." Lillian Christy was Conchita in "The Greater Love." Jane Fearnley was Kathleen in "Kathleen Mavourneen" (Imp).

M. P. A., BUFFALO.—Sallie Crute plays opposite Darwin Karr. Guy Coombs was the bugler in "The Bugler of Battery B" (Kalem). Marshall Neilan was the cripple brother in "The Will of James Waldron." Crane Wilbur and Mrs. Taylor in "In the Days of War."

V. G., DAYTON.—Yes, the picture is of Mary Ryan. Julia Swayne Gordon was Maria in "The Artist's Great Madonna." So you are in love with Crane Wilbur also? Whitney Raymond has left Essanay.

R. J. S., STOUGHTON.—You had better get in touch with the Photoplay Clearing House. Edith Lyle was May in "When the Last Leaf Fell" (Majestic). Lilia Chester was the mother, and Harry Benham and Mignon Anderson were man and wife in Half-Way to Reno." Yes, the girl was Marguerite Snow. Do you understand?

DR. C. B. P.—Yes, we agree with you on that make-up. It takes the veterans to discover those little things.

J. M., CHICAGO.—Charlotte Burton was Jennie in "Another Man's Wife."

M. E. L., WICHITA.—Harold Lockwood was Jed in "Continental Spies." Olga is fond of Carlyle Blackwell and Crane Wilbur.

H. M. S.—Junita Sponsler was Sally, and Marshall Neilan was Bobby in "Sally's Guardian." No house is supposed to show Licensed and Independents at the same time.

IOWA GIRL.—Wally Van was Cutey in "Cutey and the Twins." Guy D'Ennery was Tom, and Clarence Elmer was John in "The Twilight of Her Life." Thomas Shirley was George in "What George Did."

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Frances and Marguerite Ne Moyer in "Fake Soldiers."

N. R., HOUSTON.—Cines is pronounced "Sin-ease." "Saw-Mill Hazard" was taken in Florida.

BLACK EYES.—Perhaps you mean E. K. Lincoln. He was Harry, the brother of the twins, in "Cutey and the Twins."

MRS. T.—Florence Lawrence is not dead. Dont believe all you hear.

M. E. H.—Francelia Billington was Mary in "Mayor's Crusade." Others answered.

SO GOOD OF YOU JOHN GENERALLY A THIRD HAS VANISHED YOUR PAY ENVELOPE IS INTACT EXCEPT 30¢ - BEST OF ALL YOUR HOME FOUR HOURS EARLIER - HOW?
I ATTRIBUTE IT ALL TO NOT TAKING JUST ONE MORE - NOW FOR THE SHOW - IM GOING HEREAFTER WITH YOU YOU GET THE PAY ENVELOPE
A B SHULTS

HENRY B. R.—Your letter is very interesting. Robert McWade is deceased. No, careful players do not show that they know where the camera is. Beginners are nearly always camera-conscious. When two persons converse in everyday life they ordinarily face each other, do they not? And, therefore, players should not turn their ears to each other and their noses to the camera.

JANET.—William Clifford was the leading man in "His Brother's Keeper" (Nestor). Neva Gerber in "The Water-Right War." Carl Winterhoff was Laura's fiancé in "The Pink Opera-Cloak."

CLAY, 228.—We have our own staff of writers, and do not accept stories. The picture is of George Cooper. You refer to Martha Russell in "Neptune's Daughter." Yes, we have met Francis Bushman, and he has our O. K. label pinned to his breast.

R. A. G.—Guy Coombs was the captain, and Alice Hollister was Rosalie in "The Wartime Siren" (Kalem). Kalem have about six branches in operation. We haven't the cast for "Notre Dame de Paris." It was taken by the French studio.

ÆNEAS.—Ruth Roland and John Brennan are in the Santa Monica studio. Dont you understand? You know they can make more than one copy from the negative of a photograph; it's just the same with the film.

MERELY MARY ANNE.—Alice Hollister was Pepita in "The Peril of the Dance-Hall." Marie Weirman was the girl in "By the Sea." Ethel Clayton was opposite Harry Myers in "Art and Honor." Romaine Fielding. We haven't the cast for "Cleopatra."

SWEET PEAS.—Where did you hear that? Vitagraph release six a week. Lucie Villa was Mrs. Black in "Gentleman Joe."

M. M. M., RICHMOND.—We are always glad to make new acquaintances. We are trying to get another picture of Carlyle Blackwell.

DEARIE, 18.—Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump were the girls, and Warren Kerrigan and P. Morrison in "The Power of Love" (American).

F. W. R.—You refer to Dot Bernard; she is playing on the stage.

ANTHONY.—No; Jane Gale is not Mrs. Baggot. Crane Wilbur and Gwendoline Pates are at the New Jersey studio, in the land of the mosquitoes.

BERNICE F. J.—William Walters was the father in "An Old, Old Song" (Essanay). We understand your French.

L. I. E., TAMPA.—Edison is the only Licensed Co. producing talking pictures.

D. M. C., BROOKLYN.—Hobart Bosworth was John Sharon, and Eugenie Besserer was Mrs. Sharon in "Greater Wealth" (Selig). The daughter in "The Mountains Meet" is unknown. Mildred Weston was Beatrice in "Love Thru a Lens."

ANTHONY.—Thanks for that baseball card. Dont see how we are going to introduce you to Pearl White. Yes, Bennie of Lubinville is a walking encyclopædia.

N. D., SPOKANE.—Florence Turner was June, and Tom Powers was John in "A House in the Suburbia." Carl Winterhoff and Winnifred Greenwood had the leads in "The Sands of Time" (Selig). They were commercials when you saw them.

M. M. H.—"Women of the Desert" (Lubin) was taken in Jacksonville. Now, dont try to tease the Answer Man; no telling what he might do.

THE CAR JEEMS!
AYE SIR!
STAR
AIN'T HE HANSOME!
NO SMOKING!
YESSIR
STAR
DIRECTOR
IS THAT ALL?
NOW, FIVE MINUTE'S REST, THEN THE COAL MINE SCENE. AFTER THAT YUH HANG BY YER NAILS TUH TH' ROOF FER A HALF HOUR. THEN A INTERVIEW WI' TH' MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. AFTE' THAT Y' KIN REST TEN MINUTES!

THE PICTURE STAR: HOW SOME PEOPLE IMAGINE HIM, AND HOW HE ACTUALLY IS

Dolores Mc.—Bertley McCollum was Dr. McCollum in "By the Sea" (Lubin).

Dorothy Hawkins.—Bessie Sankey was the sister in "Broncho Billy's Sister" (Essanay). Your letter is very interesting.

F. E. G.—Earle Metcalf was John in "The Moonshiner's Wife."

Bing.—Irene Boyle was Ruth in "The Face at the Window." No; Marc MacDermott is not cross and cadaverous. He is as gentle as a lamb. We dont know about the moustache. Red hair? My!

Myrtle B.—Irene Boyle was Grace in "The Open Switch" (Kalem).

C. H., Vancouver.—Elsie Albert was Snow White in "Snow White" (Powers). Jean Darnell is with Thanhouser. Gertrude Robinson is with Victor. Warren Kerrigan was the drummer, and Phyllis Gordon was his assistant in "Calamity Ann's Beauty." George Periolat usually plays the part of the father. Phyllis Gordon is now with Bison.

F. A. K.—Yes; Owen and Thomas Moore are brothers. We know of no Randall.

F. A., Minnesota.—William Bertram was Joe in "The Tattoo," and Charles Bartlett was Joe in "The Heroine of the Plains" (Bison).

A. B.—"Neptune's Daughter" was taken at Lake Superior. We dont know whether Miss Fuller made the suit she wore in "The Letter to the Princess."

V. B. P.—Sorry, but we haven't the casts you ask for.

C. H., 15.—Lillian Christy and Edward Coxen had the leads in both "A Greater Love" and "Latent Spark."

O. O., 16.—Pauline Bush was the wife in "The Thief's Wife."

A Child.—Warren Kerrigan was the wanderer, and the girl you refer to is Mabel Normand, but she did not play in "Near to Earth."

Angela J. K.—Paul Panzer was Sing Lee in "Sing Lee and the Bad Man" (Pathé). Lillian Hayward, Phyllis Gordon and Betty Harte were the ladies in "A Pair of Boots." Mildred Bright and Helen Marten were the girls, and Guy Hedlund and Larmar Johnstone were the men in "For Better or Worse" (Eclair).

V. A., San Francisco.—We have not interviewed Bessie Learn as yet. New York.

Josie C.—Harold Lockwood was the husband, and Baby Lillian Wade the child in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." Edwin Carewe was opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Soul of a Rose."

Frau.—She was interviewed by two different interviewers. Romaine Fielding.

Ruth.—Edwin August is now playing in Vitagraph. Some actresses change their names for stage names; others for husbands. Vitagraph is the owner of Nero.

Gayle M.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood had the leads in "Two Men and One Woman." William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Life-Timer." Billy Quirk was Billy in "Billy Wins" (Gem).

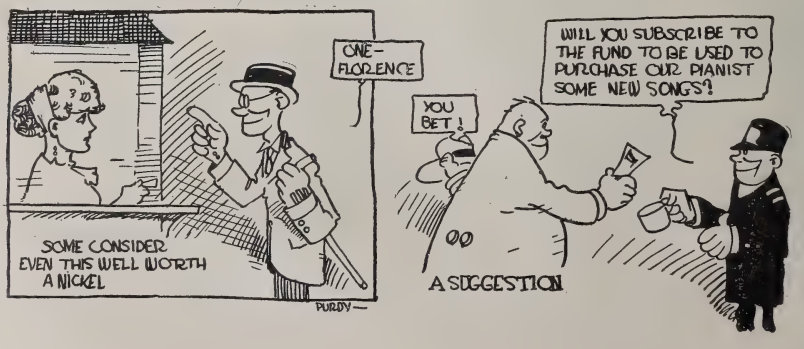
P. D. Q.—Chances poor. Give us something easier, such as an axiom in Euclid.

Pawnee.—Dont be afraid; come right along. Irene Boyle was the girl in that Kalem. No; Helen Gardner played in that play before she left Vitagraph. Our candied ill-temper must be taken as pickled good-nature.

Goldie.—Cleo Ridgely was the beauty in "Beauty and the Beast." We cant name the play from your vague description.

Daisy.—For the ninety-ninth time, this is no matrimonial bureau. Love-struck girls must find some other medium in which to express their mushiness. It is all right to admire, but all wrong to adore. Keep your hearts; you will need them some day. Do you know that the players get basketsful of soft letters, and that they only smile? Some are even contemptible enough to pass them around for the whole company to laugh at. Write all the love-letters you like; then tear them up. Players like to get letters of appreciation, but not "mash" letters.

D. M. C., Brooklyn.—Marian Cooper was the girl in "The Turning-Point." Robert Burns was the tightwad in "Training a Tightwad." William Hopkins was the policeman. Frances Ne Moyer was Nell, and Marguerite Ne Moyer was Bess.


ONE-FLORENCE
SOME CONSIDER EVEN THIS WELL WORTH A NICKEL
PURDY—
WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE TO THE FUND TO BE USED TO PURCHASE OUR PIANIST SOME NEW SONGS?
YOU BET!
A SUGGESTION

KITTY V. B.—We try to print stories of films that have not yet been released, or that are released about the time the magazine comes out. The film was held over. Virginia Chester was Constance in "When Uncle Sam Was Young."

THE PEST.—Yes; Francis Bushman was here and told us that he met you.

MOLLY K., GLACE BAY.—Robert Connely was the grandson in "The Grandfather" (Kalem). Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Revolutionary Romance."

JANE W.—Many thanks for your letter of appreciation.

E. A.—Robert Conness is playing in a stock company in Portland.

NADYNE B.—Ruth Roland was the sweetheart in "Parcel-Post Johnny." We noticed that, when she was leaving for the West, in that play, she boarded a Pacific Electric. Harry Beaumont was the secretary in "False to Their Trust."

C. H. G.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers.

W. T. H.—Alice Joyce never appeared in Keystone, nor in "Near to Earth."

V. H., DETROIT.—Alice Joyce was Mary in "William Burns in the Exposure of the Land Swindlers."

HELEN L. R.—Lillian Logan was the girl in "The Equine Detective." Alice Hollister was the girl in "The Desperate Chance."

BEATRICE K. K. K.—We haven't those Nestor casts, but perhaps you will see George Gebhardt in Nestor plays now, because he has joined Universal.

DOT.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Sacrifice." We dont know who painted the pictures in "The Vengeance of Durand."

HERMAN.—No, friend, subtitles are not necessarily signs of weakness of construction. Too many of them is bad, and when we go to the pictures we go to see a play, not to read a book. Yet some directors look on a subtitle as a sort of an introduction, like the heading to a chapter. Vitagraph always begins with one, but that is questionable.

GERALDINE, 15.—If we were to answer the thousands of letters to that puzzle in February, we wouldn't be thru now. Miss Navarre was leading lady in "Race for Millions" (Gaumont). Lillian Christy was the girl in "A Rose of Old Mexico." Warren Kerrigan was Jonathan, and Louise Lester was Anne in "The Animal Within." Gene Gauntier was chatted March, 1912. Better hurry if you want the colored portraits.

G. H.—Since it's your first letter, we'll let it pass. Mildred Weston on the tree.

PHŒBE SNOW.—Bessie Eyton was Magdalene in "The Dancer's Redemption" (Selig). Wheeler Oakman was Jack.

IGNATZ.—Henry Walthall was the husband in "The District Attorney's Conscience." Mary Fuller was Maud in "The Convict's Parole." Scenarios are seldom copyrighted. Yes; Thanhouser, Monopol and, we believe, Edison and Pathé produced "Carmen."

BUMBLE BEE.—Where is thy sting? Edwin Carewe was Grafar in "Women of the Desert." That was Mrs. Walters on the June cover.

T. J. M.—The advertisement of the Exhibitors' Exposition at Grand Central Palace appeared in the April issue. The chocolate sundæ sounds good. The last pages of this department usually go to press on the 25th now. That is, the 25th of May for this issue.

MISS B. D.—Margaret Fischer is playing for Rex the last we heard.

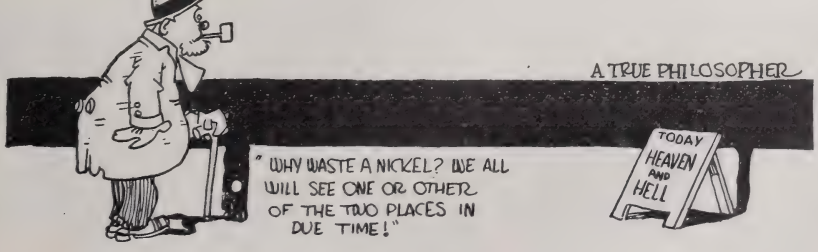
A. M. R.—Monopol released a "Carmen" and "As in a Looking-Glass." They intend to produce three-reel subjects.

G. C. D.—Gertrude McCoy is still with Edison. Florence Lawrence left Victor some time ago. You refer to Ormi Hawley.

OLGA, KENTUCKY.—We haven't a one of those Universal casts you ask. Sorry, but cheer up; we'll be with you next time.

G. G., TEXAS.—It must have been a foreign play. We cant tell from your description.

OLIVIA.—You refer to Gene Gauntier. What do we eat? And has it come to this? The Englishman likes his roast beef, the Italian his maccaroni, the German his sour-krout, the Patagonian his red mud, the Kamchatkan his blubber, the South Sea Islander his cold clergyman, the Peruvian Indian his chica, the Frenchman his table d'hôte, and the Irishman his corned beef and cabbage, but as for us, give us plenty of buttermilk and whole-wheat bread, and we can write answers till the cows come home. But hold—dont block up the wheels of industry thusly. Yes, that was "Tuff" Johnson.



W. P. Mc.—Thanks for your letter. So you want us to publish two copies a month and charge twenty cents per copy? We'll think it over.

Patrica.—Mary Pickford did not leave Belasco to go back to Biograph. "The Grim Toll of War" was released March 12, 1913.

M. D., Toledo.—William Garwood and Florence LaBadie had the leads in "An Honest Young Man" (Thanhouser).

M. G.—Yes; Marguerite Snow really rescued the child. It has not yet been decided when the contest will close.

A. P.—Paul Kelley was Tim in "The Mouse and the Lion" (Vitagraph).

Miss Los Angeles.—Mildred Bracken, Fannie Midgely and William Clifford in "A Man Worth While" (Méliès). All three are no longer with Méliès.

Edwina.—Ned Finley was Brother Bill, and Chester Hess was Jim in "Brother Bill." Ormi Hawley was the wife in "The Moonshiner's Wife." Edwin Carewe was Wilbur. We haven't that Pathé. Don't be afraid to ask your exhibitor for what you want. He wants to accommodate you.

L. D., Gary.—Yes, your drawings were received. Thanks. So you dont like the ending of most of the plays. Remember that all's swell that ends swell.

Miss L. M. N.—You refer to Edwin Carewe in "Tamandra, the Gypsy." He did not play in that Selig.

O. H. W. Jumbo.—Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "From the Submerged" you mean. Peter Lang plays opposite Mrs. Mary Maurice. Miss Ray and Paul Panzer had the leads in "The Prodigal Brother."

J. S., New York.—Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Brother." Irene Boyle in "The Fire Coward." Mildred Bracken is no longer with Méliès.

R. E. P.—Florence LaBadie and William Garwood had the leads in "An Honest Young Man." The director usually selects the player for the part.

Belle P.—Barbara Tennant was the girl in "The Stronger" (Eclair). Glen White has been in Europe staging a picture.

Bess, Chicago.—It might have been Arthur Mackley that you saw. He has gone to Scotland to visit his relatives.

L. M.—Marian Cooper was Kitty, and Alice Joyce was Mary in "The Exposure of the Land Swindlers." We haven't the maid.

Avis, 16.—Mary Pickford was the servant in "The Unwelcome Guest" (Biograph). Florence Klotz was the girl in "The Vengeance of Durand." Adele De Garde is still with Vitagraph. Write direct to the manufacturers for pictures, or see advertisements.

Miss Jottic.—Yes; Lillian Walker has been on the legitimate stage. Brooks McCloskey was Jimmie in "His Children."

Mrs. O., Rochester.—Thomas Moore was Mr. Gregg, and Naomi Childers was Edna in "The Panic Days in Wall Street."

EVERYBODY, EVERYWHERE.—Visitors will be welcome at our new home, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, on July 7th, between 2 and 5.30 P. M. We will all be on hand to greet you. We assume that everybody will be in New York that week to attend the great International Exposition.

Lillie R. L.—Herbert Barry was Jan in "The Strength of Men."

V. B., Ill.—Yes; Mary Ryan and Romaine Fielding in "The Family Next Door." Robyn Adair was Roy Ford. Mary Pickford did not play in "My Hero"; that was Dorothy Gish. Tom Moore was the father in "Grandfather." Leo Delaney was the clerk in "The Skull." Edna Payne in "The Water-Rats." She is no longer with Lubin. Lucille Lee was the girl in "How Fatty Made Good." You're welcome.

F. E. G.—Bryant Washburn was the secretary in "A Bottle of Musk." Perhaps you refer to Stuart Holmes and Hal Clements.

Nancy Lee.—We shall try to get a picture of Florence Turner to please you. Yes, there is bound to be a defective copy of any magazine once in a while. Sometimes thirty-two pages are duplicated in the binding.

Bertie.—Earle Foxe was Mr. Hastings in "Business Buccaneers." See our ads.

Do you remember me?

I hope you do. Although you have never heard my voice, you have seen me act, probably hundreds of times. And now that I have left the "Movies" and am playing Juliet in "The Good Little Devil," I am glad to tell you how I came to make the change.

An interview with
Mary Pickford

was secured by the Cosmopolitan Magazine at the request of a lady who wrote she was sure "thousands of Mary Pickford's admirers would like to know something of her life." So Mr. Tyrell of the Cosmopolitan called on her by appointment, and she told him the whole story, from the time before she was ten years old, when she was an "Uncle Tom-er, playing little Eva."

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, M.P.-7
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

I enclose 25c, for which send me the July number of the Cosmopolitan, containing the interview with Mary Pickford, and the two following numbers of the magazine.

Name _____

Address _____

Three 15c Magazines for 25c

The interview, mostly in Miss Pickford's own words and illustrated with six beautiful half-tone photos of her, is in the July Cosmopolitan. And here is a special offer, to enable you to get this number and two following numbers—45 cents worth of magazines—at the very low price of 25c for the three.

Every issue of the Cosmopolitan contains interviews with popular actors and actresses, entertaining stories written and illustrated by famous writers and artists, and interesting articles on subjects that everyone wants to know about.

Don't miss this special offer. It is made *only* to readers of the Motion Picture Magazine, and we cannot guarantee to accept orders mailed after July 1st.

Fill in the coupon under Mary Pickford's picture—mail today with 25c—stamps or coin—at our risk.

Cosmopolitan Magazine

LUCIENNE OF MONTREAL.—You must not believe all you hear—Alice Joyce's mother is not an Indian. We shall print a picture of Mrs. Costello some day.

DIDO.—The girl you refer to is Mildred Bracken. Yes; Lillian Walker has had stage experience.

FLOSSIE CASTER PRICE.—Leah Baird was the girl in "Red and White Roses." Since you say you have a screw loose, we advise seeing a plumber.

THE POET.—Yes, we believe Miss Snow has her bungalow, and has better things to look at than love-letters from mere poets. She does not play abroad.

MISS A. M.—Paul Hurst was Bad Bill, Gertrude Short was Myrtle, and Judson Melford the boy in "Driver of Deadwood Coach." Edna Payne and Edwin Carewe had the leads in "The Silent Signal." Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "Matches." Dorothy Kelley and Norma Talmadge were the girls in that Vitagraph.

DOÑA SUNNY SOUTH.—Edwin Carewe was Jim, Edna Payne was Dorothy, and W. Cullison was Captain Magee in "Down by the Rio Grande."

LORETTA B.—Louise Vale was Virginia in "Paul and Virginia."

H. S., NEWARK.—Roland Gane was Betty's lover in "The Gate She Left Open." Francis Bushman is not permanently located as yet.

H. N., NEW ALBANY.—Leo Delaney was the son in "Her Boy" (Vitagraph).

C. H., 15.—Louise Lester is usually the mother, and George Periolat the father in the Western Americans.

IRENE, BUFFALO.—"Friend John" was taken in Philadelphia, at Lubinville. Yes, a play should be judged by its acts, and a player by his actions.

JACK TAR.—Yes; Romaine Fielding in "An Adventure on the Mexican Border."

C. D., VANCOUVER.—Lillian Walker and Flora Finch were the stenographers in "Stenographers' Troubles." Bessie Learn was the girl in "Barry's Breaking In."

ADOLPHUS.—You refer to Mabel Normand in the Keystone. Yes, we occupy the whole building, sixteen rooms. The printing and binding are not done in this building.

L. R. C.—Brinsley Shaw was the Indian in "An Indian Sunbeam."

HAPPY.—You will win that bet all right. The Ridgelys will be in California soon, and they will do it on horseback. They are not related to Richard Ridgely, of Edison.

F. A., NEW YORK.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Missing Bond" (Kalem).

B. M., NEW YORK.—Ruth Stonehouse was the girl, and Bryant Washburn Paul in "The Broken Heart" (Essanay). May Buckley has left Selig. Mr. Halliday has left "The Whip," and both are playing in stock at Cleveland.

H. S., JACKSON.—Carlyle Blackwell was Red, Marin Sais was Mrs. Grey, William West was Mr. Grey, and Jane Wolfe was Mag in "The Redemption."

ANTHONY.—We do not know about Pearl White's salary. Salaries appear to be an important item with you people. Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Face in the Window."

J. H.—We know of no picture theater that suppresses the chewing of gum, and if we did, we would try to suppress that theater. Cannot tell salaries of the players.

F. S., ORE.—Robert Connes formerly played with Edison. Thanks.

"SAY, MISTER, HERE'S MY NICKEL —PLEASE TAKE ME IN"

A MODERN EVE.—We give you our word we do not know Flossie, but we know her hand. Harry Beaumont is still with Edison.

DREAMLAND THEATER.—Francis Bushman was the old man, Bryant Washburn the kind-hearted collector, and Whitney Raymond the bell-boy in "The Virtue of Rags."

BETTY, 23.—Harold Lockwood was Richard in "The Spanish Parrot-Girl" (Selig). We are never malignant, thank you.

BRONDINE wants to know if Warren Kerrigan is an American, is King Baggot an Imp, and if Pauline Bush can write, can Wallace Reid? That was Edward Coxen in "The Greater Love." Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump have left American. Also Wallace Reid. May 1st is not the only moving day, particularly in Moving Pictures.

C. C., PLYMOUTH.—Victor Potel is still with Essanay. When he is not playing, he is Mr. Anderson's private secretary. Edison publish the *Kinetogram*, at Orange, N. J. Lottie Briscoe is usually opposite Arthur Johnson. It does seem stupid, but perhaps they pay more money.

FLORENCE, 15.—Mrs. Wm. Bechtel was Mrs. Van Renseller. Edna Payne and Edwin Carewe in "The Moonshiner's Daughter."

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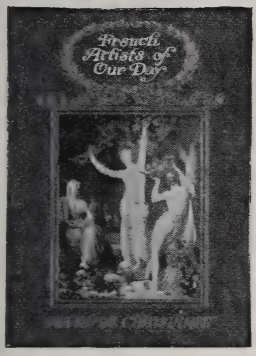

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ADDRESS DEPARTMENT B

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

DOLLY J. C.—So you think Fred Mace has to massage three hours before he gets his face straight after playing in a picture? You are wrong; four hours. Earle Williams was the artist. Louise Lester was Calamity Anne.

L. M. C.—Guy D'Ennery was Alfred in "The House in the Woods" (Lubin).

GERT.—Glad to know you. We hope to hear from you again.

OLGA, 17.—The page is from the *Vitagraph Bulletin*, which is $1 a year, published monthly, but you cannot buy single copies. Bogota is a pretty little city on the Erie near New York. Dont let the wife worry you, Olga; we dont know her yet.

S. C.—William Clifford is with Universal.

STANFORD GIRLS.—You can reach Earle Williams direct at the Vitagraph studio.

MAY T.—You refer to E. K. Lincoln. He is still with Vitagraph. Florence Lawrence was with Lubin for about three years.

F. M. C.—Pearl White was Naughty Marietta, and she is now with Crystal.

MARTIN L., TROY, thinks that the pictures are getting too monotonous, and that there is too much of a sameness to them. Quite so. Many companies keep on hand a set of scenario editors who write practically all of the plays for that company, which may account for the lack of novelty. Sooner or later they will all be begging our Clearing House for fresh material. Some of them are doing it now.

TRIXIE.—Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers in "For the Love of a Girl."

D. F.—E. K. Lincoln was the twin's brother in "Cutey and the Twins." Marian Cooper was the girl in "The Turning-Point." The value of films is not made public.

ISIDORE.—Mlle. Napierkowska was Esmeralda in "Notre Dame de Paris." We think that was part of the play.

LOTTIE D. T.—Brinsley Shaw was the puncher in "The Ranch-Owner's Blunder" (Essanay). Yes; Blanche Sweet played in "The Battle," and that *was* a battle. Address Mr. Bushman at the Screen Club, New York City. He usually answers letters.

BIRDIE CHARMEUESE.—Richard Rosson is no longer with Vitagraph. Lillian Drew was Miss Green, and Ruth Hennessy was Mrs. Henry in "The Scratch."

HELEN, 17.—James Harrison was James Calvin in "High and Low."

ANTHONY.—So you wouldn't want to be Howard Mitchell, always getting fooled by Lottie Briscoe. E. H. Calvert was Frank, and William Bailey was Bill in "The Hero-Coward" (Essanay). John Brennan was the cook in "The Fired Cook" (Kalem).

L. V., SAN JOSÉ.—Dolores Cassinelli was Charazel in "When Soul Meets Soul." Yes, we have inspected Lubin's studio. We have met the enemy, and we are theirs.

R. A. G.—The girls are Bessie Sankey and Evelyn Selbie. The studios do not tell exactly how many copies of one film they make. The big companies sell over a hundred of each.

A. V. J.—We haven't heard that Arthur Johnson's acting is similar to James K. Hackett's. We believe you are the first to mention it.

EFFIE T. T.—We decline to discuss Anderson's nose, Bunny's complexion, Johnson's swagger, MacDermott's red hair, Crane Wilbur's eyebrows, Clara Kimball's eyes, Ormi Hawley's plumpness, or Costello's conceit. We are neither phrenologist, physiognomist, nor a beauty-doctor. Jack Standing, Vivian Prescott, Isabelle Lamon and Guy D'Ennery have all left Lubin. They have had their spring house-cleaning. Charles Arthur is with Edison.

MINNIE H.—James Morrison was Billy Emerson in "A Marriage of Convenience." William Duncan was Buck in "Buck's Romance" (Selig).

HARRY H., GALVESTON.—Many thanks. Afraid Miss Payne wont get your letter, unless Bennie of Lubinville forwards it to her, as she has left Lubin. She had been with Lubin about a year, and Romaine Fielding has been with Lubin several years.

MRS. MAY B.—So you were entranced with the music of Prof. Berg at the Savoy. That's nice. We dont insert those ads., as they are not interesting to the general public. Sweet are the uses of advertisements.

A FUTURIST PAINTING

W. B. S.—Please dont ask nationalities. Dont know of any company that has taken pictures at Gloucester lately. Oh, yes, have received several.

MAXIE, 20.—Yes; Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore. You will have to select your own goddess. Please dont call us such names.

RHODISHA.—You refer to James Moore in "The End of the Quest." Guy D'Ennery is on the stage.

A JEWEL.—Yes, the Screen Club is a social club for all the players. You think William Shay resembles Maurice Costello? Nay, nay! Letter very interesting.

THE

WM. G. HEWITT

PRESS

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"Insanity"	Lubin
"Miss Prue's Waterloo"	Lubin
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"No Dogs Allowed"	Vitagraph
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
"A Cadet's Honor"	Universal
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"A Good Turn"	Lubin
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"A Modern Psyche"	Vitagraph
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E. G., Baltimore.—Florence Hackett was Iris in "The Power of the Cross." That Vitagraph was not taken by the Globe-Trotters.

Doris, 15.—The picture is of Isabelle Lamon. It is pronounced *La mon'*. Marie Weirman was Marie in "The Guiding Light." Yes, we moved into our new home, bought and remodeled for our own sweet selves, on April 19th, and we are very proud of it. We shall print a picture of it soon.

K. S., Chicago.—We dont know why Clara Kimball Young lives alone with her cat, but we will have to believe the Chatter. You refer to True Boardman. We presume it is because Helen is seen more than Dolores, but both are popular. Brinsley Shaw was Bessie Sankey's sweetheart in "Broncho Billy's Ward."

H. A. O.—No; Ormi Hawley plays under that name only. Florence Lawrence is not playing at present. We know that Vitagraph produce six films a week, and that's more than any other American company. Thanks.

Flossy, Jr.—Winnifred Greenwood was Pauline Cushman in "Pauline Cushman, the Federal Spy." Gene Gauntier was chatted in March, 1912. Others have not been.

Bess, Chicago.—Yes; James Cruze is. Mae Marsh in "The Little Tease," and Miss Taylor in "In the Days of War." Films are guaranteed to run for seven months, averaging six hundred times shown on the screen. Sometimes they last two or three years, thru careful handling by the operators. The soda was excellent.

H. B., Pittsburg.—Your letter regarding Mr. Bushman is very interesting; sorry we cannot publish it. We shall take particular pains to see that he gets this letter.

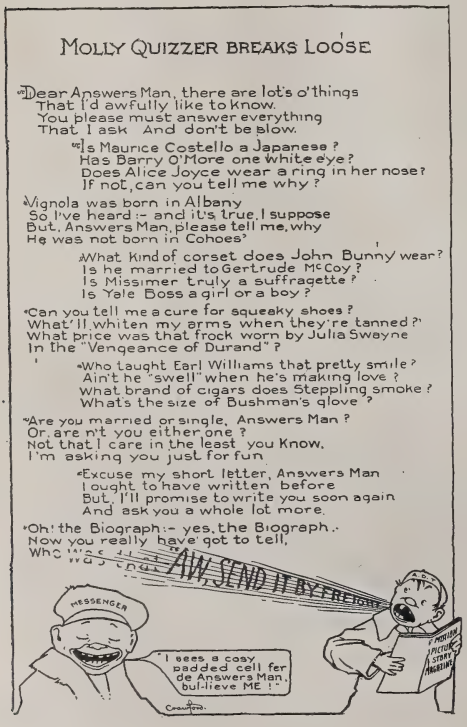
Anthony.—You know better than that. We cant answer about marriages, etc. What you want is Utopia, where everything is perfect. Dont expect perfection in the pictures at this early date. We are just getting started. But that's right, keep knocking, and we will make them improve. Rome was not built in a day.

Naomi of St. Louis.—Walter Miller was the bashful lover in "Perfidy of Mary." Richard Rosson was Little Eagle in "Heart of the Forest." No; Ned Finley is now with Vitagraph.

Mildred E.—Ray Myers was Richard in "The Light in the Window." He also was the cowardly son in "Blood Will Tell."

Melinda.—No, alas! the fees we receive dont go to buy baby a new frock. The magazine gets them all. We benefit in a way, however, for the department is now self-supporting, and when Christmas comes around——

J. R. W.—Mrs. W. V. Ranous was Mrs. Frost in "Mystery of the Stolen Child." She is with the Globe-Trotters.


MOLLY QUIZZER BREAKS LOOSE
"Dear Answers Man, there are lot's o' things
That I'd awfully like to know.
You please must answer everything
That I ask And don't be slow.
"Is Maurice Costello a Japanese?
Has Barry O'More one white eye?
Does Alice Joyce wear a ring in her nose?
If not, can you tell me why?
"Vignola was born in Albany
So I've heard:- and it's true, I suppose
But, Answers Man, please tell me, why
He was not born in Cohoes'
"What kind of corset does John Bunny wear?
Is he married to Gertrude McCoy?
Is Missimer truly a suffragette?
Is Yale Boss a girl or a boy?
"Can you tell me a cure for squeaky shoes?
What'll whiten my arms when they're tanned?
What price was that frock worn by Julia Swayne
In the "Vengeance of Durand"?
"Who taught Earl Williams that pretty smile?
Ain't he "swell" when he's making love?
What brand of cigars does Stepping smoke?
What's the size of Bushman's glove?
"Are you married or single, Answers Man?
Or are n't you either one?
Not that I care in the least you Know,
I'm asking you just for fun
"Excuse my short letter, Answers Man
I ought to have written before
But, I'll promise to write you soon again
And ask you a whole lot more.
"Oh! the Biograph:- yes, the Biograph.
Now you really have got to tell,
Who
AW, SEND IT BY FREIGHT
MESSENGER
"I sees a easy padded cell fer de Answers Man, but-lieve ME!"
PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

To the Answer Man

Is Crane Wilbur's hair black or gold?
Is Flora Finch very funny?
Is Helen Costello young or old?
How much hair has John Bunny?
Is Crane Wilbur a married man?
Is Octavia H. his wife?
Is the Divine Sarah a Movie fan?
Will she be that way the rest of her life?
Does Alice Joyce sing or dance?
Is Buster, Arthur's son?

What has become of the "Pearl in Pants"?
How old is a "First Run"?
Is Mary Pickford on the screen?
Does Anderson wear a false nose?
Where can Crane Wilbur be seen?
Is Mary P. followed wherever she goes?
What is Crane Wilbur's dentist's name?
How is Crane Wilbur, too?
If you cant answer all, why, thanks just the same.
Say, Answer Man, I'd like to know you.

"Flossie C. P.," per Lelia Sheldon,
276 Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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have been added to the ever-growing list of the world's greatest men who appear in the world's greatest film,

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If It's Interesting It's in

PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

EVIE.—No, Evie, we are not for the Giants; we root for the Dodgers every time. Congratulations. We believe you are right on that writer. Your letter is very interesting, but we cant chat with you here. Mary Fuller is Edison's leading leading-lady.

H. B.—Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "Matches" (American). We haven't located Lillian Christy yet. Edward Coxen directs mostly now, but Vivian Rich has played opposite him.

AGNES D., COLO.—Dont know where you heard that news, but Maurice Costello is far from dead. He is busy playing and directing. Not Thomas Moore, but Owen.

GERALDINE.—As we said before, most of the companies send us their casts in advance, and we enter these on cards for reference. We attend the picture theaters as much as possible and learn a few things that way. Then what we do not know and cant look up, we write to the companies for. Very simple when you know how.

HELEN OF TROY.—Glad to hear the good news. Hope to hear from you again. To err is human; to forgive unusual.

M. C.—We believe Mr. Anderson writes most of the Broncho Billy scenarios. True Boardman was the brother in "Broncho Billy's Brother."

V. M., OTTAWA.—Courtenay Foote was Frank in "The Woman." You were right.

BILLIE.—Cheer up—we are trying to locate Florence Lawrence. Haven't heard of Arna Deck. Perhaps she plays minor parts. We can rain tears as well as bring smiles.

ANTHONY.—Clara Lambert was Mrs. Robins in "When John Brought Home His Wife." Irene Boyle was Grace, and E. A. Miller the engineer in "The Open Switch."

ERNESTINE.—Dont blame the Answer Man if Elsie McLeod is not chatted. Her turn will come soon. You refer to Blanche Sweet.

CAMILLE.—Wheeler Oakman was Pietro, and Phyllis Gordon and Betty Harte the girls in "The Vintage of Fate." Charles Eldridge was Ben Bolt in "The Joke Wasn't on Ben Bolt." William Wadsworth was the German, Richard Ridgely the Italian, and Edward O'Connor the Irishman in "Title Cure." Baby Audrey was the child in "The Sheriff's Child" (Essanay). She has left Essanay. Benjamin Wilson was the bachelor, Charles Sutton the father, and James Gordon the nobleman in "The Day That Is Dead." Harriett Kenton was the girl, and Franklin Hayes and Herbert Stewart the rivals in "The Belle of North Wales." Answers to the others next month.

ROY A. Z.—Perhaps he had a wig on in the last picture. Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Gunmaker's Daughter" (Selig).

FLORENCIA.—Bessie Sankey was the wife in "Across the Great Divide." Miss Field was not on the cast. Haven't the name of the last picture Florence Turner appeared in. It hasn't been released yet.

GRACE M.—You refer to Walter Miller, of Biograph. No, he is not another Moore.

BLANCHE M. H.—Crane Wilbur was the husband in "Pals" (Pathé Frères). True Boardman was the lover, and the girl is unknown in "When the Mountains Meet." We have never printed Myrtle Stedman's and William Duncan's pictures.

To the Answer Man

Now, Answer Man, there is something
I'm very anxious to know.
I've heard that you had the patience of Job,
And I'm wondering if it's so.

When I think of the questions and letters
You receive with every mail.
To me it seems a wonderful thing
You are living to tell the tale.

Upon this broad, green earth of ours
I dont think there lives a man
Who could answer those tiresome questions
With the patience that you can.

So set yourself on a pedestal,
You Answer Man so rare;
For among all who worship at your shrine,
You'll surely find me there.

FROM

A girl who hurries along
With all the rest of the gang;
But a very great admirer
Of patience in a *man*.

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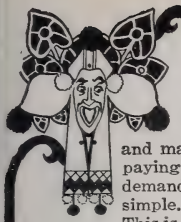

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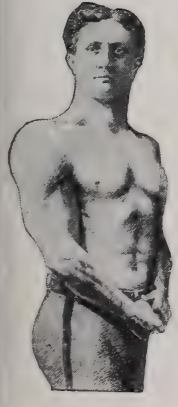

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Mrs. H. W.—Alice Hollister, Earle Foxe and Robert Vignola were the three leads in "A Desperate Chance." Mildred Weston was leading lady in "The Discovery." Mae Hotely was Sally in "Stage-Struck Sally." Eleanor Caines was Nora, and Jerold Hevenor was the policeman in "Accidental Dentist."

Sweet Peas.—Betty Harte appeared in "An Assisted Elopement" (Selig). T. J. Carrington was Prince Charming in "Cinderella." Edith Storey was the maid in "While She Powdered Her Nose."

Mrs. S. K., St. Louis.—Thank you for your cheerful letter. It was mighty interesting. Harold Lockwood was Jed Harmon in "Diverging Paths" (Selig).

F. A. M.—E. H. Calvert was Mr. Melborn in "The Melborn Confession." Ruth Hennessy was the bride in "Odd Knotts." No; Mr. Costello does not curl his hair before he goes in a picture. Nature is his curling-iron.

Jean A.—Fred Truesdell was Henry Smith in "The Man Who Dared" (Eclair). Edwin August was the crook in "The Law of Compensation" (Powers).

A. J. A.—You refer to Francis Bushman in "When Soul Meets Soul." True Boardman was the foreman in "The Boss of Katymine."

Dot.—William West was the chief in "The Pride of Angry Bear." Marshall Neilan was Billy in "The Mission of the Bullet."

V. E. R. A.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Power of Silence." Leah Baird was chatted in September, 1912.

Walt of Delaware.—Elsie Greeson and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Mission Bonds."

Gladys.—Barbara Tennant was Gertrude in "The Love-Chase." Charles Arthur was the lord, Eleanor Middleton the lady, and Peter Lang and Mrs. George Walters, Darby and Joan in "Darby and Joan." Ruth Stonehouse in "The Road of Transgression."

Naomi of St. Louis.—Yes; Earle Williams is very nice that way. You refer to Walter Miller in that Biograph.

Claribel.—Hobart Bosworth had the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Why, Crane Wilbur is with Pathé.

D. M. C., Brooklyn.—Marshall Neilan was the husband in "The Peace-Offering." Edwin August is playing in Western Vitagraph.

Betty.—Thanks for that Buffalo. May Buckley and Jack Halliday are back in stock at Cleveland, Ohio.

John Bunny's feelings will probably be violently outraged when he opens this copy of The Motion Picture Story Magazine and sees the cartoon reproduced here. It is the work of Dorothy Kelly, the popular Vitagraph girl, who has been causing lots of excitement of late by her feeling caricatures of her fellow stars. Miss Kelly's drawings always have a humorous touch, and her victims are forced to laugh at themselves as she sees them. To be "Kelly Kartooned" is a sure index of popularity and a high mark of favor. Miss Kelly has entitled the above drawing "The Soul Kiss—Maybe."

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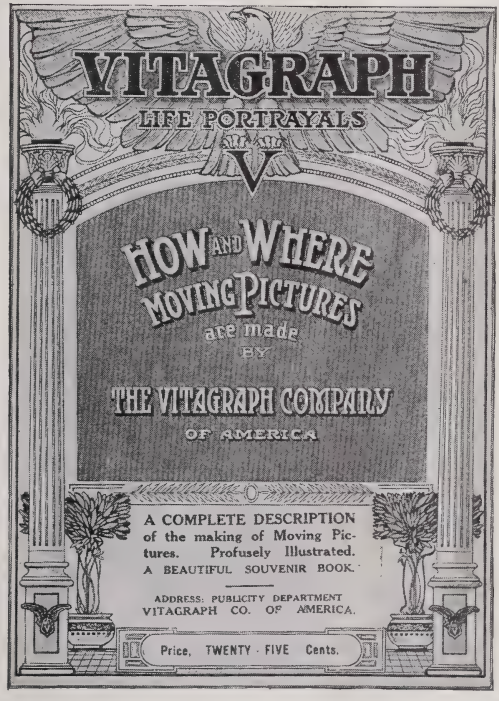
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PEGGY OF G. H. S.—We are afraid there isn't much hope for a "professional elocution teacher and an artist's model combined." Apply to the companies direct. Whitney Raymond was Seth Allen in "The Farmer's Daughter. He is no longer with Essanay.

RUTH G.—Vitagraph, Lubin, Kalem, etc., are Licensed. Mrs. George Walters was Rosemary Sweet in "Brightened Sunsets." Kalem is pronounced with a long a, as in *day*. Glad you liked the colored portraits.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks. It was pretty good. Clara Williams was Ruth, and Walter Briggs was Ned in "The Girl of Sunset Pass." Yes; Rucker is all right.

CLARIBEL.—Yes; Lillian Walker appears to be the owner of the Ostermoor Smile. Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "How It Happened." Dorothy Davenport is now with Edison. Call again. Pleasant company always accepted.

MAX Y.—Pathé wont tell us that cute little child-player's name.

BESS.—Laura Lyman was Nell in "Teacher Wanted" (Majestic). We haven't the girl who played in "The Jolly Good Fellow."

MISS SATEX.—You can address your letter either to Chicago or to Santa Barbara. Now dont get ruffled. Keep cool. Boil within, not over. Mistakes will happen. That director simply overlooked the matter. They are not infallible.

C. S. K.—Your letter was very interesting. Pleased to hear from you regularly.

UNO.—That was not the director's fault. He probably made the scene longer, but they afterwards found that the play was a little over a thousand feet, and, not wanting to make it a multiple reel, they decided to cut it down. We think, with you, that they might have cut it at some other place, to advantage.

CLARIBEL.—So you are fond of Carlyle also? And you think "when it comes to a real principled man, it's Courtenay Foote"?

V. E. L.—Bessie Eyton had the lead in "Revolutionary Romance." We have no ambition to be known as a funny man. We are stolidly serious.

W. A., NORTH CAROLINA.—This picture is better—but we dont have a cat sitting 'longside of us. Your questions are correct.

F. B., ILL.—Earle Foxe was Jim in "The Fire Coward."

FRENCHY.—Roy McKee was Reggie in "Suitors and Suit-Cases." Mary Pickford has hair, but its color we dont remember.

PEGGY, 16.—Rura Hodges was the daughter in "Child Labor."

BEATRICE.—"St. Elmo" has been released some time. Florence Turner played leading lady. She now has a company of her own.

GEO. L.—We dont know of a Forrest Stanley.

E. V. A.—Elsie Greeson is the girl in that Kalem. At that time Mary Fuller was with Vitagraph. You know players change from one company to another.

C. H. E. A.—Yes, that means that this magazine was printed by the Hewitt Press.

MELVA, ST. CLAIRE.—William Duncan was Joe in "The Bank Message." Dont judge players by their parts. Many an honest heart beats under a ragged coat.

V. P., HOLDEN.—Edna Maison and William Clifford the leads in "The Padre's Gift."

BUFF, 15.—Thomas Moore was William, and Lottie Pickford was Gretchen in "The Pilgrimage." Kathlyn Williams was the girl in "The Girl with the Lantern." She is going to produce some plays which she wrote, aside from her Selig work.

H. G. M.—Adrienne Kroell in "The Empty Studio." Wallace Reid is with Universal.

REPOSE, N. J.—Why do you folks persist in leading us from the paths of virtue and make us answer questions that have no license to be answered? This is no joke department; no matrimonial bureau; no atlas; no text-book on physiognomy, and no place to say things that dont belong here. Begone! On with the dance!

R. E. B., CHICAGO.—The Screen Club is located at 163 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. A letter addressed there will reach almost any player.

HELEN L. R.—Edgar Jones was lead in "The Girl Back East." Florence Hackett was Iris in "The Power of the Cross." Send along your remittance, and we will enter your name for the Correspondence Club. The entrance fee is ten cents.

B. S., TEXAS.—Thanks muchly for your invitation, but Texas is a little too far off. Our social activities are very meager.

KALEMITE.—We are afraid that Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell will not play together, unless Miss Joyce goes to Glendale, which is not likely.

JULIET.—Why not send in one subscription and get that binder free? We know of no James Lambert.

R. D. M., NEW ORLEANS.—Blanche Sweet was the girl in "The Stolen Bride."

SWEET PEAS.—We haven't the names of the children in that Pathé. Edwin Carewe was leading man in "The Soul of a Rose."

SWEET SYLVIA.—Why dont you join the Correspondence Club? Everybody's doing it. Yes, they are all real natives in the Méliès pictures now.

C. M., SACRAMENTO.—George Melford directs the Glendale Kalem. He plays, too.

C. H. M.—Mildred Bracken was Molly, and Ray Gallagher was Sam in "Molly's Mistake" (Méliès). The bell of Lubin signifies the Liberty Bell of Philadelphia.

LA PETITE E.—No. The picture you enclose is of Julia Stuart.

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Unless there is a particular picture you want, the best plan is to send us what money you wish to invest (2-cent or 1-cent stamps, or P. O. money order), naming several kinds of pictures you prefer, or naming the players you are most interested in. We may be all out of the kind you want most. Here is a sample letter to guide you:

"Please find enclosed $1, for which send me some photos. Prefer large, unmounted ones, and those in which any of the following appear: Johnson, Lawrence, Kerrigan, Hawley and Fuller. In case you cant give me what I want, I enclose stamp for return of my money."

Address: Art Editor, M. P. S. Magazine, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. E. D.—We will see about getting a picture of Harry Morey; it's his turn now. Harold Lockwood was Richard, and Eugenie Besserer was Mrs. Avery in "The Spanish Parrot-Girl." Yes, we are as happy as a clam at high tide.

Trixie Jo.—You refer to Whitney Raymond, and the girl is Betty Gray.

Yorick.—Alas, poor Yorick! we know not the answer to thy query.

Josepha, 18.—Jane Fearnley was Kathleen in "Kathleen Mavourneen." You wonder why some of the players do so much talking to themselves when they are alone in a scene. That is one of the things we wonder about, too.

Plunkett.—Edna Mae Hammel was Bob's sister in "Bob and Rowdy." Essanay released only one, "The Clown's Baby." Rolinda Bannbridge was Betty in "The Capture of Fort Ticonderoga." We dont know about Romaine Fielding's work in Europe.

J. A. R., Newark.—"Boy Rangers" was taken at Van Cortlandt Park and Williamsburg Bridge, New York City. Dont know where the talking pictures are taken.

V. S.—Mae Marsh and Charles West had the leads in "A Girl's Stratagem."

Snooks, San Fran.—Betty Gray was Betty in "The Beach-Combers" (Pathé Frères). Earle Williams was not on the cast for "The Dandy." June Phillips was the little colored girl, and Adele De Garde had the party in "Mamy's Ghost."

F. A. D.—Brinsley Shaw the bandit in "The Sheriff's Story." Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Unknown." Herbert Barry was Jan in "The Strength of Men."

Gertie.—It was Gertrude McCoy. When you see two players enter a picture and walk down the stage to the camera to show a letter or to talk, you know that they have a bad director. Hal Clements was the superintendent in "The Fraud of Hope Mine" (Kalem). Dont you know you should write on one side of the paper only?

C. E. A.—Myrtle Stedman had the lead in "The Range Law." Bessie Eyton was Lavina in "The Story of Lavina."

Babe.—Gertrude Bainbrick was Marie in "Near to Earth." Surely we like fudge—who doesn't? James Morrison was James in "High and Low."

Violette Edythia Lorraine.—Will have to charge an extra fee for all that. Earle Williams was Ahadee, and Roger Lytton was Hallingford in "Papa Puts One Over."

C. Van H.—Perhaps you refer to Harry Pollard. Marion Leonard has a company.

Bessie R., Albany.—Your presumption is correct about M. C.

A. W. W., Glace Bay.—Leo Delaney was the clown, and Norma Talmadge was his wife in "Just Show People." Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "Whose Wife Is This?" John Lancaster was Sweeney in "Sweeney and the Millions" (Selig). Mildred Bracken was the girl in "The Beach-Combers" (Méliès). Mrs. George Walters was the mother in "The Lost Son" (Lubin). You refer to Lillian Christy in American. 'Tis to laugh! Ha, ha! he, he! and likewise ho, ho!

Geraldine M. F.—Vedah Bertram was leading lady in "Broncho Billy's Gratitude."

Jewel, Staten Island.—Charles Arthur is now with Edison. Carl von Schiller was Tom, and Irene Hunt was Helen in "The Lucky Chance."

C. E. B.—We did not get the cast for that Warner. Harry Pollard and Edna Mason had the leads in "The Padre's Gift." Lillian Christy in "The Rose of Mexico."

The Pink Lady.—Please use thicker paper. All Licensed and Independent pictures are passed by the National Board of Censors.

Baby Doll.—Marshall Neilan was Bobby in "Sallie's Guardian." Francis Newburg was the fourth man in "Saving an Audience." Send along all those votes for Francis Bushman. Yes, as full of information as a ram's head is full of horns.

Mrs. E. J. G.—Robert Lansey was Mike in "Mike, the Miser." Your letter was interesting, but we take that paper ourselves. We read everything but the *War Cry*.

Lucille.—Francis Ford and Ethel Grandon had the leads in "The Deserter."

Mamie B.—Lillian Walker was Gladys Cooper in "It All Came Out in the Wash" (Vitagraph). Yes; Alice is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Fine feathers do not always make fine birds; the birds make the feathers. But fine feathers make fine beds.

Laura F. W.—Guy Coombs in "The Battle of Bloody Ford," and Ruth Roland was Starlight in "The Indian's Maid's Warning." Mrs. Costello plays in the pictures.

F. W. M.—Laura Sawyer and Charles Sutton had the leads in "The Doomed Ship" (Edison). They have returned to New York.

George M.—Ethel Clayton was Ethel in "Just Maine Folks." The back numbers sell for fifteen cents each. Yes; Barry O'Neill, Lubin director, is the son-in-law of Mrs. Walters. That was Mrs. Walters on the June cover.

Evie.—Hal Clements was Douglas in "The Grim Toll of War." Tom Moore and Naomi Childers had the leads in "Panic Days on Wall Street." Your page of players is very fine, but we cannot reproduce them.

Dorothy D.—Isabelle Lamon the sister, and Edwin Carewe, Paul in "The Miser."

E. R., New York.—Perhaps you mean Harry Myers and Charles Arthur. They resemble each other. The former has a game leg, but it is getting well.

Venus de Milo.—We dont happen to know to whom Alice Joyce was talking, on page 149 of the April number. Your pen inclineth too much to levity; serious matters are before the house.

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F. K.—Alas, alack! your query we cannot answer, and it grieveth us much. We haven't "When They Were Kids" and "Jimmie's Misfortune."

Hotel McAlpine.—Please sign your name next time. There is no chance of ever seeing us as a hero in a Moving Picture play.

H. K., Corsicana.—Arthur Johnson was John Arthur in "John Arthur's Trust" (Lubin). Charles Arthur was the justice of peace in "The One-Horse Shay."

Francis L.—We cant tell you why Harry Myers hugs Mae Hotely so much. He is not playing opposite her now. She is in Atlantic City; he is in the slow town.

Yetta G.—The G. G. Co. stands for Gene Gauntier Company. They are now located in New York. Jack Clark will probably be with Miss Gauntier always!

Vivian.—Edna May Hammel was the child in "The Ranch Owner's Love-Making." Anna Stewart was the rich girl in "The Song of the Sea-Shell."

Bertha M. L.—Wallie Van. Yes, we can tell you who is the prettiest woman in the business, but we wont. We are unlike George Washington in one respect—we *can* tell a lie, but wont. We are so honest that we wouldn't even steal an umbrella.

E. G., Baltimore.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Life in the Balance."

E. K. S.—Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Sheriff of Stone Gulch."

Billie C. K.—Bunny is fat, fair and forty, and that is why he laughs, or *vice versa*. Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The Last Rose of Summer." Edward Coxen had the lead in "Hypnotic Nell." Ormi Hawley was interviewed in April, 1912.

F. E. G.—Harry Millarde was the reporter in "The War Correspondent." Glad you like Tom Moore. Will have him chatted soon.

Marguerite H.—Sidney Olcott had the lead in "The Shaughraun." Crane Wilbur had both parts in "The Compact."

Torchy.—Harold Lockwood had the lead in "Two Men and a Woman." At this writing, Florence Lawrence is not yet located. Tho lost to sight, to memory dear.

Watso.—Lots of things have happened since February, when Biograph would not identify their players. We didn't happen to have the cast for that old Biograph, that was all. It would take up too much space here to tell the difference between Licensed and Independents. Send in a stamped, addressed envelope. Your letter is interesting.

Helen L. R.—You are right about that. You dont like to see Bessie Sankey as Mr. Anderson's sister, and in the next picture as his sweetheart. Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in "Three Friends." W. Chrystie Miller was the elderly man in "The Unwelcome Guest." Gertrude Bambridge was the girl in "Brothers." It is better to be wise than witty. That's why we decided not to be witty.

Janet.—Arthur Mackley was leading man in "The Western Law That Failed" (Essanay). Guy D'Ennery played opposite Ormi Hawley in "Love and Literature." Lionel Barrymore was the physician in "A Cry for Help." George Cox was the bank cashier in "Sweeney's Million." Much obliged.

Christie Decamp.—True Boardman was the son in "The Western Law That Failed." Miss Field left Essanay when Mr. Mackley went abroad.

T. Z. B., St. Louis.—Sorry, but we haven't the leading lady in "A Frightful Blunder" (Biograph). Lillian Gish was lead in "A Misunderstood Boy" (Biograph). Arthur Johnson was the minister in "The Power of the Cross" (Lubin).

G. B.—You mean George Periolat. We are right when we say Harry Benham had the lead in "Miss Taku of Tokio." Wallace Reid the sweetheart in "The Way of Fate."

R. S., Cleveland.—Adrienne Kroell was Inez in "A Change in the Administration." Charles Clary was Warren in the same. Guy Coombs was the clergyman, and Anna Nilsson and Marian Cooper the girls in "The Battle of Bloody Ford." Charles Clary was the secret-service man in "Pauline Cushman, the Federal Spy."

A. W. W. W. W. W.—Not for fifty cents would we tell you whether Beverley Bayne was married. The Greenroom Jotter might. Helen Gardner has released her first film, "Cleopatra." It is a State Right. It depends upon what class of film it is. Barbara Tennant was the girl in "The Superior Law" (Eclair). Thanks.

Helen L. R.—Why dont you find out what company took that picture? Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan had the leads in "An Adventure on the Mexican Border." Dolores Cassinelli and Ruth Stonehouse were the sisters in "A Wolf Among Lambs." "The Guiding Light" (Lubin) was taken at Cape Elizabeth, Me. Grace Lewis was the girl in "A Lesson to Mashers." Marguerite Loveridge was Margarita in "Margarita of the Mission." Guy Coombs and Marian Cooper the leads in "The Woe of Battle."

The Pest.—Glad you joined the Correspondence Club. Perhaps you refer to Burt King and Franklyn Hall. Your votes are still for F. X. Bushman, are they?

Babbie.—You refer to Alice Hollister. Calamity Anne is a lady every time. That's Walter Miller in that Biograph. Fine!

Anthony.—Claire McDowell was the blind girl in "The Wrong Bottle" (Biograph). William Ehfe in that Méliès. What did you think of Pearl's picture?

Herman, Buffalo.—Yes, that is a bad habit that player has. It is a mannerism, and he has several. He should beware, for, as Dryden says: "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas." Bessie Learn.

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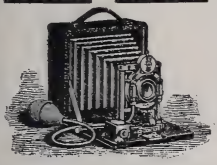

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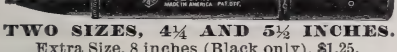

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JOY, 450.—Dont be afraid to write; he will answer you; most players do.

SOUTHERN.—There was no grandmother on the cast for "The Adventure of the Stolen Child" (Vitagraph). Sorry. Blanche Sweet was the bride. So you are aware of the mountains of difficulty that confront us. Gadzooks! also zounds!

EVELYN.—Robert Harron and Dorothy Gish were the runaways in "My Hero." Lionel Barrymore was the brother in "The Burglar's Dilemma." Vivian Rich played opposite Wallace Reid in "The Ways of Fate." Mr. Scott was the artist in "Just Jane" (Reliance). Chick Morrison was the husband in "The Power of Love."

MIRIAM, 17.—Walter Miller was the brother in "Oil and Water." They say Dorothy Gish is Mary Pickford's sister.

OLGA, 17.—Good-morning, Olga. Where have you been? We did not go to the Screen Club ball. Lillian Gish was the sweetheart, and Harry Carey the hero in "The Left-handed Man." "Love Is Blind" is not a Biograph.

LITTLE MISS WRITE.—Send for a list of manufacturers, with a stamped, addressed envelope. See note at head of this department. Why dont you folks read it?

MELVA.—Kathlyn Williams was Kate in "The Governor's Daughter." Henry Otto was Autone, and William Hutchinson was William Barnes in "The Convicted Murderer." So you think Lillian Walker opens her mouth too wide when she laughs, and has no expression on her face. Oh, Melva! She is very popular.

MRS. A. L.—Carl Winterhoff was Bud in "The Cowboy Millionaire." Chat with Frederick Church soon. The other players are old men. Always respect old age—except when you get stuck on a pair of old spring chickens.

DOROTHY B.—Dixie Compton was Marie, and Isabel Rea was Florence in "The Blind Composer's Dilemma." We could make this department forty pages long.

CUTEY.—We would advise you to stay at school a little longer. Since you are only twelve, you have a lot to learn before studying to become an actress.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for the pretty rose, also the fee. Marin Sais was the girl in "The California Oil Crooks." Elsie Greeson and Jane Wolfe were the girl and grandmother, respectively, in "The Sacrifice" (Kalem). Robert Harron and Mae Marsh had the leads in "The Tender-hearted Boy." Grace Lewis and Florence Lee the girls in "Oh, What a Boob!" Robert Vignola the soldier in "Prisoners of War."

D. M. C., BROOKLYN.—Raymond and Albert Hackett were the boys in "Two Boys."

JANET.—William Clifford was Donald in "His Brother's Keeper."

THE TWINS.—George Reehm was lead in "Jim, the Burglar." Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy and the Sister." Frederick Church and True Boardman were both outlaws. They usually play with Mr. Anderson.

FLORENTINA.—No; Hudibras has not been filmed, that we know of. It is a classic, but as we remember it, it has no picture possibilities.

BILLIE B.—Hobart Bosworth and Kathlyn Williams played in "Wise Old Elephant."

KENTUCKY GIL.—Where's your name and address? Will excuse it this time. Eleanor Middleton was Mrs. Smiley, and Ethel Clayton the girl in "Heroes, One and All." Lillian Logan was the daughter in "The Equine Detective."

ICE-CREAM SODA.—You refer to Mae Marsh in both plays. Herbert Barry in "The Strength of Men." A picture of Mr. Anderson soon.

V. E. L.—Dorothy Phillips and Bryant Washburn had the leads in "Unburied Past" (Essanay). Guy D'Ennery was Alfred in "The House in the Woods."

C. A. B.—Roger Lytton was Turner in "Checkmated" (Vitagraph). Lubin contemplates using the cast of characters at the beginning of their films.

M. E. D.—Robert Burns was the father, George Reehm was Bob, and Walter Stull was Pete in "Angel-cake and Axle-grease." Lillian Hayward was the mother in "The Hoyden's Awakening."

FLOSSIE C. P.—Oh, so glad! Seems like old times. So you want us to say that you are neither red-headed nor bow-legged, dont bite your finger-nails, etc., and are just a mere school-girl. Why dont you join our Correspondence Club? They all want you, Interesting One. The girl was Ethel Clayton in "His Children" (Lubin). So you'd rather have Betty Gray play opposite Crane Wilbur than any of the others. We shall see to it. You mustn't stay away so long. Everybody misses you.

B. B., SCRANTON.—You may see the pictures that were taken at Scranton if you ask for them. Lillian Walker is still with Vitagraph.

B. M.—Francis Bushman accepted the position with Vitagraph, but he did not play in any plays. He is now back with Essanay. They would not let him go. Can you blame them? Thomas Santschi and Eugenie Besserer in "Old Songs and Memories."

GRACE, 16.—We are so sorry you were disappointed, but we cant guarantee to print all poems. Dont know how long Miss Turner will remain in Europe, and think she doesn't know, herself. You never can tell how such ventures will pan out.

MISS H. A.—Perhaps you mean Ray Myers. We dont get the Bison and Broncho.

JUMPING JACK.—Mrs. Costello was the telephone girl in "Diamond Cut Diamond." Yes, to your third question. We dont know who the highest paid player is, and wouldn't tell if we did.

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TOPSY S. M.—After we prepare the questions for the printer, the letters go into the waste-basket. Would need a storage warehouse otherwise. Give name of company.

BETH.—Thanks. We shall be glad to get the canteloupes. You refer to Ray Gallagher, and the girl in Lubin's is Ethel Clayton.

NELL.—Anna Nilsson was the sister in "Mississippi Tragedy." Buster Johnson was the son in "The Adopted Girl." He is not Arthur Johnson's son, but the son of Director Johnson.

OLGA, 17.—Why, Lee Beggs is with Solax; W. A. Bechtel is with Edison, and we dont think the others are playing. Why, we have a telephone operator here. The Answer Man never answers questions over the phone, as we are too busy, and many people would ask us too many questions.

ANGEL J. K.—Clarence Elmer was in "The Montebank's Daughter." Marie Weirman and Mabel Harris played in "Home, Sweet Home." The latter is no longer with Lubin. Yes, that player has a fine figure, but sometimes figures lie.

D. M. F.—Edwin Carewe was Jim in "Florida Romance." Harold Lockwood in "The Ties of Blood."

CHIQUITA.—Alice Weeks was Thelma in "Thelma" (Reliance). Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Life in the Balance."

A. H., HALIFAX.—That must be some place. Edgar Jones was John Craig, and Clara Williams was Laura in "The Right Road." Guy Coombs, and Marguerite Courtot was Roxana in "The Fire-fighting Zouaves."

MICI GYURKOVIC.—Glad you like "From the Manger to the Cross." It was a wonderful picture. R. Henderson Bland was Jesus. He is an English player. E. V. Brewster is not R. Ince. The latter is a player-director-artist.

ETHELYN.—Your letter is interesting. Eternal vigilance is the price of keeping track of the players. They move quickly and often. Will have to call them shooting stars.

DELICIA HICKS.—Ruth Roland was the maid in "Three Suitors and a Dog." Violet Reid was Mabel in "The Poor Relation." Here is the "N."

CATHLEEN, N. Y.—Write to Vitagraph. You refer to Edwin Carewe. Howard Missimer was Dicks in "Alkali Ike in Jayville."

DOTTIE DIMPLES.—You refer to Lillian Christy. Bennie from Lubinville is the Lubin switchboard operator, among other accomplishments. He knows everything.

OLGA K.—Marshall Neilan was the press-agent in "Trixie and the Publicity Agent." Picture of Carlyle Blackwell very soon.

STUD.—Both are done by trick photography, and we haven't time to explain that.

H. S. LEEDS.—No; King Baggot and Florence Turner are not married. Dont know how that paper ever printed that news.

M. W. S.—We cant help you to get a pin with the "Flying A" design on it, except to say that any of the pin manufacturers would make one up for you. Gertrude Robinson left Reliance to join Victor.

MRS. S. N. P.—William Duncan was the sheriff in "The Sheriff of Yarapai County." Myrtle Stedman played opposite him.

G. O.—That is what is called double exposure, but we cant explain that here. Talbot's book, "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked," tells all about it.

M. V. R. informs us that Virginia Westbrook was the lead, and not the maid, in "The Winning of Helen."

L. V. T., BROCKTON.—Helen Lindroth was the mother in "The Sawmill Hazard."

W. T., BAY RIDGE.—Surely you may join the Correspondence Club. Ten cents, please. Lottie Briscoe was the second wife in "The Power of the Cross."

BUFFALO, 15.—We dont remember what your questions were. Send them in again.

M. E. D., NEW YORK.—Henry Alrich was Pedro in "Pedro's Treachery." Thanks.

PANSY.—*The Photoplay Magazine* has gone out of business. Edwin August was the crook in "The Law of Compensation." That was Margaret Fischer in "The Great Ganton Mystery." We never heard of that company, either.

F. L. N., WINNIPEG.—We haven't the name and address of Kate M., Winnipeg. Why not join the club? Victor is located in New York. Thanks.

MRS. E. D.—Elsie Greeson for Number 2. Lillian Haywood in that Selig. Edna Payne in "The Engraver." Hal Clements in "The Grim Toll of War"; Clarence Elmer in "The Higher Duty," and Charles Brandt in "When John Brought Home His Wife."

R. M., CANADA.—That was the operator's fault; he had the films changed.

H. J. G.—Two or more films are made of nearly every scene, and many beautiful copies are made of every complete photoplay. Billy Quirk is with Gem.

PINKY, 16.—Elsie Greeson in "The Sacrifice." Mae Marsh in that Biograph.

BILLY B.—Irving Cummings was Jim in "The Open Road." Jack Richardson was the man of the jungle in "Women Left Alone."

G. G. G.—Marian Cooper was Virginia in "The Battle of Bloody Ford." Your writing is better than some we get.

F. V. H., LA GRANGE.—Thanks for your very interesting letter. We dont know where Tom Hanlon is, but maybe some of our readers may.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

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DORIS D.—Irene Boyle was Ruth in "The Face at the Window."

BETSY R.—Alice Hollister was Rosalie in "A War-time Siren."

R. A. G.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "Heroes, One and All." You refer to Mae Marsh. Edith Beumann was Mona in "Thru Trials to Victory."

S. J., NEW YORK.—Marshall Neilan and John Brennan played in "Fatty's Deception." Edna Payne and Lucie Villa had the leads in "Private Smith." Earle Foxe in "The Fire Coward." Shall probably publish an article on how to break into a company.

E. B., TORONTO.—No; Arthur Johnson did not play in the talking pictures.

DORIS OF BROOKLYN.—Charles Clary in "The Wood-Chopper War." Irene Boyle and Joseph Holland in "False Friend." Charles Hitchcock was E. H. Calvert's friend in "Seeing Is Believing." Richard Leslie was Jack in "The Mouse and the Lion."

PHŒBE SNOW, NEW ROCHELLE.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Land of the Cactus." Bessie Eyton was Sally in "Sally in Our Alley." William Duncan was the deputy in "The Deputy's Sweetheart."

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—The girls all want you to join the Correspondence Club. You cant believe half you see. Blanche Sweet is known as the Biograph Blonde.

MARY ELLEN, ST. LOUIS.—Ruth Hennessy was the girl in "The Tale of a Clock." Yes, that was William Mason. Marie Weirman was the daughter, and Peter Lang was Pete in "Pete, the Artist." Robyn Adair was Percy in "His Western Way." Winnifred Greenwood was Edna in "A Husband Won by Election." Charles Clary was Walter Force. George Gebhardt was the lead in "The Frame-up." Jack Clark was only Joseph in "From the Manger to the Cross."

PEARL MCM.—Harry Myers was John in "The Lost Son." Martin Faust was George. Doc Travers was Ed Jennings. Lillian Leighton was the stout girl in "The Collector of Pearls."

GERTRUDE B.—The exposition is from July 7th to the 12th.

ANTHONY.—Clarence Johnson was Tommy in "Tommy's Atonement." Why, of course, Miss White and Chester Barnett are chums.

A. B. C.—We dont know who played in "Madame Sherry."

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Thomas Santschi was Mike in "Mike's Brainstorm." So you think that Santschi should change his name. What's in a name? If it is a Russian name, we should answer, the alphabet. Hughie Mack was Fatty in "How Fatty Made Good."

OLGA, 17.—R. Paton Gibbs was Swami in "In the Grip of a Charlatan." Glad you liked the picture. Yes, that was Clara Williams in "The Evil One." Edgar Jones was Fleet Foot. Pansy wants you to join the Correspondence Club. Wont you?

PAT, 18, SANTA BARBARA.—Gene Pallette was Edward in "When the Light Fades." Ford Sterling was Heinz in "Heinz's Resurrection."

L. B., PASSAIC.—Thanks for the sympathy. Your letter much appreciated.

MOLLY K.—W. Chrystie Miller was Daddy Jim in "The Little Tease." We believe Mr. Anderson is not quite so tall as Mr. Johnson, but we never measured them.

LITTLE GIRL.—Marin Sais was Nell, and Carlyle Blackwell was Ed in "The Buckskin Coat." Thomas Santschi was Tom in "Partners."

EVE.—Bessie Sankey was the sweetheart. Evelyn Selbie was the sister. Clarence Elmer was Henry, and Marie Weirman was Rita in "Pete, the Artist."

PAUL, NEB.—Kathlyn Williams was the girl in "Harbor Island." Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "The Open Road." Nancy Avril was the actress. Marian Cooper was the girl in "The Turning-Point." Thanks for your nice letter.

TWIN PEARLS.—Jack Halliday in "Rice and Old Shoes." Interviews you want soon.

LUCY G.—Marie Weirman played opposite Harry Myers in "The Old, Oaken Bucket." James Kirkwood is with Victor.

WILLIAM J. S.—Guy D'Ennery was Tom in "The Twilight of Her Life." We are not here to make you laugh, but to make you think. What little wit we serve is put up in homœopathic doses, but not to be taken too often.

F. L. A.—James Morrison was chatted in August, 1912.

GRAU.—Paul Hurst was Todd in "The California Oil Crooks" (Kalem). Adelaide Lawrence was the sister, and Jack Pickford the brother in "The Sneak." You refer to Kempton Green in "Keeping Up Appearances."

H. H., HIGHWOOD.—We know of no company that has a permanent studio at Saranac Lake. Vitagraph have taken pictures there.

BUNNIE D.—You will seldom see Mr. Kerrigan in the same theater with Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood. No, no! John Bunny is not dead.

FLOWER E. G.—Stuart Holmes was Poole in "The Pursuit of the Smugglers." Irene Boyle was the girl in the same. Joseph Holland was Brave Eagle in "Back to the Primeval." Irene Hunt was the girl, and James King was Harold Bigelow.

M. S., MASS.—Guy Coombs was the clergyman, not Carlyle Blackwell, in "The Battle of Bloody Ford." Anna Nilsson and Marian Cooper were the girls in "Leonie."

EDYTHE.—Just send your questions every month, and we will take care of you.

MARTHA S.—Alice Joyce was Alexa in "The American Princess." Marguerite Courtot was Roxana.

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B. P., CHILLICOTHE.—Irene Boyle and Stuart Holmes in "The Open Switch."

DONALD L. S. says of Alice Joyce, that she poses as if to say: "Love me little, love me long." That is the long and short of it. She was chatted in August, 1912.

JUNE.—Lottie Briscoe was the wife in "The Pawned Bracelet." Lillian Logan and Thomas Carrigan were the daughter and son in "Love in the Ghetto." Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi were the mother and father, and Roy Clarke and Baby Lillian Wade the children in "The Little Hero."

OLGA, 17.—What, again! Mr. Levine does not act; he is the manager of the Solax. The other two you mention are not players. Why, of course, you are not a bore. Your letters are a tonic. We use them for breakfast food.

ALBERTA.—Harry Northrup was the husband in "The Dawning." Mary Pickford was playing for Biograph.

MISS DIXIE.—You say E. K. Lincoln is "no baby, nor is he pretty, but he is a handsome, noble and manly fellow." So be it.

NAOMI OF ST. LOUIS.—Haven't heard of that play as yet; probably it hasn't been released. We expect to have another chat with Crane Wilbur soon. Earle Williams was chatted in June, 1912.

C. D. B.—Yes; E. H. Calvert was leading man for Essanay while Mr. Bushman was absent. He played in "The Hero-Coward."

PEGGY M.—Evebelle Prout was the little girl in "The Catspaw." William Ehfe was the captain in "Eileen of the Sea."

MARIAN.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "An Irish Girl's Love." Humor, if true, is kind and reformatory. We are never malignant.

PEGGY, TOLEDO.—Harry Benham was Sherlock Holmes in "The Sign of the Four." Dont think Mae Hotely's picture is on the Christmas Tree.

MRS. J. R.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Canine Matchmaker." Julia Swayne Gordon was the widow in "Rock of Ages." Clara Kimball Young was Mary in "When Mary Grew Up."

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.—Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "The Intrusion at Lompec." Isabelle Lamon was Ruth in "Quarantined."

JOSEPHINE, 17.—The Western Vitagraph have built a large, handsome studio at Santa Monica. They have a strong company now.

MARY ELLEN, ST. LOUIS.—Harry Lambert and Richard Leslie in "The Fortune." Ruth Stonehouse was Marie in "The Unknown."

ROY J.—Mayme Kelso was Mrs. Burleigh in "The Street-Singer." Betty Harte was Mabel in "How the Cause Was Won."

M. M., CHICAGO.—Cant tell you that player's name unless you tell what play he has played in. Ray Myers was the lieutenant, and E. Philbrook was the captain in "A Red Man's Country" (Broncho).

BABE.—You refer to Edward Coxen and Lillian Christy.

O. O. O., 16.—Your idea is good, but we cant see the sense of having the Answer Man's picture on the first page of the Inquiries. David Thompson is a Thanhouser.

JACK, OTTAWA.—Romaine Fielding was Ramon in "The Land of Cactus." Hazel Neason is married.

I. M. A.—That's Georgia Maurice. Letter very interesting.

THE TWINS.—Chester Hess was Jim in "Brother Bill" (Vitagraph). Walter Stull was the fixer in "The Fixer." P. Hartigan was Dick, and Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Indian Maid's Warning."

MRS. IDA M.—Robert Conness was formerly with the Edison. Thanks for the letter.

HAZEL MC.—Jessalyn Van Trump was the daughter in "Love Is Blind." She also played in "The Dawn of Passion."

D. M. C.—George Reehm was Jim in "Jim, the Burglar." Jerold Hevener was Mr. Jenks in "Mr. Jenks Buys a Dress." Ruth Hennessy was the wife in "Odd Knotts." Adrienne Kroell was Irma, Dick Baird was Maxwell Sargent, and Jack Jenson was the lover in "Dont Let Mother Know."

LELAND S.—"The Stroke-Oar" was taken at Philadelphia. Miss Joyce first joined the New York section of the Kalem Company. Faces are not everything; acting is what counts most. Marc MacDermott may have a face like a benediction, and Bunny one like a sunflower, but they must have varying expressions.

BILLY J. B.—James Cruze was the minister, and Mignon Anderson his wife in "The Finger of Scorn." Albert McGovern is now with Pathé.

SOPHOMORE, H. M. S.—The picture is of Lillian Walker. Marion Leonard, of Monopol, is not dead. You refer to May Buckley. (She's not dead, either.)

GERMANIA.—That was caused by dust in the room where the films were dried. You have not noticed it in Lubin films, we'll wager. Lubin has the air washed. We mean this literally. Before the air reaches the drying-room, it has to pass thru a fountain of running water, which washes away every particle of dust.

PINKY, 16, LOCKPORT.—Charles West played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Stolen Bride" (Biograph). We dont quite remember you from the old town.

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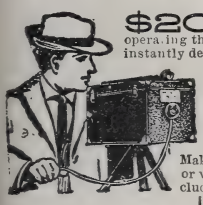

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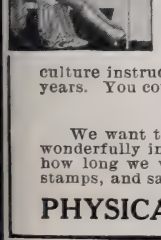

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PEGGY, WINNIPEG.—Marian Cooper was the daughter in "Prisoners of War."

BING.—What! You dont believe we are seventy-two? Well, some years we have two or three birthdays. We work twice as long as most people, therefore our days are equal to two or three ordinary days. Wrong on the sex question. Otherwise O. K.

T. S., PITTSBURG.—Philip Smalley usually plays opposite Miss Weber in the Rex films. We cant promise to print your poem.

H. N.—Your poem is mighty clever. Cant promise.

MISS O. M. O.—Your news was interesting, but we cant tell anything about marriages. What do you care whether Crane Wilbur is married or not? He would act and look just as well with or without a spouse.

PEERLESS WILLIAM.—So Rita Davis is playing with Poli stock at Springfield, Mass. We'll add that German coin to our collection—because we cant spend it.

LILLY C.—Glad you like Earle Williams. Yes, he has many admirers. Thanks.

CURIOUS CLARENCE.—Marian Cooper was the girl in "The Capture by Strategy" (Kalem). Harry Millarde and Irene Boyle in "The Secret Marriage" (Kalem). Frances Ne Moyer was Sunshine Sue in that play. Edna Bunyea was the younger sister in "Roses of Yesterday."

BANANA.—Lucille Lee the girl in "How Fatty Made Good." Your letter was rich.

FLOSSIE C. P.—The Queen of Questioners! *Bon jour,* Mademoiselle Flossie, *mon cher ami.* Edwin August is now with Western Vitagraph, in Santa Monica, very near you. Of course we think he's a dream. James Moore was Rocco in "The End of the Trust." Will meet you here next month.

QUESTION MARK.—Vivian Pates was the ward in "The Burden Bearer" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet was the bride. Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon had the leads in "For His Child's Sake" (Lubin).

FUN.—Thanks for the stamps. You ask "Why dont the Vitagraph get ex-President Taft for their collection of fat men, or isn't he quite large enough?" He appears only in *Pathé's Weekly,* that's why. Then, he's high-priced. He got $50,000 a year.

LILY C.—The picture is of Alice Joyce. Miss Ray was the girl in "The Wrong Road to Happiness." Yes, we answer Biograph questions.

BESSIE B.—Aidio Serena and Amelia Catteneo had the leads in "At Napoleon's Command" (Cines). It takes time to get these casts. You refer to Kate Bruce.

BEE.—Vivian Rich was the daughter of the murderer, and the son was an extra for the occasion. We haven't his name.

MISS F. G.—William Stowell was the chief clerk in "The Change of Administration." Mildred Weston in "The Discovery." Winnifred Greenwood in that Selig.

PANDORA.—You refer to Marshall Neilan. Laura Lyman was Flora in "The Wrong Miss Wright." Harry Spergler was Philip in "Study of Sociology." Clara Williams was Ruth in "The Girl of Sunset Pass." Lottie Briscoe was the girl in "When John Brought Home a Wife."

BILLIE BURKE.—Blanche Sweet was the girl in "The God Within."

RODOTHY.—You jump at conclusions. If you could draw a check as easily as you can draw inferences, you might paper the universe with greenbacks and have enough left for a border. Because we quote a correspondent, it does not follow that we approve. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the freaks, fads and fancies of our friends. Romaine Fielding.

H. C. J., PASADENA.—Pathé Frères try to have camera-men all over the country, so that when an event takes place they are Johnny-on-the-spot.

V. B., WACO.—That was Edwin Carewe in the Lubin, and Marc MacDermott in the Edison. That Biograph is too old. We haven't the casts for the old Biographs.

E. W., ST. LOUIS.—Lionel Barrymore was the lead in "The Burglar's Dilemma" (Biograph). Lottie Briscoe was the girl in "The Gift of the Storm."

TOM.—Edward Coxen was Joe in "Lonesome Joe" (American). Lonesome? It is not good for man to be alone—buy a dog. Marguerite Snow in that Thanhouser.

OTHELLO, M. J.—There are two William Wests—one with Kalem and one with Edison. Rosemary Theby was Beatrice in "The Web."

THE TEXAS KIDS.—Helen Gardner produced "Cleopatra." Florence LaBadie in "The Merchant of Venice." You mean Henry Walthall.

O. L. K.—M. Joube was Antonio in "Shylock" (Eclipse). Romaine Fielding was Fernandez in "Courageous Blood" (Lubin).

FLORENCE M. B.—Mary Charleson was Bedelia in "When Bedelia Becomes a Lady" (Vitagraph). Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "A Lucky Mistake" (Selig). Dolores Cassinelli was the girl in "The Price of Gold."

A. W. W.—Walter Miller was the boy in "The Musketeers of Pig Alley." We think two months is long enough for any company to hold a scenario. Fifteen scenes is all right for a photoplay, but it may make only a half-reel.

MOLLY K.—Biograph cant or wont tell the name of the child in "Oil and Water." Mae Marsh in "Brutality" (Biograph).

CYNTHIA.—Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe the leads in "The Moonshiner's Wife."

Westward Ho!
For the Ridgelys

Cleo Ridgely, the charming Motion Picture actress, and her husband, J. M. Ridgely, who, under the direction of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, are making a horseback trip from New York to San Francisco, are now at Jackson, Mississippi.

Their trip has been full of adventure and interesting incidents, as well as some accidents.

At Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, they were compelled, on account of cold weather, to turn south to a warmer climate, thus adding more than a thousand miles to their course as at first laid out.

In Virginia they were lost at night in the woods in a terrific snowstorm and escaped being frozen almost by miracle.

At Henderson, North Carolina, the stables in which their horses were housed were burned, and Mr. Ridgely rescued the horses, "Babe" and "Steve," at the risk of his own life.

But the plucky Ridgelys are still steadily pushing toward the West. They are not trying to make a record trip. In fact, they often stop from two to six days in a town.

Those exhibitors who are lucky enough to make engagements with them, fill their theaters to overflowing.

We regret that all of our readers do not live along their route and, therefore, cannot meet Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely.

We join with our thousands of readers in wishing them good luck for the rest of their arduous journey.

Their route from now on will be:

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Dallas, Texas.	Tucson, Ariz.	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Oakland, Cal.
Fort Worth, Texas.	Yuma, Ariz.	San Luis Obispo, Cal.	San Francisco, Cal.

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Exhibitors desiring to have them appear at their theaters should correspond with us direct.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street - - Brooklyn, New York

GEORGIA AND PAULINE.—Sidney Cummings was the baby in "Under the Make-up" (Vitagraph). We haven't Jack in "Laughs at Locksmiths."

ISABEL D.—Ethel Clayton was the girl, Harry Myers the man she married, Richard Travers was Jim, and Martin Faust was Jack in "Heroes, One and All" (Lubin). Mrs. Costello was not on the cast for the two plays you mention. Yes.

HATTIE S.—Virginia Chester was the chaperon in "The Matrimonial Venture of Bar X Ranch." John Brennan was Jim.

GERTIE.—Mildred Hutchinson was the child in "In the Days of War." Hal Clements was Covington in "The Battle of Bloody Ford" (Kalem). Your questions did not disturb our equanimity. Your notes are perfect.

M. M., CHICAGO.—Jack Pickford was the brother in "The Sneak." Ray Myers was the grown-up son in "The Light in the Window."

A. C., NEW YORK.—Marie Courtot was the girl in "The Fighting Chaplain." Robert Thornby was leading man in "The Wrong Pair" (Vitagraph).

ADMIRER OF H. B.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "The Way of Fate."

A. B. AND C. D.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "The House of Darkness" and in "The Left-Handed Man." Gwendoline Pates is still with Pathé Frères. Ray Gallagher is now with Lubin; his picture in the Gallery was printed before we knew this.

TOPSY S. M.—Yes, that was Mrs. Costello in "One Good Turn." Dorothy Phillips was the girl in "The Swag of Destiny." Florence Turner in "Under the Make-up."

BANDANA L. G.—That fire scene was made in a lot near the studio. They had carpenters build the house, or part of a house, and then they burned it down. It was not a complete house—only part of one. That other scene was another house entirely. They could not afford to burn that fine house.

DORIS M. F.—Roger Lytton was the artist. Henry Walthall was the valley man in "The Little Tease."

F. E. G.—Dorothy Phillips and Bryant Washburn had the leads in "The Unburied Past." Charles Clary was Dave, and Winnifred Greenwood the girl in "The Lesson."

JENNY.—Mignon Anderson was the girl in "Babies Prohibited."

FLORENCIA.—Perhaps she had a wig on, but it was Lillian Wiggins in "The Clutch of Conscience." Carl von Schiller, Harold in "The Split Nugget." He has left Lubin.

FRANÇAIS.—Anne Schaeffer was leading lady in "According to Advice." The play you mention was not a Méliès.

RENIE W.—Guy Coombs was James in "A Mississippi Tragedy." Charles West was the hero, and Kate Bruce the mother in "A Frightful Blunder."

JEWEL F.—That was Isabelle Lamon. Write direct to Essanay for William Mason.

CICELY ARDEN.—Miss Ray was the girl in "The Wrong Road to Happiness."

HENRY L. M.—Elsie Greeson in that Kalem. No questions about nationality.

JOHNNIE THE FIRST.—Harry Benham was the editor, and Mignon Anderson the girl in "The Girl and the Grafter" (Thanhouser). Fred Mace is playing for Majestic. Pearl White is with Crystal.

FOR ONE AND ALL.—Lillian Gish was the wife, Walter Miller the husband, Kate Bruce the mother, and Gertrude Bambrick the dancer in "The Mothering Heart" (Biograph). Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Weaker Mind." Pearl White and Chester Barnett in "Out of the Past." Miriam Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott in "Mary Stuart." Hughie Mack was the star in "Roughing the Cub." Guy Coombs, Alice Hollister and Anna Nilsson in "Shenandoah." Barney Gilmore was Kelly in "Kelly from the Emerald Isle." All these are in this issue.

DOROTHY.—Thanks very much for the fudge. Your make? It was good. Yes, we have a sweet tooth.

OLGA, 17.—Wheeler Oakman was the dreamer in "In the Long Ago." We did not see the picture, Olga. Thanks for the fee, but our name is not Henry.

PIGGY.—Yes, it is because Hobart Bosworth directs also. That was the way we got that item from the company. We dont know about Captain Bonavita's other arm.

FLORENCE M. B.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan had the leads in "An Adventure on the Mexican Border." Florence Klotz was the girl in "The Vengeance of Durand." We are sorry, but Broncho will not tell us who the girl was in "The Way of a Mother." Their Western company is very slow to give us information.

BETTY L.—Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall were the parents of the child in "If We Only Knew." The child really went out in the water; it was done splendidly.

CARLYTON D.—The Correspondence Club has started. Yes; J. Stuart Blackton is the owner of "The Baby Reliance" motorboat.

D. E.—Wallace Reid is directing for American. We haven't the little girl in "The Two Social Calls." Pictures are sometimes taken at night, with electric light. Maurice Costello was chatted in April, 1912.

ANTHONY.—So you refuse to join the club; all right. Yes, that was the original Wallace and Hal Reid in the "Deerslayers." Yes, a chat with Pearl White soon.

MARY P.—Why, May Buckley was with Selig for about a month. Yes, that picture was taken from another aeroplane. Your verses are fine.

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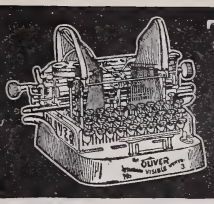

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10 Popular Player Contest of the Motion Picture Story Magazine 10

Ten Votes for

.....

J. W., PENN.—Your verse for Mr. Walthall is very good. It will go to him. Biograph is at 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

KITTIE M. K.—Sorry you did not get your answers. Why not vote for Harry Northrup and put him up in the contest? Francis Bushman is back with Essanay.

TEDDY C.—Yes, send the picture to her, and she will autograph it. Ethel Clayton was the girl in "His Children."

WILLIAM F.—Harry Myers and Marie Weirman had the leads in "Memories of His Youth." John Steppling was Hiram, and Ruth Hennessy was the daughter in "The Gunman" (Essanay). Wheeler Oakman was Joe in "Her Education" (Selig). Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "The Sands of Time" (Selig).

DOROTHY B.—Yes; Blanche Sweet was the girl in "Three Friends." Anna Nilsson and Marian Cooper were the girls in "The Battle of Bloody Ford" (Kalem). The picture was taken at Jacksonville.

MAGGIE C. A.—Burton King and Clara Williams in "The Ranch Mates" as sister and brother. Harry Lockwood in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

YETTA.—Carl Winterhoff was the male lead in "A Midnight Bell." Alice Hollister was the girl in "A Desperate Chance" (Kalem). Yes, write to the player. He will like your appreciation. The applause of the multitude is a great comfort.

MARION C. C.—Anna Stewart was Agatha in "The Web" (Vitagraph). So you like Courtenay Foote. He hasn't left Vitagraph yet.

DIANA.—Ethel Grandin played in "The Invaders." Thomas Carrigan and Lillian Logan had the leads in "The Equine Detective."

ELENA C. G.—Oh, yes; Peter Wade enjoyed that tobacco. Most assuredly he is young. Adelaide Lawrence was the child in "The Sneak." We dont know Roy Gordon.

EDNA Q.—Blanche Cornwall was the mother, and Vivian Walker the daughter in "Mother and Daughter" (Solax).

L. E. S.—Harry Myers was the sweetheart, and Marie Weirman the girl in "The Old, Oaken Bucket." That was the director's fault. Between two evils, he chose both.

E. H.—Yes; James Morrison in "A Vitagraph Romance," not James Young.

THE PINK LADY.—We are out of it when it comes to the kind of cigars Mr. Kerrigan smokes. Dont know whether he would care to receive any; he may have his own exclusive brand. Yes; Romeo and Juliets and La Carolinas are fine.

BETTY.—But you must not ask about matrimonial affairs.

F. H., ST. PAUL.—Marin Sais was the girl in "The Honor System." Eleanor Blevins was Helen in "The Woodsman's Daughter" (Selig).

MARION C.—Herbert Rawlinson was Robert, and Kathlyn Williams was Zara in "A Wise Old Elephant." What, Leah Baird fat? No, just plump.

L. F. F.—No, guess again. We are not William Lord Wright. He is Wright, and you are wrong. Your letter was very interesting.

EDDIE M.—Irving Cummings in "The Judge's Vindication." Gertrude Robinson is now with Victor. Mae Hotely is still playing for Lubin.

K. C. J.—You know Méliès produce only one a week, but in time you will see more.

FLO N. T.—We have been at that place. Ray Gallagher was the lead in "Molly's Mistake" (Méliès). So you think Victor Potel would make a fine Ichabod Crane in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Aye, aye!

PANDORA.—That was Clara Kimball Young in "The Mystery of the Stolen Jewels."

JANE W.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "A Renegade's Heart" (American). Jack Richardson was George Field. Dont get discouraged. Be contented with your lot—particularly if it is a corner one.

FRANCIS.—Yes, patience is a virtue, and we dont go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Isabelle Lamon and Ernestine Morley were the sisters in "The Supreme Sacrifice."

EVA H.—Perhaps you refer to Mary Pickford, now with Famous Players, or Florence Lawrence, not connected with any company. Letter very interesting.

PAUL V. C.—Such pictures as "Cleopatra" are released thru exchanges who buy the State rights, and they rent them to the exhibitor.

I. L., STAMFORD.—Philip Smalley was the father in "In the Blood." Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "The Vengeance of Heaven."

LONELY LEONA.—Miss Mason the mother in "Fate's Decree." No personal questions.

RICHARDIA.—Do you want us to make a farce of this department? Avast! You will want John Bunny as Hamlet next.

DIRIGO.—Edward Coxen and Lillian Christy in "When the Light Fades." Florence LaBadie was the girl in "Her Neighbor."

ELECTRIC FAN.—Beth Taylor in "A Ranch Girl's Trial." Blanche Sweet's picture.

F. E. G.—So you think Mr. Bushman is a master of make-up. Send us the pictures.

ROE OF P. A.—Pathé cant, or wont, tell us who the girl was in "Mother."

ELEANOR.—Tom Moore was the young man in "In the Power of Blacklegs" (Kalem). Joseph Levering was the store manager. Lillian Hines was Rosa.

V. E. L.—We haven't the name of the author of "The Elusive Kiss." The idea has been done many and many a time. Afraid there would be no sale for it.

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..... Popular Player.

Name .....

Address .....

THE TWINS.—Lord Robert was the midget in "A Midget." Irving Cummings and Mae Bottie had the leads in "The Woman Who Knew" (Reliance).

BILLY JOHNS.—Just look it up in your Latin dictionary. It's there. Edna May Weick is still with Edison. You have some of the facts, but you have them twisted. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

HELEN, 17.—Carlyle Blackwell was the husband in "A Buckskin Coat." The ghost walks every Friday morning around here, about eleven A. M.

JENNIE.—Ruth Stonehouse was the mother in "The Little Mother." Thank you.

A. U.—Norman Fowler was Robert Hale in "Robert Hale's Ambition." You refer to Mr. Carewe as the thief.

JACK TAR.—Julia Swayne Gordon was the wife in "The Meeting of the Ways" (Vitagraph). Tefft Johnson was the captain in "The Child Crusoes." Robert Vignola was Feely in "Arrah-na-Pogue." August Phillips in "The Shadow on the Blind."

I. M. K.—You dont like to see the cowboys mount their horses by holding the stirrup in their hand. Romaine Fielding played both parts in "The Toll of Fear."

EDYTHE H.—Florence Hackett and Vivian Pates were the girls in "The Burden Bearer." True Boardman was the gambler in "Broncho Billy's Gun-play."

ANTHONY.—Miss Sindelar was the bride in "The Italian Bride" (Pathé Frères). William Stowell was William in "Dixieland" (Selig).

ED S.—Zena Keefe was Vera in "Sisters All."

FLO C. G.—Edgena De Lespine was leading lady in "The Judge's Vindication."

OLGA, 17.—Kathlyn Williams was the stepmother in "The Stepmother" (Selig). We dont know the names of the children. The greatest acting consists in disguising the acting. B natural is the sweetest note ever struck by a director.

JONNY JONES.—That was a mistake in the contest. James Cruze is still with Thanhouser, and not Kalem. We haven't the Broncho casts you ask. Sorry.

E. R., TEXAS.—Mary Fuller was the daughter in that Edison. Darwin Karr and Fannie Simpson had the leads in "Love's Railroad" (Solax). Billie Quirk and Vinnie Burns had the leads in "Planting Time" (Solax).

L. H., IOWA.—Mignon Anderson was the pansy lady in "The Children's Conspiracy." We haven't the cast for "Indian Blood" (Bison).

RODOLPH S.—Jane Fearnley was the wife, and Gertrude Robinson was her friend in "Jealousy" (Reliance). Jack Richardson and Jessalyn Van Trump in "An Unassisted Elopement." Cleo Ridgely in "Beauty and the Beast." Oh, yes, you will see Jean again; every dog has his day.

DORRIS, 18.—James Harrison the chauffeur in "Matches." We haven't Kay-Bees.

C. D. P. D.—Anna Drew was the maid in "When Dreams Come True." Florence LaBadie has been with Thanhouser since June, 1911. Mildred Bright was Myrtle in "For Better or Worse." Thanks.

M. A., BUFFALO.—Pearl White and Chester Barnett had the leads in "When Love Was Young." Ray Myers and William Clifford were the spy and brother in "His Brother" (Bison). Violet Neitz was the girl in "Calamity Ann's Trust."

M. W. M. M.—William Garwood was the boy, Victoria Bateman the mother, James Cruze and Marguerite Snow the man and wife in "For His Son's Sake." Blanche Sweet was the bride, Charles West the groom, and Harry Carey the Mexican husband in "The Stolen Bride." Thanks.

ANTHONY.—George Molinari was Peter, and Deomira Jacobini was Dorothy in "The Miser's Millions" (Cines). Pearl White and Chester Barnett in "Who's the Goat?" (Crystal). Didn't you recognize Pearl?

C. F.—Sorry, but we cannot obtain the Bison casts. We dont think they keep a record of them.

C. S., CANADA.—You also ask us Bison questions. Sorry we cannot tell you.

J. B. C.—Carl Winterhoff was the thief in "A Midnight Bell." Earle Metcalf was the villain in "Kitty and the Bandits." Lester Cuneo was the cowpuncher in "The Mail-Order Dress-Suit."

HELEN L. R.—Thomas Santschi was the lead in "The Early Bird." Mrs. George Walters was the "dear-looking lady" in "Granny." She feels quite proud of that, too. Eleanor Caines was the girl in "Such an Appetite." Charles Clarey and Adrienne Kroell had the leads in "A Change of Administration." Miss West and Miss Ray in "A White Rose." Miss West is now with American.

TRACY J.—Walter Briggs was Ned Burton in "The Girl of Sunset Pass."

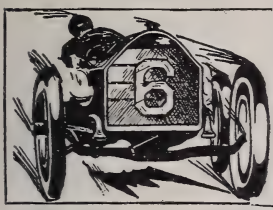
V. S., NEW JERSEY.—Marshall Neilan was the husband in "One, Two, Three." Jack Richardson's picture was in January, 1913.

CLARK E. M.—You are right about "A Tale of Two Cities." William West was Harrison Grey in "The Redemption."

FLORENCE M. B.—Florence LaBadie was Imogene, and James Cruze Leonatus in "Cymbeline." David Thompson was the bandit in "The Honor Squad." Jean Darnell the witch in "The Woman Who Did Not Care." David Thompson the one-legged man.

INQUISITIVE.—Naomi Childers was the girl in "The American Princess."

INSTRUCTION



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Tommy's Patriotism

By ELIZABETH PINSON

Tommy Jones had earned some money running errands after school;
He was saving up to buy a brand-new gun.
For July the Fourth was coming, and it seemed to be the rule
That the boys who made most noise had all the fun.
My! it looked a lot of money when he'd counted thirty-four—
He felt proud, indeed, to think he owned so much;
He'd soon have enough to buy the gun, but then he wanted more
For some fire-crackers, rockets, punk and such.
There were still three days, however, and he knew he'd get a dime
From his dad with which the cause to celebrate;
So he felt supremely happy, looking forward to the time
And the noise he'd make on that eventful date.
Meeting Bobby Green, he made him "cross his heart that he'd keep mum,"
Then exultantly disclosed this wondrous news,
But to Tom's dismay there came no joyous outburst from his chum,
Who, quite unconcerned, said he had "other views."
Piqued and sorely disappointed, Tommy's indignation rose,
But when Bob explained there dawned on Tom a light.
Bob intended, on the Fourth, to see two Motion Picture shows—
One a matinée; another one at night.
They would be at different places, each would have a special bill:
"Major André's Capture," "Nathan Hale Betrayed,"
There'd be "Washington at Valley Forge," war dramas and a drill—
Only military music would be played.
"Gee! that's great!" cried Tom, with fervor. "We can see real heroes then,
Fighting hard to save our country from its foes,
And we'll see Old Glory hoisted by those brave and gallant men—
I dont want the gun—I'll see those picture shows!"

Lest We Forget

By DOROTHY DONNELL

I'd a'most forgotten that the sun was shinin' brightly
On green hills an' clean hills in a land across the sea.
I'd forgotten, a'most, that the colleens were so pretty,
An' the prettiest an' wittiest was waitin' there for me.
But I saw a Moving Picture that was taken in Killarney,
An' tomorrow I'll be sailin' to the land across the sea.

I'd a'most forgotten, but the picture set me thinkin'
Of the ould days an' the ould ways that one time I used to know;
I saw the cottages of thatch, the peat bogs an' the shamrock,
An' the ringin' an' the swingin' o' the kirk bells to an' fro.
An' my heart is filled with achin' for the ould home country—
The dear land, the queer land, that I left so long ago.

The lassie in the picture was a winsome little creature;
But, oh, the grace, an' oh, the face o' Aileen far away!
I mind me how she came barefoot across the highland pasture,
To meet me an' to greet me at the breakin' o' the day.
'Tis strange I had forgotten how the heather smells at dawnin'—
Oh, heart o' me, across the sea, so far an' far away!

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THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE has been organized only a few months, but it has already made its influence felt and successfully handled many hundreds of plays. It has made a commercial study of studio conditions and can now announce that it has what is probably the largest and most complete listing systems in the world for the reading, criticising and selling of Motion Picture Plays. Not only have all the studios learnt to respect our system and the quality of the scripts we are producing, but they are placing standing orders with us, ordering by telephone and supplying us with important information as to their coming needs. We have even received orders for Talking Picture scripts, and this branch of the business promises to be remunerative for authors.

Our Patrons Are Pleased

We naturally expected that unsuccessful writers would lay the blame at our door when all their scripts did not sell, but to our surprise nearly all of our large number of patrons have expressed warm approval of our work, even when their scripts were unsuccessful. Miss Helen Johnson, of 10 Thompson St., Hyde Park, Mass., sends us her thanks "for the honest and capable criticism" of her script, and adds: "It has given me an idea of what is wanted in a Photoplay—that is, I understand more fully. I will forward to you the manuscript after I have reconstructed it." Theodore C. Weeks, of 236 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, writes: "I beg to acknowledge receipt of your check for $45 ($50 less 10%) in payment for my Scenario entitled, 'The Spirit of Mahomet,' which you were successful in marketing to the Vitagraph. I thank you for your promptness and competence. Your institution is a boon to the many who have entered the field of Photoplay writing. One of the necessary things to know is the specific wants of the various producers at any given time, and by placing his work in your hands a writer is relieved of much work and responsibility. Your constructive criticisms enable the writer to see at a glance wherein he has fallen short." This is the second script we have sold for Mr. Weeks. Charles E. Currier, of 16 Third St., S. E., Washington, D. C., writes us: "Allow me to thank you for your prompt return of my Scenario (No. 447), as well as for the criticism, which contains many helpful hints and suggestions. . . . I shall not hesitate to speak a word in your favor." Miss Josephine W. Phelps, of 1381 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, writes: "I thank you very much for your fine criticism of my Photoplay. I have gone over it carefully, following your suggestions, and am returning it to you. Will send more of my work soon." E. R. Carpenter, of 723 Washington St., Hoboken, a successful playwright who has sold many scripts, writes: "According to your advices, I have rewritten 'The Sword of Damocles,' making radical changes. I sent it out and it is being held for consideration by one of the Licensed. . . . I was very much interested in your revised copy of 'Peter Grey.' You certainly improved it vastly." Edward G. Temple, of 43 Poplar St., Bridgeport, Conn., writes us approvingly for having sold his "The Painter and the Figure-Head" to the Edison Company. Leo A. Goebel, Ph.B., of Forty-third St. and Chester Ave., Philadelphia, writes: "Permit me to thank you for your splendid glossaries. . . . All my works in preparation (6 plays) will be sent you; in fact, I intend not to deal any more directly with the manufacturers." And thus we could go on indefinitely, quoting from the letters of our pleased patrons. The Pilot Co. was so pleased with "The Power of the Sea," by Henry R. Clark, of 413 E. Seventeenth St., Brooklyn, that they have asked for more scripts, and they have even had the kindness and wisdom to advise authors to send their scripts to us for revision. We have seen one of their letters that they sent to a writer, and we quote therefrom: "We do not know anything about their (Photoplay Clearing House) terms, merely having received some Scenarios from them which they had re-edited, and which proved to be very good Photoplays. In fact, we have accepted some that they re-edited and sent to us for consideration." Even the

big Universal Company, controlling twelve film companies, are negotiating with us to supply them with Photoplays in quantities. Will T. Henderson, of 3505 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, writes that he is "delighted with the manner we have handled" his scripts, and adds: "I want to say that it is clear to me that you understand your business." And why shouldn't we understand the business? During the past thirty months we who have been editing THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE have received and read over 600 Photoplays that have been produced by over twenty different companies, and we have made frequent visits to many of the studios, to say nothing of innumerable letters and telephone talks.

We Have a Competent Staff

and it is being added to by taking on the best available men and women in the business. Criticism, revision and reconstruction is personally conducted by well-known, established editors and photoplaywrights, such as A. W. Thomas, Edwin M. LaRoche, Wm. Lord Wright, Dorothy Donnell, L. Case Russell, Florence Thiel, and others. While the Photoplay Clearing House is an independent institution, it is supervised by THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and conducted, in part, by the same editors.

THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE IS NOT A SCHOOL. It does not teach. But it corrects, revises, typewrites in proper form, and markets Plays. Tens of thousands of persons are constantly sending to the various film companies manuscripts that have not the slightest chance of acceptance, and in many cases these Plays contain the germs of salable ideas, if sent to the right companies. The Scenario editors of the various companies are simply flooded with impossible manuscripts, and they will welcome the **PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE**, not only because it will relieve them of an unnecessary burden, but because it will enable them to pass on only good, up-to-date Plays that have been carefully prepared.

What Do the Companies Want?

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

The Plan of the Photoplay Clearing House

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated as follows:

It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. **If the manuscript is hopeless, we shall so state,** and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

The fee for reading, filing, etc., will be $1.00, but to readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. 1c. stamps accepted.

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